

I tried various remedies, so-called, with no beneficial results,—among others, the salt water recommended by some one in the *A.B.J.* They were decimated; I was disgusted and discouraged. Finally, I concluded to introduce queens from undoubtedly healthy, high bred colonies, with a few combs of hatching brood. The progeny of the diseased queens continued to die until none were left, but that of the introduced queens increased as rapidly and worked as well as any in the apiary. I am certainly inclined to consider bee paralysis the result of too close in-breeding.

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"Go from home for news" is a somewhat hackneyed saying; but I was never more astonished than when I read the following statement in a late copy of the *Buffalo News*, under the caption of "Items of Interest":—"The national emblem of Canada is the thistle." That, surely, is news,—of the Buffalonian type. Well, we must consider its source and exercise charity. The *News* man, possibly, was educated in Boston.

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Speaking of Boston reminds me of an incident related by a Canuck, who was a sojourner in that æsthetic city. In conversation with a Boston "lady of culture" at the dining table of the Tremont House, she naively inquired if pork and beans were procurable in Canada. She also remarked, "I presume you frequently see fine specimens of Bruin where you reside?" To which our Canadian brother blushing replied: "Oh! yes, I am rather partial to the 'brewin' of Mr. Carling." The narrator told me when relating the story, that he had never seen a live bear outside of a menagerie.

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Somebody has been giving Doctor Miller advice,—gratis, I presume. He tells the doctor, "Don't breed from a queen whose colony died in wintering." The genial author of "Silly Stunts" says, "I don't believe you will." Now, doctor, you don't know what you can do until you try. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try, again. By the way, doctor, this is a joke.

You should feel very much mortified after calling Jennie an "old crony." How would you relish being stigmatized as a flirt by the lady alluded to?

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A contributor to the *A.B.J.* gives his method of introducing a queen to a colony which, like our American cousins, is averse to "petticoat government." He gives it a thorough smoking (wonder if he uses sulphur); raps on the hive for something less than an hour (spiritual rappings are not in it); smokes the queen at the entrance (very unchivalric conduct—smoking the queen—should imagine a cigar to be preferable); shuts up the hive (of course), then puts it on a waggon (without springs, I guess), and jolts it across the country to another bee yard two and one-third leagues distant, where he keeps it closed till dark. I calculate the shaking they receive has the effect of concentrating their minds (?) on the uncomfortable box they are in; consequently they have neither time nor opportunity to lavish their attentions on the strange queen. Methinks the shaking could be more expeditiously and thoroughly effected by running the colony through a thrashing machine.

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"Langstroth's Reminiscences" in *Gleanings* are very interesting. I wonder if Uncle Amos won't compile a book of them, and pay Father Langstroth a royalty on the sale thereof. The beekeeping world would doubtless be glad to know it. No charge for the suggestion, Bro. Root.

International Bridge, Ont.

Honeyade is the favorite out door drink for German boys. It is made in this way: An ounce of ginger is boiled for an hour in two quarts of water. Then two quarts of cold water, a pound of sugar, an ounce of lime-juice and two ounces of clear sweet honey are added. When all is cold, the white of an egg is whipped in and a lemon is squeezed over the honeyade jar. The sturdy little Germans are allowed to drink their weight, as the saying is, of this.