

market as it is to day. This is not the fault of the honey producer but of the adulterators, but in time we hope that this whole matter may be set right and that the adulterators will stop their nefarious ways so that American honey may be placed on the markets of the world in its purity. When that is done and tully known by the consumers of Europe it will find a ready sale at fair prices and be appreciated by the consumer.

For the Canadian Bee Journal.

REPLY TO MR. GEO. J. MALONEY.

READ Mr. Maloney's letter of Sept. 18th to-day for the first time, a month after it was written, less one day. Although far removed by time I must take decided objection to the last clause of it. An Englishman *does* know when he is beaten, and, what is more, he usually has the courtesy to "own up" if he wishes to pass as a gentleman.

The point at issue between us is very simple. Mr. Maloney has advised Canadians to push their honey on the English market by a system of commercial immorality. I advised them to "go straight," and at the same time pointed out that the would-be originator of the trickery Mr. Maloney would have you imitate, reaped the reward he deserved. Consequently if my version of the tale is not correct it is clearly Mr. Maloney's duty to prove me in error. If it is correct, let him admit he was joking or that he had been under a false impression and was pleased to be corrected, but it does not suit Mr. Maloney to do the one nor the other.

I have no wish to compete with the foremost press nor the ablest apiculturists in the world, certainly not with the five able bee-keepers whose names he gives, but in speaking of the world Mr. Maloney reminds me of the mouse who lived all his life in a box and was astonished to find how big the world was when first he got outside. Mr. Maloney's physical world is not a small place, but the four sides and lid of his mental world so obscure his vision that his competency to speak of what is beyond is rather limited. I may tell him I never write for "grit." I wield an axe or sledge hammer, a paint brush or lay on gold leaf for that. I write partly for my own recreation, but mainly to help to bind hearts closer together in the bonds of brotherhood, and have no wish to keep anyone from earning a crust of bread and cheese at "slinging ink."

Mr. Maloney I pity you! Of course you read your own national apicultural literature that is

so void of redundant verbosity. Well let me tell you, your Yankee editors have been bidding for the pen of the "Amateur writer from the country so many decades behind as England," and I have sent one of them an article at the same price as I write those to the C. B. J. I have no fear of the treatment I shall get. Uncle Sam knows how to be courteous to a stranger, but worse luck for you the trail of the monarchical or semi-monarchical is to be drawn over "the best in the world" as well as the second rate Canadian and the ninth or tenth rate "Henglish."

You are the second American I have crossed pens with and you have both flung some bad "Henglish" at me. I need scarce lose a night's sleep to find a Roland for your Oliver did I wish to do so. Kindly let Dr. Mason alone, he is big enough to care for himself; moreover we are, at least I hope so, good friends, and shall, I trust, ever remain so.

Now, Mr. Editor, please don't be alarmed, Mr. Maloney, if his name is any guide, hails from the Emerald Isle, consequently he is a Celt. I hail from old Cornwall and, they tell me, am seven-eighths a Celt too, consequently if we break heads to-day, we shall be good friends tomorrow. But I never haul down the flag because a round of blank cartridge has been fired off.

AMATEUR EXPERT.

England, Oct. 17th, 1887.

At the time Mr. Maloney's letter was inserted in the BEE JOURNAL both its editors were absent attending the exhibitions, hence no comments were made on it and it is only this moment that our attention has been drawn to it or we should have had something to say in defence of "Amateur Expert" before now. In all our experience, and in all our dealings with the English and with Englishmen, we have always found them full of grit, but ready to admit themselves in the wrong when convinced of it. In war it is a good thing that a man never knows when he is beaten, at least for his country, but the sword and the pen are not synonyms in this respect. Were it worth while, we could recall numerous instances where English writers have acknowledged being beaten in apicultural controversies. It seems to be believed by a great many that Hoge did really get his honey introduced to the Queen's table through the Lord Steward. In the *American Bee Journal* of July 31st, 1884, page 486, an article is copied from the New York