

tended to talk on the subject of judging on general lines, but what he says has brought to our mind the mode pursued by the judges at the Industrial where the sweepstakes prize (given in part by the Ontario Bee-keepers' Association), was cut up so that some six of the exhibitors participated in it. While we believe that the judges did just what they conscientiously conceived to be right, yet we doubt the wisdom of splitting up prizes as they did it. Besides being a bad precedent, it looks to the casual observer as an evidence of weakness on the part of the judges, or that they were desirous of pleasing everybody. On the merits of the decisions in question we are not prepared to judge, not having gone into a close examination of the exhibits, but from conversations with one or two of the exhibitors, we know they would have been better satisfied to have had even a lesser prize, and had the undivided honor. Let us again say that in what we have written, there has not been the remotest desire on our part to impugn the motives of the three gentlemen who acted in the capacity of judges, to the very general satisfaction of all concerned.

We are satisfied that there are many instances where the judges do not study the prize lists before entering upon their duties, as stated by Mr. H., and such carelessness is the cause of very much dissatisfaction. We have had instances of such admissions on the part of judges: It should not be so.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

A Young Apiary.

PERHAPS some of the Western bee men would like to hear from a young fellow down East; perhaps not. I am going to write at any rate whether you like it or not. Some six or seven years ago neighbor Smith kept the old black bees in very ancient looking hives. Frequently I would take a stroll over to his apiary, and at leisure time would he down to watch his busy bees. You know I was always one of those curious fellers who, when he saw anything new, was never satisfied till he saw what was inside, so I would watch every chance when Smiths' back was turned to have a peep inside. I often used to think, too, that he had some means of either sharpening their toe nails or giving them to understand that I

wasn't wanted around there as they would stick very fast to me at times, thus giving me an opportunity to stand on my ear or to roll in the patch of corn near by while a little distance off, Smiths' family might be seen laughing till one would imagine that they would never come into shape again. It was more than fun, too, boys to get the poodle dog alongside the hive and persuade him that the entrance was a mouse-hole. I tell you he wouldn't sniffle there long before he would be going in a hundred different directions at once, and howling as if he had colic and a dozen other diseases combined. All this time I would be lying my full length on the ground (an easy position for a good laugh), paralyzed as from an overdose of laughing gas. Notwithstanding all my trials I became attached to the bees, and resolved to try the business myself. My father kept a carpenter shop in connection with other farm outbuildings, and here at spare moments I built a hive from my own ideas, the shape and dimensions of which I will omit. I had no money to buy a colony, so when Smiths' swarmed I went out and begged a few from him which I considered would give me a good start in business, but lo! when I visited my hive the next morning it was empty, whether Smith stole them or not I cannot tell. I next concluded to visit the hay fields and gather some bumble bees as we called them to fill my hive, but found after laying in two or three lots that they began to quarrel and that I got my fingers bitten too often when trying to settle any dispute, so at last I let them go. Smith then offered me a swarm at a reasonable figure, to be paid by instalments, which I thought very fair, and was once more a happy "kid." I had great luck for three years when my colonies numbered seven, which I considered safe to winter on the summer stands, but the winter proved unfavorable, there being almost continuous rain, which swept every colony out of existence. When I gazed upon the heap of ruins in the spring my feelings can be better imagined than described: however, the hives were stored away and nothing more done in the business until last April, when I purchased two colonies from Jones Co., Ltd. They were a month later arriving than I expected, and I have had a very poor season right through. The clover yield has proved a failure, and early frosts have destroyed all hopes of a fall flow.

I obtained some good surplus honey for our exhibition, which captured prize money, and have now five colonies well supplied for winter.

F. GILL,

P. O. Dept.

Charlottetown, Oct. 8.