

picking up, a little more settling and organizing, and my work for 1892 will have gone on record. Plenty gathered in and ready for winter. Yes, but not ready for idleness; no man can afford to be idle. "Enough," at present, does not mean that we should indulge in the sin of idleness, for The silly young cricket accustomed to sing, Through the fine summer months of gay summer and spring, Began to complain when he found that at home His cupboard was empty, and winter had come.

Yes, I feel more rested, and as some thoughts flit across my mental horizon, I will try to catch them and send them to you.

o o o

Of late years I have had a severe yearning to see Canada. I love its people as I do my own countrymen. I have thought I might come this fall and enjoy a fulness of buckwheat cakes with Brother Pringle, with (oh!) some of his honey on them. I would like to walk right into the C.B. J. office, and see Brother D. A. Jones. Of course I'd fetch my old rifle along, and do some hunting; but there it is,—as usual, I don't see how I can come this fall.

o o o

Friend Wilkins desires to see the C.B.J. published every week. While I am possessed of this same desire, I know full well the enormous expense of a weekly Journal, and am convinced that a safe course would be for the Journal to follow its present course until assured of success if published weekly. While a weekly journal is rather to be chosen than those of less frequent issue, yet, watch yourself, and see if you don't feel a keen interest in your other journals, and if they are not always filled to the brim with reading that catches your eyes. So we get the worth of the money we pay for any respectable journal with discredit to none. No, Friend Wilkins, the C.B.J. has no stigma resting upon it for surrendering its birthright as a weekly Journal, for it has never surrendered such right. It is pressing on toward that goal manfully, and I presume the best thing you and I can do to hasten its speed is to

obtain all the subscribers to it that we can.

o o o

I think it was in the A.B.J. that I saw a receipt for keeping down increase of colonies of bees. It told us to take the old colony to a new stand as soon as it had swarmed, hiving its swarm where it stood. After forty-eight hours, return the old colony to its old stand and dump its swarm back into it. I tried this plan thoroughly the past season, and can say without fear of successful contradiction, that it didn't work well with me.

o o o

Brother Miller speaks well when he says the cellar is the place for bees in winter. That is a home-made decision which I arrived at years ago. I have wintered bees upchambers and in bee house (built wrong, of course), on summer stands, and in many ways, until I was forced to do the right way and winter them in the cellar.

Ovid Erie Co., Pa.

Frank Benton says Carniolan bees are of a dark steel-gray, with a whitish ring at the lower edge of each segment of the abdomen. They are rather larger than either the Blacks or Italians. The queens are of a dark copper color. There may be other markings, but they are exceptional. The dark Carniolans are more gentle than those that show the admixture of the yellow blood. He did not think them any better workers than the Italians, but they were more prolific. They are very gentle; if they are otherwise, it shows that they are not pure. He preferred them in their purity, but if a cross is to be made, he would use Carniolan instead of Italian blood.

Why is Cupid like poverty?—Because he drives people to the union.

Which is the most modest piece of furniture?—The clock; for it always covers its face with its hands, and runs itself down, however good its works may be.

Who were the first astronomers?—The stars; they first studied the heavens.

What length should a young lady's dress be worn?—A little above two feet.

What are the three comparisons of a lawyer?—First he gets on, then he gets honour, and then he gets honest.