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THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. VIII, No. 23.

BEETON, ONT., MARCH 1, 1893.

WHOLE No. 332

EPHRAIM AYER JONES.

The subject of this sketch was born in the township of Westminster, County of Middlesex, on what is known as the North Street, on October 22nd, 1827. His father first settled on the above homestead, in the year 1810, and was originally from Pennsylvania, being of Dutch descent.

His mother was born in York State the late J. C. Aye of Lowell, Mass., the well known medical scientist, being an uncle of Mrs. Jones. He lived on the farm until a young man. After he attained his majority, he left his parents and repaired to Plympton township, in the county of Lambton, in good hope of hewing out a home in these Western wilds. In the year 1851 he settled on lot 25, concession 5, and has since remained upon the same farm. After a good many years of hard toiling he has

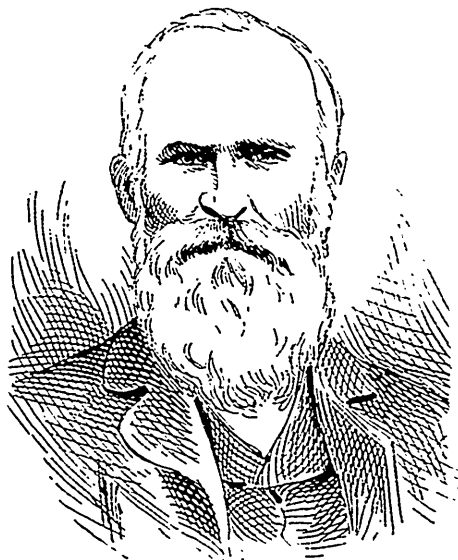
now one of the best agricultural farms of one hundred and fifty acres in the township of Plympton. He has been in the apiary business for about forty years, beginning with a few hives at first, and gradually improving until he had attained wonderful skill as an apiculturist. He has, at present, about seventy-five skips, which are wintering in good shape. He

has experimented upon different kinds of hives and has had greatest success with the Richardson hive.

He is also a breeder of Shropshire and Cotswold sheep, an industry which, in association with bees, he finds profitable.

Mr. Jones is an active man in promoting the best interests of his country. Although becoming advanced in years, his intellectual powers are strong. In the way of doing

good and as a neighbor, he cannot be excelled.



FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

WORLD'S FAIR.

I have to-day (Feb'y. 27th.,) sent out circulars and shipping labels to all intending exhibitors of honey, or apiarian appliances, at the approaching Chicago World's Fair.—These circulars give full and ample instructions to exhibitors as to packing, shipping, etc., etc. They also call for certain information required of each exhibitor by the Regulations published by the Chief of the Agricultural Department, of the Fair, as well as the information required by the Superintendent of the Apiarian Department

It is just possible that out of so many circulars some may go astray in the mail; and, as probably all the intending exhibitors are readers of the C. B. J. I would here particularly request any that may fail to get their circulars to advise me of the fact by post-card without delay, so that I may duplicate the matter. They are all mailed to-day, 27th Feb'y. The Exhibitors are all instructed to ship their honey and other things in time to reach Toronto by March 25th.—The comb honey by express, and the extracted honey and other things as freight. Of course the eight must be shipped much earlier than that sent by express, as the transit is so much slower. The comb honey need not be shipped till within a few days of the specified time to reach Toronto, depending upon the distance off of the exhibitor, who will know himself about when to ship.

I trust all exhibitors may follow carefully the full and explicit directions given in the circular, and fill out the question circulars and return one to me as directed. Again I remind the exhibitor who may fail to get his circulars to let me know at once, when I shall send him others.

I expect to proceed to Toronto soon after the 25th March to take charge of the exhibit and endeavour to get it up in good shape before the great show opens on May 1st.

I am glad to say that, considering the

circumstances, we have a very good exhibit in sight—mental sight—and I trust that when we come to get a physical or optical squint at it we shall not be disappointed. Of course we have not much comb honey for this first consignment; but from what I know of the men who are sending it I feel quite easy on the score of quality. The approaching summer, should the season be favorable, I look for a fine exhibit of both comb and extracted.

ALLEN PRINGLE,

Selby, Ont.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

WHO OUGHT TO KEEP BEES?

By J. J. L.

This question requires a word of explanation. Those who *ought* to keep bees are bound by obligation irresistible, whose conscience is sound. To know duty and resist it is, to a religious man, to take hold upon ruin. Religion (from Latin, *ligo*, I bind), where it is genuine, has a binding power which is absolute. We propose not the question in its moral aspect, but with reference to material advantage. Not *all* may hope to keep bees advantageously, many may, and many more than do. The present writer did; other people got wind of it and spread exaggerated reports. When bees discover honey or other accessible sweets, there is a rush to find where, and get a share. One comes into a hive with its sac full, and begins to unload; others, with their wonderful keenness of scent, quickly surround the lucky one, and mentally, if not articulately, begin to shout, as with the eagerness of starvation, or the greed of the miser, "Hello! what's up? where did you get that? it smells good; let's have a share—we must—we shall." And out they rush on sounding wing and scour the country side. Bees teach us many lessons, mostly beautiful. But this we must set down to their discredit: they are misers, hoarders, and, in consequence, sometimes thieves and robbers. When they fail to find the incoming honey outside, they suspect it comes from a neighbour's hive, and proceed to steal, and, if strong enough, to

