

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

No Foul Brood In The Milton Apiary.

THIS is to certify that I examined the apiary of Mr. Geo. Laing, of Milton, and found it free from foul brood or dead brood of any kind. I never found an apiary sounder or in more perfect health. Last spring Mr. Laing sold twenty-five colonies to another beekeeper. In August I found an apiary where those twenty-five went to, very rotten with pure foul brood and the twenty-five that came from Mr. Laing not two months before were also very rotten. That caused me to think Mr. Laing must have sold the disease. I then went to Mr. Laing's apiary, examined it, and was very much surprised when I could not find any trace of the disease. I then wrote to the man that had the disease, that I failed to find any foul brood in Mr. Laing's apiary and that his apiary was perfectly sound. The man then wrote back at once saying he was very sorry that Mr. Laing was blamed, because he then remembered putting some very bad combs into the colonies he bought from Mr. Laing. He also asked me to explain to Mr. Pringle and clear Mr. Laing. I was very sorry when I read that in the C. B. J., blaming the Milton man, I telegraphed him at once that I would set him right in the C. B. J. Friend Laing I will mail this to you to take a copy off it and then mail it to the C. B. J. at once. Hoping that you won't blame any one as it was a mistake, and that we will all be friends. Very Truly Yours,

Wm. McEvoy.

Woodbrn, Nov. 1889.

We are glad to have this statement of yours which clears Mr. Laing of any suspicion. We have known Mr. Laing for about fifteen years and are fully convinced that he is fully posted in foul brood matters and if he found one affected colony in his apiary he would cure the disease at once. He is too honorable and straightforward in all his dealings to be guilty of selling foul brood to any person; money would not induce him to injure his reputation in that way. The fact of the bees he sold having foul brood in two months or even one month after they left his apiary was no indication that they were diseased when sold. In two weeks we have known bees to become diseased and show the disease unmistakably. If everybody were as careful and understood the handling of foul brood as well as Mr. Laing we would have no foul brood or need of an In-

spector in America. The disease would be stamped out in one season. We gladly give space to the above certificate.

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Friend Gates on Destroying Surplus Bees.

FRIEND Demaree fails to justify his position that it is right to starve bees to death knowingly, so like a lawyer who pleads the case for one he knows is guilty, he bores the jury for water. He tries to down my argument by calling it silly mixed up sentiment, accusing me of excited imagination, etc. My dear nephew that is the ruse of a person of few summers; certainly your uncle will be reasoned with if you have any reason to give. But argument is not always reason. Your uncle has no "cloven foot" as you accuse me, and hates no person. You mistake the definition I put on the word "custom." I meant custom which comes of common consent. In that light it is the custom to weigh the section with the honey. It saves deducting an ounce each time and the honey has a price set on it accordingly. When I used clumsy boxes I deducted the weight from honey, but would you not laugh at a man who cut off a pound of cheese for you and commenced to figure the weight of the rind, I would not feel like eating it after it had been mussed over and so much said about it; and the rind on a pound of cheese, I presume, weighs more than an empty section. But we need not fear any serious eruption in the practice already established of including the weight of the section of such uniform weight with the honey. I beg your pardon, the deal is not fair when selling sections by the piece, as you say, for you know the weight better than the buyer. It's more honest to weigh the section and set a price accordingly. Your uncle would certainly falter in saying grace over a pet chicken or roasted pig, which had been starved to death. My "bowels," as you say, (you should have said stomach, my dear boy) were not filled with starved meat at the time I scolded you for letting bees you did not want "look out for themselves," or "passing them by." Brother Demaree, after fluttering and kicking, finally settles down and hearkens to that still small voice, by owning up that he sometimes does have sentiment, in fact he says sentiment is growing on his mind. "Bress de Good Lord," that's what I am after, brother. Let it grow. Don't starve it. You ask me if I am filled with horror and indignation because bees wear