

in the business for, and that's what makes our pocket-books bulge out, "not color."

I had fully intended to defend myself against the accusation made against me by the Editor of the C. B. J., whereby he charges me with stealing the wit of an Irishman. Being thus branded as a common thief, I will refer to it only briefly here. Since the American Bee Journal has suggested a personal meeting for the avenging of the great injury done me, which it stigmatizes as "outrageous slander," and since the said Journal has so kindly proffered its assistance if such a meeting should take place, for which I am grateful indeed, I have concluded that perhaps such a course would be the best to pursue, and by the way, owing to my great physical powers, (something over 4 feet high, and at least 6 inches in girth,) I always prefer to settle such matters in a personal way, rather than attempt it through cold print. But I must decline to act upon the suggestion of said Journal, that the meeting take place in Philadelphia, for much as I admire the national bird of the great American Republic, I cannot say that I would enjoy seeing her dine on a Canadian Bee Journal Editor. I will therefore lay low until someone is kind enough to provide an arena on Canadian soil. I would infer from the American Bee Journal that it presumes Editor Holtermann to be Irish? Far from it Mr. A. B. J., Why bless your heart! With a strong wind blowing from the east, if you were at all attentive, you surely could not fail in getting a strong "sour kroust" aroma as it is being gently wafted from Brantford to Chicago.

"If it were necessary for me to buy new fences every year and throw the old ones away, I am convinced it would pay me in dollars and cents. Not only this, but if it were necessary to throw away the supers also, it would pay me to buy new ones every year, so great are the advantages of the fence and plain section over the old style sections".—E. W. Brown in *Gleanings*. I am not a comb honey producer, but would consider the above a very strong endorsement of the claims of superiority made for the plain section and fence. And in face of so many testimonies in their favor, I am surprised that so many "fogies" will persist in sticking in the old rut. Why not fall in line with the "fad" as it has been called, you cannot afford to slumber along the beaten paths of the past.

The much praised and condemned King

Bird has at last been convicted as a malicious enemy of the honey bee. Many an apiarist has in the past discovered said bird red-mouthed in the act of catching, and as they supposed, gulping down bees, but when a little lead tonic was administered to bring his birdship to terra firma, the dissecting knife failed to uncover a worker bee in his anatomy. This led many to conclude that the King bird never molested the workers. But it has been left to A. J. Wright to discover that the culprit will, and does catch up workers but instead of swallowing them as he would a drone, or any other insects, he simply extracts the honey and other juices, this done he allows the carcass to drop to the ground. Rather hard to believe that his birdship should be able to distinguish the danger between swallowing a worker bee and drone, but truly animal instinct is beyond our conception.

I wish to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the fair criticism you gave my article on exhibits. As I did not at all expect that it came anywhere near perfection, and realizing that it is very often by criticism and the exchange of ideas, that we are able to get at the facts of a case, I would therefore invite further criticism of said article from those who have had practical experience if they choose to do so.

From a Friend.

This summer I had a very good opportunity to watch the Locust tree as bee pasturage, there being several hundreds of this tree within reach. It comes in just when most needed, after fruit bloom and a little before clover. When the bees were working on the outhbert raspberry—the best variety for pasturage—the Locust blossoms opened and the raspberry patches were completely deserted for these trees which roared until dark like swarms and the rank odor of the honey permeated the yard at night, but unfortunately the Locust does not last more than a week and the bees went back to the raspberries. These two plants are as not to be despised as amusement for bees, as I had as much as thirty-five pounds in a single colony from these two sources; though of course they may hasten on the swarming impulse. Curiously enough the Locust belongs to the same family as the Clover. It may perhaps add to the dignity of the bee-keepers to know that one of the 420 varieties of this tree, the Acacia Seyal is identified as the Shittah tree of the Bible which supplied Shittim wood.