

GENERAL.

The Present.

A cloudless sky, and a stretch of meadow
 Dotted with daisy and clover blooms;
 A farm-house old, in the white trees nestled,
 And a hum of bees in the lilac plumes;
 Tassels of alder so slenderly swaying,
 And flower-bells swinging in every breeze;
 A song of birds from the woodland shadow,
 And a carol of joy in the budding trees;
 A lake's dark calm in the distance lying,
 With cliff's gray turrets reflected deep,
 And flag-fringed shores where the trees are
 bending
 O'er stilly shades where the fillies sleep.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Bees, and Whey.

THE sense of smell is very keen in bees, and seems to be their guiding star in almost everything. It guides them to the honey field miles distant, it detects a sweaty man or horse, it detects a robber bee, or a strange queen, and in many things the sense of smell in the bee, as unerring as nature itself, is its only guide. An unwholesome smell of itself is not so repugnant to bees as to irritate them, if they are used to it, but any smell they are not used to seems to tell them that an enemy is present and they are in battle array at once. This perhaps explains Mr. J. H. Davison's case. His bees were kept close to a cheese factory, and were used to the smell of whey. He having the smell of whey on his person, by reason of working in the factory, made no difference to the bees for they were used to it, while they chased and stung others simply because they had no whey on them. Mr. Pringle's case was just the reverse. He always handled his bees with no whey on his hands, except that one time, when the bees as once detected it and rebelled. I can do almost anything with my bees without bee-hat or gloves, while they detect a stranger at once. I have allayed the fears of my neighbors, by causing a swarm of bees to alight on my bare arm and displaying it to them, and with the queen caged, have made it a source of unceasing wonder to them by causing the swarm to alight in any place I wished, even on my head, with a bee-hat on of course, and with the bees on my head have went in and sat down at my table to dinner, raising my bee-hat a little in order to feed myself, while the bees were perfectly docile, hanging on my head and shoulders.

JOHN F. GATES.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa., June 2nd, 1890.

Your argument is very good, but you go rather far when you say that

"others, simply because they had no whey on them" were chased and stung. If they had some other disagreeable odor about them they might be subject to attack, but not if they were perfectly free from such odor.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

Temperature of the Brood Nest.

WHEN I first mentioned this matter, I did so because so many had got the idea that the temperature in that part of a cluster of bees occupied by brood, which we call a "brood nest," was 65° and I wished to point it out that brood could not be reared at all in a temperature less than 95° . Also that no matter how cold or hot outside the hive, or on the outside of the cluster, this temperature never varies. It is just like the temperature of the human body, known as "blood heat," which never rises above one point, even if we go in an oven, hot enough to roast a leg of mutton, nor does it fall below it, even near the North Pole. Of course a "brood nest" is not a brood nest unless it contains brood; but I never for a moment had the idea of fighting the matter, on the "Correct Nomenclature" footing as suggested by Mr. W. Z. Hutchinson, on page 1014, for Jan. 29th. I simply pointed out that brood could not be reared in a temperature under 95° , and I did this because it is one of those matters every one who keeps a stock of bees should know. If he does not, and he had the idea that brood was reared in a temperature of 65° , he would naturally think all his manipulation safe if the mercury staid above 65 ; but once firmly impress on him that nothing under 95° will do, and his own common sense guides him to do right, for chilled brood means weak worthless bees, even if they hatch, and this in turn means a profitless stock, even if it lives.

I don't at all regret the discussion, because I think much good will result, and I certainly have been amused, all through, by the way Mr. Hutchinson has "doubled," as soon as he was "pinned."—It takes a clever dog to catch a hare, because she never runs straight, and little boys who can't run very well soon learn to "double" when being chased; but all the same I always consider the best policy in a controversy, is to "own up," when worsted. We may not like to do it, but we feel all the better for it.

No doubt many think I have "got my knife into Hutchinson," if so let them read what you have to say on page 1002, and remember that as