

we could invite them with a better grace, by pledging payment of their expenses, and something more, as an inducement to "come over and help us."

MR. PRINGLE'S CRITICISMS.

The critique on my "Bird's-Eye View of Bee-keeping," which appeared in the C. B. J., of March 30th, was good throughout, and I quite concur in the literary part of it, contained in the closing paragraph. I felt the difficulty of weaving "dry apiarian facts and hive manipulations" into a poetic web. It was impossible to avoid being didactic. "Licence of poetry" could not be pleaded as an excuse for want of accuracy. The music was fettered, and held in custody by those relentless

Chiels, that dinna ding
And daurna be disputed."

A brother of mine, quite a literary man, Dr. S. Clarke, of Kamloops, British Columbia, gave me a free criticism of my performance, in terms so like those employed by Mr. Pringle, and in that, so well expressed, that I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it here. I know that Mr. Pringle will read the extract with interest, and I hope others will do the same.

"About that 'pome.' You did remarkably well, considering. The task you set before yourself was a very difficult one. It has been essayed before, and never with any great success. You undertook to harness Pegasus to the car Utility, and drive him with whip and rein. The winged horse is ridden not driven, and he who rides successfully must eschew both bit and spur, and without volition, go wherever he may be carried. Poetry is a thing of imagination, fancy and unreality. Science is a thing of fact, precision and reality. You have crossed them, and the result is a curious mongrel. I am sure you could write a first-class bee manual, and I will not deny your possession of the poetic faculty, but you can't work miracles. The bee business spoiled the poetry, and the despotism of rhyme and measure prevented a proper setting forth of the science and art of bee culture. So there!—my opinion isn't worth much. I don't know any thing about bees, except that they make honey which I don't like, and sting me in a way I like still less, but you asked me to criticize, and you would not thank me for insincere praise or courteous evasion."

W. F. CLARKE'S HIBERNATION THEORY ESTABLISHED
FINALLY ON A FIRM BASIS.

The article with the above sub-heading in the C. B. J., of 1st, copied from *Gleanings*, was a huge "goak." I replied to it, and hoped that the reply as well as the article would be copied

into the C. B. J., but my reply has not, up to this date, appeared. Needless to say, that marvelous narrative has no connection whatever with my hibernation theory, except it be but that of a clumsy burlesque on it. Chilled bees cannot hibernate. Excess of cold arouses an abnormal activity, which ends in a fatal quietude—the quietude of death. Prof. McLain's article in the C. B. J., of June 15th, establishes my theory on a firm basis, and is the best scientific demonstration of it I have seen. My sincere thanks are due, and are hereby tendered to the author, for a most valuable contribution to the voluminous discussions which have been had on wintering bees.

WM. F. CLARKE,

Guelph, July, 4, 1887.

We have the reply referred to by Mr. Clarke on file, and as soon as we have room for it shall give it.

For the Canadian Bee Journal.

THE BRITISH MARKET.

AFTER all the useful hints given by the able correspondents of your valuable JOURNAL, as to the best means of securing a paying market for your colonial honey in the mother country, I was somewhat surprised that none have, as yet, "got into" a scheme, which, if adopted, would be the biggest of all booms. Why, don't you know, that when royalty coughs, all England sneezes, and that if the really excellent honey produced in Canada found its way to the royal table, and its good qualities merited Victoria's approval that tons of your "mel" would soon find its way across the Atlantic. Our presidents and governors are simply the servants of the sovereigns of this country—the people—and in the majority of cases are anxious to please their sovereigns, but in England another condition of affairs exists. The entrance of the Prince of Wales into an opera in England is an instantaneous signal for all heads to turn like the sway of an immense machine, in the direction of England's heir apparent, and later on when laughter convulses the audience, the excuse inevitably, will be found in the fact that Wales has been amused at some witty remark, and the faces of the leading dukes, beauties, poets, statesmen and so forth, relax their facial muscles. Whatever the amateur or professional experts of England may think to the contrary, Yankee enterprize, ingenuity and tact solved this problem years ago, and all our good cousins have to do is simply to imitate the example set them and all will be well. C. R. Isham, of Peoria, Wyoming County, New York,