

is nevertheless a man when among men, who will at once attract notice, and to whom ones eyes will revert again and again. With no man in the assembly was the writer more favourably impressed than with the Iowa poet. That his heart is in the right place is manifest by his writings. I have just had the pleasure of reading the last production of his poetic genius. It is a poem on "Thanksgiving," con-inspired by the season of rejoicing and gratitude that has lately passed, and is printed in *New-Iran's Home Journal* for November. Time and space will not admit of my introducing to your readers all who took a more or less prominent part in the discussions. There were a number of strange faces and new names, that will yet be seen and heard in the councils of the fraternity. Mr. Lyon, of Burlington, is one of these. He contributed his full quota to make the meeting a profitable one. He is evidently a painstaking investigator of things apicultural. He is an amateur bee-keeper, a skilled mechanic, and one of the enterprising business men and mill owners of Burlington.

Mr. B. Brown, whose home is away out on the plains of Iowa somewhere, was the character of the company. He has been working a hive on the Heddon principle since 1876. He had a sample one on hand, and it has some unique points in its make-up. An old timer in the bee business is Mr. B., but not behind the times. As cool and self possessed as he is valuable, no amount of banter affects the calm composure of the man, nor deters him from saying his say. He is a good type of the ideal plainsman, and is as remarkable for his poverty of flesh as he is for the richness of his drawl when speaking, which leads me to remark that not till I attended the Keokuk meeting did I believe the nasal twang accredited to the American as one of his peculiarities was at all common in any part of the Union. But here I found the long drawn accentuation prevails to an extent I have nowhere else met with except in isolated individual cases. In this part of the country it is very pronounced.

The Messrs. Dadants kind invitation to visit their place and inspect the *modus operandi* of their foundation making was largely taken advantage of. On Friday afternoon carriages were provided, and most of those from a distance drove out to their picturesque home. I have already said the country along the route from Detroit to Keokuk is rather uninviting, but the drive from Hamilton to the home of the Dadants is through a most delightful country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale, meadow and woodland. Many of the fields are enclosed

with osage hedges, which makes the country look "quite Henglish you know." Arriving at their dwelling one is impressed with the romantic beauty of its environments, a beauty that is enhanced by its unadorned character, for apart from the buildings themselves, Nature has been the embellisher, and she has done her work well. A sumptuous repast was provided for the visitors, and partaken of with apparent great relish.

I always thought our bee-keepers as a class are teetotalers, but our visit to the Messrs. Dadant's has undeceived me, for the quantity of their excellent wine that vanished while the visitors remained was astounding.

Much might be written of what was seen and done while there, but the editors present will have noted it, and I need not enlarge. We bade adieu to our generous entertainers, waved a farewell to our western friends, and turned our faces homeward.

A DELEGATE.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Destroying Surplus Bees.

I HAVE previously advocated the destruction of such colonies as we might for any reason be able to single out as not likely to winter, say on account of long queenlessness, etc., or such bees as have some very undesirable trait; but upon reflection I should say no good apiarist will destroy his colonies in the fall and purchase new in the spring. Our best bee-keepers have strains of bees which they would not lose for many times the price of an ordinary stock. Careful records are not kept of the best colonies for comb and the best colonies for extracted, and there bred from, to get colonies to give the best results in each, with the object of destroying them and purchasing in the spring, we know not what. That such is done we need not argue, for aside from anything I may have said I know of quite a number of bee-keepers who practice this very thing. I am safe in saying that in the majority of localities where bees are kept in Ontario there is no fall flow of any account. And more, a very large number of the colonies cease brood rearing by the end of August, and apparently winter successfully. More especially is this the case if no honey is gathered, and if it is then bees do not require to draw on the stores already in the hive. Then comes the blessed uncertainty many of us are in—we may have a fall flow, (last year from golden rod, aster, bonaset, etc., some colonies gave me over 100 lbs. each,) or