

Perhaps by hiving them in that way, and using a perforated metal entrance to prevent the bees from escaping, the plan would work all right, as the two queens could have a fight, when neither of them could get out, and the result would almost sure to be in favor of the young one.

#### A Bee Hunter's Exploit In the Island of Timor.

THE naturalist Wallace describes the bee-hunting exploit of a native of the Island of Timor in the Malay Archipelago, where wild bees (*apis dorsata*) build huge honey-combs, suspended in the open air from the under side of the branches of lofty trees. The combs are semi-circular, and often of 3 or 4 ft. indiameter. When collecting insects Wallace saw some Timorese men and boys gathered under a high tree, straight, smooth-barked and without a branch until at eighty feet from the ground it threw out a horizontal limb bearing three large bee combs. One of the party produced the stem of a creeper and began splitting it into string which he wrapped in a palm leaf. He then fastened his loin cloth tightly, and producing another cloth wrapped it tightly around head, neck and body, leaving his face, arms and legs bare. Strung to his girdle he carried a long, thin coil of cord, and while making these preparations a companion cut a strong creeper some 10 yards long, to an end of which the wood torch was fastened and lighted at the bottom, creating a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping knife was fastened by a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the brush-rope or creeper just above the torch and passed the other end around the trunk of the tree, holding an end in each hand. Jerking it up the tree a little above his head, he set his foot against the trunk, and leaning back, began walking up it. When he found the slightest irregularity of bark or obliquity of stem to aid his hold he jerked the stiff creeper a few feet higher and kept on with as much coolness as if he were going up a ladder, till he got within 15 feet or so of the bees. Then stopping a moment he swung the torch, hanging just at his feet, in the direction of the bees. Still going on, he brought himself under the limb and in some way which Wallace says he cannot explain, seeing both the man's hands were occupied with the creeper he managed to get on the limb.

Now the bees took alarm and formed a dense buzzing swarm over him, but he brought the torch up closer and coolly brushed them off his arms and legs. Then stretching himself along the limb he crept toward the nearest comb and swung the torch under it. The moment the smoke touched it, the color changed from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud. He then drew his knife and cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree and attaching the thin cord coiled round him let it down to his companions below. The other combs were successively taken and furnished the party with a luscious feast of honey and brood as well as a valuable lot of wax. Several bees attacked the observant naturalist and followed him half a mile, getting into his hair and persecuting him most pertinaciously, so that he was astonished more than ever at the apparent immunity of the natives. J. BAWDEN.

Kingston, Ont.

#### Carniolans and Carbolic Acid.

2 WING to the accounts of Carniolan bees which appear in the *Journal* from time to time, I got a queen last autumn from F. Benton. I find they are the best honey gatherers I ever had, besides being good breeders. I took some sections from them on Friday, the 3rd, the first I have taken this season; but they refuse entirely to be driven with carbolic acid. I purchased some of Calvert's No. 5, and diluted it with about one pint of water to an ounce of acid, but the bees hardly took any notice of it. Then I used the undiluted acid, but I might as well have tried to move the earth, as drive them out of the sections with it; they would not stir one jot so I had to use smoke. Can you account for this indifference to the acid fumes, for I can assure you the bees don't care for it a bit? The weather here was very bad all the spring for bees, but the past fortnight has been a grand change.—THOMAS KENDALL, Knittleton, in *British Bee Journal*.

#### Lambton Bee-Keepers' Association.

The above Association will hold their Annual Convention, in the Council Chamber, Alvington, on Tuesday, September 1st., 1891. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

W. E. MORRISON, Sec. Treasurer,  
Alvington, Ont.

Please send us the names of your neighbors who keep bees, that we may forward copies of the *BEE JOURNAL* to them. A postal card and five minutes time will do it.