commit open robbery. Our experience, was, in a measure, like that of the victimized. We were reported—truly—digging the luscious stores from barrels. When these reports came, numbers began to say to themselves, "Well now, what a happy man! He complains of tired hands and arms in digging. Blessed tiredness! Only give me the chance! He eats his fill! It makes my teeth water; my liqs to smack. Tons of honey! and 10, 15, 20cts. the pound! He's making a fortune!" Forthwith we are beset with questions, oral and written. We speak and write enough to make a fortune, were we lawyers. Our remuneration is "Thank you"; perhaps not that; or the purchase of a hive at the lowest figure once,—for many hours of instruction which went in one ear and out the other,—a fat goose. In attempting to answer the question, we may deal with it in the first place negatively. Stupid people need not begin; ignorance is a disadvantage in any business, but fatal in some kinds. Stupidity in the lawyer, doctor, or minister, is an unpardonable sin, and should be regarded as opening wide the door of exit from the profession, where the holders of the keys have been so unkind and unfaithful as to open the door of entrance. A neighbour of ours, not usually stupid in other matters, got a large swarm of bees put into a hive which he shut up closely, leaving space for the exit of only one or two at a time, hoping that the smallness of the fly-hole would help to keep them in. One might have reflected that the bees needed breath as much as the victims in the "Black Hole" in Calcutta, and that the entrance, under the circumstances, was as inadequate for the bees as the small aperture was for the perishing prisoners. And there are hundreds of errors to be avoided in bee-keeping by intelligent forethought and consideration. We don't mean that bee-keeping is properly open to intellectual giants; but, in order to succeed, it requires such intelligence as is essential to success in most occupations. Ordinary gumption must be used; otherwise, after bees have given honey the first year, or, by accident, even the second year, there will

come a series of disasters ending in disgust and abandonment. Such has been the result in the majority of cases within our knowledge. People who knew nothing of bees before, irrationally expect success without informing themselves of what they should do. They deserve the chagrin which comes upon them. We have minds given to be used; so, why keep them idle when there is plenty of work for them to do.

Lazy people should not begin. A great part of the year, bees require no attention, but another part they do; and indolence must not hinder. In the honey and swarming season, in any fair sized apiary, there must be activity and constant, multitudinous, if not heavy, work. Self-indulgence calls for respite, but, if given, honey is unextracted and therefore ungathered, swarming becomes excessive and uncontrollable, bee, are lost as well as honey, and our beautiful Italians or Carniolaes become mixed with meaner blood. Then self-reproach and disappointment find quarter in our breasts, and emptiness in our pockets and barrels.

So also the procrastinating are disqualified. The dallying and self-indulgent are unfit for any business, and especially where promptitude is so necessary in affording the bees all needful accomodation and service.

The fickle are likewise unfit for the business. When one is turned aside from his purpose by small discouragements, he should not begin; for it is not a little trying to meet such disasters as come in greater or less measure upon all beginners. Imagine the disgust one must feel when his combs break down under the hot sun. How mortifying to have been so thoughtless as to leave it, full of brood and honey, so that the heat and weight both sent it into a dripping, sticking mass of bees and brood and stores, and possibly the queen too. How meanly a person must feel when, passing a hive in the morning, he sees its honey streaming down, and remembers that, the previous evening being cold, he had shut up the bottom-board not observing that the fly-hole was closed. The result is that a splendid stock gets half smothered and the other half smeared hopelessly, near-

ly all the beautiful new comb is melted down, and the queen herself gone the way of all the earth. Agair, what a discouragement to find a severe and prolonged winter together with poor food and shelter, enfold the last of his twenty or thirty colonies in the arms of death. But he perseveres, and his next two stocks multiply so that in a few years he is amply rewarded, and sees that, by making a business of it, he can become rich.

We may add that the over busy are disqualified, *i. e.*, those who cannot spare the time to attend to two or three, or half a dozen stocks at the proper season. But we think there, are few thus disqualified. By intelligence, activity and promptitude, bees can be so managed as to do very well with the attention and leisure of recreative moments; and to the busy professional man, the laboring mechanic, and the pallid store-keeper, few things could form such beautiful, interesting and profitable recreation.

And, finally, the over sensitive should not keep bees—that is, those that are over-sensitive to the poison of the sting. It is ridiculous to see people terrified at a little bee as if they were about to fall into the mouth of a roaring lion. The pain of a sting is a terror only to the physical coward. But there are some to whom the sting is serious. Even death has been known to ensue. A gentleman who dabbled in bees and got himself even into the position of editor of a bee journal, related in the same how a sting on his chin put him *hors de combat* for some time, and so terrified him that he decided, should certain questions omitted by him not obtain satisfactory answers, to abjure the business forever. A certain clergyman also related to us how his better-half was, by a sting, brought in fifteen minutes apparently almost to her last. But we have learned to regard them with comparative indifference as we could always, by an immediate application, counteract the poison. First, pull out the sting; then apply baking soda wetted with ammonia. Alcohol is also very effective.

Having thus shown who should not, on

account of personal attributes, engage in bee keeping, we have virtually shown who may. Let them be intelligent, laborious, prompt, persistent, having, some leisure and physical hardihood; and there are many possessing these who may most advantageously become bee-keepers on a small scale.—J. J. L.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL

CHICAGO AND WASHINGTON CONVENTIONS—CORRECTION

Several errors which have crept into the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL recently make certain information given in connection with my name incorrect historically, and in some instances, contradictory; hence I must beg space to correct them.

The introducer and tester of foreign races of bees in Bohemia, spoken of on page 353 C. B. J., for Feby, 15th, 1893, is Edward Cori, instead of Edward Case, as there recorded.

In referring to Mrs. Benton's shipments of bees (page 354) is the statement: "It was her skill in this direction which landed in fine condition the first queen bee that ever made successfully, by mail, this long journey from Europe." This last should be: "*from Europe to the Pacific Coast.*" As a matter of fact the queens which first crossed the Atlantic by mail aliye were put up by myself; but the first which I mailed from Europe to the Pacific coast arrived dead.

The United States Department of Agriculture first introduced Italian bees into this country in May 1860, instead of in 1859, as stated on page 354, C. B. J. The typical well-marked Italian is found in the region bounded on the north by the Alps, with Mantua and Modena as about the eastern limit, the Ligurian Alps on the south, and Pavia and Milan on the west; also in the coast region about Genoa, and southeastward through Tuscany and as far south as Rome.

