

honey-dew secreted within the body of an insect.

While attending the Union Bee-Keepers' Convention at Brantford, which was held during that protracted cold snap of the fore part of February, I heard such men as Alpaugh, Gemmell, and Holtermann expressing anxiety as to the welfare of the bees on summer stands. This coming from such experienced bee-keepers as the above, and knowing that my own bees had considerable honey dew for winter stores, I fully expected when the weather moderated, I would perhaps find life extinct in a number of hives, but I am pleased to report that they have had two flights during the last three weeks, and all apparently healthy and strong, responded to the sunshine, save one.

[You know friend Heise we are of the "lean and hungry" kind. We "think too much" and meet trouble more than half way. I felt anxious, but the bees appear to be all right.—Ed.]

I think Mr. Editor, that report of the senate meeting at Brantford had better have gone through the hands of a revising committee. Just notice what this picker is reported to have said to the question. "Should supers be put on the hives before or after swarming?" "Mr. Heise.—They always swarm on comb honey. I crowd them until they are black. I generally run pretty strong ones, and am pretty sure of them. I do not put any comb honey on any fruit bloom; I draw the extract off and put on the comb; very often I will give this honey to the weaker colony, and they will boom right up. I do not put these supers on every colony; maybe ten will be ready to day, and I follow them up in that way, when they whiten out, anybody can see it at a glance; if they whiten out in fruit bloom I should put them on then; not comb honey." Oh dear, dear, dear: This whole thing is neither sense or nonsense. Perhaps when I do happen to say something in conventions I don't speak English. But I positively disclaim anything contained in the above sentences as having been uttered by me at said convention.

[Now look here, my dear Heise; I am quite sure that you cannot remember all you said at Brantford, and I am mighty sure I do not want to, I am glad you

made the correction, I did not get it until the moment we had to go to press.—Ed.]

It is not often that I have occasion to find fault with my colleagues in convention, but when two honorable senators will so far lose their self respect as did F. A. Gemmell, and W. Atkinson, at Brantford recently, by making an aggravated assault on a photographer's personal property, in attempting to walk through a supposed open door, (a plate glass mirror,) to interview the fellow who they thought resembled themselves in the adjoining room, I consider it a lasting disgrace. The demand for immediate senate reform is justifiable, and imperative.

While being arranged in a proper position for a snap shot in the picture gallery, where the reprobates above referred to ran foul of the mirror, Mr. R. F. Holtermann, (more commonly known as the Editor of the C. B. J.) expressed a desire to be tickled down about the fourth rib, or that some one would tell a funny story, that would cause the muscles of his face to contract, and bring on a smile, which is very, very rarely found there. As this picker happened to be standing by his side, and owing to the disparity in our height, I was in a very advantageous position, and kindly consented to keep up the "tickling," while the other fellows told stories, (real funny ones) Now dear reader when that picture appears in the Journal, (which I expect will be with this issue,) just observe the effect the tickling and stories had on that Editor. Perhaps I "tickled" too hard, or perhaps the other fellows told stories too hard. Instead of producing the smile, his countenance really takes on the expression of one in extreme agony, and no smile at all. Poor Editor! This effect on the said Editor reminds me of the Dutchman who purchased a small porker from his Irish neighbor. After keeping said porker until he grew big and fat, the pig killing day arrived, and after breaking Mr. Grunter's skull with an axe, and "giving him it in the neck" with a huge knife, of course Mr. Pig lay motionless, and just as the Dutchman attempted to take him by the leg to place him in a more congenial position, Mr. Grunter decided to make his last kick on earth, with the result, that his foot came with tremendous force against the Dutchman's bread-basket, which paralyzed him for some minutes. When he finally recovered from the nervous shock, he exclaimed, "Irish—ish—Irish, deat or alife!" Moral,