

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Lambton Beekeepers.

THE Lambton Beekeepers' Association met in the town of Petrolia on Thursday, October 20th. The beekeepers were late in getting there, consequently but little business was done in the forenoon. The president, Mr. L. Traver of Alvinston, called the meeting to order.

A letter was read from the sec-treasurer, Mr. W. E. Morrison, of Highgate, stating that on account of business and the exceedingly great distance, he would be unable to attend the meeting, and asking that another sec-treasurer be appointed in his place. Mr. Kitchin was consequently appointed secretary *pro tem*.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, when the meeting was adjourned until after dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The first business taken up was calling the roll of officers and members; then followed the election, of officers, which resulted as follows:—President, E. A. Jones, Kertch P.O.; vice-president, C. Boyd, Petrolia; sec-treasurer, J. R. Kitchin, Weidmann.

The advisability of having a board of directors was discussed, and it was decided that hereafter the L.B.K.A. have a board of directors, and that they and the other officers of the association constitute an executive committee. Messrs. Skeoch, of Corunna; Traver of Alvinston; Mowbray, of Sarnia; and D. Brown, of Petrolia; constitute the board of directors for the present year.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to endeavor to open up a honey market in the Northwest reported that nothing had been done. A very exhaustive discussion then followed upon the marketing of honey. Mr. Traver reported that a small syndicate had been formed in the village of Alvinston, and a part of the honey bargained for was to have been shipped to Manitoba; but owing to the recent bank failure there, they were now unable to carry the undertaking into effect.

The auditor's report showed a balance of seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents on hand. The grant from the Ontario Beekeepers' Association has been distributed among some of the agricultural societies in the county. The association has endeavored to procure from the several societies an amount equal to that given by the association over and above the one which they had already been giving for prizes in honey; but for some reason or other there has been a misunderstanding which was the cause

of considerable discussion. One member was heard to remark that the L. B. K. A. was getting to resemble the O.B.K.A., inasmuch as it had so much business to attend to that there was not enough time to spend in talking about bees.

After the business was transacted, the balance of the time was well spent in the exchange of ideas relative to that industrious little creature, the bee.

The next meeting will be held in the town of Sarnia, on the 19th of May, 1893.

J. R. KITCHIN, Sec.-Treasurer.

Weidmann, Ont., Nov., 1892.

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Civilization Versus Apiculture.

THE axe of civilization cuts down the trees, and *presto*, the basswood honey is gone, the tulip honey is gone, and the game is gone; and the Indian and the beekeeper have a polite hint to go elsewhere. The Indian goes; the beekeeper looks ruefully after him, but thinks that, as for himself, he will hang on a little longer. Civilization puts the pasture lands under the plough; the flocks and herds "go west" like the poor Indian; likewise the helianthus and the fireweed, the thistle and the golden-rod, prepare to fold up their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away! Civilization brings in fertilizers and improved methods, "makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before"—all very fine; but, alas, those two blades of rank grass pinch out the white clover so that it has no place to spread its crystal banquet for the bee. Then, indeed, the beekeeper begins to wonder how his good prototype, "Lo, the poor Indian" is getting along out west, anyhow. But civilization is not done with her incursions. The relentless jade whispers to the farmers that so many fences are expensive and useless, and directly three-quarters of them disappear. No more the face of nature is mapped off with latitude lines and longitude lines of nodding wild flowers. The fence-rows were the Indian reservations of our bees, and the cruel white woman takes them away. To make a clean sweep she whispers again to the farmer, and says, "Now the fences are out of the way, why not slick up the roadsides, and exterminate the weeds that grow there?" "Sure enough," says the submissive farmer, and proceeds to run his mowing-machine up and down the roads two or three times each summer, while the beekeeper looks on with impotent wrath.