On page 355 is the statement: "In Germany, bee-keepers feed in the spring

to induce early swarming." It is true that in the heath districts of North Germany stimulative spring feeding is largely practised, *Stampf honing*, that is, honey obtained from crushed combs, and therefore containing much pollen, being used and well recognised as the best for this purpose. But I was referring to Carniolan bees, and the practices in Carniola (Austria) itself, so that it should read:—"In Carniola beekeepers feed in the spring to induce early swarming."

It was a mistake, I think, to credit me (p. 355) with saying that "Cyprians gather much propolis," for I only meant to indicate that they gather more than Carniolans. In reality, I do not think they fool away any more time with their glue-pots than do Italians.

The Tunisian bees mentioned in the next paragraph, on page 355, were the ones referred to as the daubers of propolis; and instead of "beating anything Mr. Benton ever saw for comb honey," as Friend Holtermann has put it, "they beat anything I ever saw for daubing propolis over their comb honey, and over sections, frames, etc.," and this is one reason why, in the next sentence I stated that "their introduction would be very bad for comb honey producers." Instead of saying:—"Tunisian bees are from Tripoli," I said, they are found in Northern Africa, from Tripoli westward. In temper they are, says the report, "just as bad as Cyprians." I believe I said ten times as bad as Cyprians.

I was not a little chagrined to see in the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL for November 15, 1892, page 249, ideas attributed to me which are twisted out of all resemblance to their original form. I promised myself that I would correct them, but a favorable opportunity has not presented itself until now. I am reported as saying at the Chicago meeting of the Illinois State Beekeepers' Association, "that beekeepers need not look for new discoveries of any consequence in regard to other and better races of bees than those now possessed," and that personally I "thought *apis dorsata*

would be no acquisition even if it could be acclimated." At the Illinois convention I had nothing to say about foreign races of bees except in reply to questions directed to me personally. And I made *no statement whatever* to the effect "that we may not look for new discoveries in regard to other and better races of bees than those now possessed." Indeed I believe I am quite as hopeful of progress in this line as is any one in the world. And I am sure I would be the last person to advocate the experiment of procuring and testing *apis dorsata* if I did not think there was considerable prospect of its being a valuable acquisition.

FRANK BENTON.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 24, 1893.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

HUTCHINSON'S HASTY TAFFY.

Hasty indeed was the action of my old friend, Hutchinson, when he published that article in regard to the feeding sugar syrup to produce an article equal to honey. How any one can call such an article honey, I understand not. From the earliest days we have understood that honey is nectar gathered by bees and stored in combs, undergoing various processes until, when ready to be sealed, it becomes honey. That, first and always, it must have its source from flowers has not only been recognized by beekeepers, but every one has conceded this. We have had controversies as to whether it was digested nectar or not. True, but we have always felt sure that it was at least nectar first. I myself have for many years felt, not that it was digested nectar, but nectar which had undergone partially one stage towards digestion, and which had been partially evaporated. The "most unkindest cut of all" our worst enemy has ever given us, has not for a moment deprived us of that definition of honey. What, then, shall we call this product? Let no one ever pollute his pen, his voice, or even his mind by calling it or thinking of it as honey. Rather call hog and beef fat, butter; rather call cotton seed oil,

lard; but never again let us call such honey. It is entirely too remote from it. I think I can give a better definition of the article—a closer definition, let us call it "*Hutchinson's Hasty Taffy*." You see it would only require a little more simmering down to make excellent taffy; but because it is a little hastily made (not quite done) it is not just up to the mark—a little too thin.

I said before, our worst enemy has not robbed us of the true definition of honey. Yet, as it were, out of our very ranks steps a man, one of ourselves, who sows broadcast to the world the false statement that such a product, not from nectar, is equal to honey. My pen remained silent for a time. I hoped—alas! a hope against hope—that no attention would be paid to such a statement. But the statement has been copied by our press, and the fact (?) has gone abroad, and there is nothing more to be gained by secrecy. The very organ which was established to aid beekeepers to promote their interests has given us one of the very worst blows—a worse blow than any enemy has ever dealt us. It has thrown suspicion upon our extracted honey and upon our comb. I can honestly say I have a love for beekeeping, and a desire for the advancement of the beekeeping industry, aside from any financial advancement that industry can ever give me. I love it to such an extent that if I should ever be placed in such a position that I could do without labor and yet live comfortably, I would still make beekeeping a part of my calling, and would aim for the advancement of that industry to an extent I am not now able to do.

It was then with a feeling of keenest anxiety that I read the statement that syrup fed to bees could not be detected by the chemist from honey. That it could be detected by taste I never doubted. I remember when, but a boy, I went to D. A. Jones to learn to keep bees, and with that taste for honey I had, in the spring of the year, I stuck my fingers into combs, part of the stores were sugar syrup, fed for wintering, part honey, and I could then,

in every case, I am satisfied, detect the difference, and by education I have in no way lost the means of detecting this difference. I did not feel satisfied there was no chemical difference. After Dr. Wiley gave his address at Washington, he held out a hope that we could detect the difference. At the close of his address I questioned him in words to this effect:—"We can then detect the difference between sugar syrup fed to the bees, stored by them, ripened and capped, and then extracted, and nectar so acted upon by the bees?"

Dr. Wiley said, at one temperature we cannot, but at certain temperatures we can.

This was a clear statement from that great chemist (drawn out from anything else in language that everyone can understand) that there was a chemical difference, and excellent as the convention was, I considered it the most important statement made at that convention.

If I had been a great man and Doctor Wiley an insignificant one, I would have taken him by the hand and said, "thank you; you have opened a most difficult path for us." It is strange that the hand which unwittingly harmed us in its statement concerning comb honey, should now be the hand to help us on this matter. I watch with interest Hutchinson's continued report in the *American Bee Journal*. If this statement of Dr. Wiley's, clear and distinct, is not brought out in the next number, how can we help thinking anything else than that darkness is resorted to, to uphold the statement that sugar syrup and honey are alike? And how can we think else, if that is the case, than that, instead of rejoicing, in the interest of beekeepers, that such is not the case, and giving the statement every publicity to repair the damage done, that the desire to uphold the wrong and injurious statement is stronger than the interests of beekeepers and stronger than righteousness. I most sincerely wish that the statement may be made. But if it is not, it will then surely become, if it is not already, the duty of every beekeeper to say:—"I will

not, by the aid of my subscription, help to keep in the field one who has dealt us such an injury. Much as we may personally like the man, it becomes our painful duty not to assist, however indirectly, one who lacks judgment in matters so vital to our interests." I would, on account of old friendships and associations, prefer not to write this article, and, writing it, not to sign my name to it; but I have never yet written an article (unless upon beekeeping in agricultural papers) without signing my name to it; and I have many years ago resolved never to attack a man, a system so criticised, without attaching my name.

