

well all agreed on this. A great many people are allowing their bees to swarm before they put on supers; Mr. Craig knows, as well as myself, that we have asked ever so many people how their bees are doing, and they will say splendid, and will tell us the numbers of swarms they have had; but when they are asked how much honey they have had, they will reply, not an ounce of it. The farming community and general public should go in for honey rather than increase. We all want to work in this direction—not to allow them to swarm until they can give us strong swarms, and then let them come early or late. For shade we put them under the fruit trees so that they can get the morning and evening sun. For extracting I do not want any increase. I wish to prevent swarms. For comb honey I want them to swarm once, and once only.

The Convention adjourned at 11 a.m. until 1.15 p.m., in order to pay a visit to the establishment of the Gould, Shapley & Muir Co. (Limited), manufacturers of wind-mills and bee-keepers' supplies. A photograph of the members of the Convention was also taken by Mr. Park, a photographer of Brantford.

(To be continued.)

Bees in Eastern Ontario.

I put thirty good strong colonies in the cellar and lost only one. I took them out on the 13th and we have had lovely weather since, and they are as busy bringing in pollen as they would be in May. They are all in first-class order. The hive I lost was empty of bees, I believe it had fifty lbs. of nice white honey in it.

W. G. WOODMAN.

Frontenac Co., Ont., April 21st, '99.

A curious result of the slow changes of level going on at various points of the earth's surface has recently been pointed out by a Canadian professor. This is a gradual tipping up of the shores of Hudson Bay, as if some gigantic power were engaged in an attempt to empty the great basin of water into the adjoining sea. When Henry Hudson, in 1610, discovered the bay, he wintered with his ships on the east coast in a harbour which has now all but disappeared.

"A Little Knowledge."

Some people whose botanical learning is not very deep are fond of Latin names for plants and bowers. There is a garden not a hundred miles from London which is kept by an old gentleman who delights to have all his plants labelled with high-sounding "botanical names"—it does not matter in the least what; and so some of his more learned friends have helped him to distinguished appellations.

He has, for instance, a bank of roses, the plants in which bear these labels:

Nux vomica; *Nisi prius*; *Ipecacuanha peruviana*; *Particeps criminis*.

It is easy to see to what professions the friends belonged who supplied the worthy gardener with these eminently scientific names. The gardener is proud of them, and they undoubtedly answer every purpose of the planter.

This reminds one of the story of the Rev. Sydney Smith and the newly-rich lady of Kensington. She was quite ignorant of either Latin or botany, but she had a fine conservatory, and she considered it a proof of her own cultivation to know the botanical names of all her plants.

These names she committed carefully to memory, and one day, when Mr. Smith called, she took him to the conservatory and reeled them off to him. She showed him the *Pelargonium quercifolium* and the *Cheiranthus icanus* and the *Mezembryanthemum* and the *Amygdalus persica*, and scores of other high-sounding things—which were, after all, but common flowers and fruits.

Sydney Smith listened until he was tired, and then, turning to the lady, asked—

"Madam, have you the *Rubeola morbilli*." The lady stopped short. What in the world might the *Rubeola morbilli* be? She had not the slightest idea. It might be something familiar of which she had not learned the name—and the name was pretty, anyway. So she put on a bold face and replied—

"Not just now; but I had it last year, and gave it to as many of my neighbours as I could." "Ah. Did you indeed?" said the great clergyman, and left her quite ignorant of the fact that he had asked her if she had the measles!