

"Now, Mr Editor, what I am coming at and hitting at, is this 'sugar honey' business. The whole thing is what might be called 'a caution to a caliope!' Who won't have thought it? It is said there is nothing new under the sun. But here we have something near it. And it is something amusing (if it were not so serious) to note the labored arguments of some of our professional brethren to prove that honey is not honey, and that something else is honey—that the definitions are wrong, the dictionaries are wrong, the encyclopedias are wrong, the *vox populi* is wrong; and all must now be set right! And this is all to be done by one professor, one bee paper, and some other beekeepers! But a very few people sometimes may do a very great deal of harm. Even a fool may strike a match and hold it to the pile. But these people are not fools by any means, though they are at present engaged in doing a very foolish thing—in fact, 'playing with the Devil.'

"I may be wrong, but I have an abiding conviction that the beekeepers had better stick to the flowers instead of turning to the sugar barrel for honey. That is the advice I give our friends in the States, and that is the advice I shall give my brethren in Canada" (This was written in November, I have done so.) "The proposed innovation, though plausible and practicable on its face, would not help our culture in the end, but would damage it commercially and degrade it morally. This, then, is one of the things for the beekeepers not to do, not to do or to do exactly to better their condition, but in order to make it no worse. But this, though vital, is negative. On the positive side the *desideratum* may be summed up in a few words. Reduce the cost of production, extend the market, and enhance prices by sending out nothing but a good article—a *genuine* (emphasize this!) article in clean and comely form. And instead of the volunteers themselves thinking of getting up a spurious article, let them unite solidly to exterminate the adulterator and stamp him out and down and in the earth (not quite literally—just save his life.)"

That, with the exception of two or three sentences which I have now added, is what I wrote to Mr. Hutchinson for his *Review*, and I am sorry to have to say that he lacked the courage and fairness to publish it. If I had been boring him with wordy and long-winded dissertations on this 'topic' and this 'topic' monthly, it would be different; but this was, if I remember aright, the first line I ever wrote to the *Review*, and it will probably be the last. Of course

I shall not assert that positively, for should the *Review*, unfortunately, ever fall into another pit I shall perhaps help to drag it out with or without thanks.

ALLEN PRINGLE.

Selby, Ont.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

WALKERTON CONVENTION.

While I regret my absence from the Walkerton convention, caused by the conflict of other duties, yet I rejoice to see such unanimity and prompt action in crushing that "hydra-headed monster," which is becoming known as "Cook's Honey," or "Sugar Comb Honey." I am also glad to see that the project is not favored except by a few on the other side of the line. I notice that both Cook and Hutchinson, in the face of so much opposition, believe now that they must be in the wrong. What a pity it is that "great men are not always wise." Let us hope and pray that the "plague is stayed"; but, judging from some of Prof. Cook's correspondents, not a few would like to reap some of the supposed benefit. Judging also from some utterances on the adulteration question at the Michigan State Beekeepers' Association, then Jas. Heddon should be classified with them, in fact worse than either. I refer to the adulteration of dark honeys with glucose. Truly, the United States is rapidly becoming a "great" nation. I am glad to see that *Gleanings* is opposing, and exposing, such doings. Considering the existing state of affairs there, I think it would be better for the beekeepers of this country to help impose a heavy duty on honey, and also to secure, if possible, the special legislation proposed at Walkerton.

The last issue of the C.B.J. arrived ahead of time. I do not say this by way of complaint. A journal that arrives promptly on or before the regular time seems to score a point in its favor. I know they are prized more. Long live the C.B.J.

G. A. DEADMAN.

Brussels, Ont.