

10 inch.....\$4 75
12 inch.....5 00

14 inch.....5 50
16 inch.....6 00



FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

IN common doubtless with all of your readers I was pleased to note the improvement in the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL with the commencement of a new volume. The new cover, so tastefully gotten up with an appropriate motto, adds greatly to the appearance of the JOURNAL; and the insertion of date on every folio will be found a great convenience in referring back when the volume is bound. These improvements, without increasing the subscription price, will, no doubt, be fully appreciated by its large and growing constituency. The JOURNAL is now a year old and we may properly ask how has it fulfilled its journalistic mission? It has, of course, had its short comings in typographical accuracy, etc., but on the whole, everything considered, it must be admitted even by "our friends the enemy," that it has performed its mission, as a medium of communication and instruction to Canadian and American bee-keepers, faithfully and well. Barring friend Newman's strictures and apprehensions as to the JOURNAL's name (which, however, are now apparently allayed) I have seen no fault found with the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL by contemporaries or contributors since its commencement with one exception. The *Rural Canadian*—the late "organ"—has found some fault and that is all I have noticed. And that even this is only a little atrabiliariousness is evident enough from its last pronouncement. The usual equanimity of the *R. C.* is considerably troubled at this *brotherly* kindness and

courtesy going on amongst apiarian editors, correspondents and readers. And worst of all is, "the prevailing fashion has got control of the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL and brother Jones 'brothers' everybody in the most affectionate manner possible;" and this social stoic who does the apiarian for the *Rural* (and does it handsomely too) declares he has "no sympathy or patience with this kind of nonsense." I fear this is a simple case of biliousness or a temporary fit of indigestion attended with slight gastric fever. But it will pass off in due time and sunshine will come again.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the cold away."

We are only "passing this way once," unless, indeed, like Cæsar's "clay," we rise in other forms animate or inanimate; and let us then, by all means, be as kind, courteous, and "brotherly" towards each other as within us lies. So long as my digestion is good and the sun shines I can see no earthly reason (or supernal either for that matter) why I should not call my fellow a "friend" or "brother" even though I may never have laid my eyes upon him. Wherefore, I would advise the JOURNAL (which at present seems to have a most excellent digestion) to pay no heed to the social frigidity of its neighbor the *Rural*, but to go on with a "richt guid will" to all men, and especially to all bee-keepers. The *Rural* has no objection to the term "brother" among those "bound together by special religious ties," but he can't stand it among bee-men. "Tut mon!" no religionists in the world are