

bees and the best stored combs into this chimney-shaped hive. Four colonies in one and the propolised quilt and flat hive cover were left on, for this man is no advocate of upward ventilation, and the bees came through grandly. In the spring he divided them into three, introduced Italian queens, and had a fair increase if but little honey. He states his firm belief that the larger the colony the better, will it winter, and states that could he have devised means of wintering the queens he would have doubled up in similar manner last fall.

I must say I like the artifices of that man from Hallamshire except when he gets so positively positive of the complete infallibility of his "law" of queen introduction. It may be alright nine times in ten, but the ultra-positive assurance he gave reminded me too much of a patent medicine advertisement, and I have not tried the "law" in consequence. But he is a good writer.

The English are troubled over various kinds of glass sections. Well, glass may not be very expensive in that free trade country, but on this continent we can take no stock in them, the cost being against them for one thing, and then again the snow-white basswood section gives universal satisfaction.

Reading my bee journals yesterday I was struck by the variety of premiums offered by the different publishers. The C. B. J. gives an untested virgin queen, the A. B. J. a quarter's worth of supplies, *Gleanings* offers 25 new bush lima beans, the *Advance* gives a machine for perforating a hen's foot. These are all the journals I get that are giving anything away, and surely there is sufficient diversity to meet every taste.

In the discussion now going on anent bees and colors, instinct seems to be lost sight of. I don't think that one color is more attractive to the bees than another, but the sense of smell seems particularly acute in the direction of nectar, and all the lower animals possess this in a greater degree as regards their own food than other objects. And no matter what the color of the flower provided it is secreting nectar the bees will find it, neglecting the gorgeous blossoms which yield none.

A personal friend who has been a student of the bee journals for years sends me the subjoined. He says: I have no wish to rival Canada's bee laureate, Rev. W. F. Clarke, and my

rhymes (?) may be rheumatic, but if they are not true don't use them. If a bee paper editor will send these lines to his correspondents they will have subject matter for a whole year:

In the bee paper's annual round
The same old topics can be found,
And regular as the seasons every year
These "dusty" stagers reappear.
Can bees hear? or can bees smell?
Do they store different honeys in one cell?
Do bees select with foresight charming
A home in summer before swarming?
Can the apiarist have more nectar stored
With or without the honey board?
In spring is stimulative feeding
Advisable to start the colony breeding?
Are races pure superior to crosses?
And how can we avoid our winter losses?
With variations these you are aware
Constitute our yearly bill of fare.
But tired out, sad, worn and weary
Are hibernation and the pollen theory.
And the hardest question now is how to settle
Who first made honey boards with perforated
metal.

OBSERVER.

THE BEE'S TONGUE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Fruit Growers' Journal* says: Dr. James McBride and I have just turned away from the study of the bee's tongue through the microscope, perfectly satisfied that the bee cannot penetrate the outer skin, or even the second skin of the grape. This is also the decision of the leading entomologists, and the scientists of the government have so decided. It would be precisely as if a painter should try to bore a hole through an inch plank with an ordinary paint brush, for the point of a bee's tongue is a microscopic brush, which, if pressed on the outer skin, would spread out like the brush of a painter, and refuse the desired entrance. But when the grapes here and there are pierced by other insects or birds, and most of the juice is left to rot in juxtaposition to the sound and unbroken grapes, the contagious rot would go on from grape to grape until the whole bunch would be ruined, were it not for the useful bee, which immediately plunges its brushy tongue into each orifice and extracts the yeasty must from the broken hull, and dries up in a short part of a day all the offending matter, and as a scavenger, saves the fruit from inevitable destruction. The bee is too smart to plunge its sting into a grape, and it is only to save or prolong life that it stings a mortal.

This should settle, once for all, the vexed question of the ability of the bee to injure fruits, as claimed by some prejudicial individuals.