



"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

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WHOLE No. 120

EDITORIAL.

WE regret to hear of the death of Mr. D. P. Campbell, of Parkhill, which event occurred on the 18th of June under exceedingly painful circumstances. He had been for the past year or two in very poor health and unable to work, and a short time ago decided to go to British Columbia with the hopes that it would be beneficial to him. He reached there only a short time since and on the 18th of June died in the hospital with no friends near him. He leaves in Parkhill a widow and four children, we do not know in what circumstances, but we hope above want. Mr. Campbell was an enthusiastic and enterprising bee-keeper, and for a season or two before his illness rendered him unfit for work, he carried on quite a little supply business and was agent for Mr. D. A. Jones. The CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL tenders its sympathy to the sorrowing widow.

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The *Canadian Live Stock Journal* in noticing the article written by Mr. Wm. Nixon, page 212 of the C. B. J., comments as follows:—"A person with the semblance of a man, at Granby, Que., is charged in the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL of June 8th, with setting traps baited with full combs of honey for the purpose of catching and destroying his neighbor's bees. His object is to destroy them all, and thus to get entire posses-

sion of the field. The BEE JOURNAL advises the bee-keepers of the neighborhood to combine and restrain the (beast) by law. Would it not be better to send him on to Barnum for exhibition, labelled on the forehead, *the living monster*."

OUR OWN APIARY.

RUNAWAY SWARMS.

NO-DAY, July 6th, about 10 o'clock, Mr. Burton, the foreman of our home yard noticed a swarm starting for the woods. It had evidently come out the day before, or very early in the morning, and had lit on the tree unobserved. Getting tired waiting to be housed they had evidently decided to seek out a home for themselves. They started off in a south-westerly direction. From the course of their flight they had to go about two and a-quarter miles, in the face of a strong wind, before coming to any wood. The wind retarded their progress somewhat, but they seemed determined to make the best of it, and, keeping very near the ground, they proceeded on their journey. When going over the hills they almost touched the ground. As soon as the foreman saw them making off he started in pursuit, and acting on instructions which he had previously received in regard to the course which swarms generally take, their manner of flying, etc., he kept ahead of them so that he could look back and see if they entered the wood.