

We paid their establishment a visit on Saturday last, and found everything humming. They are erecting a large factory two hundred feet long by forty wide, which they will occupy early in the spring.

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It is now time that the bees were being placed in winter quarters, as the cold weather is here. We had a visit with friend Holtermann to his cellar, a few days ago, and the neat way in which he has an hundred or more colonies stored away in one corner is quite surprising. Should any of our readers visit Brantford it will pay them to call on friend Holtermann who, by the way, is always so willing to entertain any of his apiarian friends and impart what knowledge he has in his possession.

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"And now the *American Bee Journal* has gone to calling names—calls me a 'Stray-Strawer.'"—*Gleanings*.

He didn't do anything of the kind. We know better. He called you "the Stray-Stawing Doctor." But what's the odds, so long as he didn't call you too late for dinner. He might have called you the stray-sawing, or the sway-stawing, or the stay-strawing, or the sway-stawing, or the straw-swaying, or the say-strawing, or the stray-sawing. The fact is, he knew you had strayed into the pastime to stay and straw; and he got it out the best way he could; and we don't care a straw if he did.

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Mr. E. E. Hasty, of Richards, Ohio, favors us with a very timely and interesting article on the apparently hostile conditions which the progress of civilization is opposing to the industry of the beekeeper and to the limitation of area to which it is evidently tending to confine the operations of his *proteges*. Mr. Hasty appears to think that his "white woman," as he calls her, has confined her operations up to date within the boundaries of our kinsfolk across the line, where she flourishes her besom along the hedge-rows and by the roadsides with a persistent activity and a *sic volo sic jubeo* disposition which no recalcitrant beekeeper dare withstand. In that respect, however, Mr. Hasty is a little in error, though naturally so,

as a result of the general impression which prevails across the line—and which in some respects, especially as to the ratio of population and area, may be correct enough,—that the conditions are essentially different in this part of the continent from what they are in that part of it in which his lines are cast. But all the same his "white woman" is putting in her work just as steadily, and with just as much persistence and perseverance, and she has every municipal and village corporation at her back, though they are perhaps not as actively co-operative as she might desire. Within our municipal limits she wages war with all the valuable though humbler nectar-bearing plants with which she comes in contact. As there so here, everything in the shape of cover for our pets and their provision is being rudely and persistently obliterated. Our old-fashioned rail fences are giving way to the sinuously insidious and invisible though not intangible horrors of the barbed wire fence, which can cover no innocent thistle blossom from the fierce rays of a midsummer sun and upon which no stray worker would dare to alight without danger of instant incineration. Our fields are literally garnished and swept of everything that can attract the attention of the little busy bodies and pay them for long flights to and from their populous quarters. Our roadsides are beginning to be industriously cultivated by station masters and railway employes in the interest of the potato-bug and other equally noxious pests, until at length it is getting to be a question whether or not we shall have to pack up our traps and our hives, and follow poor Lo out to his breezy plains and into his bosky dells and solitudes, where the hum of the bee may once more harmonize its cadences with the sibilant rivulet, the song of the chick-a-dee-dee and the murmuring of soft summer zephyrs amid the foliage of deciduous giants. No, there will soon be nothing left for us to do but to "fold our tents like the Arabs and as quietly steal away."

Now is the time to remember that no more interesting matter can be procured for a winter evening's entertainment than that afforded by the C. B. J.