

knowing that the male has more influence on the quality of the progeny. Too little attention is paid to the drones. I have taken drone brood to my islands in the Georgian Bay, the larvæ have matured and been carefully fed until they looked much unlike the common drone of the country. They were plump, sturdy fellows, and queens mated with them gave grand progeny. Nature acts on this plan, and young queens are not hatched until after the honey flow has set in, and her future mate has an opportunity of coming to maturity on the new stimulative nectar.

KIND OF BEES TO BUY.

If I were going to buy bees again I should never think of the race or variety—my sole object would be to get bees that would prove good honey-gatherers, and I think that to get these one must steer clear of *pure* races. The fact is, we now breed for the quality I have mentioned above, keeping in view, as far as possible, "good looks" and other points. If the bee-keeper wishes to experiment in the direction of these good qualities he might as well commence with a colony of Black or German bees, see what they do for him the first season; next year let him Italianize if he wishes, by the introduction of a mated Italian queen. Later on other strains may be introduced until what you would think perfection is reached. If you prefer to get at the best bee for business the moment you assume the avocation, buy of some good dealer, whose success is established.

MR. McFADDEN AGAIN.

AN INGENIOUS YARN ACCOUNTING FOR THE WAX NOT COMING.

MY dear George Watson:—It is with a heavy heart I write you this time. I told you the last time I wrote that we were going to supply another tribe with bees to start an apiary, and worst of all that we would have the wax at North Bay on or about the first of August last. With all our troubles, and the calamities that befel us, I am more sorry of that disappointment than all the rest; not that we care for the wax nor the price of it, but because of breaking our word, for not keeping good faith with our white friends, which, alas!

you will see was unavoidable when I tell you what befel us. Chief Ottomee and thirty of his strong men came for the bees, with ponies. We selected sixty good half-storey hives and fixed them up secure with ventilation holes covered with woven grass. They paid us in furs and deer skins. I may remark they brought us two moose hides cured with the fur on for quilts, and one moose head with horns, the largest I have ever seen; measured seven feet and eleven inches across; weighed two hundred and fifty-three pounds—but this is a digression. Ottomee and his men started home quite contented with their bees, satisfied with the bargain. They had about seventy-five miles to go, and it would take them four days to get home. The third day about noon the bees had gnawed the grass covering or netting over the holes and began to come out. They attacked the ponies, and there was a stampede. The shaking and bouncing knocked the hives together until every hive was broken loose. The ponies ran wild, and the Indians had to run into a swamp. About half of the ponies were either stung to death or staked on dead limbs in the woods. Some of the ponies got home ahead of the men, which made the Indians at home think there had been war, and fifty started out with ponies, armed, to revenge their people. They met the others next day in a sore condition both in body and mind. When they told what happened they exclaimed:—"Tricks! Tricks! White man with Muskegoon! We all go back, get many bees again, or fight." So back they came. We happened to get intelligence of their approach, and knew there was something seriously wrong. By what they said when here before I knew they had suspicion that on my account something bad might happen, so great was their superstition and prejudice against white men. So I wisely kept out of sight when they approached. They made a wild enough demonstration. Shouted for "White man you call Dan. He is linked with the spirits of rattlesnakes and wild cats. We kill him soon." To be brief, I had to hide in the woods two days before the old chief and our people could find out what had happened and what they wanted. They were so excited that they killed ten of our ponies. Spruce Top, who courageously tried to stop them to get an explanation, was knocked on the head, and no knowing what harm would have been done had they not attacked the bee-hives, knocking them over. It scattered them and brought them to their senses. So there was a parley, when all was explained. Then they were sorry, but wanted more bees. They got ten more. But poor Spruce Top, they could not restore him;