

on it. I take the precaution to hang the pole with the hook on it on the limb and hold the device under the limb. I give it it a jar, then hang it on the limb and the rest go to it.

Mr. Frith—It puts me in mind of a device I saw when I first commenced to keep bees; it was made on the same principle only the man had, I think, holes bored in the central piece and corn cobs stuck in it.

Mr. Hall—There was a man who married a school teacher and the bees were given to the girl baby; this man used to keep some thirty to seventy stocks of bees and the product of the bees belonged to the baby. I said to him how do you manage when the bees swarm? He says, don't you see that in there; I just get a lot of those ready in the morning or evening as the case may be, and there are none of the bees more than about fifty feet from the kitchen door. He says, I don't have to come up from the field; as soon as ever my wife (Betsy, I think he called her) sees that the bees are swarming and they begin to cluster, she does not go near them. They begin to cluster and she takes this thing on a pole, it looked as if they were a lot of corn cobs stuck in it, and on top of it was a hook and she would raise up the stick with the hook on it and she would shake the limb and then she would put it on the ground and go away and wash her dishes.

There was one fellow here who says the best plan is to use the scissors. I use a pen knife.

Mr. Holmes—I have used a device something similar to the one described by Mr. McKnight.

Mr. Hoshal—I have just been wondering in my mind whether the use of the scissors works out as practically as it does in theory.

Mr. McEvoy—Every time.

Mr. Hoshal—I suppose the bees go back every time just where they came from.

Mr. McEvoy—Nearly always.

Mr. Hall—Where I live it is close to the market, and I would have as many as eighteen farmers there a day teasing me with questions; it wasn't for my benefit and sometimes I got annoyed. One fellow named John Lewis came along one day and he said, how are you getting on? I was sitting on a hive taking a rest. He says, what is that? I says, it is a bunch of bees; he says, I never saw a bunch of bees like that; why don't you take them. I would if they were mine; I said, I am too tired; he says, they are worth \$30; I says, I would'n't take \$36 for them; he says, how many swarms are there; I said,

seven. Just then they started to fly and he says, there they go; I said, where are they going; he said, they are going to the woods. But, instead of going to the woods they went into seven different hives.

Mr. McEvoy—I have had as many as ten or eleven, and I just catch the queens and put them in the hives and have fed them for hours and I let them all return, every one of them.

Mr. Darling—We do not all have the opportunity of living alone; it was my misfortune to have a neighbour that was exceedingly troublesome, the longer we lived opposite each other the more troublesome he got, whether it was his fault or mine I don't know. My bees used to go across; they don't mind fences and there did not happen to be any fence between his place and mine. He had made some pretty hasty threats about what he could do with me and my bees, and I wasn't what Mr. Hall calls a clipper then; I believe a clipper is a ship they used to depend a great deal on in the olden times. However, I made up my mind rather than have any difficulty with a neighbour I would try what the scissors would do and I clipped my queens. The next year I put my bees out again right around my house, and when swarming time came one or two of the neighbors thought there would be some fun. When the swarm would come out I captured the queen and let the bees go, and some four or five times when parties saw the bees come out they watched to see whether there would be any trouble or not, and the bees would circle around and around, and after I had my queen caged and everything ready I sat down and waited quietly and they came back to where I was sitting and commenced going in the hive. Finally one of the neighbors said, what ails your bees? I said, I don't know that there is anything wrong with them. He said, you don't have to go after them; I says, my bees have good manners and they go away and come home when they get ready. He says, they don't seem to go over to the neighbors; I said, my neighbor don't want them. They go away and when they get tired they come back. I believe I told them at last what had been done. It saved me a good deal of trouble. I found further before that season was over if I had not had my queens clipped I would have lost a good many swarms; they tried to get away and they would have left only for the fact that they could not take the queen with them. I have had as many as five swarms piled in a heap on the fence