



"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

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## EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER bee paper—the "Queen Breeders Journal" will make its appearance in January at Marlboro, Mass. Mr. E. L. Pratt is the publisher. The new journal is to be a 16 pp. monthly at 50 cents per annum.

Typhoid has laid low two of the children of Mr. G. A. Deadman, Brussels, and he and the entire household were stricken with the fever but have recovered. Our sympathy is with our brother in his affliction.

Dr. Miller writes:—In the last C.B.J. my "baby" is inquired about. I suppose that refers to the matter of legislation for bee-keepers. I may say that although making little noise the "baby" is alive and well, and if not making a rapid growth it is still making a healthy growth. Some of those who attempted to strangle it are now among its friends, and I know of no former friend who has gone over to the stranglers." The baby Observer spoke of was the footnote to articles showing the number put into and taken out of winter quarters with the total on hand at writing.

In return for the names of ten bee-keepers sent us on a postal, we will send the "Bee-Keepers' Dictionary" value 25 cents.

## OBSERVATIONS.

IN running through the back numbers of the BEE JOURNAL, I find one article which I seem to have overlooked, or read carelessly when I was going over the issue of Oct. 17. I refer to the article of Dr. Miller headed "Buying A Location." I smiled a great broad-shouldered smile as I read it over the second time, and the thought came to my mind that the doctor's friend was not a resident of a Scott act county, or he would never have talked as he did. Local option in my estimation is a fraud of the worst kind. Just picture to yourself the happy bee-man, in a local option bee-keeping township! How happy he looks, watch him set down nights in the bosom of his family, with paper and pencil, and figure up the pounds of honey he will have to sell in the fall; how he gloats over the wealth he is going to accumulate out of the district he owns—because he paid for it. Spring time comes, and the dear little pets that are to garner in the monopoly controlled by our friend are taken to the centre of the district and shown the lines with which they must go to work and joyfully they set to work.

Peradventure our friend is located on the out edge of the local option township, and in the adjoining township is a man who is untrammelled by law, as to where his pets shall wander, and perhaps just over across the border may be found a lovely field of alsike—the property of our local option tax-paying friend. Some pleasant evening our "free" bee-keeper carries his hundred colonies over to the edge of the local-option district and calling out all his bees to the entrance of the hive thus addresses them, "my