R. F. HOLTERMANN.

Brantford, Ont. Feb. 9th, 1893.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

AFTER DINNER THOUGHTS.

A few thoughts occur to me at this present moment on the fallibility of man. Some delight in mystery, while others have hidden wonders for future revelation; yet they never get revealed. Perhaps it's well they do not. There are several things too much revealed already; one is the foolishness of Brother Hutchinson in allowing the pages of his journal to be filled with articles which favor adulteration of honey. Brother Deadman justly condemns the course the *Review* has taken on this subject, and if many more were heard from, it would be well. I don't see how any sane man can advocate the adulteration of honey. Perhaps they are not very sane. But I'll let Brother Hutchinson rest for a time to meditate on his upward course, especially as I gave him a few thoughts on the subject some little time ago.

People reveal their lack of wisdom in many ways. I know I do; I don't pretend to be very pretentious, but it makes me tired to see a man who pretends to be "some pumpkins," as Brother Heddon does for example, say he don't want his colonies ventilated in winter. I don't believe Mr. Heddon or any other man who winters his bees successfully, fails to provide some kind of upward ventilation for his colonies

in winter, whether housed or on summer stands; that is, if he leaves the bottom boards on the hives, without any lower ventilation than the regular entrance to the hives. I have experimented on a small scale in this direction for a number of years, and the hives that had only their regular entrances for ventilation wintered badly; some of them dying. Perhaps Brother Heddon has adopted Brother Pand's method, and puts porous material on top of the hives, as he said, just to let the excess of moisture pass off; but still declares that he don't ventilate his hives on top. Do you know that we, common folks, mostly take people at their word; and ain't it a pity we can't continue to do so and not be deceived? When I think of the losses I sustained years ago by taking people at their word, it makes me resolve to be very careful to explain what I have to say, so that there can be no mistake which might cause loss. There are many people who, if asked a question, will tell you only half the truth about it, thinking there is no harm in keeping back the other half. The losses which that careless way of acting has caused, perhaps will never be known. I believe that bees must have upward ventilation in winter, and plenty of it, especially in the cellar, or the moisture from the bees will injure and perhaps kill a great part of them. Some have abandoned wintering their bees in cellars, thinking that because the combs got mouldy, the cellars were too damp, when the trouble was not in the cellar, but because the hives were not ventilated enough. All cellars are about alike in regard to dampness. They are all in the ground and the earth is about all alike. When you dig into it, a wet cellar does not always make a damp atmosphere. In fact some of the wettest cellars I have known have had dry atmospheres; but a wet cellar is colder, I think, than a dry one, and that is where most of the trouble comes in; for, if bees are cold, they will buzz to keep up the required heat, which, of course, makes moisture, and this

moisture is charged to a damp cellar. Then, this exercise gives them an appetite, and they eat, and too much eating causes them to soil their combs, which is the natural result when they have to stay in the hive. It is not dysentary, but is offensive, as the natural result of long accumulation, as would be anything else of like nature under like circumstances. A word might be said here in favor of the pollen theory, although it would by no means be practical to remove the pollen; yet the fact remains, that had they nothing but honey, this would cause heat when eaten and then evaporate, and the combs would not be soiled, while pollen is solid and can't evaporate through the pores of the bees.

While I am a believer in the pollen theory, I do not believe in its practical application, but believe the whole difficulty can be overcome by having your cellar warm, and giving your colonies plenty of upward ventilation.

JOHN F. GATES.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

WHY MR. PRINGLE'S ARTICLE WAS NOT PUBLISHED.

By W. Z. HUTCHINSON.

I have always read Mr. Pringle's articles with pleasure and profit. At the Walkerton convention I had hoped to have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the gentleman. All of those present spoke with regret that Mr. Pringle was not able to be present. It is evident that he is a leader and a favorite in Canada. Having such an impression of the man, I was surprised that he should send to the C.B.J. an article that he had previously sent to the *Review*, and allow it to be published in such a way as to give the impression that I was not willing to give him a hearing. Perhaps Mr. Pringle has no intention of giving any such an impression; but if a copy of my reply to Mr. Pringle could also be given, it seems to me that it would show that he has no more cause for

complaint than is the case with a large number of other correspondents. Here is a copy of the letter I wrote Mr. Pringle, when he wrote inquiring in regard to his manuscript:—

Flint, Mich., Jan. 2, 1893.

Allen Pringle, Selby, Ont.

FRIEND P.—Your card of the 28th also is here. When your article came I had more matter accepted for the December *Review* than I could possibly use, and I was behind and working hard to get things in shape so that I could go to the convention at Washington, and I did not even take time to read your article. When I read your card I at once turned to your article and read that. It is well written, and I should be glad to use it, but I have decided that there can be no good in further discussing this sugar honey matter at present. I have a great mass of articles on both sides of the subject, but they are all theoretical, and I think nothing more, or very little more, will appear in the *Review* at present upon the subject—perhaps never. It will depend upon future developments. I expect to attend your coming convention, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting you there. Thanking you for your kindness in writing, I am,

Yours, etc.,

W. Z. HUTCHINSON.

Now, it seems to me that Mr. Pringle had no cause for complaint. Had I printed his article, it would have been impossible for me to have consistently stopped the discussion, as dozens of others could have said:—"You published his article, why don't you publish mine?" I think even Mr. Pringle must see the position. He must see that it was not from a lack of courage nor of backbone, nor fear of friendly criticism. If Mr. Pringle has read the *Review* for the past year, he must know that it has published articles containing criticisms much more severe than those that he sent.

