

colleague, Dr. Voelcker, as chemist to the society, sent samples to agricultural and commercial experts, and generally endeavored to ascertain the opinion of competent persons upon them. I published in England and wrote to my friends in America that in my judgement the oleomargarine cheese was an excellent imitation of American Cheddar, but that it should be sold under its proper name. Competent judges in the city and elsewhere informed me that if they had not been told the contrary they could not have distinguished the oleomargarine cheese from ordinary American cheese, and it was variously valued at from 52s. to 56s. per cwt. wholesale, and from 8d. to 9d. per lb. retail.

After the presentation of Dr. Voelcker's analysis and report, the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, on the recommendation of their dairy committee, which was presented by Lord Vernon, resolved, at their meeting on June 7, "that a letter be addressed to the Board of Trade urging that steps be taken to ensure that these descriptions of so-called cheese should be sold under their proper designation." This letter was addressed by me to the President of the Board of Trade on the following day, and a copy of Dr. Voelcker's report was enclosed in it. But in the House of Commons last night Mr. Chamberlain (as reported), while quoting from Dr. Voelcker's report, took no notice of the resolution of the society which accompanied it; but he mentioned a previous expression of opinion by the president (Mr. Dent, not Lord Vernon) that care should be exercised in requesting the interference of the Board of Trade—

which statement was made by the president before Dr. Voelcker had presented his report, and in view of the desirability of awaiting the event. I may add that yesterday I received from Messrs. Burrell & Whitman, of Little Falls, New York, the makers of the cheese sent to me, their assurance that they intend to place on their cases and also on their enriched skim milk cheeses a distinctive brand, which will include the words "imitation factory cheese," and which will also state their composition. If we could assure ourselves that other makers will be equally honest the intervention of the Board of Trade would be unnecessary.

What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of? Undressed morocco.

The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equal. All popular colors easily dyed, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package.

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IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
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 But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will not color the Buttermilk. It will not turn rancid. It is the strongest, brightest and cheapest color made.
 And, while prepared in oil, it is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.
BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
 If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.
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APIARY.

OFFICERS OF THE ONTARIO BEE-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.

President, Hon. L. Wallbridge, Belleville.
 1st Vice-Pres., J. B. Hall, Woodstock. 2nd Vice-Pres., W. F. Clarke, Listowel. Sec'y-Treas., R. McKnight, Owen Sound.

Executive Committee—D. A. Jones, Boston Dr. Nugent, Strathroy, Dr. Shaver, Stratford S. Cornish, Lindsay; W. C. Wells, Philipstown.

Prize Essay.

We will give a prize of TEN DOLLARS for the best essay on "Wintering bees in Canada." This essay must be in our office by the 1st September next. The prize to be awarded by a committee chosen from among the members of the Ontario Bee-Keepers' Association by Executive Committee of that Association. In order to insure perfect impartiality in the awarding of the prize, the following rules will be observed: Each competitor will send his manuscript without any name or non-de-plume signed to the article. In the same envelope in which he sends the manuscript, he will put another envelope. This latter envelope must contain the name and address, in full, of the author of the article, and must also be sealed. On receipt of the manuscript at this office, a number will be put on the manuscript, and a corresponding number on the envelope, containing the name. The committee will have the various manuscripts submitted to them. On the prize being awarded, they will forward to this office the number on the manuscript and the envelope with the corresponding number will then be opened, and the name ascertained. A valued correspondent suggested that some such plan for securing absolute impartiality be adopted, and we think the one adopted will secure perfect fairness in the award.

HIVING BEES BY ELECTRICITY

When anything sensational gets into the papers, how it does go. I presume that many readers of the *Farmer's Review* read the story about artificial eggs, but I doubt if any of them saw any of the eggs. Closely following the egg story, was the highly flavored one of artificial comb honey—combs molded from paraffine, filled with scented glucose, and the combs sealed over with a hot iron! We shall have artificial strawberries yet! Where, and how, such absurd stories originate, it is impossible to say. About a year ago, an item in regard to managing or handling bees by means of electricity, went the rounds of the papers, and now some one has given it a new start, and it is going around again. I have seen it quite lately in several papers, and in the *Farmer's Review*, for March 23, I find it among the "Stolen Thunder" items.

Any practical bee-keeper could not read that item without smiling. For instance, "By introducing the ends of two connecting wires into a fully occupied honey-comb, etc." When bees swarm they cluster upon some limb, where there is no "fully occupied honey comb" into which to introduce the ends of "two connecting wires."

When bees swarm, before leaving the hive, they fill themselves with honey, and are then as good natured as a man after eating a good dinner; they will not sting unless they are pinched. Nothing would be gained by rendering the bees inactive, as they could be brushed or shaken into a hive fully as easily and quickly when in full possession of their faculties. If an operator is stung, it is usually because he pinches a bee, or else it is some "outsider," not belonging to the swarm, that does the deed. A good, smart bee-keeper could hive a swarm, and place it upon its stand, almost as soon as a battery could be brought, the connections made, (if they could be made) and the shock given; to say nothing of putting the bees in the hive after they had been shocked.

