

I see that some advise us to let the bees clean up the combs that have been extracted, placing such combs a short distance from the apiary. Well, I don't believe it is right to do things that way, and we ought to be careful about giving wrong advice. Did you ever think of the hurt you might do to others by giving unripened advice? Now I have in years past tried that same cunning thing of letting my bees clean up a lot of unfinished sections that contained honey, and I am fully aware that I was ashamed of myself before I got things set to rights again for not knowing better. A person that tells you to take that course, must, it seems to me, be possessed of but little experience, or else has only the same amount of good judgment. The reason people fail in any vocation is because they don't understand all the points connected with it. One or two points left out spoil the whole ball of wax. Take one link out of a chain, and it's a chain no longer. Then it muchly behooves one to make wise choice in the matter, and, after finding his vocation, glue his-self to it and stay there till he is ripe and not shed too many blows atween times. Having reached that condition in life where one finds his-self in possession of a dome well filled with that most valuable article, well evaporated and capped over, leaving no pressure on the dome, and no chance for bursting cells, your advice will then be sought for freely; and you're a bigger fool than I if you don't charge for it all the same. Such stuff is not easy to get, and the man that has obtained the pure quill is slow to part with it. A little filthy lucre in return for a cell or two of well evaporated advice is no cheat, and your advice will be followed muchly quicker. A short time ago one of our foremost bee-keepers burst a cell upon us as a free will offering, a spray of which ran thusly, as near as I can recall it, for I have mislaid the journal in which his deposit was made. This man after greasing the slide on which some slip off their adulterated honey, said in substance, among other things, that people cared but little what honey contained, or how it was made so it only tasted good. He still further declared that some honey was even improved by adding sugar. This same man, not long ago, delivered his self in melodious accents deploring the low price of extracted honey. Journals denounce Prof. Wiley, and keep right on printing articles that are riley and slippery with adulteration talk. How glad I am that the C.B.J. doesn't uphold adulteration by printing such articles. Sometimes I have grasped my lead pencil with a terrible grip, and a determination to answer such articles in accents that are unmistakable. Then, as I discover the cause to be the looseness of their ohime hoop,

I relent, and as the barrels of tears course their way down my cheeks I cry in dilapidated form: "ah! consistency, thou art a jewel," but oh! where dost thou roost?—hast thou hid thy face from man?—is thy dwelling place removed far from us? Yes, I will try and answer not these good men according to their folly, but hope the day will soon arrive when the projectiveness of their craniums will spaciote with the organs and fluids which develop themselves in the risibilities of their heads.

JOHN F. GATES.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa., Aug. 31st, 1892.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Stingless Bees.

DEAR EDITOR,—In an extract from the *American Apiarist*, which appeared in the C. B. J. for September 15th, J. Edward Giles sets forth some decidedly progressive ideas with regard to the possibility of securing a superior strain of stingless bees by crossing with the stingless bee of South America, to which he refers as follows: "But these races have not much value as honey gatherers, moreover they build combs with very thick walled cells."

The idea of a *comb building* race of stingless bees being new to me, I venture to say that a detailed account of such a race will prove of great interest to apicultural students generally.

A few years ago I obtained a colony of the stingless *abeja de tierra*, while buying bees in the island of Cuba from an enterprising native who had transferred them from their natural abode (a hole in the ground) into a box with one open end from which observation was made while their brief existence permitted, for they seemed to "pine away and die" in their longing for their old *casita abajo la tierra*. They were *stingless*, but built no comb; the honey was stored in small globes ranging from one half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, composed of some material of a dark brown color, resembling old propolis rather than wax, and were attached to an irregular mass of the same material which rested upon the bottom of the box, and shed an aroma not unlike that arising from a nest of young bats, equalling in fragrance the haunt of a terrified pole cat.

Were it not that the probable dozen cells (?) which protruded, separately and alone, through and around this mass of I know-not-what-like small drone cells, contained larvæ apparently healthy, I might have attributed their sudden demise to foul brood, which I think the stench would warrant.

The honey is said to contain medicinal properties, but is not used for food, and the fact