

A RAMBLER'S NOTES.

Perhaps the readers of THE JOURNAL will admit a casual correspondent to enter their magic circle, though he cannot claim to be interested in honey, except as a consumer. Not but what I have had some experience, not, however, as a bee-keeper, but one in which the position was reversed. In my case it happened thusly: "Once upon a time," as story tellers say. I bought a skep of bees. Summer came, and in due time my busy workers sent out a colony. The seekers for a new home took it into their heads (or tails) to alight on the upper limb of a neighboring apple tree. Now if there is one thing on earth, or in the air, that I hate is in the business end of a bee. But precautions were taken, hands incased in gloves face covered by a veil, and ankles protected by wraps. Armed with a saw to sever the limb on which the brownies clustered, operations began by climbing the tree. The saw was plied vigorously, but somehow the dress got disarranged, wrists, ankles and face were exposed, and when the swarm fell it was only to rise again in righteous anger, and I tried in vain to find a refuge in the topmost branches. How I got down, and what I said about bees need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that the next autumn I killed the original cause of the disturbance, and have bought my honey since.

I commenced this screed, however in order to whisper a valuable secret to my readers. This is neither more nor less than directions where they can find wild honey by the barrel full, and this is how I discovered it. Last summer I was enjoying a holiday and one day came across a farmer who was looking with wistful eyes at a huge swarm of bees that had flitted to a giant oak. They were far above reach, and were finally abandoned. On enquiring of other farmers I learned that for years and years past this strip of timber had wooded scores of colonies from their home allegiance, and no one had ever been fortunate enough to find their precious store.

Before I reveal this sweet Eldorado I may remark that bees have a sort of "prodigal son" way of going off on their own—wings. One such incident had a funny ending. A farmer one day caught sight of a big swarm rising from his garden. He and his boys followed until the fugitives found refuge in a hollow tree on the adjoining farm. Towards autumn the farmer who owned the tree saw the busy workers, and he planned to work near till the buckwheat harvest was over, and then, O, my! wouldn't he have a feast. One day his lunch did not come as ordered, and hunger drove him

home for an hour or two. When he returned to resume his vigils it was evident there had been other watchers, for the tree was prostrate, a length sawn out and removed, and a few homeless stragglers only remained as evidence of the spoliation. Farmer No. 1 had been alert, that was all.

And this reminds me that "Sama," a writer for the Globe, has been severely criticised for an alleged blunder. She was writing a description of the honey exhibit at Toronto fair and said in effect; "There was strained honey and honey in the comb. The latter was made by man, and not by the bees." And then some angry apiarian wrote to the Globe refuting the libel that honey in the comb was manufactured by human agency. To my mind it seems that "Sama" referred to artificial comb foundation only.

And here I am in a dilemma, my space is filled and I have told everything but what I set out to write, but my secret will keep.

E. YEIGH.

A Question of Race.

A purse-proud old nobleman was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden. One day he stopped his carriage at a country tavern, and called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses landlord! Horses at ones!"

"I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately!"

Then observing the fresh sleek-looking ones which were being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They were ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man!" called out the nobleman, "will you let me have those horses for a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man, "I intend to use them myself."

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am!" roared the thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. It would be a terrible thing to think there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot-race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.