

stroying bees. Of course I understand that Mr. H. puts fresh combs in as required, but in this cold country rather than fuss with them so much I would take Mr. G. B. Jones' advice, destroy all in the fall and buy afresh in the spring. I imagine there would be an advantage in uniting if the united colony was placed away from the old stands, as by this means many of the oldest bees could be got rid of, but of course that would not suit those who don't like to destroy a bee.

I noticed your article, Mr. Editor, on taking combs from bees in the fall and leaving them to cluster in the empty hive, and imagine if you were serving a whole apiary that way you would have a busy time attending to swarms, that is if they acted as one of mine did from which I took the comb with the intention of destroying it. Perhaps while I am sending you a few lines I might tell you how I destroy bees. None of the methods given in THE JOURNAL in answer to my enquiry for an "easy, cheap and quick way" suited me exactly, so I hit upon the idea of drowning them. I put three or four pails of water in a tank standing in a convenient place, bring the colonies to be destroyed to it one at a time, and shake the bees directly into the water from the combs. This is a quick way to get rid of them, and is a long way ahead of sulphur. An assistant is needed to keep the "porridge" stirred, and the bees must be skimmed off occasionally and buried. I destroyed over seventy colonies in this way this fall.

Mr. Holterman's article on "Uniting Bees," (page 292) exactly expresses my opinion. I should not want to change a word if I was going to sign my name to it. I started this article with the intention of giving you my opinions, Mr. Editor, on two or three other articles, more especially that of Mr. G. B. Jones', which appeared in issue of Sept. 1st, but I must forbear, as this is already more lengthy than I intended.

GEO. WOOD.

Monticello, Dufferin Co., Ont., Oct. 31, 1890.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

The International.

A SMOKE WITH ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

KEOKUK! What is it? Where is it? And what is to be seen and learned there? were questions that suggested themselves to my mind, when it was fixed upon as the next meeting place of the International. Keokuk floated about in my mind all the year through, accompanied by an indefinite notion of

its wh realouts and its attractions. My geographical knowledge of the country is so imperfect that I had not heard of Keokuk till named by the man who turns out the big piles of foundation. Undoubtedly it was his representations as well as his respectability that led the meeting to decide upon Keokuk as the rallying point for the bee-men of America in the year of grace 1890. Keokuk once decided upon, to Keokuk we must repair or forego the pleasure of attending the International. Prior to starting I provided myself with the time tables and accompanying maps of several railways supposed to run to or near the great "Father of Waters." I was bound to locate Keokuk if possible. My pencil point ran up and down the great river from St. Paul to St. Louis, and finally rested upon a speck situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, and on the boundary line between Iowa and Missouri. I had found the position of Keokuk. This settled, I turned out of bed one morning about the time the lark scars aloft and warbles her welcome to the coming day. Partaking of a hearty meal, I lighted my pipe, seized a slim grip sack in one hand and a scout stick in the other, and set out for Keokuk. My pipe was still alight when I reached the railway station, and laying myself back in the carriage I fell into a kind of reverie. (Smoking is conducive to this state of mind.) My thoughts preceeded me to Keokuk. I saw the bee-men assembled in great force—a sober, stately set—proof against the poison of bees and the tongue of slander, a body of men who if noted for one thing above another it is for an innate sense of their own respectability, and their more than ordinary intelligence. There they sat in my minds eye, struggling with the problems incident to their calling; some jolly big men among them thoroughly satisfied with themselves and their importance in the world of apiculture; there too, were the men of science; the men of business; men of the cotton fields of the South, and the corn fields of the West. There also were the apiaran cranks with "a bee in their bonnets," which covered little besies. I was roused from my reverie by my pipe giving out a sickly asthmatic wheeze, suggesting the necessity of refilling. This done I resumed my lolling posture when it dawned upon my mind that he who smokes is under a ban amongst the bee-keepers of the country to which I was going. I was consoled by the thought, however, that the real or assumed virtue of abstaining from the use of the weed, and of preaching a crusade against the habit of smoking, is a feature in the bee literature of no other country than that to which I was speeding. The pleasant recollection of