

from bad to worse with a lot of dead brood which I said would be sure to follow that sudden and long shut off from all honey gathering during the wet time in May and June when the colonies were full of brood and required a good deal of honey daily to feed the large quantity of brood on hand. This is a dangerous state for brood chambers to get into, and a condition that no bee-keeper should ever let his colonies get into and never would if he would take proper care of his bees and attend to their wants at the proper time. For many years I have warned the bee keepers to watch the sudden checks in honey flows when colonies had large quantities of larvae on hand, and to feed no matter how much old sealed honey the bees might have at the time, because brood is never as well fed as when there is plenty of *unsealed* honey in the brood chambers. Mrs. Hodgson, of Horning's Mills, Grey county, Ont., fed her colonies during the wet time in the last of May when she knew that her hives had plenty of old honey. She said that she fed to prevent her bees from throwing out brood in that wet time in spring. From nine colonies, spring count, Mrs. Hodgson got *twenty one swarms and over one thousand pounds of extracted honey this year*, and when I examined her colonies I found them in fine condition and the most of them supplied with abundance of honey for winter. Mrs. Hodgson kept a booked account of the amount of honey she took and the prices she got for it. The Rev. Father Spratt, of Wolfe Island, who is one of the best bee keepers I ever met, took by far the largest crop of section honey of any man in Ontario this year, and he fed his colonies right along during that wet time in spring when he knew his colonies had plenty of honey, but he did it to boom them so as to get abundance of bees for the honey flow. I was greatly surprised when Father Spratt showed me his large crop of very nice section honey. I was astonished to see such a big crop in a poor year. Mrs. Hodgson, Father Spratt and myself are the only three that I know of that fed every colony during that wet time in spring, and it paid us well to do it. It always paid me to boom my colonies in spring between fruit bloom and clover and to do it in the evenings. Wm. McEvoy.

Woodburn, Oct. 1881.

The American Bee Journal says dandelions were in bloom around Chicago on Oct. 30th. That is nothing. We have them blooming here on Nov. 10th.

A. E. SHERRINGTON.

Walkerton Nov. 10th, 1894.

Curious Trees.

For the following remarkable account of eccentricities in tree life we are indebted to "Harper's Young People."

A thread-and-needle-tree is a step beyond the wax-tree in the way of convenience. It sounds like a fable, but the Mexican maguey-tree furnishes not only a needle and thread all ready for use, but many other conveniences. Just outside the door of a Mexican home the beautiful tree stands, loaded with "clustering pyramids of flowers towering above dark coronals of leaves," and at the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be drawn carefully from its sheath, a strong smooth fiber attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

Among its other uses, "the roots of this tree, well prepared, are a most savory dish, with its leaves may be made a thatching fit for a queen; and no prettier sight can be met than the cottages of Mexican peasants so exquisitely crowned. The rich leaves also afford a material for paper, and from the juices is distilled a favorite beverage. From the heavier fibers the natives manufacture strong cords and coarse string cloth."

The human trees of India, although not really trees at all, are at least interesting as a very clever maneuver. The Bheel robbers lurk in lonely places near the mountains and jungles, and are very swift and cunning in eluding capture. They are perfect pests in India, and a band of them will often be pursued by mounted Englishmen. Their first attempt is to reach the jungle, the beginning of which has perhaps been cleared by fire, but there is no time to seek its sheltering depths, for their pursuers are close at hand.

Fortunately for the robbers, some wrecks of small burned trees are also at hand, and, taking off what little clothing they wear, they scatter it around with their stolen goods over the open space, and cover the low piles with their round shields so that they look like low mounds of earth. Then they pick up some blackened tree branches, and get into very uncomfortable attitudes to resemble twisted trunks, keeping perfectly quiet, and greatly enjoying the surprise of their pursuers at their mysterious disappearance. When the coast is clear again they untwist themselves, gather up their possessions, and make off as fast as possible.

It is said that once, before the English had become used to these maneuvers, an officer with a party of horses was chasing a