I see that quite a number still have a disposition to discuss sugar honey. I have said so much on the subject that perhaps it would be better if I kept still, but may I be allowed a suggestion? Let every one who has a disposition to thus write, go to work and prove that sugar fed to bees does not become changed into honey, just the same as the cane sugar in nectar is changed into honey. Let them prove this, and all this wordy and unpleasant discussion will be at an end.

Flint, Mich., Feb. 19, 1893

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

OLLA PODRIDA.

By O. FITZLAWYN WILKINS.

Five-Banded Golden Italians.

I have noticed several articles in the bee journals during the past year concerning five-banded bees, some of which state that they are no better than the standard three-banded. I had one colony of the golden beauties in '91, and three in '92, but am not yet prepared to give a definite opinion as to their honey-gathering abilities, but intend during the coming season, if I am spared, to make a thorough test. On one point, however, I am quite satisfied, viz., that they are much gentler, because I never found it necessary to smoke them before opening their hives, having never been stung at all by them, not even after the honey harvest was over. If, during the season of '93, they prove to be equal in other respects to either hybrids or three-banded, I shall hereafter keep nothing else in my yard. I raised my colonies of five-banded from queens bought of Mr. L. L. Hearn, of W. Virginia (who claims to be the originator of that variety), Charles D. Duvall, of Maryland, and E. F. Quigley, of Missouri. Of the three gentlemen, I think the first named furnished the finest queen, fully ninety per cent. of her progeny being marked with five distinct yellow bands, as promised by him. The others were not far behind. I also purchased a queen from a Mr. Frego, who advertised five-banded queens very extensively. When she arrived she proved to be very small and rather dark leather-colored. In due time her progeny proved to be three-banded instead of five, as advertised, and extremely vicious in temperament, so much so, in fact, that I was rather pleased than otherwise, at her premature departure to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." *Requiescat in pace.* I am glad to be able to inform your readers who, like myself, are color-blind on the queen question, not having eyes for anything which is not "golden-to-the-tip,"

that one of your Canadian advertisers can furnish queens which will produce five-banded workers fully as well marked as those from Uncle Sam's territory. I refer to Mr. A. W. Brown, of Port Rowan. I make this statement fearlessly, having received a sample of worker bees from him. Mr. Brown, I think, guarantees his to be "honey hunters" also, and I intend purchasing a queen of him next spring,—if I have enough pollen (yellow dust).

o o o

Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent likeness you have given the beekeeping world of Mr. Robert McKnight, of Owen Sound. A friend from that embryo city was visiting me some time ago and recognized the likeness at once, Mr. McKnight's name being hidden. I hope our gracious queen may some day make a knight of him.

o o o

The A.B.J. is at hand, only the day after publication, and full of good things as usual, one of which is, "No extra charge is made for this, the 53rd number." Thanks, very much, Brother York. Your generosity is exceeded only by the handsome features of the gentleman represented in the N.E. corner of the "Buzzings" column of the A.B. (i.e. weekly) *Journal*,—the one wearing "such a love of a moustache." Another gem is,—

"Do you want to be a hero?
Let us tell you how to do it;
Your subscription's just expired!
Then step up, please, and renew it."

Good advice to all beekeepers, which I hope to follow before the next 4th of July,

o o o

Mr. Larrabee, late of the Michigan Agricultural College, has returned to the home of his childhood, Larrabee's Point, Vermont, where he will again make a specialty of apiculture.

o o o

The A.B.J. has taken a leaf out of the C.B.J. and will hereafter furnish its readers with the biography and portrait of some prominent beekeeper oftener than semi-occasionally. Good act; "better late than never."

The Missouri beekeepers opened their semi-annual convention on the 17th November last, during a severe snow storm (poor Missouri!), when very instructive discussions took place on various matters connected with bee culture. After a three-days' session all returned to their homes satisfied that, all things considered, the meeting was interesting and profitable. The "Table of Statistics," submitted to their convention, showed that the Missouri honey crop was not above an average, two thousand three hundred and twenty colonies (all count) gathering less than fifteen pounds per colony. Let our O.B.A. gather similar statistics and make a report at its next meeting.

o o o

The *A.B. Journal* has a new correspondent, suppose ... "haythen Chinese," Wing Lung, of "San Fransisco," who has been telling his experience to the A.B.J. I quote one paragraph:—"Sunday me no workee on lanch (ranch): me go Sunday school, and talkee teacher 'bout sugar fly. Him teacher one lady and say him leed Mr. Loot's A.B.C. 'bout sugar fly. Me likee hear him teacher talkee heep tot. Him tellee me 'bout God,—me forgettee; him talkee 'bout sugar fly,—me no forgettee."

o o o

I see Bro. Bellamy, of Black Bank, Ont., has been offering suggestions for the improvement of the A.B.J., and very good they are, too. Now, dear C.B.J., may I offer a suggestion to Bro. Bellamy? Like his celebrated namesake who wrote "Looking Backward," let him look back over the numbers of the C.B.J.: review each number, and have his comments published in the next issue. When our editor so kindly condescends to accept my rambling remarks, I don't not he will be greatly pleased to publish anything with which you may favor him. Again, Bro. Bellamy, from a patriotic standpoint, I respectfully suggest that it is your duty, as a Canadian, to freely give your assistance to the support of the only bee journal now published in this Dominion. After

you have furnished an article for each number of our home journal, then favor our American cousins semi occasionally. There! that's the second time I've used that pollysyllable. My best girl says that lock jaw will cause a funeral in my family - ne day.

o o o

Now, I've arrived at the index of the A.B.J., but as there's no index in the C.B.J. I shall make no further comments. A Happy New Year to all producers of pure floral honey.

