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nook on beautiful Lake Temagami, or on the tortuous Montreal river, where we could have a big apiary with the bees working on the willow herb, all our spare time to be spent in fishing, a la Alpaugh. On the train with us was a party of men from Markham and vicinity, one of whom was a veterinarian. Strange to relate, while your humble scribe was dilating on the willow herb as a honey producer, the veterinarian was praising up the plant for its virtues as a medicinal agent, for the willow herb is a recognized plant in materia medica, being especially valuable for kidney troubles.

From Temagami north to Cobalt, we saw nothing that would appeal very strongly to the apiarist, as this stretch is mostly rocky forest, and where the fire has not been over to provide a foothold for the willow herb, little if anything in the line of bee pasture is noticed. At Cobalt though, we had a pleasant reminder of things in the bee line again, by meeting our old friend, E. G. Hand, formerly of Fenelon Falls, now editor of The Cobalt Citizen. "Ernie" has for the time being forsaken the bees—a circumstance much to be regretted by the bee-keepers of Ontario, for he is one of the most capable and entertaining writers that we have ever had contributing to our apicultural press. However, we are glad to note that things are prospering with him in the Silver City, and at some future time I hope to see him once more one of the active men in our ranks. Of Cobalt, when you have said that it is a great place for silver, you have extolled all its virtues insofar as they appear to the tender-foot's "first impressions." To be sure the town is of mushroom growth, and no doubt a few years time will greatly improve the place, still we are bound to say that at the time of our visit, the sanitary conditions of the town were absolutely vile. Since then, I believe, the Provincial authorities have come to the opinion

that it was time something was done to better conditions, so no doubt the improvements will be speedily looked after. Leaving Cobalt, as you near the beautiful little town of Haileybury, conditions from an agricultural standpoint, improve a great deal, as the town is just on the edge of the farming section that commences here and runs north and East for quite a distance—some millions of acres of good clay land being in this belt. In the town I met a friend of my father, and he at once told me there was some bees in Haileybury owned by the Postmaster, and that the owner would not like it if I did not call on him. Here was a pleasure in store not to be despised, and we immediately started out to find the owner of the bees. However we were doomed to disappointment as he was away from home, but as a sort of half pleasure we went without him and saw the bees which were in the yard of one of the neighbors. The apiary consisted of one colony shipped in this spring, and it had increased by natural swarming to three. On each of the three colonies there was a second brood nest filled, and over this if I remember correctly there were two comb honey supers on each of two colonies, while the third had three of the cases. A peep in the hives, showed that business was booming, and, indeed, the roar of the bees going into the hives heavily loaded, told of this fact, even if a cover had not been lifted. Already something in the neighborhood of 100 sections had been removed—how is that for a locality in the same latitude as Winnipeg? I might say that the friend who was with me was assisting in the management of the bees, as the owner was but a beginner. The peculiar aroma (not an unpleasant one) coming from the hives was new to me, and I suspect it was from the willow herb as the honey was very white. On asking my friend where the bees were brought from, he