

Inman claims for it; but did anyone ever hear of a more expeditious way of spreading disease through a whole apiary, if any should exist without the knowledge of the apiarist?

Dr. E. Gallup, A. B. J. 20, gives us the lesson that rich soil produces more nectar than poor soil. One year he harrowed in some buckwheat in a hog lot, and it resulted in the production of more nectar to the rod than he ever saw. The perfume could be scented for rods, and it was literally alive with bees. While another patch seeded at the same time, but the land not manured, was visited by scarcely a bee. The same thing, he says applies to white clover. While in Iowa, he seeded a six acre lot, where sheep had been yarded for two years, with white clover, and the way the bees worked on it was a caution; but outside the enclosure, scarcely a bee could be found on that blossom. This is indeed valuable information for those who can and do plant and seed for bee forage. If sweet clover will secrete the nectar, when sown on poor and sandy soil, that it gets credit for doing by those who have experimented with it, what, oh what, would it do if sown on good soil, well manured?

Page 22, A. B. J., Doctor Miller is asked how to make or build an over-shot water wheel. He replies thus: "If you want to know the kind of woman to select for a bee-keeper's wife, I have some good advice on tap, but the matter of over-shot water wheels is beyond me." I want to holler loud enough so the secretary of the York Bee-keepers' Association can hear me, that he had better avail himself of the doctor's fullness re bee-keepers' wives, and make haste to apply his ear and mouth to the tap, lest that valuable commodity in time should ferment and bust the doctor, when all might be wasted. Look sharp, Luc; see?

The nut-crackers, in A. B. J., are again to the front with their answers as to the value of drones in a hive, for the purpose of stimulating a colony in early spring, as well as benefitting it by the extra heat they generate. Five say no; Dadant & Son say no, no, no; five say yes; four would rather have the same number of workers; three are on the fence; two are—well, I don't know where they are. E. T. Abbott truthfully says, "In a cold, backward spring there would not be any drones." This would surely be the case. Even though an abundance of drone comb should be present, I would rather run my chance by securing all the workers I can in early spring, to keep up the heat, and therefore want very little drone comb in my hives.

Mr. Editor, I want to take back every kind word that I ever said about that Goliath who runs the stew pot for beedom in the A. B. J. On account of said journal being a weekly, and this one monthly, he is mean enough to take advantage of me by stealing a goodly portion of my very best thunder. It just makes me mad when I have to strike off a lot of matter from my copy, just because some other fellow has rebashed it. I am looking for some way to get even with that pirate.

So Mr. R. C. Aiken thinks there is something wrong with my head. Perhaps so; but I am glad to know that the defects in my head had the wonderful effect of bringing more of the perfections out of his own cranium. It is only fair to Mr. Aiken to say that I had not read his essay, only heard it read at Buffalo, and therefore wrote from memory when I criticised his new scheme for producing extracted honey. I am not sorry that I did offer said criticism, for has it not had the effect of leading him out? And in that reply on page 172, he goes into facts and figures, to prove that his scheme is plausible; and I frankly admit he has largely succeeded in convincing me. If he had gone a little more into details when preparing said essay, there would have been very little room for criticism. There are, however, a few statements in his reply where I think he lays himself open to contradiction, but modesty prevents me from taking them up, because I consider myself away beneath Mr. Aiken in apicultural knowledge. In conclusion, I wish to thank him for that reply to my criticism.

Say, but ain't a few of those big Michiganders giving it to the plain section and fence, calling the fence such names as "Glue Traps," and the section as things used 30 years ago and discarded as no good. When anything deserves a kick, it seems to be left to the high-kickers of Michigan to do it.

[Even if they are only Michiganders, I believe their head is level, on the plain section and glue trap. At least we can afford to wait a year and see.—Ed.]

### Notice of Change in Plans.

By mutual agreement Mr. John Newton, Thamesford, Ont., will not be with the Goold, Shapley & Muir Co. Limited, Brantford, Ont., but will continue in business as before. Those having done business with Mr. Newton, and others, can get prices by writing to him.