

opinion amongst people as to the moral merit or demerit of killing bees that have become useless to the owner. There will always be some to strain at gnats, and swallow the largest kind of camels. So long as civilized man continues to kill all manner of animals, (man included) and eat most of them; and so long as barbarous man continues to not only kill man and the lower animals but eat both without flinching—I say so long as this sort of thing goes on among people said to be made "in the image of God," no bee-keeper need allow his conscience to be troubled about disposing of a few bees more or less whose usefulness is gone. The order of Nature seems to be for the strong to slay the weak, and for the strong to prey upon the weak. Man in general, forms no exception to this singular arrangement of the universe, for with the exception of a minority who have cast off more of the animal than the others, might still makes right. I repeat here what I have previously said: Now, should anybody feel hurt at this and feel like attacking an onlooker, I beg to remind him right here that I am simply pointing out a fact for which I am in no wise responsible. I have strong hopes that humanity will evolve to a higher plane. Meanwhile let us be consistent morally as well as intellectually, and whatever of the "milk of human kindness" we may be blessed with in the future stage of our development let us expend in a right direction.

ALLEN PRINGLE.

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(Continued from page 325.)

At Chicago I met the only other delegate from Canada. We foregathered at the office of the A. B. J., in the hope that we might have the pleasure of Mr. Newman's company to Keokuk, but he was too busy getting out his paper to leave before the night express went out. So we boarded the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train for our destination. The country along the route, as indeed all the way from Detroit, is flat and monotonous, nor are the evidences of prosperity in town or country as great as I anticipated. Corn, corn, corn, all the way along. Corn seems to be king throughout all this land, and a miserable enough looking sovereign he is. I can understand he was more inviting and pleasant looking in the days of his youth and early prime than he is when bleached and broken down with age. Farm houses and

steading as a rule are poor, flimsy structures. So also are many of the buildings in town and village. There is a marked difference between the substantial brick and stone buildings in town and country throughout Ontario and some of the Eastern States and the unpainted balloons so common here. But one cannot judge of the character of a country by confining oneself to railroad travel.

Arriving at Keokuk we found some difficulty in securing sleeping accommodation. There is but one respectable hotel in this town of 14,000 people. Every room in it was occupied when we arrived, although but few bee-keepers had reached the place as yet. After some scribbling Mr. Schuck, of Liverpool, Ill., "took me in," and we occupied the same bed while we remained. I found Mr. Schuck a pleasant companion as well as an advanced apiarist.

The forenoon of Wednesday found a good many people with strange faces, as well as some old familiar ones, assembled in the hall of the Grand Army of the Republic. The first thing that invited my attention on entering was a crayon portrait of Father Dadant as it hung behind the president's chair. Other pictures and legends hung against the walls, but I could not well understand their import. There was one notice, however, that could not be misunderstood. It read, "no smoking in this room;" but singular to say there was a spittoon at the foot of about every third chair. I wondered if the old veterans chew gum. I shall not attempt a report of what was said and done at the convention. This task has been accomplished by other people better than I could hope to do it, but simply note a few features of the meeting as they presented themselves to my view. In the first place, I could discover no more brains or bee-keeping in the assembly than is shown at one of our own annual gatherings. Harmony, together with some spiteless sparring, were dominant features of the meeting. Mayor Craig, a sturdy, mechanic like gentleman, welcomed the bee-keepers to Keokuk, and assured them of the pleasure it afforded its citizens to have them in the place, promising their stay would be made as agreeable as possible, a promise that was fully kept, right hospitably did they treat the strangers. I suppose he would have been derelict in his duty, and probably fail to be re-elected had he not embraced the opportunity of extolling the greatness and the importance of the United States among the nations of the earth. This he did in a manner that ought to satisfy the most exacting American. Nor did he fail to do Keokuk justice. He said it was the "Gate City" be-