

give and take." I offered to build the close board fence between us two or three feet higher. It is only four feet. No, I needn't bother. There was no occasion. Let them be. I carried in some lovely sections of pure white honey, and my erst-while offended neighbor was profuse in thanks. The reign of peace was re-established, and, "all is quiet along the Potomac."

WM. F. CLARKE.

Guelph, Sept. 6th, 1887.

From our English Correspondent.

### MEL SAPIT OMNIA.

THE honey season for the year 1887 is over. The bulk is greater than last year, but below 1885. The quality is equal to last year's for flavor and far and away superior for color; I am speaking of England of course. For queen raising the season has been exceptionally fine, the best for the past seven years, our chief trouble is a clouded sky, when drones will not venture abroad, but this summer our sky has been tropical. We have had no great show in London this year, and feel dull in consequence, fairs, you call them, I believe, but show or exhibition is our word.

I presume most of my readers are aware we have an exhibition of the resources of the States going on all this season in London, but of it my axiom is not true, as I can find no "mel" in the place. London streets and railway stations are plastered with enormous portraits of "Buffalo Bill" and his herd, and of course it draws immensely, but the exhibition, so far as it is intended to convey an adequate idea, to the average Britisher, of the resources and manufactures of the United States, is a very poor display indeed. Take the item of stoves. American stoves are well known in England, but the stoves on show at the exhibition are a very poor lot, and do a great injustice to the States. Agricultural machinery is not much better, and one would think that some effort would have been made to portray the resources of the States as a honey-producing district, but I could find nothing, although I looked long and well. Brother Jonathan bee-keepers! Oh fie!! Oh fie!!! do you lack pluck, or what is it?

I had a turn at South Kensington last Tuesday. I have passed the old spot several times, but have never been inside the grounds since I last bade good-bye to your commissioners last November, up to that day. I have known the Royal Horticultural Gardens for many years. The B. B. K. A. has had more than one honey show there. It used to be a beautiful spot where the Fellows of the Society and their families used to resort to play lawn-tenis and

croquet amongst the flowers and the evergreen shrubs, but since 1883 the largest half has been built on, first for the International Fisheries, and since for the Healthier Inventions, and last and greatest, for the "Colonial." The bottom end of the grounds, where the "honey house" stood last year, amongst the windmills, (a mining machinery and produce market, a heterogenous mixture by the way,) is now laid out for a fine new street, facing which the new Imperial Institute will stand. This will absorb nearly half the gardens and the portion that remains cuts a very sorry appearance indeed. The rhododendrons, laurels and deciduous trees are mostly dead, contractors rubbish reigns supreme, and the place which once blossomed as the rose, looks fit to be taken possession of by the owls and the bats. But the wand of the enchanter "Money" will be passed over it shortly and the transformation will be as great as it has been since last November, only in the opposite direction.

Your portrait of Mr. Cowan is indeed O. K. I have been hearing through another source of his progress through the Dominion; he is curious to know how I came in possession of so many facts about himself—ask a colony of bees how many flowers they visited to gather only one pound of honey.

The British Honey Company has brought out a new aerated drink called "Mella"; it is flavored with honey, and is very cool and refreshing, leaving the palate remarkably clean and fresh, with none of the cloggiess and thirst that follows from drinks sweetened with sugar.

Mr. Allen Pringle's little paper on "Honey," some reasons why it should be eaten," has come to me as a supplement to the C. B. J. Of the little paper itself I have nothing but praise, and the conduct of the editors of the C. B. J. in thus broad-casting it, is very praiseworthy also.

I have some dim recollection that the O. B. K. A. voted a copy of the C. B. J. to be sent to the B. B. K. A. week by week. Has it been overlooked, or where is the delay? I notice it has not come to hand in England. I hope the O. B. K. A. gets our B. B. J. regularly.

AMATEUR EXPERT.

England 29th, Aug. 1887.

The Oakville Independent.—Mr. H. Wilson's store was invaded by a host of customers Tuesday last, in the shape of part of a swarm of bees, attracted thither by a large supply of honey which just arrived. Talk about the scent of a blood hound, why the little busy bee can dis-