

comprising my temporary family, as Mr. Holtermann found them while here.

First figure to the right is Belle, who assists in the household and also in the honey-house when necessary. The second is my son (aged 16) who, on account of the way the sun was shining, looks more like a native of Africa than a blonde of Canada. The third is his mother; the fourth, my sister; the fifth, my mother; the sixth, my daughter (13), and the cow boy, sitting in the chair, is the chap, who, up to date, has done all the wiring of frames, but who now thinks he will take the Brantford friend's advice, and teach (they have not yet learned) some of the younger fry to at least assist him in future.

The remaining figure (lady) is Mrs. Gemmell's mother, or to be more explicit, my worthy mother-in-law, who is paying us a Kathleen Mavourneen visit.

"It may be for years and it may be forever."

But to resume the first portion of my subject, I will mention that it was a matter of regret to me that I could not spend more time with Mr. H. on that occasion, as my other duties compelled my absence from home most of the day. He was, therefore, left to the tender mercies of Mrs. G. and the other half dozen of the family, which, rather unfortunately for him, comprised six ladies, so that he, like a sensible man in such a predicament, concluded that discretion was "the better part of valor," and hid himself away to the Messrs. Myers Bros. minus his dinner, notwithstanding entreaties to remain, only to find they were more or as much in favor of the wiring system as myself.

In conclusion, I may state that I am gratified he is going to pay Mr. Deadman, of Brussels, a visit soon, as I am satisfied the gentleman whose name denotes anything but life, will so arouse Mr. H. from his lethargy that he will forever advocate, instead of condemn, the wiring of frames under any circumstances.

Mr. Holtermann, you are welcome back again to Stratford, and in fact any or all others who may favor me with a call, as an exchange of views often brings out ideas that would otherwise remain dormant. By the way, I have to thank Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Lucan, for their friendly call on Monday last. The latter, I think, can very properly be termed one of the foremost of our lady apiarists.

F. A. GEMMILL.

Stratford, Aug. 25th, 1892.

[We are sorry to say that our illustration of Mr. Gemmell's apiary had not been received up to the moment of going to press. It will appear, however, in our next issue.]

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Honey - Weather - Women - Escapes - World's Fair - Bee Journals, and Father Langstroth.

THE take of light honey this season has scarcely been a success in this district.

All the reports I have heard have been unfavorable. This has not been owing to lack of bloom of clover and basswood, which was abundant, but chiefly to the unfavorable spring and considerable unfavorable weather during the bloom. Fall honey, mostly buckwheat, is now, however, coming in rapidly (August 20th), and has been for some days past; and this can at any rate replace much of the light honey for wintering.

THE WEATHER.

We had some exceedingly hot weather in July, and are now having some melting hot weather in August. At any rate the heat and work have, if not melted, at least wilted, the manager and manipulator of the "Richmond Apiary," and he is now under cover for "rest and repairs," and the attainment of a lower temperature. He writes this in bed—greeting! There has been a "strike" and the mill is closed—not up exactly, but in. When the workman strikes he has not always a good reason for doing so. When, however, my own factory strikes, most of its members "going out," it has good reason—not on 10 hours indeed, but 16, and 95° in the shade.

WOMEN.

I approach my "3dly," as the preachers would say, "with fear and trembling." Just as I expected, when I used my quill lately in THE JOURNAL on "women in office," I put my foot in it with some of the ladies—the strong ones. It is something little less than awful to fall into the hands (I do not mean arms) of a woman—that is, of a woman's tongue or pen. This is what has befallen me; and may I get a safe deliverance! On this "woman question" I have "Maud Morris" to reckon with—whether Miss Morris or Mrs. Morris I cannot say (C.B.J. June 15th, page 81). If, therefore, I call the lady simple "Maud Morris" she will not be offended.

I never cared to argue seriously on tangled questions with a woman, because, though she might be lovely, she would not be logical,—for although she might most handsomely feel her way through a problem to the solution, (her own solution), she but seldom would reason her way through it. In mathematics something more than intuition is required, and in philosophy something more than instinct. However, I like