

making more divisions and filling out with brood from other hives.

These three frame nuclei will soon build up to strong colonies, and you can often, toward the latter end of the season, draw from these to help strengthen the later ones. I do not wish to take the credit for this method as I copied it largely from Dr. Miller's method of making increase as given in "Forty Years Among the Bees." I have used it for several years, however, and have had very good success.

These methods are unsafe to use where foul brood exists in the apiary, as there is too much danger of spreading the disease, with so much changing of the combs. The fact of the case is that you will have to be pretty careful with any method you have a mind to use when you are afflicted with this scourge.

Barryton, Mich.

THE PLEASURES OF BEE KEEPING

Miss Ethel Robson.

index [Address delivered at the O.B.K.A. Convention, Toronto.]

I want you all to understand that this address of mine is not a serious part of the programme; it is just a little ornamental frill introduced to give variety. I feel that it is something of a presumption for me to be talking to men who have had so much more practical experience than I have. When Mr. Anguish met my sister at the convention he exclaimed to me: "Ah, now I've found you out; this is the girl who does the work, you are only the one who does the talking!" Well it is not quite so bad as that, but indeed in this case, it is you who do the work, I am only doing the talking.

It was suggested that I should tell you something of my methods of work. Being a woman, I really haven't any method, which is both an advantage

and a disadvantage. Of course there are certain well-known principles which I endeavor to follow, such as keeping only young, vigorous queens at the heads of the colonies, putting away for winter only colonies strong in young bees, wintering on sugar syrup, keeping the brood nest warm in Spring, etc.; but these are common property, and a part of all methods. With a little more system I should doubtless accomplish vastly more with the same amount of labor; on the other hand, it leaves me with a mind open to suggestion. Now you know every man who has ever done anything with bees has a system of management, and as I go about and meet the various beekeepers I find they are always very ready to demonstrate to me the advantages of their particular method. I, having an unbiased mind, can listen sympathetically and am hopeful that eventually, out of all those multifarious systems so generously shown me, I shall evolve a perfect system. When I have done so I shall be only too glad to talk to you about "My methods of managing bees." For the present I have to be content to tell you about the pleasures of bee-keeping, which after all, may have a wider appeal, as it will arouse no antagonism, the pleasures not being confined to any particular system, but being inherent in the work.

One day last winter I took a walk out in the bee-yard; the snow was piled high over the hives; there was no sign of life anywhere, nothing in sight to stir the enthusiasm for bee-keeping. From the bee-yard I crossed over to the hen-house. The biddies were scratching away contentedly; the air was full of their contented cackle, and if there is any sound in all the world which is almost as good to listen to as the hum of the bees, especially when there are no bees to hear, it is the cackle of the hens in winter; in the nests were some warm, new-laid eggs and as I watched I was in love with poultry-keeping. Here was something of

interest for every day the poultry house I passed. The air was warm at the breath of feeding cattle munched; here the homely, copious udders; in the man was putting on a team out—how proud strength and their interest the spirit of it all seemed that here indeed big enough to absorb man's interest, and be a very poor business. But in a few days the sun shone out from the snow from the entrance. Again the air was filled with bees. Soon it was warm up the hives and peep were sufficient stores, a brown mass boiled up frames I knew that the compelling charm of to those who have waded through the seasons, no equal; they might hold thread, but it had the grip of steel.

Perhaps one of the main pleasures of bee-keeping is their remoteness; we work with them and they remain practically indifferent, returning no affection bestowed upon them, and swarming instinct, going regret to their primitive woods. Their world is a different one, ruled over by as different as the fairyland—quite as enchanted we think of them elaborated for their comb in their consummate skill into lines of symmetrical mathematical exactness to which we have tried to