

our bee-keeping friends to assist us in tracing the source of the vile stuff.

When we were in London, England, about two years ago we were shown a sample of stuff called honey which it was told us had lain one or two years in the brokers hands notwithstanding all efforts they had made to sell it.

A portion of the consignment had been sold for the manufacture of axle-grease, but we are prepared to say that this is not fit even for axle-grease. The smell of it is enough to disgust anyone.

The placing of such trash upon the Canadian market would have a very injurious effect on our honey consumption. We think our adulteration act should be brought into use as soon as it is learned where and who is offering it for sale, have it confiscated and the vendors severely punished.

We are sure that no bee-keeper or one who has the good of bee-keepers at heart would for a moment attempt to injure our business by offering such stuff as this for sale.

We think calling it honey is libellous and the parties doing so should be punished for libel aside from adulteration.

For the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

REDIVIVUS.

IN your issue of Feb. 13th, "Observer" (who is he?) kindly referred to me as follows:— "Now that Rev. W. F. Clarke is President of the Provincial bee-keepers, he will surely use his pen more freely than of late. I miss his always readable and interesting articles."

Ever since the appearance of the foregoing paragraph it has been on mind to write something for the C. B. J., both by way of explanation as to my comparative silence during the past year or so, and response to "Observer's" appreciative invitation. But I have only now got settled down to the task. In rising to explain, I would say, that I have not lost interest in bee-keeping, nor ceased to care for the C. B. J. and other journals of its class, nor taken offence at anybody, or anything. The simple fact is, that for the past year and more I have been

KNOCKED OUT.

Extra cares and responsibilities have been upon me, and, at a time of life when I had hoped to have more leisure for favorite pursuits, I have, in reality, had less. I do not wish to obtrude my private affairs, even on a circle of bee-keeping associates and friends, who would

no doubt be sufficiently sympathetic not to regard me as a bore in so doing, and a mere hint will probably suffice. Higher duties took me to St. Thomas in the early winter of 1887, and detained me there until Sept., 1888. Having no one at home to take charge of my little apiary, I was obliged to sell my bees and all through that season, I was out of harness, apiculturally. Somehow, I can't write, concerning bees, unless have got them about me, and, as I did not handle them last summer, I hardly put pen to paper in their interests. It was my intention to write up the apiaries of Messrs. Pettit, Alpaugh, Dr. Corliss and others, in and around St. Thomas, and I took some notes with that view, which never got extended into articles. Along with an accession of work, I have had to contend with sciatica, the constant pain of which lessens my capacity and impairs my vigor, so far as performance goes. Added to all, having considerable writing to do, I have had some symptoms of writer's cramp, which have led me to use the pen only as compelled, so that literary pastime and correspondence have been reduced to the minimum. It will perhaps be said, "Why not get a type-writer?" to which the ready reply is, that a good type-writer costs money, which has never been a plentiful commodity with me, especially of late

AN ABORTIVE DESIGN.

As the present spring approached, it looked very much as if I should have to run "my farm of Lindenbank," myself. In the depression caused mainly by emigration to the Northwest, I found that the demand for farm lands either to buy or rent was extremely dull, and, in the absence of purchaser or tenant, I conceived the idea of getting some one to join me in carrying on my place as a bee-farm. Hardly, however, had my advertisement to that effect appeared in the C. B. J., when an offer was made me to rent the place, which in consideration of my state of health, and other circumstances, I deemed it best to accept. I may here take occasion to observe that Providence has never smiled upon any scheme of mine to become a

BEE-KEEPING SPECIALIST.

I have dreamed of this many times and often, but nothing has come of it except dreaming. I don't know whether I should prove a success in that line or not. Frankly, I have my doubts. The longer I live the more I am persuaded that to be successful in keeping bees on a large scale, special qualifications are needed, some of which I know I do not possess. One is the ability to handle them with impunity. I don't have this. The bees never seem to understand that a sincere friend they have in me. They treat me as