

any new-fangled methods, but wintered his bees out on their summer stands without any protection whatever. The next few days after leaving them placed in my yard, I noticed a great many dead bees in front of the hive. I could not understand it, and thought it was due to robbing. So I determined to open the hive and have a look at it. And lo! what a condition of affairs! A few bees were clustering at the back end of two frames, while throughout the remainder of the hive the bees were clustered in bunches—dead. I found a bee buried in every cell! How the few bees came through the winter I don't know. The little fellows were expending all their entire energy on house-cleaning; and I venture to say they would not have completed the job until July! I took all the frames out and broke up the comb, because each cell contained a dead bee, and I thought it useless to let the bees waste their time cleaning them up. I gave them new frames with uncapped honey; cleaned their hive out thoroughly, and oh, how they did work. The queen laid, and the brood spread, and—well I made a hive, that's all! The other hive bought from this gentleman was an old fashioned glass hive, (which I afterwards broke up.) But it was well made and offered some little protection to the bees, and they succeeded in coming through all right, and were in good shape, and threw me a good big swarm in June that did well in surplus honey. After this experience, however, I have determined to buy no more hives wintered on their summer stands. That man is a fool who says he will have nothing to do with new-fangled ideas, he is a conservative—mossback—opposed to all progress, and the sooner he is disposed of, after the manner in which the old man would dispose of his son—the

better. To make this clear, I suppose I ought to tell you the story of the old man. He sent his son down town one day to buy Paris Green to put upon the potatoes to kill the bugs. The patch was a small one. The young man bought a pound of Paris Green came home and put it ALL on the potatoes. A day or two after the old man enquired about the potatoes, and was told by George how he disposed of them. The old man's lower jaw dropped; he looked at George, and when he got his breath said: "George, by the 'tarnal heavens, I wish to the Lord you were a hundred and forty-seven feet under the g-r-ou-n-d!" There is nothing moss backed about our friend McEvoy. Thanks, McEvoy, thanks. This is but a small part of my experience, but this letter is too long now.

Brantford, Ont.

JAS. J. HURLEY

Bee Appliances and Honey at the Paris Exhibition.

Having visited the Exhibition twice this summer, I had a full opportunity for a good look around amongst the different exhibits of honey, wax and bee-keeping appliances, and thought that a brief description of what I saw might be interesting to readers who are unable to visit the Exhibition.

The first honey display I came across was a splendid show of section and extracted honey sent by Canada. The sections were four-piece ones, with bee-way top and bottom only, filled with beautifully white and even combs; the extracted honey ranged in color from almost white (yielded by the basswood blossoms) to various darker shades from other sources. I should have liked to sample some of the different kinds of honey, but, fortunately, "tasting" was not allowed, or I expect Canada would have had to