

jollification. The bees enjoy it, and so do I. I dislike to see them come back from their holiday excursion, baulked, confused, and out of sorts. I fancy them returning and grumbling at the poor queen, "So you couldn't accompany us on our annual outing. We don't want a queen that can't fly. We want a leader that can lead. You must go down and out, old lady." My Toronto man is a very modest man. I don't think he will send the after-history of that swarm to the C. B. J. But when I am in Toronto at the Industrial Exhibition, I will find out all about it from his "Mary," and let friends Pringle and Miller, together with the entire C. B. J. circle, know all about it.

LOCATION.

This season has impressed me more deeply than ever with the importance of choosing a really good location for an apiary. It may do for an amateur to keep bees in the heart of a town or city as a matter of scientific or pleasurable interest, but any one who wants to make bee-keeping a source of profit, should go into the country, select a spot where there is low-lying land, with plenty of basswood in moist places. During the past summer, there was absolutely no honey yielded by the basswood bloom on high and dry land. In fact the blossoms turned brown almost as soon as they were out. The bees, attracted by the aroma, visited the trees only to find them destitute of nectar. Within twenty-four hours of blossoming, the bees had utterly deserted them. Meantime, at Arnold's Vale Apiary, two miles out of town, close to the river, along whose low banks basswood abounds, the air was heavy with perfume, and there was a honey boom. Bad as the season has been, there are 100 pounds of honey per colony, spring count, to be credited to this apiary.

QUALITY OF HONEY.

I never saw honey so thick and rich as mine is this year. The quality goes far to make up for lack of quantity. Sometimes we complain of honey being thin and watery. We cannot do so this year. It is actually worth two or three cents per pound more than usual, besides the rise that comes from scarcity. "A. I." comb honey ought to bring 25 cents this fall, and I think it would if bee-keepers would hold back their stock. But so many glut the market at the outset, that the price is set too low to begin with, and it is hard, if not impossible, to screw it up to a decent figure.

CARTONS.

I am very much pleased with this method of putting up section honey. Ornamented with the labels A. and B., the packages look very attractive. But, so far, I have had no success in

getting a higher price for them. People do not seem willing to pay anything extra for the gay pasteboard.

TOADS.

I did not know until this summer that these live bee-traps would operate at mid-day. I thought it was only at gathering twilight that toads committed their depredations. But I caught one big fellow snapping away at high noon, and, needless to say, his life paid the forfeit for his crime.

THE LET ALONE POLICY.

Partly through absence, and partly through disinclination to swelter inside a veil during the excessively hot weather, I have left my bees pretty much to their own sweet will, and they have done better than I expected this unfavorable season. Another pleasing result has been, that I have only had one solitary sting—a very slight drawback to the pleasure I have enjoyed in watching the busy little workers. I never get stung except when meddling with a hive. I can go among my bees with impunity, so long as I keep "hands off." I have learnt their language, and when I hear a cross note, keep quiet, or move into a dense Norway spruce shade close by, from whose cool, dim retreat, I have a full and close view of my little apiary.

ARE MY BEES A NUISANCE ?

I have a rather cranky neighbor, and this entry about him occurs in my diary under date of Aug. 18th, "Mr. ——— for the first time complained of my bees." Riled about something else, he made the bees the scapegoats. He would see if the "law" would let me keep bees so near him, he would. I said, "You need not invoke the law. If the other neighbors join in your complaint I will remove the bees." I spoke to the other neighbors. No, they experienced no annoyance whatever. The nearest neighbor of all—my wife—who is terribly afraid of bees, whose dining-room and kitchen are close to the apiary, and who often sits out of doors by the hour, has not had a sting since we occupied our present rather small lot. Still, it was not pleasant to have one neighbor feeling annoyed. "Should I move my bees, or sell them at the instance of one complaint? I had been revolving this question for two or three days, when to my surprise and pleasure, the only malcontent said to me, "I was crass the other day when I complained about the bees. My temper does get the better of me sometimes, but, by the grace o' God, I'll try to get the better of it. I did get a sting, but it was me own fault. I fit the bee, and he bate me. But I don't want you to make way with the bees for me. We must