

ounce and a half per section, although the invoice was by the section for the amount I offered by the pound. In closing this article I would ask all to endeavour to have their comb honey done up as neatly as possible, and of good sample, for if done up as the above lot, you need not expect a good price for your honey and you will demoralize the trade to a certain extent, and not only be injured yourself, but you would be the cause of injuring others, and you would only be able to sell to a man once, and when you had made one sale to each of the grocers or bee-keepers in your neighborhood you would have to look for new customers farther away or eat the honey yourself.

Wishing you a profitable and enjoyable meeting.

W. COUSE, Streetsville, Ont.

FOUL BROOD AND WHY IT REQUIRED LEGISLATION.

OUR object is not to write a scientific article on foul brood, but to give such facts as everyone may understand and have clearer conceptions as to the passage of the recent bill by the Ontario Legislative, dealing with the contagious disease among bees, known as foul brood, or perhaps, more properly *baillus alveus*. Foul brood is by no means a new disease. It has existed in all ages. We read of its attacks upon apiaries long before America was known to civilization, ages before good old England was thought of, or the Christian era established. The facilities of conveying knowledge at the present time inform us that foul brood is doing its deadly work in all countries where bees are kept. Here and there, all over the continent, whole apiaries are being swept out of existence, even whole districts succumb to its fearful ravages, and yet ninety per cent of bee keepers throughout the country do not seem to realize the consequences to the bee industry. Let a contagious disease appear among cattle, sweep off fifty cows for some farmer, pass on to the next and kill ten, to another and a hundred are worse than useless and so on for a radius of a dozen miles. How would the disaster effect dairymen? How much greater would the calamity appear, be, were the disease raging in fifty localities throughout Ontario, and this is exactly the bee keepers position to-day. Foul brood is more or less undermining the bee industry of Ontario. Whole apiaries have gone under, and in some cases the bee-keeper has been forced into bankruptcy. The disease is far more prevalent than most people are aware of.

Young bee-keepers, and old ones too, are slow "to own up," hence their neighbors become victims to its deadly doings before they have even dreamed of its existence in their vicinity. This should not be, nevertheless it is a fact. Large bee-keepers all over the land are "hauling in sail" for fear of the subtle storm. Had open frankness existed along this line, many an ably equipped and successful apiary to-day would have been remunerating hard toil. Every bee-man ought to throw out the danger light. Every bee-keeper does not do it and every bee-man will not do it, until compelled to by "a whip to keep a coward to his track." I will illustrate by one fact, for "facts be stubborn things." An honest man, for so he is called, rushes into the bee business, without at all acquainting himself with its "ups and downs," its "cloud and sunshine," much less with its scientific and practical working. His grand-dad had bees, and he heard a lot at a meeting, didn't pay for it either, and read some more in a paper, and saw some honey at a store in cakes, and knows a "heap o' things." This bee-keeper boomed along by the old swaring method until he had fifty or more colonies. He gets some more knowledge, and must have a queen. "Cheapest best," (?) and despite every warning, makes the contemplated improvement, from a foul broody district, of course. Two years, or thereabouts, Neighbor Caution, on making enquiries regarding his friend Know Much's apiarian success, finds that the booming apiary had collapsed with foul brood and the proprietor was sorry to admit it. This actually took place within two miles of a flourishing apiary of over one hundred colonies. On close examination it was found that forty per cent. of the apiary was affected, and that all the bees for miles around were dying from some cause. Three hundred colonies went under. Why? Just because the "red light" was not thrown out in time. This thing is being repeated in more than one place in this province. This illustration shows up but one class, the most dangerous of all. We do not wish to illustrate the every-man-for-himself man, who, to close his accounts in balance, disposed of his bees at his neighbors cost; or the misery-loves-company man, who allows his neighbor to get the disease without warning him of the danger; or the absolutely selfish and jealous man, who throws diseased combs into his neighbor's bee yard. We know a man who sat at the entrance of his worn-out colony of blacks and vindictively killed "them ere Hitalions of Joneses whas bin a robbin on of his houe." The joke in this case turned on him-