

How prodigal nature sometimes is of life; and how stupidly wasteful and destructive. With the fine weather during the first days of March our bees began to clean house. The weather being very mild the bees flew freely. Sunday, the 6th was very mild. Being at home on this day, we of course took a view of the bees, and watched their activities after their long rest. A large number of dead bees lay at the entrances. We were wondering how many of these were dead when coming from the hive. Perhaps not more than 50 per cent. of them. Many lit upon the snow, never to rise again. But that phenomenon which brought forth the opening remark of this paragraph lay in the fact that when a bee flew out with a dead one, it found an almost impossible task to get loose from it. Its struggles seemed of no avail. However it turned, the dead bee turned with it, being apparently of no weight. The vigorous fanning of the wings seemed to be of no avail; all its efforts to fly seemed to be retarded by what appeared to be the excessive weight of the dead bee. Finally in its struggles it drops from the alighting board into the snow or water below, where it is doomed to death, tied to its dead companion. Can anything be thought of more pitiful or pathetic, to be embraced by the dead, and be without power to shake ones self free. We witnessed this act many times over and over. We felt our helplessness when nothing could be devised to render help to the busy little house cleaner, who was offering up his life that the home may be cleaned. What a lesson for us humans. And alas! how clumsy nature is—sometimes.

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We have pleasure in clipping the following from the Irish Bee Journal:

Honouring an Irishman in Canada.—A purse and an address have been presented to the famous Wm. McEvoy "on behalf of bee-keepers generally, and members of the Ontario Association in particular." Mr. Holtermann, referring to the happy event, in *Gleanings*, says that Canadians are proud of McEvoy. "The Germans

have invented almost everything that has developed modern apiculture; the United States has very largely improved upon these inventions; but a Canadian has discovered how to grapple with Foul Brood." Upon this, the *Canadian Bee Journal* makes the following comment—"Yes, the Germans have done much, but McEvoy—he's Irish. Hurrah for Ireland. I.B.J. please copy." It is like the *Canadian Bee Journal* to give honour where honour is due. We congratulate Wm. McEvoy upon his success, and Canada upon its *Bee Journal*.

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By including Apiculture as one of the subjects to be dealt with by the Experimental Union, Mr. Pettit has given evidence that he is on his job. This is a decided step forward, and shows what can be done under proper organization, with a good man leading the way. This year experiments with swarming will be taken up. We trust our readers will show their appreciation by co-operating heartily and writing Mr. Pettit at the O.A.C., Guelph, immediately. Now that the Agricultural Department has shown a generous disposition to encourage apiculture, it is up to our bee-keepers to show their appreciation, and thus prove to the Department's satisfaction that it is meeting with the wishes of the bee men, and complying with "a long felt want."

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Mr. J. W. Clark, of Cainsville, is an example of what a man can do who possesses energy and brains. Located on twenty-five acres of land, and combining fruit, poultry and bees, he is demonstrating what can be done by specializing. The offer of a college position at the head of the poultry department at a salary of two thousand a year was not strong enough to pull him off his twenty-five acres. Here is a man who can get ten dollars per dozen for eggs, and twenty-five dollars each for his birds. Recently he has been lecturing at the Agricultural College, Guelph, in connection with their short course, and took pleasure in telling how it was done. He has very generously promised the C.B.J. a thrilling talk on that triumphant trinity, "Fruit, Poultry and Bees."

NOTES AND CO

(By J. L.

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