It would, perhaps, be well to mention, that after a swarm has been left hanging in the sun, unhived, for several hours, the bees seem to lose all patience and become very cross; but, upon sprinkling them with sweetened water, they accept it as a "peace-offering," and allow themselves to be handled with impunity.—W. Z. HITCHINSON, in the *Farmer's Review*.

NORFOLK BEE-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.

The fifth regular meeting of the above Association, was held at Simcoe on the 4th inst. There was a goodly number present, though not as many as at some of the previous meetings; which, undoubtedly was the result of many of the members being engaged in harvesting.

The meeting was rather an interesting one, for there were a number of resolutions passed, that put the Association in good working condition; and there were several experienced bee-keepers present, who enlivened the discussions. The Association passed a resolution to put forth their best effort toward making a display at the next exhibition of the Townsend Agricultural Society, to be held at Waterford, on the 28th and 29th September; the above Society kindly agreeing to establish an Apian Department, and offer suitable prizes. This seems a move in the right direction, and we congratulate the above Society on its early acknowledgement of the importance of apiculture.

Association now numbers forty-six members, with a fair prospect of large additions.

The next regular meeting will be held in the Town Hall at Waterford, on Thursday, the 28th of September, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Yours,
 ELIAS CLOUSE,
 Sec'y.

THE BEE-PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

JOHN MUIR.

When California was wild, it was one sweet bee-garden throughout its entire length, north and south, and all the way across from the snowy Sierra to the Ocean.

Wherever a bee might fly within the bounds of this virgin wilderness—through the red-wood forests, along the bluffs of the bad lands fronting the sea, over valley and plain, park and grove, and deep leafy glen, or far up the piney slopes of the mountains—throughout every belt and section of the climate, bee flowers bloomed in lavish abundance. Here they grew more or less apart in special sheets of no great size, there in broad, flowing folds hundreds of miles in length, zones of pelleny forests, zones of flowery chaparral, stream-tangles of rubus and wild rose, sheets of golden composite,

beds of violets, beds of mint, beds of bryanthus and clover, and so on, certain species blooming somewhere around all the year.

But of late years plow and sheep have made ead havoc in these glorious pastures, destroying the tens of thousands of the flowery acres like fire, and banishing many species of the best honey plants to rocky cliffs and fence corners, while, on the other hand, culture thus far has given no adequate compensation, at least of kind—acres of alfalfa for miles of the richest wild pasture, ornamental roses and honeysuckles around cottage doors for cascades of wild roses in the della, and small, square orchards and orange groves for mountain belts of chaparral.

Only ten years ago, the Great Central Plain of California, during the months of March, April and May, was one smooth, continuous bed of honey-bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than 400 miles, your feet would press more than a hundred flowers at every step. Mints, gillias, memophilas, castillejas, and innumerable compositas were so crowded together that, had ninety-nine in every hundred been taken away, the plain would still have seemed extravagantly flowery to any but Californians. The radiant, honey-full corollas, touching and over-lapping, and rising above one another, glowed in the living light like a sunset sky—one glorious blaze of purple and gold. Down through the midst flowed many a river, the Sacramento from the north, the San Joaquin from the south, with noble tributaries sweeping in at right angles from the mountains, dividing the plains into sections fringed with trees.

Along each river and tributary there is a strip of bottom-land, counter-sunk beneath the general level, and wider toward the foot-hills, where magnificent oaks, from three to eight feet in diameter, cast grateful masses of shade over the open, prairie-like level. And close along the water's edge there is a fine jungle of tropical luxuriance, composed of white rose and bramble bushes and a great variety of climbing vines, wreathing and interlacing the branches and trunks of willows and elders, and swinging across from summit to summit in heavy festoons. Here the wild bees revel in fresh bloom long after the flowers of the drier plain have withered and gone to seed. And in midsummer when the blackberries are ripe, the Indians come from the mountains to feast—men, women and babies in long noisy trains, oftentimes joined by the farmers of the neighborhood, who gather this wild fruit with commendable appreciation of its superior flavor, while their home orchards are full of ripe peaches, apricots, nectarines and figs, and their vineyards are laden with grapes. But, though these luxuriant bottoms are thus distinct from the smooth, treeless plain, they make no heavy dividing lines in general views. The whole appears as one continuous sheet of bloom, bounded only by the mountains.

My first view of this central garden, the most extensive and best defined of all the bee-pastures of the State, was obtained from the summit of the Pacheco pass, about the middle of April, 1868, when it was rejoicing in all its glory. Along the eastern horizon rose the mighty Sierra, white and jagged with snowy peaks along the top, dark with forests in the middle region, and purple with grasses and flowers and chaparral at the base, and blending gracefully in smooth hill undulations into the glowing yellow plains, which, like a cloth of gold, was seen