

attention, and that is, that the Coggs shall keep bees in large numbers. I know of no man who has made a brilliant financial success of bee-keeping who has not kept large numbers of bees. Over at the Ontario convention I had a long talk with Mr. C. W. Post, one of Canada's most successful bee-keepers, one who keeps a large number of colonies, and he told me of the many years that he had made a living and supported his family from bee-keeping alone. He did not fear poor seasons. Supposing that they did come, he made enough in good seasons to carry him over the poor seasons, and allow him to lay up money into the bargain. It is the same with the Coggs shalls. Poor seasons come to them; but when a good season comes they have bees enough, and manage them so well, that they secure large quantities of honey at comparatively a very small expense. Plenty of bees so managed that the profits are not used up in manipulations, explain the Coggs shall success. To illustrate, allow me to quote a little piece of the conversation that took place between myself and D. H. Coggs shall. I remarked that, to me, it seemed that the secret of their success was "lots of bees, and the profits not used up in useless manipulations." Mr. Coggs shall said:

"That's it exactly. At my south yard last year we had 80 colonies and secured 10,000 pounds of honey; now how many days' work do you suppose we put in, unpacking in the spring, extracting, and packing in the fall?"

Knowing something of their short-cut methods I said "Fifteen days."

"Fourteen days was all the work done in that yard during the year, and we got \$500 worth of honey."

Both of the Coggs shalls own good farms, but W. L. (LeMar, as they call him) told me that it would have been money in his pocket if he had given

away the farm years ago—but Mrs. Coggs shall thinks a farm is a good place upon which to bring up boys, and I believe Mr. Coggs shall does not dispute her.

Long will linger in my memory the remembrance of the few pleasant hours passed under the hospitable roofs of the Coggs shalls.—"Bee-Keepers' Review."

Hall's Wit and McEvoy's "Blarney."

From "Gleanings in Bee Culture."

Mr. J. B. Hall, of Woodstock, Ont., Canada, is one of the live spirits of Canadian conventions. From what little I could gather from the Canadians themselves it would seem to me that a convention without Hall would be pretty nearly like Hamlet with Hamlet left out. This year I think he said he could not afford to be present. As soon as the officers knew this they immediately wired him that he "must come, expenses guaranteed" and so we had the pleasure of Mr. Hall's presence. He has an inimitable vein of spontaneous good humor that bubbles over every now and then. Never long-winded, he has a happy faculty of telling sound hard facts from a long experience, in a few words that delight and edify every one.

At the close of Wm. McEvoy's report as foul-brood inspector, Mr. Hall, in commenting on the inspector and his work, spoke of him after this fashion: "He can get along with cross old men and crooked old women. It is his Irish blarney that gets him through." I did not hear any of this "blarney" that our facetious friend tells about; but on every hand I learned that Mr. McEvoy's success lay in the fact that, while he rigidly enforced the foul-brood law, he did it in such a nice splendid sort of way that, so far from being the cause of offence, he was invariably invited to "call again."

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