

Pringle is a thorough pianist, playing most difficult pieces correctly, and with an ease that made me envious of her skill. Mrs. Pringle and her daughter played several duetts very nicely, and Mrs. P. sang a good old Scotch song with much feeling. Altogether the evening was one which I thoroughly enjoyed, and I trust Mr. P. will excuse the liberty I have taken in giving this glimpse of his home life. Being after dark when we reached the house in the evening I did not have an opportunity to take a turn around the bee yard (or rather the spot where the bee-yard had been, for all the bees had been put into the cellar a couple of weeks previous) till the following morning. We however took a peep at the bees in the cellar. The portion which was partitioned off as a bee-repository was pretty well filled up, there being something over a hundred colonies in the place, but everything was quiet and comfortable. The hives were packed one above the other from floor to ceiling and very close together. There were all the necessary means for ventilation at hand; in one corner of the room a pipe led from the cellar to the outer air, while another pipe came down through the floor connecting with the pipe of the cooking range above, and extending down to the cellar floor. At the time of our visit the thermometer stood: at the top of cellar 48° and at the bottom 42°. Mr. Pringle keeps two thermometers, one near the floor and the other close to the ceiling of the cellar.

AN ACCURATELY ADJUSTABLE ENTRANCE.

Mr. Pringle uses a rather novel kind of entrance, which he says just suits his purpose. It certainly is easily adjustable, and nothing can change it very well when the entrance has been regulated to suit the requirements of the colony. The front board of the hive is cut off so that the entrance is fully two inches high and extends clear across the hive. Now instead of using entrance blocks a piece of tin or zinc is cut the length of the front of the hive and three or three-and-a-half inches wide, the top is turned over or rolled so as to admit of lifting up or down easily, and it works in slides on the front of the hive. Out of the bottom of the zinc is cut a strip $\frac{3}{8}$ x 2 in., midway between the two

ends. A second piece of tin or zinc is then cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 in. Through the centre of this last piece is cut a slot $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 in. and out of one side and at the end of this piece is then cut a piece $\frac{5}{16}$ x 2 in., a and out of the other corner a similar strip is cut $\frac{1}{8}$ x 2 in. A rivet is then used to fasten this piece to the larger one, so that it can be pushed backward and forward at pleasure, and it comes exactly even with the bottom of the large piece. When the sheet of tin is pushed close down to the bottom board, and the slide opened out to its fullest extent, the entrance is $\frac{5}{16}$ x 2 in., and by closing this up any width of entrance can be had, and maintained accurately. In case of robbing the slide is pushed clear to the other side, and an entrance $\frac{1}{8}$ x 2 in. is thus had, which admits of ventilation and prevents the ingress of robbers; while in case of very hot weather the whole front may be used as an entrance or for ventilation purposes, by simply lifting up the tin entrance arrangement. For wintering purposes it can also be lifted up and a full entrance given.

Mr. Pringle's bee yard is located close to the house in the orchard, and in the rear is his honey-extracting house and workshop. In this house everything is kept neat, clean and tidy, and everything about the place betokens the methodical man. Mr. P. is evidently a firm believer in the adage, "a place for everything and everything in its place," and I venture the opinion that no matter how dark the night, he could without a light, go and put his hand on almost anything about the place that might be asked for. There is no question but that Mr. P. is a great worker. Besides nearly all the work of the farm, (he keeps only a boy during the winter) to which he gives his personal attention, he has a large correspondence and does much writing for the press. I have often thought that but few people were kept much busier than myself, but I believe I can make one exception in favor of Mr. Pringle, who is constantly at work.

I have nearly forgotten to mention the little forest of basswood trees which Mr. Pringle has set during the past season, reference to which was made in one of Mr. Pringle's articles in the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL. Besides those already set out, he has another large batch,