International Bridge, Ont., January 2nd, 1893.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

HONEY MARKETS.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the many and recent discussions of the various subjects connected with beekeeping, all duly published, it is difficult to find any issue which has not received proper attention except markets; and this subject seems to require more thorough ventilation. Not to take up your valuable time, I shall try to say "much in little."

1. As honey is to the sugar trade so it stands to the candy dealer. In my childhood I can remember eating the most exquisitely flavored sweetmeats prepared by a first class city confectioner. They had a very strong flavor of honey. They were called honey balls, and they were sold for a high price because they were flavored with honey. I am certain there is much honey used for the manufacture of confections in the trans-Atlantic cities.

"In our blessed Dominion, so wide and so free,
There is room and to spare for the dear honey
bee."

We have a land of schools filled with boys and girls who, alas! will spend their pocket money (i. e. if they have any) for much that is not bread, far less honey. Three or four times a day are our town, village and city streets thronged with the young hopefuls of their day and generation; and how many invest their small spendings in the numerous colored and fantastically shaped forms made to attract their lovely innocent eyes, and minister to the enjoy-

ment of their dear half developed little stomachs and appetites—and to protest and foster the great industries of sugar-growing, dentistry and medicine to the exclusion of the very life of the poor little honey bee.

11. I have consulted with the foremost caterer for youthful delights in our town, and I was much surprised to find that he could not or would not try to sell honey in his business; for which result I incline to the conviction that there is an enmity in other trades to the beekeeper's existence which is worse than even foul brood, and which will have to be fought by the most determined moral courage as well as intellectual and scientific efforts to enlighten society on this as well as all other points of good living. I know the question is not new; but milk and honey are the glory of all lands. Why should not a wholesome confectionery be made from honey. The glory of Canada should be exalted, and some heroic means should be adopted for the purpose of utilizing this first-class natural product in the direction which I have pointed out. I am quite sure that if some good practical confectioner would experiment a little with our honey productions and utilize it in the manufacture of various confections, he would soon work up an extensive business; and then, will-he-nill-he, hundreds of the zealous confectioners would be ready to follow suit. Yours etc.

FINIS.

Picton, Ont, Feby. 22, 1893.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

INFORMATION WANTED.

In putting my stock of frames together to hive swarms on the past season, I left the bottom bar off, consequently the combs were built a little below where the bottom bar should have been. My intention is, the first time I come to handle them the next season, to lay a straight edge along the comb where the bottom should be, and cut off with a knife the little strip that projects below; then, putting on the bottom bar, I will have a frame filled as

prettily as could be obtained by reversing. If it were not for extracting, I do not see any reason why the frames could not always remain without the bottom bar. It is surprising how nicely the bees shake off them, as there is not a single place for them to find a lodging place. But in uncapping them, the end bars are liable to press out of square and into the combs, and as my frames go into the extractor on end, the same thing will happen again, especially if the combs are new and heavy with honey. Let us hear from those who have tried it, and thereby benefit by their experience.

H. E. BAIRD.

Portsmouth, Ont.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

OBSERVATION IN BEE CULTURE. THEN AND NOW.

BY REV JNO. HAUSAM.

June 1st, 1865, when but a lad, I became the proud possessor of my first colony of bees, a large stray swarm which I had found on my father's farm near the mouth of the Missouri river; and, strange as it was, my father found one the same hour not far from mine. We both got home together to get a box to hive them in. He asked me what I wanted, and I told him I wanted to get a box for the bees, and he said he was getting one. He thought I meant his swarm, and I thought he meant my swarm. It was quite a little while before we could realize that each had found a separate swarm, which incident has often caused us laughter and amusement. You can hardly imagine what a great fortune I considered them, and, indeed, had I kept pace with the line of progress in bee culture since those days, I would have realized a great fortune from that small beginning.

But who thought in those days that there would be any money in bees?—let alone making a living or even a fortune from them; and how could I, ignorant as I was, take care of those bees and make them pay? All I knew about bees was what people, whose fathers, or grandfathers, or their neighbors in the old country who had

kept a few colonies, had told me. I had no idea that there were any publications in the interest of bee-keeping, or that there ever would be any.

Subsequently I prepared for the ministry, and chose the life of an itinerant preacher, during which time I, of course, kept up my interest in bees, but only on a few occasions was it possible for me to keep a few colonies, which always gave me much pleasure and frequently a little remuneration.

But what rapid strides have been made in bee culture since 1865? It is entirely useless for me to mention the condition it occupied then, as it was only what ignorance and superstition had made it. True, there were some few men that made the busy bee a study, and experimented with it, but the outer world had obtained little of their knowledge. But now a brighter day has come, and the light of wisdom and knowledge and culture fully sheds its beautiful rays upon it, and bee culture has become a branch of science which has been considered by some to be worthy of all their talent, study, energy, time and money to make it their life's calling as specialists, for pleasure and for profit, and they are the people who have made the vocation better by their devotion.

The great question, at all times, has been, how to make the most honey in the best marketable condition, which, of course, is comb honey. It has long been ascertained that only a strong colony can produce surplus honey, and it was always made an object to build up strong colonies by means of feeding early and at all proper seasons, so that this process was considered an answer; but the answer was not complete, as it was also found that the largest colonies were just the ones that would begin to swarm about the time the honey flow came on, which invariably retarded the swarm from making surplus honey; so that when you inquired of a man how his bees were doing, he would simply tell you how many swarms had issued from his hive; so that now, to complete the answer to the question is—prevent

swarming, thereby making the bees work in the supers, storing away the finest honey instead of exerting their energies upon swarming. Many appliances and methods have been employed by the beekeepers to attain this end, knowing that to reach this end means to cap the climax of beekeeping, for by having strong colonies and to be able to prevent their swarming, the bees would devote all their energies to produce comb honey.

This is the sum and substance of all the study of beekeepers, and the goal of all bee literature, the one common object all are striving for, to which all else is but a side issue comparatively speaking. I have visited different apiaries in different localities, and have spoken to their keepers, and in all conversation they finally landed on this common ground, and the substance of all that I have read in bee literature is that they all aim to make the same landing.

