

could lay aside the complication of dummies, as well as gain other advantages.

To prove the excellence of the plan that he recommends, Mr. Doolittle refers to his report of having taken 566 pounds of honey from a single colony in one season. He neglects to state, however, that the colony was *not* worked upon the plan that he *now* recommends (except that the brood was spread), but was managed upon the old "long idea" plan, with 32 combs in one long hive. This was during an extraordinary good honey season. Mr. Doolittle ran only two colonies for extracted honey that season. The other colony stored only 321 lbs. In 1874 Mr. Elwood, with a two-story hive, secured 582 pounds of extracted honey. But of what value are such reports as these so far as proving the value of any method or system is concerned? To be of value, experiments should be *comparative*. When an agricultural experimenter desires to prove the value of some commercial fertilizer, he does not compare results with those secured upon adjoining farms where no application has been made, nor even with the results in general upon his own farm, but upon an *adjoining* plot, or upon a strip of land left unfertilized through the centre of the fertilized field. He aims to have the conditions exactly the same with the exception of the fertilizers.

I most fully agree with Mr. Doolittle "that the getting of multitudes of bees at just the right time has more to do with the successful working for honey than anything else," but I fail to see the advantage of getting them into as few hives as possible.

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BEE SWARMING IN THE CITY.

DURING the meetings of the Congregational Union which were held in Toronto early last month, I was quartered with an old friend, who, in the interval which has elapsed since I last stayed at his house, had been tempted by rural attractions to leave the city for a time, and go into fruit-growing and bee-keeping. Circumstances had led to his return to the city, and a few colonies of bees that had not found ready disposal, were brought back with him. Of course, they were suggestive of much "bee-talk" during my visit. It was close upon swarming time with them, apparently and the question arose what was to be done about it. If they swarmed in the natural manner, they would most likely find their way into some neighbor's garden and be troublesome.

My friend was anxious to prevent this, and had settled down on clipping the queen's wings, as the precautionary measure to be taken.

The readers of the C. B. J. do not need to be told that I am opposed to clipping the queen's wings, but it was all in vain that I mustered my strongest objections to the practice. My advice only made my friend more firm in his own way—which some people consider the true use of advice. He not only announced his final determination to clip the queen's wings, but asked if I would hold their majesties while he performed the operation! I said "that brings up a minor objection I have to the practice, viz.: the difficulty I find in holding a queen so as not to hurt her. Either my fingers are so clumsy, or I am so nervous that I have no confidence in my being able to hold a queen without pinching, or in some way injuring her." "Oh, well," he said, "I'll get Mary (his wife) to hold them." I was present while she held one of them. "Take care Mary! You haven't got hold of that queen in the right place. You'll hurt her and make her good for nothing; see, this is the way to hold a queen, etc." The dear little woman was used to him, no doubt, for she seemed to preserve her calmness and equanimity in a perfect degree. I didn't see the least sign of nervousness or agitation under these conjugal exhortations.

I was duly informed, on my return in the evening, that the job was finished, so that now my friend could go down to his office, which he did about 8 a.m., in peace and comfort, undisturbed by fears of the bees swarming in his absence. His home being "up-town," within a block of Bloor Street, he lunched "down-town," and so did I, during the week of my stay. But "Mary" was thoroughly prepared for any event. She understood exactly what to do in case the bees swarmed. She would pick up the queen, place her under a tumbler, substitute a new hive for the old one, and when the bees returned from their bootless flight, release the queen, and all would be O. K.

All went serenely without any swarming till the last day of my stay, on which, in order to facilitate departure by the afternoon train, I was to lunch at the house of "mine host." Very soon after my arrival, about the hour appointed for the mid-day repast, and as I was "fixing" for lunch Mrs. "Mary" exclaimed from the foot of the stairs: "Oh, Mr. Clarke, the bees are swarming." "All right," I said, "I'll be down in a minute." In descending the stairs, I found my hostess appareled in veil, bee-dress and gloves, "ready, aye, ready" for her part in the fray. Having on my "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes I proposed to be only a spectator, and to see the lady "Mary"