

although somewhat inconsistent with his theology, he is of late giving his readers a good deal of wholesome hygienic advice through *Gleanings*. He will pardon me for suggesting that he might in my opinion do a world more of good by preaching more hygiene and less religion through his paper. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and opinions differ. At any rate I would like without either assumption or presumption to give him all the moral support and encouragement possible in the laudable work of teaching his readers how to live so as to avoid sickness, and how not to turn their stomachs into apothecary shops.

THE WEATHER.

This has been a remarkable month so far—rain—rain—rain. Still, it is much better than a severe drouth, so long as we don't get completely submerged. Between the rains and the showers the bees do a rushing business. But they lose so much time, that they go out in the rain frequently. When they do get a fine day they improve their time till dark. The clover crop of honey, owing to the weather, is but middling in quantity. The basswood seems to be blooming and yielding abundantly. On a tree near my yard the other day the bees worked from morning till about dark—as there happened to be one whole fine day without rain.

ALLEN PRINGLE.

Selby, Ont., July 24, 1891.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

An Experience with African Bees in the "Dark Continent."

FRRIEND JONES,—I notice an item in the *JOURNAL* of the 15th inst. that calls to mind an experience of a friend of mine in connection with African bees, that brings the "ton and a half of honey" out of the realms of romance into the regions of probability.

When a youth he entered as ship's boy along with several lads, on a vessel bound for the "Cape." While lying becalmed off some point on the African coast, he, with several of the crew, got permission to go ashore. In the course of their rambles they discovered a cave in the face of a hill near the shore, from which bees were issuing. They determined to explore, and doing so saw the roof of the cave some fifteen or twenty feet above them, and, as far in as they could see, covered with huge masses of comb and bees. My friend and another lad went in search of poles, and finding something suitable, returned to the cave where the others were waiting in anticipation of a glorious feed. Like the "two young bears of wanton mood," of which the

old English Reader used to tell us of, they thought they had nothing to do but take and eat. With the poles they brought down a mass of the comb large enough to supply the ship's crew for a week, and with it millions of bees. They never tasted it. Luckily for them, they were near the water. It was every man for himself, and let the bees take the hindmost, and the bees took them. Some of the crew were fearfully stung, and were only saved by plunging into the water, and swimming to the boat.

It is some years since the above was related to me, and I regret I cannot call to mind what part of the coast it was on, as it might throw some light on the African bees, and what is being said and written about them.

The gentlemen in question is Mr. Benjamin Wood, of Toronto, and if this should meet his eye, he would much oblige many readers of the *JOURNAL*, myself, and I am sure its able editor, by giving a detailed account of the affair.

Hoping the *JOURNAL* may live a thousand years, and its shadow never grow less; and you, friend Jones, continue to direct it, either in the body or the spirit.

Yours, &c.

W. D. ROSEN.

Bognor, 25th July, 1891.

We thank you very much for the description of the honey cave in Africa, but we fear your closing remarks are unmerited. We do not wonder that when they pushed down a large mass of comb and bees that the boys had to take to their heels. We have had some little experience with African bees, and one of the worst stings we ever had was from these bees. It was in the garden belonging to the Khedive of Egypt. In strolling through his fine grounds, we came to the apiary, and wishing to have some samples of his bees, stooped down in front of a hive, and commenced catching the bees by their wings, and slipping them into a small vial of alcohol, which we usually carried to preserve specimens. During the operation one of them happened to turn and get his sting into my finger, and as soon as the odor was caught by the other bees they swarmed in on us in thousands. The bottling business was soon stopped, and we made for a very thickly-wooded bush, but they could fly as quickly as we could run, and although the wood was very thick it did not prevent a large number from sticking to us, and our recollections now are that those we killed stopped follow-