

the roof boards, each of which are 12x23 inches project about 1½ inches over the frame. There are corner posts 7/8x7/8x14½ inches long placed inside the case and one inch up from bottom, and must not go within 2½ inches from top of case to clear frame of cap; on the bottom of these posts I nail narrow strips to just touch the hive all round at the bottom board. At the front this strip must be 1½ inches higher up the hive, to allow of entrance. Now put on your half storey with cushion in, pour in your packing until it comes up to the top of roof, put on the regular sun cap, and your bees are in a cosy nest, with 2 inches of packing all round and a great deal more on top. The material for such a case as I have described will cost about 20 cents, and a man that don't look at the clock will make 10 or 12 of them in 10 hours. Mr. Heddon says, paint outside cases with English Venetian. If I wanted my cases painted, I should certainly paint them with oxide of iron instead of Venetian. It is a darker red, and lasts a good deal longer than any other color. Use a good deal of oil, part coal oil will do for first coat, last coat pretty heavy with oxide. I have never been satisfied that packing under the bottom board is of any benefit. If I thought so I could easily have it, as many of S. W. hives have a bottom board and stand like the Heddon, and I have yet to see a neater or better arrangement than that. The stand filled with packing would give 6 inches of packing underneath.

J. F. DUNN.

Ridgeway, Feb. 24, 1891.

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FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.  
Bee Journals.

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**B**ROTHER Pringle seems to be about right about that judging business at fairs. The *Review* gives the editors some hard knocks, cos the don't print better pieces. Why don't the *Review* buy up forty-seven of the twenty-five cent bee-journals, and bile um down, and charge subscribers three dollars a year for it? If you don't want to do that, then remember that all a dollar journal can, or should do, is to allow a sensible free and easy chat in their journals, which I think is best anyway. Rev. Clark says, good apiculture costs something; hum, yes, hibernation & Co., etc. Get down to sober facts and who knows better than another we have different ways of doing things; but that's all, if you refer to flighty pieces like that of G. B. Jones, on killing bees in fall and buying in spring, as being

among the grand, glowing, and peculiar articles that command a high price, then I say I had rather read the simple statement of common people, which Mr. Hutchinson makes fun of on page 384 of C. B. J. If big guns want reading that's above and beyond us, let them start a journal of their own. Common people pay just as much for their journals as anybody, and should be heard from. Discourage us common folks, then tell us who takes your journals. Some folks know too much for me. It scares me to think of touching elbows with them. The magnetism of their awful brain seems to paralyze me, and with trembling unutterable, I seem to fall back in dismay and confusion, until I reach the company of common people where I am at home again. The C. B. J. gains friends ship by its common way of doing things. It shakes hands with us. Now, spouse while we are trying to boost it, some of you never-laf-big-brained-high-price latin fellers cum with your pike-poles and raise it wa out of our reach could we lift any more. Confine a bee-journal to facts about bees and how long would it take to tell the whole story, but mix in figures and fun like Brother G. B. Jones does, and the rotation will furnish bee-journals for all time. Read and write, laugh and fight, attend bee-conventions every night, but don't strain your brain trying to make some wonderful discovery in the bee business. We already have, or can get all the honey a colony of bees can gather. How are you going to make them do any more? We can keep more colonies and ought to; but to strain, twist, cramp and squeeze to get more honey from a given colony and after all the miserable penurious grasping, the soul shrinking, and bee grinding operations are over, grab a little more, grab the bees stores, let the bees hang all the fall starving, to save a little honey (grand, glowing and peculiar discovery, to starve bees ain't it? Science, of course), but all this won't enlighten, won't enrich ye, its diving to fetch up mud, instead of pearls. Why in Sam Hill don't you foller the bees around and see that they don't eat nothing? Why in Texas don't you shovel all the wind off your houses and put it in bags and feed it scrimpily to your bees. Don't keep but a few hives, and um, smash um, drown um (ain't ye shamed, George). Gosh, I wish I was a swarm of bees just two minutes and you'd try to come some of your angelic capers on me.

JOHN F. GATES.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa., Dec. 13, 1890.

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