

will warn the people at large that such papers do not scruple to publish falsehoods of this class. The story given smacks very much of the "Peck's Bad Boy" style and has evidently been written more for the purpose of the sensational than anything else, but newspaper reporters will have to learn that it is neither courtesy nor honesty to take such subjects for their texts. We are going to take some trouble to find out all about this same story:

HOW A SHARP APIARIST ADULTERATES HIS SWEETS.

"A Wayne county farmer has succeeded in earning a place in history along with the Connecticut man who invented wooden nutmegs. He lives between Detroit and Dearborn, on Michigan avenue, in a vinecovered cottage back a little way from the road. On the front fence appears the sign "White clover honey." Back of the house is an apiary with all the modern inventions for the care of bees, and nearly fifty hives sound with the cheerful humming of the busy honey makers.

A representative of the *Free Press*, quite by accident, called at the house yesterday and found no one at home, and while sitting by an old well curb refreshing himself with cool water from an old oaken bucket, his attention was called to the action of the bees. The cottage is surrounded with roses in full bloom, but these bees did not do as bees used to do.

"Gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

but instead were swarming around a large tray which stood near by, and were flying back and forth to the hives. In this tray was half an inch of a sticky mass that looked like syrup. Little sticks were strewn over this substance, and on those the bees were alighting, and, after taking some flew back to the hives.

"What do you want o' them bees?"

The intruder started up and found a bare-footed lad standing before him.

"What are the bees taking?" We asked.

"What do you want to know for? Dad said we wan't to tell any one anything about it."

"I'll give you a quarter if you will," said the reporter, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, I dunno what it is. Dad gets it from town in a bar'l. Here's whats he gits it in," pointing to a large cask.

On the end of the barrel was the stencil

mark: "200 lbs. grape sugar from Michigan Grape Sugar Manufactory."

"Is that glucose that the bees are getting?"

"It's somethings that dad gets out of that bar'l, that's all I know about it."

The inquiring visitor tasted it. There was an unmistakable gumdrop flavor to it.

"We had hard work to get the bees used to it. Dad put in a lot of syrup at first, but the bees take it straight now."

"How long does it take to fill a hive?"

"Not near so long as it does when they have to get the honey from flowers. We've taken out a lot this year already."

The boy brought out of the house a box of glucose honey which looked as clear and inviting as though the sweets had been distilled from the purest flowers.

"Do you eat it?" the boy was asked.

"Sometimes. It ain't so good as the other kind, but it's just as good to sell. Say, don't you never give me away to dad, or he'd skin me."

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

UNDER THIS HEAD will appear each week, Queries and Replies; the former may be propounded by any subscriber, and will be replied to by prominent bee-keepers, throughout Canada and the United States who can answer from experience, as well as by the Editor. This Department will be reserved for the more important questions, others will be answered in another place. We hope to make this one of the most interesting departments of the JOURNAL.

BEE DIARRHŒA.

QUERY No. 25.—Two colonies sitting side by side, exactly alike as near as two peas can be, as to stores, pollen, age of queens, manner of preparation, &c., &c., were fixed last Fall for Winter and left on summer stands. One died the latter part of March with bee-diarrhœa, while the other is to-day the best colony in the apiary, never having shown any signs of diarrhœa. Why did one die and the other live, and what caused the diarrhœa with the one when the other did not have it?

DR. J. C. THOM, STREETSVILLE, ONT.—A thing that no fellow can find out.

G. M. DOOLITTLE, BORODINO, N. Y.—I do not believe that I could satisfactorily explain the problem.

R. MCKNIGHT, OWEN SOUND, ONT.—Might theorize on the above, but can offer no satisfactory explanation of the "why."

O. O. POPPLETON, WILLIAMSTOWN, IOWA.—Here is a first-class chance for somebody to immortalize himself by giving a correct answer to this question. Can any one do it?