I must now frankly admit that I believe I have fully found what all are looking for. Upon visiting the apiary (150 colonies strong) of Mr. John Conser, of Sedalia, Mo., I find that he has an invention that just fully covers the ground. I found his reasoning so logical, his explanations so simple, his work so practical, that it is no wonder to me that he is successful in his calling which he has made a specialty of for some twenty years. The height of his achievement is his "Contracted Queen Restrictive Non-swarming Bee Hive," of which he has lately received letters patent. This hive has proven itself to be a complete success. Having experimented with it previously six or eight years before perfecting the same in all its details and last year using it on twelve or fifteen colonies with perfect success, this year he used it upon sixty of his strongest colonies, the queens constantly laying and making rousing colonies; but as the queens always had room to deposit their eggs, no impulse to swarm was visible, the bees devoting their entire energies to storing away honey in the one pound sections above, thereby producing large quantities of nice comb honey for the market. Of all the colonies,

both last year and this year, so managed, not a single swarm has issued, nor were there any indications of swarming with a single one, while those that were managed in the old way would swarm one, two, and even three times, making little or no surplus honey.

This problem having been solved, Mr. Conser's invention cannot fail to revolutionize beekeeping. His methods and manipulations are indeed very simple. He has three colonies (which we will term parent colonies) connected with each non-swarming box by means of a tube. This non-swarming box is divided into three apartments, one for each parent colony, by means of the tube. The worker bees can pass back and forth from the parent colony to the non-swarming box, the queen however, being restricted from the non-swarming box, and when the queen has the brood chamber all filled with brood and eggs, and would naturally be ready to swarm soon, his method is to take two or three frames of sealed brood from the parent colony and set it over to the proper apartment of the non-swarming box, being careful not to have the queen on the frames so taken away, where the brood will hatch and then can pass through the tube back into the parent colony making it so much stronger; then he refills the hive of the parent colony with empty combs where the queen finds room to deposit her eggs again so that the impulse for swarming passes away and the workers devote all their energy to storing away honey and work as in a new hive. When the parent hive is again filled with brood eggs, the process is simply repeated, and so on as often as necessary.

The hive of the parent colony is connected to eight frames the year round for the queen to occupy, which, by the interchanging just spoken of, expands it to any number of frames necessary. Over the brood chamber of the parent colony you tier up one, two or three cases (containing 32 pound sections each) as the flow of honey and its ripening may justify. His hive and methods having been used on so large a scale for two seasons with the same

successful results proves plainly that it will do all that is claimed for it. I have seen his letters from those who have used them and tested its merits from different parts of the country, from New Jersey to California, and from Canada to Texas, all of which agree in singular terms that Mr. Conser has certainly solved the mystery of beekeeping, and admit that his inventions will certainly revolutionize the business of beekeeping everywhere. When I compare what the industry is now, compared to what it was when I first took an interest in it, I can only say "How simple; Who would have thought it;" I doubt if any other industry has made such progress. I well remember how I myself was once opposed to the movable frames, simply by prejudice, because some old fogies taught me so and so, which prevented me from using them for years and years, until others about me who used them grew up with the business and prospered; so also many may be prevented from using these latest and best patents out of mere prejudice, pure and simple, without giving as much as a fair trial. Of course their conduct or declarations will be no argument for any one to be governed by, and no fair minded apiarist who is intelligent and who has any energy about him at all can afford to neglect to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

Sedalia, Mo.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

NEW BEEKEEPING PATENTS.

The following is the list of patents issued to February 25th, 1893, from the United States Patent Office, Washington, D.C.:-

Beehive, G. W. Stephens, Denison, Iowa.

BROAD CLAIM—In a hive, a spacing device for comb frames constructed of metal and consisting of a rectangular portion to be secured to a vertical bar or a comb frame, a vertically-disposed segmental flange arranged at one end of the rectangular portion, and a horizontally-disposed projection arranged at the other end of the horizontal portion, substantially as described.

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Canadian Bee Journal,

ISSUED 1ST AND 15TH OF EACH MONTH.

G. T. SOMERS - MANAGER.

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6 months...	6 00	9 00	15 50	25 00	40 00
12 months...	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	75 00

MR. H. L. JONES, of Goodna, Queensland, is our agent for Australia and adjacent British colonies and will receive subscriptions at the rate of five shillings per annum postpaid.

CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

EDITORIAL.

The Western Ontario Beekeepers' Association will meet in Tilbury Centre on Friday, March 17th.

o o o

One or two errors—one of them quite an important one—occurred in Mr. R. W. McDonald's article on "Sugar Honey," pp. 351-52 of the last Journal. The word "it" in the third line of the last paragraph, should have been "I," and the signature should have been R. W. McDonnell, instead of "R. W. McDonald." The manuscript was very fine, clear and unmistakable, and how the compositor could have made such a mistake is perfectly incomprehensible.

o o o

Dr. Miller, in his last "Straws," is kind enough to suggest that we endeavour to handle "the king's English" to the best of our ability. Coming from so distinguished and critical an authority we are disposed to accept the remark with all becoming humility and as quite a compliment. We have to assure the worthy doctor that, vernacu-

larly speaking, he does us proud. We have blushed and bowed, *comme de rigueur*, and hasten to thank him for the *summary*, as well as the "Summary," way in which he has so kindly elevated us in our own opinion.

o o o

When "R. Wilkin (according to Dr. Miller in *Gleanings*) thinks we need a word indicating the contents of the hive as distinguished from the hive or box itself," may I ask whether the term "ccntents" which he uses is meant to include the entire material,—combs and racks as well as bees,—or is it intended to apply merely to the bees? If the latter is the intention, then it is scarcely necessary to travel outside of Noah Webster or any other English dictionary for an appropriate term, and I would suggest the word "rush" as one very faithfully representing the conditions to be indicated. If the whole material contents are meant, and no fitting English term can be found to cover them, then the French word *ruche* may be very appropriately appropriated, inasmuch as it covers "the whole box and dice" of the business.

