

by automatic ventilation. Let me explain. The difference between 40° and the temperature of a cluster of bees is sufficient to cause the air to flow gently in at the entrance and up, around and through the cluster and as it passes along and touches the back end of the hive it becomes slightly cooled, drops down and passes out at the opening between the floor and the back of the hive thus the bees are constantly and automatically supplied with fresh air. But that is not all, there is another very important office that the difference of temperature fills. The temperature of the air as it thus passes through the hive is considerably raised and consequently becomes thirsty or sufficiently so, to effectually take up and carry the moisture thrown off by the bees. And this process goes right on all winter keeping the bees dry and supplying them with a change of air without the least trouble or effort on their part, while comfort, contentment and happiness reign supreme and the wintering is perfect. Nothing less should satisfy.

S. T. PETTIT.

Belmont, Ont.

Honey Exhibit at the Fair.

To the Editor of The Globe :

Sir,—I claim your attention because of an item published in The Globe of the 16th instant. The item I refer to is the dissertation of "Sama" who, in mentioning the honey exhibit at the Industrial Fair, gives utterance to a base slander against the beekeeping industry of America. The words I take objection to are:—"If the Americans and others who believe we live on cheese over here had gone into the next building to the main one, they would conclude that our diet consists also of honey, for the abundance displayed there, both in glass jars and also in comb, which latter is no longer the work of the busy bee, as we were taught in our childhood, but is wholly manufactured and sold by man." Now, this statement that comb honey is wholly manufactured by man is an absolute falsehood. It found its origin with Prof. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington D.C. (whose writing probably "Sama" may have seen when it was going the rounds in the newspapers), and who has since admitted that it was a pleasantry without a particle of truth in it. Mr. Wiley has since regretted sincerely his rash utterance, and has since tried to make amends by retracting his statement. If "Sama" has any proof of her assertion she may claim a reward of \$1,000, offered by Mr. A. J. Root, editor of *Gleanings in Bee Culture* at Me-

dina, Ohio, which reward has been standing untouched for upwards of eight years. If she can point out one place where comb honey is so made, or if she can produce one pound of comb honey manufactured by a man sold as honey made by bees. What I ask, sir, is that a denial of the statement published in the Saturday issue will kindly be given to the public in order to do justice to the beekeepers, and some explanation be made thereabout.

C. W. DAVIDSON.

Uxbridge, Sept. 18.

"Jugging" Bees.

While on a recent trip out into the country says a correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," I saw a farmer rid himself of several nests of bumblebees in a very simple but effective manner. The particular field which was being plowed over for the fall sowing was especially infected with troublesome insects, and the plowboy the day before had been badly stung. The farmer asked me to go with him and see the boys "jug the bees." A common brown jug half filled with water was taken along. One of the boys led the way to an especially large and dangerous looking nest lying on the stubble and close to the ground. The jug was cautiously deposited by the side of the nest. Then, with a long branch of a tree, the nest was violently stirred, and the lad fled for his life. In a perfect swarm the bees flew out to see who had dared assault their castle, and circled angrily about buzzing all the time. From a safe distance the farmer and his boys threw clouds of dirt and stones at the angry insects. They seemed to be looking for their enemy. Gradually their numbers grew less, and at last there were no bees to be seen.

"Let us look into the jug," said the farmer as he led the way. It was picked up and the contents poured out on to the ground with difficulty, as 154 bumblebees; by actual count, had flown into the jug, in a vain effort to find a destroyer of their home, and had drowned. I walked back with one of the boys to a spring to fill the jug with clear water, preparatory to an attack upon another colony of bees. As we trudged over the sunny fields the berry-brown lad remarked, "I'd rather jug bees than plow any day, wouldn't you?"

"Which side of the street do you live on Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel who was cross-examining a witness.

"On either side sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side: if you go the other way it's on the left side."