

cap. He would not detain them further, but would be glad to hear from Mr. Corneil what he thought was the best way of wintering, the number of frames to which the hives should be reduced, the way they should be covered up and clothed for winter, something about the number of bees to be put into the hives. Was it advisable to unite a dozen hives into eight or six, or to allow the whole number to stand side by side all the winter as he knew some bee-keepers did? He also wanted to know when the bees should be allowed out; was it desirable that they should be permitted a sniff of frost? He would also like to know something about feeding bees for the winter, whether honey or syrup should be used. In fact, any information from Mr. Corneil would be sure to be practical and useful (cheers).

(To be continued next week.)

From our British Correspondent.

MEL SAPIT OMNIA.

THE visit of your representatives to England has, as you will doubtless observe in the columns of the *British Bee Journal* given a great but peculiar impetus to bee-keepers on this side of the Atlantic. Some of them are not unlike animals that make their home in burrows, they run off the field at the first cry of a stranger in sight and having reached the entrance of their holes, gain sufficient courage to turn round and view him off the field, when they slowly and cautiously come out and resume their gambols.

Let them play for a while, a gun will presently go bang! in the vicinity of their warren, and the sound will drive them to the extreme depths of their holes, and the best of ferrets will not dislodge them. "What do you say, the ferret is at hand?" Very well, we shall see all in good time.

But what I want to point out is that some of us have discovered that all the new things were not brought out first by Cousin Jonathan. I had the courage to hint such a thing back in October last, in the presence of one who knows how to handle a shooting-iron, and if I was not so small as I am I should have suffered, not at the hands of the Nimrod alluded to above, (I am speaking in a metaphor) but at those of my friends, but I managed to elude my would be capturer and—survived to tell the tale.

'Jonathan' is the sinner that claims all the brains, not you who dwell over in the frozen land north of him, but some on this side will mix you and 'Jonathan' up and make you one and the same, while others, better taught in geography and sentiment, at once call the ignorant to order.

Comparisons are ever odious, but in one respect you as a body of bee-keepers (and this is true of 'Jonathan' also) have the advantage of us. *All your leaders are practical bee-keepers.* In England

they are not so, many keep bees by deputy, that is, they order 'John' to do so-and-so and never know if it is done or not. Others keep bees in pretty hives which are ornaments to their gardens, because they belong to the Bee-keepers' Association. Perish the thought that I should say an unkind word of these gentlemen, they are great at organization, spare neither time nor money over bee-keeping, attend shows, judge, sit on committees, speak and write, and all in a manner highly commendable, but if to all this were added real practice in the art of bee-keeping as I judge there is with your leaders, the results would soon be manifest. As it is at present, many things are thought out and tried by some good practical but obscure man, and little or nothing is known of it for some time, until this same obscure individual finds a similar idea has been put forward and eagerly taken up by our transatlantic cousins and so comes into general adoption as an American invention. We—at least those of us who live south of the Tweed—are modest to a fault, and thus, we suffer.

Mr. Simmins is bringing out a new patent hive that is going to eclipse everything with you or us. He is also going to depart from the usual course by patenting it.

The 'Globe thistle,' that Mr. Chapman is distributing with a long Latin name, I find has been grown by Mr. Cowan for the past 10 years, I also learn it has grown in one gentleman's garden 5 miles west of me, and in another 2 miles south, for many years. It has also been grown in Westmoreland for the past 40 years at least, so that it is not new here, but only being dragged out from obscurity.

Xmas day was 'as balmy as May' and my bees flew abundantly. The following day, snow fell 10 or 12 inches in depth in 3 hours and it lays on the ground up to the present. As a sample of our grand climate, the wind has gone the whole circuit each 24 hours during the present week, and each day we have had a short spell of sunshine, fog, rain, thaw, snow and frost. I'll bet you cannot beat that if you try. So there I will draw the line, hoping all your bees are quiet—and alive—, with greetings from

AMATEUR EXPERT.

January 8th, 1887.

For the Canadian Bee Journal.

THE FIRST DAY IN LONDON.

HOW did you like London? was the first question asked the delegates by nearly everyone they met at the late convention.

The answer was, "Very much indeed, yes, we liked it very much,—that is to say, we liked what is likable in the city. What is likable in