

GENERAL

Extracting Unripe Honey.

A Correspondent writes, urging that attention should be given to condemning the practice of "extracting honey before it is capped." He says: "This, no doubt, would explain the immense yield some get." This matter has received considerable attention in the past, and it has found many able advocates, chief among them being Professor Cook, who maintains that honey extracted in the unripe state can be just as thoroughly ripened by artificial as by natural means. He objects, however, as strongly as anyone else to the practice of offering unripe honey for sale, as do all of the bee-keepers. This is where the trouble really lies. It is true that the practice has something to do with the yield—it has a good deal to do with it—and it is a perfectly legitimate means. It stands to reason that if a colony is saved the time of capping over hundreds of square inches of comb, that it will gather just that much more honey, and if properly ripened after being extracted, the honey will be as good as if left in the hive until capped over by the bees. We certainly condemn the practice of extracting honey until the bees have commenced to cap the cells over, but we should not feel justified in objecting to this, providing the honey thus taken be thoroughly ripened before being offered for sale. But we do most strongly oppose the practice when not carried out as we propose. Let us hear from all who have suggestions or advice to offer in this direction.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Thick Top Bars—Brace Combs a Necessity—Spreading Brood a Cause of Foul Brood.

I DON'T think the thickness of top-bar makes any difference with brace-combs. Bees will go more readily into the sections when thin top-bars are used; my top-bars are $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick. All that can be done in the matter is to clean out the brace combs before putting on sections, scrape the bars very clean and keep the bee space right. After all, what hurt do brace-combs do any way. The bees will put them in, and they work better with

them in, and they know better than we what they want them for; perhaps they are used for ladders to climb up on, any-way they seem to be a connecting link, which though a seeming nuisance to us, still have a purpose to serve which we may not know, and I have learned to let them alone. Everything can't run just as we want it at all times, and if we indulge the bees in some of their whims, I don't think we always lose by it. My bees seem to think more of their home if I am not so particular how they manage it. If I should be a hen-hussy, and boss my wife concerning little household affairs, how would it be? Keep an eye on the general outcome of matters and let the bees detail their business as they choose, and the result will be satisfactory. Sections will be glued, and you can't help it; if they fill them with honey can't you afford to scrape them? Don't try to find a kind of corn that needs no husking. You can't expect bees to gather your honey and carry it to market. We have got our part to do, and the bee-keeper who is not afraid to work will succeed. When bees stop gathering glue they will stop gathering honey, and every invention tending to hinder their glueing is a block thrust under the wheels of progress. Inventions can be carried too far in some directions. There is wisdom in knowing when to stop inventing.

SPREADING BROOD CAUSES FOUL BROOD.

I am quite sure that many of the ills which afflict mankind are due to inventions which handicap nature's laws; then, as a natural result, remedies have to be or are sought to cure the evils which can only be cured by returning to our allegiance to the laws of nature. I am convinced that mismanagement is the cause of most diseases in man or beast. Foul-brood becomes a marked and chronic disease only when our management has caused it to be. Nothing annoys me so much as to see some gilly go to his bees on a chilly day and over-haul, manipulate and tumble them up for about two hours, and above all practise that most absurd of all things: *spreading brood*, and then when his bees get *foul brood*, commences to holler for remedies, giving them one thing after another, conscience only knows what, anything and everything he happens to find in his jags from lamp oil, to Texas only knows what, and then flood the journals with all his trash, about what he has tried and what he thinks of it, and expects others to be interested in such reading. I wish Doc. Mason would lick every such gilly he finds toiling with his bees on cold days.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa.

JOHN F. GATES.

There is a good deal in what you say