

having met some of the most eminent bee-keepers of Britain and Europe—men of learning, probity and piety, men widely known and esteemed where known—nearly all of whom indulge in a "whiff," was a solace to me nearly as great as that afforded by my newly filled pipe. I remembered, too, that that country produces not only all the tobacco its people consume but a great deal of that which "demoralizes" the rest of the world, but could not recollect of anything being said of the sin of producing it. I thought of the time when Virginia had little else as a medium of exchange, when the taxes were paid in tobacco, and when her Legislature granted \$1,000 pounds of the same commodity to the ministers of the Gospel as a yearly stipend. I thought also of some of the great and good men of these and other days who smoked. The subject was assuming colossal proportions in my mind when my pipe again wheezed, but just then the engine whistle shrieked, and the brakeman in a stentorian voice announced "—station, twenty minutes for refreshments." Returning to my seat I passed the time with "Little Dorrit" till the electric lights of Chicago loomed up, and presently the train pulled into the depot.

It was Saturday night. The streets of the big city were crowded with vehicles and pedestrians. Elaborately dressed shop windows, brilliantly lighted up, are as common in Chicago as in other large cities. By the way, did it ever occur to you what instructive object lessons shop windows are? One may read in them the tastes, habits and worldly condition of the people. The presence of opulence, comfort and poverty, show themselves in their proportions in shop windows. If luxury abounds it is made manifest through the same medium. If fashion is carried to extremes it is seen through the glass. The season of the year and the climate of the country are visible in their displays. A world of information may be gleaned from what is shown in the shop windows of cities in every country.

In due time I "turned in" and slept the sleep of the weary until Sunday morning dawned. What a revelation a Chicago Sunday is to a Canadian! The "sound of the church going bell" might be heard there as here, were it not lost in the rumble and roar of omnibus, cab, cable-car and hansom. Such know no Sunday in that wicked city. Strings of street cars tear over its thoroughfares as if by some magic agency. No motive power appears before or behind, above or below them. By a cunning contrivance they grip an endless cable, in endless

motion. Then they run with the running cable, and stop and start again at the will of the "grip man." It is time I reminded myself I am writing for a bee journal and not for a newspaper, but Chicago is a great big hive, and is, so far, German. No colony of bees could manifest greater activity in a honey flow than Chicago does at all times, but it is specially industrious just now. The real estate market is particularly brisk, and the "boomers" are busy gathering in their harvest. In this business Chicago is not a whit behind the smartest of smart cities. For twenty miles the country around—north, south and west—is staked out into building lots. In many places streets are graded and sidewalks laid away cut on the prairie, with not a house from one end of them to the other. Lots having 25 feet frontage on these are selling at prices ranging from \$300 upwards. This will go on for a time, but the last rocket that signals the close of the "Columbian Fair," of 1893, will pierce the big bubble, and there will be a mighty collapse. Meantime the land sharks will have gobbled up a great many fry.

A DELEGATE.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

### That Experiment.

I HAVE had no experience with such as you describe on page 302 of the C. B. J. I have not much faith in it, and do not believe that it would work generally as you say it has done in this instance. In any case there would have to be a large saving of stores before I would be induced to turn my bees upside down in this way. I have been persuaded for some time that the less we can disturb the brood nest the better, and therefore never extract from such combs as are for the use of the queen and winter stores. I much prefer having always the same frames, (as much as possible) in the same hives, and in the same position, except when necessary to separate any to confine the queen in fewer combs. In the experiment you speak of there would be also considerable labor in caring for and restoring the combs again to the bees. I would much prefer keeping a few extra colonies to make up for what little might be gained in this way, even though there should be a gain, which I do not believe there would, for if you succeeded in handling them so carefully that they did not fill their sacs before removing, they would no doubt make up for it when returned. I do not see that the bees consume so largely of stores after breeding has ceased, but I may be