

an enemy, and sting me at every opportunity. As I often say, some people are bee-loved, and others bee-hated. I belong to the latter class, which I should not mind so much, if the consequences were not so painful and alarming. I am a living contradiction to the theory of people getting accustomed to bee-stings. I was at one time, but since getting a sting in the centre of my upper lip, I am very sensitive to the poison, and suffer intensely, in whatever part of my body I am stung. Consequently, I have to wear veil and gloves. These do very well among bees on a small scale, but they are a nuisance in a large apiary, and cannot be worn continually in the working season, without annoyance, and injury to the health.

Now, that I have got my pen started on the subject of bee culture I find it is running along at a very garrulous rate, so I will conclude by giving a few details concerning

MY NEW START IN BEE-KEEPING.

For I have started again, though in a very small way. Last, fall, a few weeks after my return from St. Thomas, I went out to see some old friends of mine, who live on a farm a few miles from the city. I found them in possession of a stock of bees, housed in an old soap box. One day last summer, as some of the family were going toward the outer gate on their way to town, lo! and behold, a swarm of bees hung on an uprooted stump, near the place of exit. They informed the rest of the folk, and went on their way. A lady friend was visiting them who knew something about bees, enough to direct the boys to put cross-sticks in the soap box, and hive the bees. At the date of my visit, late in November, I found that the bees were very light in stores, and could not possibly survive the winter unless fed. My friends knew nothing about bees, except what they had picked up since the swarm had come to them, and that was confined to the fact that they would sting if meddled with. It was too late for them to feed them with any appliances within their reach, and besides they didn't want to meddle with them any more. Could I bring them through the winter? was the question. I did not know, thought perhaps I might, was willing to try the experiment. So the bees were given to me, and I went home with the soap-box and contents "all aboard" my buggy. Now, I was put on my mettle. I was bound to winter those bees, if there was any possibility of so doing. After much cogitation about the best way of doing it, I finally borrowed

A WRINKLE FROM DR. MILLER.

I found the soap-box would sit nicely in the upper story of a Root chaff hive. So, having some frames of empty combs on hand, I took Dr. Miller's method of filling them with sugar syrup, and hung them in the lower story of the Root hive, calculating that if the weather was mild enough, the bees would carry up the syrup, into their soap-box nest. It worked to a charm. They wintered splendidly, and there is now a rousing stock of bees in that old soap-box. I haven't quite made up my mind whether to experiment with them in the line of non-swarming, *a la* Simmins, or whether to drive them

out of the soap-box, and push them for all they are worth. Now is the time to transfer them, so I must decide quick. Here is an example in ventilation for our Michigan Reviewers to consider. That soap-box was without a bottom. It sat on a stratum of frames, the entrance being open full size. The hive was placed on top of a shed, so as to be out of the way of "the folks at home," all of whom are afraid of bees. They had any amount of ventilation, how then say some of our prominent Wolverine apiarists that bees do not need any ventilation, that it is not a factor in the winter problem, but temperature only need be considered? True, the winter was favorable, but we had more than one spell of weather during which the thermometer was down to 20° below zero.

THE C. B. J.'S NEW DEPARTURE.

I must just refer to the above by way of post script to this long communication. If there is any other occupation suited to be associated with bee-keeping, it is the care of poultry. Perhaps an old-time bird fancier, I have a special weakness in that direction. I could write a book with the same title as Burnham's: "The Hen Fever by One who has been there." That cut of the Buff Cochins, nearly sent me "there" again. They were and are my favorites among barn-door fowls. Perhaps I may inflict some of my poultry experience on Mr. Peter, when the fit is on me. Anyhow, I wish the C.B.J. in its new and enlarged form, the best of success.

WM. F. CLARKE,

Guelph, May 30, '89.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Spring Session Oxford Bee-keepers' Association, held May 21st

THE meeting being called to order by the president, Wm. Goodger, at 10:30 a.m., the ordinary business of reading minutes etc., were disposed of. After due and thoughtful deliberation regarding the disposal of Government grant etc., in furthering the interest of bee-keeping in this part of the Province, the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

Moved by Martin Emigh and seconded by Dr. Duncan and resolved that this Association make a grant of \$50 for prizes on honey and bees-wax to be competed for at the fall show or shows (Oxford Co. being divided) and that J. B. Hall, Mr. Martin and Wm. Goodger be a committee to confer with the North and South Oxford Agricultural Societies and make arrangements with either or with both of them as the committee think advisable.

Prize lists and regulations will appear in due time and it is hoped that all bee-keepers, at least in this vicinity, will put forth every endeavor to make bee-keeping worthy of a position among the natural industries of Oxford. The exhibition in this line will be open to uni-