

For the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

THE GOOD SISTERS.

SOMETHING FROM MRS. CHADDOCK.

FOUR weeks ago I was hungering and thirsting for bees, I was sending or going five miles every day to see if some packages of bees had come for me. I was gouging out moths, spreading combs, and praying for bees. Now, I am overrun with them. My three strong colonies that wintered through, have swarmed gloriously. Other years I labored hard to keep my bees from swarming, this year I gave them a "free pass." The old colonies sent out large swarms, I hived them on empty combs, then they all sent out second swarms—very large,—which I put back after cutting out queen-cells, and now the new swarms are swarming again, one of them yesterday, the other to-day, leaving the hive full of sealed brood. I thought as I had so few bees in the Spring I would not need any new hives, but with the half pound packages, and whole pounds, that I bought I am now out of hives, and am using dry-goods boxes fixed up to take the simplicity frame, and covered with two clap-boards. In my great hurry for bees to cover the empty combs, I even sent two one-pound packages of German brown bees, because they were cheap, and my money was *non est*. I did not want them with my Italians so I arranged with a friend to leave them in his door-yard three-quarters of a mile away. I put them in the hives late on Saturday evening and on Sunday afternoon one of the "bunches" left and came over here and alighted. I hived them, and just as soon as I could see the queen, (what makes the black queens so hard to find?), I killed her and gave them a queen-cell nearly ready to hatch. I have one colony that is a regular "good sister in the family." We all know of sisters, do we not, who do all the disagreeable things that the other members of the family leave undone, picking up old boots, and hanging up cast-off coats, and hats, patching men's coarse socks, and washing overalls, cooking in hot kitchens, and doing the thousand and one little things that must be done, and doing it all cheerfully and well? Some of my colonies do not like to work on new foundation. They hate the smell of tobacco that is on it. It makes me sick, and I believe it makes them sick; they hang outside the hive and hate to go in the worst kind. But this good sister colony does not seem to care, but goes right to work, and draws out the foundation so nice and even; so that I let them do it, then give it to other colonies. The other day I found a frame half full of drone brood, the foundation had "lopped" down from

the top-bar and the empty space had been filled with drone comb. I cut out the infant drones and put the frame in among the good sisters and they patched it up with worker comb just as neatly as a woman can put a new patch on the knee of an old pair of pants—and not a drone cell did they put in. They have no drone cells in the hive. After this I will have all my combs patched in the home of the "good sisters."

MAHALA B. CHADDOCK.

Vermont, Fulton Co., Ill., July 18, 1885.

We have heard tell of funny things before, but foundation being scented with tobacco smoke is quite new to us. We are quite sure you did not get it from Friend Root, of Medina. We can scarcely conceive how any person could be so stupid as to have his foundation scented with such vile stuff. We would recommend the returning of all such foundation to the manufacturers. Send their names to Bro. Root and let him forward them a smoker, to make them quit the bad habit. It is pleasant to have bees that will patch up the frames of worker comb as you mention. We usually get colonies containing young queens to do that kind of work.

FROM THE LISTOWEL BANNER.

DRY FÆCES.

BY WILLIAM CLIMIE.

MR. S. CORNEIL, of Lindsay, Ont., in answer to the query, "Do bees discharge dry fæces?" says on page 218, of the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL: "Yes, if wintered well, on being set out in the Spring the discharges will be so dry that they will not spread, and will not leave a stain where deposited," and on page 148, Prof. Cook, the "Bee authority," says that "such dried fecal matter is not common, I doubt if it is normal." Last winter I had my colonies chaff packed on the summer stands. Their food was summer stores, supplemented by sugar syrup. As soon as it was fit for bee flight this spring the most—I think all except those which had dysentery—discharged their fæces in the dry stiff form noticed by Mr. Corneil. These masses may still be found on the rough boxes which held the chaff retaining their form, but much drier than in the spring. They have all summer been exposed to the weather. To-day I examined several under a microscope and found them to