

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

MASON TO MCKNIGHT.

TEMPERATURE OF BROOD NEST IN WINTER.

MR. EDITOR, I have a P. S. for "Mr. McKnight's Medley," on page 86 of the C. B. J. I think the heading to his article very appropriate indeed, for according to my "booktionary" a medley is a mingled and confused mass of ingredients; a jumble; a hodge podge—used often or commonly with some degree of contempt, and if that isn't an appropriate title to his article then I never saw one, and I think a P. S. to it is really needed.

It was Carlyle (good English authority or pretty near it) I believe who once said "that England was composed of forty-four millions of people, mostly fools," but I (good authority also, but only part English) want to put myself on record as having a much better opinion of the English, for there are a great many English people that I number among my friends, one of them being a sister-in-law, and none of them are fools; so, if as Mr. McKnight says: "His (my) weakest point is his anti-British proclivities," I must be almost if not quite a giant. When he states that I am "clearly of the opinion that no good thing can come out of Nazareth," his fertile imagination seems to be laboring under a cloud, for I have ever thought that Nazareth brought forth the most valuable production the world ever saw. If he wishes to intimate that England is a Nazareth I shall not object, for it is the crossing of English, Irish, French and Spanish, German, Italian, Dutch and Danish that has produced the "conglomeration" that makes the United States the peer, if not the superior, of any other nation on earth, and the more this "conglomeration" of blood gets mixed with the English-Canadian the more anxious will they be to "link their destiny" with ours.

No doubt Mr. McK. would be pleased to be in company with an honest Scotchman, * * * a beef-steak and pudding-eating Englishman * * * or a whole-souled, generous German," but, oh my! how would the Scotchman, Englishman and German feel about it? Aye; there's the rub.

When he says: "the Doctor is evidently proud of his origin * * * and of his country" he for once "hits the nail" square on the head; but to say that I am "spoiling for a fight" shows a very great lack of—of—of—. Well, if I were in that condition I should prefer for an adversary some one who was not so slippery, and did not remind me of a breed of porkers a friend recently told me about. He said they could flatten themselves so thin that

no fence could keep them from getting out of the field, and the only way to keep them within reach was to tie a knot in their tails. Having been so long accustomed to bragadocio he has, no doubt, as he says "learned to estimate it at its true value."

Yes, I was "in fighting trim before Lee resigned the sword of the South to Grant," and had the pleasure and honor of following in the footsteps of my ancestors who twice made the English lion curl his tail between his legs and crawl into his lair, and besides helping to whip the rebels, helped to make their leonish ally again "gig back," and for his "fool hardness" come down to the tune of millions of dollars; and although my shoulder straps didn't quite show the rank of Major-General, I'm still in fighting trim if I can find anything worth fighting, but I don't care to indulge in any controversy with any one who can find nothing but "eccentricities," and peculiarities of physical make-up.

I am also "a man of peace," but whether competent or not, shall never fail to do what I can to defend my country and its products whenever maligned by any one.

If Mr. McKnight, or any other Canadian, English, Scotch or Irishman wishes, honestly and fairly to discuss the relative merits of United States and Canadian basswood (I beg pardon linden) honey, I am confident that some Yankee will be ready to help them.

A little spice put in occasionally gives relish, but too much of it, especially when it has lain so long in the sun as to become warped and twisted, becomes nauseous.

TEMPERATURE OF BROOD NEST IN WINTER.

Mr. Editor, I want to give my experience in regard to the "temperature of the brood nest in winter."

On page 945 of the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL for February 20th, 1889, our friend Hutchinson, of the Review, takes that "Hallamshire Bee-keeper" (my what a name) to task for being "amused" at reading American bee-papers lately, and finding the different writers quite unanimous in saying that 65° is the correct temperature of the brood nest. Amused means to be pleased, does it not, and what's the harm in being pleased?

It seems that Mr Cheshire in his "Bees and Bee-Keeping," says in substance that 65° is the temperature of the brood nest in winter, and that could this degree be preserved without variation, as it practically may be by the plan of "cellaring" the bees would come through, to spring, young, with life before them. And Mr. Hutchinson says: "Now then, after having said this much