

wards innumerable flowers in a state of nature, always selecting as the recipients of their visits those which were best adapted to their own needs.

Not only have they habitually selected those which have furnished them with most honey, but they have also selected those which have proved most attractive to them in form, color and odor. They have, as it were, impressed upon flowers the stamp of their own standard of taste in these matters. A curious confirmation of this statement is afforded by the fact that certain flowers which are fertilised by carrion-feeding flies have in consequence developed yellowish or brownish colors, and a foetid odor of decaying animal matter which to our senses is highly objectionable, though doubtless extremely attractive to the flies. The vast majority of insect-fertilised flowers have, however, odors and scents which to our senses are very pleasing, so that in these respects it appears that our own standards of taste agree with those of certain insects, and notably of the bees and butterflies.

Now we cannot doubt that flowers developed beautiful forms, bright colors and sweet scents for the purpose of attracting insects long before man put in appearance on the scene, and as man's ideas of the beautiful in form, scent and color are largely derived from the contemplation of flowers, while these in turn owe their characters to the selection of insects, it would appear that insects really set the fashion in these matters and that man owes his æsthetic ideals in great measure to some of the most despised of all his fellow creatures.—The Australian Agriculturist.

A Visit to Leamington, Kingsville and other parts of Essex County.

—S. T. PETTIT.

Possibly a few notes of a pleasure trip to the County of Essex may be interesting to the readers of *The Canadian Bee Journal*. For years I had contemplated a visit to Leamington and vicinity, and last month with a good deal of pleasure Mrs. Pettit and I realized the anticipated recreation.

A few hours run over the C. P. R. and Canada Southern Railways brought us to Comber, and another half hour by wagon brought us to "Pettit Ville," where one of my sons runs a cooperage supply, saw-mill

and mercantile business. The whir and whizz of saws, small and great, and the roar of the planers that convert about two million feet of logs into barrel heads annually; and the fierce fires and powerful engines, and the activity of the workmen with their cheerful, earnest look all go to make a moment in one's life not soon to be forgotten. But after all about the deepest impression made upon the bee-keepers mind is the thought of the great number of soft maple and linden, or basswood trees that come to grief in this and other mills in the country. But in most cases there is no help for it. The mill man must buy and the farmer in many cases, to his own hurt will sell and so the denudation goes right on. More attention must be given to the planting of trees or both the bee-keeper and the country will suffer. Our next destination was Leamington. I had often heard of Leamington and its grapes and peaches, and although two years ago I passed by the place, I had but a poor conception of its capabilities in the fruit producing line.

Leamington is situated about one and a half miles from the north shore of Lake Erie upon an uneven ridge of sandy loam soil; the composition of which and the climate conditions are admirably fitted for the production of the finest fruit, at least these were the impressions made upon my mind.

The population of Leamington is about 2000. It has a gas well—natural gas of its own. The warming and cooking are done with gas—gas in the kitchen stove and gas in the parlor stove, and may be some one will say; gas in this letter.

Around Leamington there are perhaps 250 to 300 acres in peaches bearing fruit and possibly 2000 acres set out to peaches. The largest orchard contains 115 acres, of which 75 are bearing. The average number of trees to the acre are about 200.

Most of the orchards are kept nice and clean. And their dark green foliage and bright clean branches bearing the most luscious peaches, of yellow, crimson and other lovely hues and tints formed a bewildering and inspiring reality not easily described. Small fruit and apples come to perfection here. But the peach industry promises to be of magnificent proportions soon.

While wife and I were driving along from Leamington to Kingsville enjoying the lake breeze and the scenery, with the lake dotted with steamers and other crafts and Pelee Island in full view, we decided to stop at a farm house for some peaches. When the owner was asked as to the number of peach trees he had, he answered: Oh about ten thousand. I tried to look composed but I