o o o

I should be very much pleased to hear that our Canadian beekeepers took an interest in the roadside planting of fruit trees, as (*Gleanings* represents) is the case in some parts of Germany. They could not do a better thing. If the project were fairly started, it is not impossible that others beside our beekeepers might be induced to join in the movement, and eventually induce our several local administrations,—if not the Cotnty Councils—to assist in so valuable an enterprise. It is not the beekeepers alone who would profit by so humane a proceeding, inasmuch as the whole country, collectively and individually, would be sharers in common. In fact every

town and village in Canada should have its tree planting association, one town or village meeting the other at half way, and so by united and well directed effort adding to the general welfare of the commonwealth. These lines of foliage would serve for occasional retreat to the wayfarer plodding along sun-baked and dust-capped highways, and afford him in their season desirable refreshment whilst he reclines "*sub tegmine patuli fagi*," or, preferably, *sub tegmine patuli rosaceæ*.

o o o

A-propos, it occurs to us, that probably no individual on this continent—or at least within this portion of it—has done more really substantial good, or set so noble an example, as our principal of the C.B.J.,—Mr. D. A. Jones. Some five or six years ago he spent some portions of planting time every year in setting out trees wherever it was possible to find places for them. All that remain upon that portion of our streets which represent our boulevards, as well as those that don't remain and those that are trying to, were planted by Mr. Jones, and attended to by him until they were quite able to take care of themselves. He not only planted them, but kept them well watered, and looked after them as a sort of parental duty. To day they form an appreciable element in the natural attractiveness of Beeton,—that is, if Beeton has any attractiveness at all,—a proposition which might be open to discussion if Mr. Jones' handiwork were accidentally or otherwise destroyed.

o o o

At last (as Friend Wilkins will probably exclaim when his "Olla Podrida" catches his eye) we have cleared away the wreck, got rid of much of the deck-hammer, have the pumps properly going, the ship under easy canvas, and the weather

a little more propitious. Just about the time his last "Olla Podrida" came aboard, we suddenly shipped a whole sea of Convention Reports with a pile of other matter that fairly put us on our beam ends and carried away our deck load. We are all right again now, and expect to reach port safely and in good time, and break cargo without necessity for noting a protest. The plain English of all which is that we have recently been so overloaded with matter of immediate interest that we have had to withhold his ever welcome "hash" until "the hustle" was over. Mr. Wilkins is a first-class cabin passenger, for he has stood the hurly-burly well, and never so much as complained or used the most innocent "cuss" word wherewith to punctuate his opinion of the general disaster.

o o o

A correspondent at Norfolk, Va., writes us under date Feb. 11, 1893: "We are having Canada weather here, and if you insist upon sending such weather down here we will kick most vigorously against annexation, and quarantine the weather." That's right! We don't want to send you any weather; haven't any to spare, and it's too glorious to throw away. If we get any bad weather at all it comes from across the border. Your southern temperature would suit us better perhaps than the chilly and unkindly blasts that occasionally reach us from just "over the way." As for annexation, we will never coerce you, but we'll throw open our arms, and welcome you back to the old homestead which you never ought to have deserted or run away from. This invitation is cordially extended to you, though, on condition that you'll be real good boys in future, that you won't bring all the fellows you've "adopted" along with you, that you'll throw away your absurd jokes

about constitutional law, stop flying of kites all the time, and promise not to lift your hand against "the governor" any more except to defend him from his enemies, as a dutiful son ought to do by his father, who is one of the nicest old gentlemen in the world, and would do anything for his boys if they only treat him right. We'll stand by the old man yet, and when you make up your mind to do the same we'll give you a pretty good "shake" over it.

o o o

We are wonderfully tickled with Mr. Benton's very moderate rectification of our sins of commission in connection with his splendid paper read at the Washington Convention. With the other (the Chicago) business we had nothing primarily to do, as we copied it entirely from another journal—just now we can't say exactly which one—and consequently took it as a man does his wife, "with all faults." We worried a good deal over that Washington Convention report. We knew that although it was generally excellent, it was defective in spots—as all reports usually are. Never knew them to fail in this respect. We have been there ourselves, and know just exactly what we are talking about. The best reporter on the face of the earth will make mistakes; if he doesn't, the speaker whom he is elaborating will; if either or both forget this plain part of their duty, they may rest confident that the compositor will attend to it; and even though the compositor should fail, we have the proof reader to fall back upon as *un dernier ressort*, who, as a general kicker, may be also regarded as a *piece de resistance* in that direction. Seeing, then, that "the ordinary course of events" which so worried the framers of the United States constitution, (which, by the way is an exceedingly weak one, though probably Friend Benton

doesn't think so) also dominated the reproduction of his excellent paper, there is nothing left for us to do but to compliment Mr. Benton upon the excellent character of his paper, the *suaviter in modo* with which he lets both our reporter and ourself escape the "waling" which one of us deserves—(our modesty prevents us from saying which of the two)—and of finally thanking our stars for the opportunity afforded us of permitting him to speak for himself upon a matter which has occasionally disturbed our rest for quite a number of nights.

o o o

We received, somewhat too late for attention in our last issue, a letter from Mr. Pringle, Superintendent of the Canadian Apiarian Department of the World's Fair, calling our attention to an entirely accidental and unintentional omission of all reference to the telegram received from him at the Walkerton Convention in reference to the subject of honey freight rates to which the attention of the convention was called, and which was subsequently discussed. How it is that Mr. Pringle's telegram and absence and the discussion referred to escaped our attention at the time, and our subsequent consideration, is something which we cannot explain satisfactorily even to ourselves. It is barely possible that we may have been temporarily absent from the Hall when the telegram was read and Mr. Pringle's absence referred to, as well as when the subject of freight rates was subsequently discussed. That is the only way in which we can account for the very regrettable omission. It is strange, too, that neither the reports of the *Globe* or *Mail*, in which Mr. Pringle's absence from the meeting was referred to as a matter of general regret, came under our notice. We are not accustomed to overlooking or slighting in any way members of

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MISSING