

For the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

A FEW THOUGHTS AND TRIALS.

THINK if bees are taken out of cellar too early this spring much loss will be the result. Breeding stopped early last fall and bees that are alive now are much older than we at first suppose, and if we expose them to the cold winds too early there might be more spring dwindling than we have had for many years. I ain't troubled with spring dwindling. Thought I would be in fashion one spring some years ago and do as some others did, so bought a lot of cotton cloth and cut it up and put a nice square piece on top of hives to hold in the heat. Something kept coming up and telling me I was a little off my base, but thought other folks must know what they were talking about, so do it I would and do it I did, and then watched and waited. Didn't have to wait long for next day most every bee that come out of the hive offered me a piece of the cotton; thought it 'was about time to open my bee factories and look after my cotton industries. Well, I did, but the cotton had most all been shipped and they seemed to be waiting for more, but they did not get it. As luck would have it I didn't put cotton on all the hives so had quite a stack of little square pieces left, but they were used for other household purposes than puttin on bee hives. Wal to cut a long story short.—for I hate long ones, I han't fed my bees no more cotton. Thought next id'e try contracting the brood nest early in the spring, I'd herd tell of it and thought I orto keep up with the times so at it I went, and contract one I did, or purty near did it, but it was a larger contract than I had bargained for, so I just let that hive expand back again to its original equilibrium and went to the house and made a contract with my wife that if she would extract all of the bee-stingers out of my several localities and put soda and butter on all the places I'd never more believe any of their grease goose oligy, or peper gram cubby house calculations. And from that day to this I've kinder been on my own hook like, and studied out a number of things about bees. Keepin bees from swarmin has occupied my mind on and off for a number of years. Don't know how I'le make it on that point though if my calculations turns up kinder sound like in any given direction I'le let you no.

Jingo! You fellers ain't more than out of one muss afore your into another. Now here comes a long prosy apostolic benediction on changes effected in syrup and nectar by the secretions of the bee. It ain't the change in nectar your after disoussin, and you own it

ain't; its a horse of a different color. Its sugar you want changed to honey so that all them good sweet tempered, lovin' honest bee-keepers weve herd tell about so much can go ahead and do three times worse than Wiley ever thought of sayin' we done. Gosh all hemlocks, don't cuss Wiley enymore. You're even coating him in your article as a hi authority & evidently want him ass one of the boys now. What did you sa about him a while age. How we do change. Wal when you put it in the power of evry bee-keeper too make honey from sugar, ho have we to thank foor thee invention. The wa youre going on will make Wiley hold up his hed and say:—didn't I tell you so. Suppose the Government would tri to help all the poor people of the land by giving each poor person a set of moles & authority too make dollars out of brass. How wood it work? Wood the poor people be all that wood use the privilage. Now suppose you give all that haint sense enough to keep their bees in a condition that will warent them too always bee provided with natural stores, the priveleg & nolage off converting sugar into honey, for thats the horse of the hole subject. Doo yo suppose they will bee the only ones that would take advantage of the opning? Would they 'be the only ones that wood use the moles? Don't you really pity that person ho advocates changing sugar into honey, & thinks bi itt he is doing apiculture a servis? Wal in one sense he is serving it, he is serving it an allfired mean trick.

UNCLE JOHN.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa.

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MEL SANIT OMNIA.

MESSRS. Editors.—I don't know why "Amateur Expert" should say that "Dr Mason cannot let me alone." I don't remember that I've touched him since I shook hands with him, metaphorically, while he was standing on the dock looking modestly after another "shilling" as that party of tourists was leaving "perfidious Albion".

In speaking of me on page 887 he says: "He does not like 'Observers', A. E's nor such like, nor will he be talked back to." That is always the way with big people. Now every word of that is (I don't just like to say it, but it is so), untrue. New Mr. A. E., (I've found out you are not a Miss ndr Mrs.) don't "get off your base" and fly at me because you are not "big." It seems to be a sort of characteristic of your people to state things in just a little different shape from the original and so convey a wrong