

with salicylic acid and borax. No disease was found in his yard, and the place was the very perfection of order and neatness.

From there a visit was made to a blacksmith neighbor of his, scarcely 200 yards away, where only two hives were found, he having sent a number some miles off to a son's place. One of these two was very badly diseased, and the other somewhat less so. Another call in the village was made on a party owning one hive, and it was found to be on its very last legs with the disease.

As one of the two parties was reported to have sold many cases of foul brood they both were requested to have a bonfire at night. Mr. McEvoy then went across the street and asked the minister if he would go over and see that these men did what they were ordered to do. The minister very willingly promised to do so. He was very much alarmed when told that it was so close to him; and, with feelings of the deepest regret he said: "Oh dear! oh dear! after all my trouble in melting combs, and doing all I could to keep it out of my apiary - just see the risks I have to run with my neighbors who won't do anything." The inspector replied, saying he would protect him, and make them clean out the disease.

Leaving the village he went to blacksmith No. 2, a couple of miles away, to whom blacksmith No. 1 had sold bees some time ago; and in the second hive looked at, the disease was found in a very malignant form and degree. This man has somewhere about 30 hives. The conversation which took place here was something like this:

"Say, mister would you come up here?" (spoken from the upper level door behind the smithy).

"What for?"

"I want to see your bees." Up he comes.

"I'm the government inspector, appointed to look after bees and see that there is no foul brood among them."

"Guess you won't find any here."

Guesswork in this business is rather suspicious and suggestive.

"Oh, no! I don't expect to. Well, we'll go and see, anyway. Do you take any journal?"

"No."

He was shown the foul brood, and warned and instructed about it. He was then advised to ask the assistance of our minister friend to help him get rid of the trouble.

Leaving here we passed down the road a mile to a farmhouse where was a small collection of hives of the ancient Mitchell and more modern Jones varieties. Some were inhabited, but

more without tenants. No foul brood appeared here; but in one hive large pieces had been cut out of two of the back combs, and the next frame showed a few dead larvæ. The owner being away in the fields at a distance plowing, time did not permit of interrogating him regarding the mutilated combs; but as a precautionary measure, word was left advising him to "take up" the hive this fall for its honey.

Further along a call was made where half a dozen Mitchell hives were sitting on a sloping lawn with a "list" to south that was calculated to call to mind the leaning tower of Pisa. The guild-wife took us for tramps, or agents, and, in the absence of the guild-man in the fields, assumed the defensive.

"I don't let anyone interfere with my bees. I run them myself," says she.

Mr. McEvoy indulged in a smile, passing the remark aside that this was the second time he had been refused liberty to see bees in the province. Our good lady friend became mollified when she was informed that no less a person had called upon her than a government official, and then came down and assisted in the somewhat difficult operation of dissecting one of the hives, apologizing all the time for her apparent discourtesy. No disease was found here.

The shades of evening were about to close over the beautiful landscape, and we headed off for home, having found three yards, out of six visited, badly infested with the vile disease.

Had time permitted following the other bees of blacksmith No. 1 to where they had been located, no doubt the trouble would have been found there also. We heard of a case where a party having foul brood extracted his honey and sold it in the grocery where another bought it and fed it to his bees, giving them the disease. One would naturally conclude, also, that foul-broody bees have been passing from one to another around here. I had the unfortunate experience myself, some years ago, of buying these, and know how exceedingly disappointing it may be, especially if no reparation is made, as in my case, and now I appreciate the Foul-Brood Act.

Our minister friend told us of having set up his son in the business, a year or so ago; and how, after, he had just started, he got foul brood from his neighbor which cost him \$400 before he had it eradicated.

R. W. McDONNELL, in Cleanings.
Galt, Ont., Can., Sep. 4.

If you want to carry your bees safely through the winter, see that they are not deficient in stores now.