

hanging those taken out overhead in the bee house by tacking slats across the joist the proper length to receive the combs, in this way the entire ceiling of the bee house may be utilized and we prefer this plan to putting them in the cellar.

Thick honey will not promote brooding as fast as thin unless the colonies are very strong in bees, we think more brooding will be carried on by extracting the thick honey from the combs. Put a little warm water with it, bring it to a boil, when the honey and water becomes thoroughly incorporated pour it back into the cells and set it in near the brood nest, having the honey as warm as the combs will permit, if too hot when poured into the combs they will melt down, (100 to 120 degrees at most) the bees will take to the food very readily and as it has been thinned down to the same consistency as nectar from flowers, they will use that instead of gathering from the fields and it leaves so many of the bees at home to carry on brooding, many fields now are literally yellow with dandelions and they are yielding both honey and pollen very profusely.

If all of our readers were as methodical as Mrs. Harrison they would no doubt be able to do much more work.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

How I Prevent Robbing.

I HAVE been reading in your interesting JOURNAL the opinion of some of my brethern regarding the best plan to prevent robbing, but I may say I have been in the business for about 9 years and have tried several plans, such as drawing the miller blocks so close as to admit but one bee at a time passing out; spraying in front of the hive; putting hay over the front of the hive and wetting it with water. Sometimes I have taken the hive apart and placed it in winter quarters for two or three days, so that the attacking parties would forget them. I have found all of these plans work fairly well, still they have their faults, and in numerous instances have failed. The most successful plan I have found is the following:—My honey hall is built in the centre of my bee yard, 18 feet square, and on each square is a window covered outside with fine wire screening; my bees are located around my hall or extracting room, with the entrance of each hive facing the building so that each hive can see one of those windows,

and in the event of robbing going on, I go into the honey hall, take out all of the windows, and the scent of the honey attracting the robbers they soon abandon the Live they are at, and make for the window declaring war with a cry of plenty.

F. L. MOORE.

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The Bees of the Old World.

IF we draw a diagonal line, beginning at Genoa, in Italy, and ending at Tripoli, in Africa, across the Mediterranean, we find the bees east of this line inclining to the yellow race—Italy, Greece, Turkey and Egypt having the banded bees, while Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, Spain and France have the black bee. Just as the banded Italian differs from its fellow-insects in Egypt, so does the black of France from that of Tunis and Tripoli. On the north of the Mediterranean the Alps are the limits, while on the southern shore, the Lybian Desert forms a barrier. Again, if we compare all countries where Mohammedanism has had its sway for any length of time, we find those countries lying like a big crescent, one tip beginning at the Pyrenees, the concave line running down below Italy, and mounting again to the Bosphorus, including Greece. These have hives lying horizontally, and, as a general rule, worked more humanely than those in the region of the "cross." Italy forms the vertical axis; the hives stand upright, and the bees are sulphured every autumn, to take away all the wax and honey. In southern Europe the bar-frame hives are finding their way with great difficulty.—Ex.

Squirrels As Sugar Makers

IT has not caused me a little surprise to know a great many beekeepers criticise my system of allowing bees out early in the Spring and they seem to look at me suspiciously for doing so. Many tell me there are no flowers and nothing for them to do. While walking through the bush this Spring I made the remark to a friend of mine that there was such quantities of syrup going to waste, he seemed to get a little behind and got into conversation with another acquaintance who was with us. After a few moments I invited them over to a maple grove which we eventually reached, after considerable conversation and discussion I asked them to look at the large drops (all through the tops of the trees shining like diamonds and showed them very many trunks that were wet from 10 to 20 feet with syrup which seemed to evaporate by the frost and sun and granulated till it became too hard for