

## GENERAL.

FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

"It is Written," "Let us Reason, etc."

IN his present state of mind it would be useless to reply to the silly mixed up "Sentiment," of Mr. John F. Gates with any hope of conducting his excited imagination, or benefitting him in any way. A man in his state of mind is not to be "reasoned with." It is enough to point out to the reader that with all of Mr. Gates' sentiment about turning out the dear little bees to starve, he shows his "cloven foot," his hatred of mankind, because some persons bought goods of him "wood and all," some years ago, and failed to pay the bill. "Custom," with him, "is law!" No doubt of it. It is customary these days to adulterate all the food, drink and medicine put upon the market, and to sell "short weights," adding "wood" when custom sanctions it. This is now the custom, and "custom is law!" In my opinion that which is morally wrong can never become morally right by becoming a custom in any locality, or in the whole world as to that matter. What I have said is simply this: When selling honey by the pound computed by the scales, the wood connected should be deducted, but when selling sections by the piece the deal was fair, because both the buyer and seller understood the transaction.

Now, about the moral right of the apiarist to control the size of his working stock in his apiary. Our very tender-hearted friend and philanthropist, Brother Gates, lifts his eyes and his eyebrows in horror when he thinks of "destroyed" or dead bees, and feels sad about the state of the man's mind who could return thanks, *i. e.*, say grace, over honey that cost the lives of the dear little bees, when at the same time he would not dread to say grace over a dear, yet roasted chicken, or a chunk of roasted beef or pork. How hard it is to be consistent. No doubt our kind-hearted friend of the little pet bees had his bowels well filled with the flesh of some pet animal at the very moment he was sermonizing about the heartlessness of destroying bees. He is an awful good man to the poor lambs. He carries them in his bosom, fathers them, kills—yes, butchers the poor things and eats its flesh. Horrors upon horrors! Let me not igto his secrets, O, my soul!

I sometimes have sentiment. In fact the sentiment grows in my mind, because the innocent must suffer to support the less innocent—in fact the guilty. I would rather it was my

so. But since it is the inevitable, in all soundness of mind, I prefer to be consistent. Every pound of honey I get from my apiary costs the lives of an unknown number of bees. Taking year around perhaps 1,000 bees yield up their lives for every pound of surplus honey produced.

At swarming time last May and the fore part of June, though my hives were well filled with brood, there was very little hatching brood in any of them. A spell of bad weather at an unfavorable period had brought about this unusual state of things. I decided at once to make the best of this unfavorable state of things, and my course was as follows: When a swarm issued I removed all the combs containing brood from the brood chambers and supplied their room with empty combs. A queen excluder was then adjusted on the brood chamber, and a super containing the combs of brood was tiered on the excluder, and on top of the super went the surplus case or cases. The swarm was then hived in the brood chamber below the queen excluder. This was pretty tall tiering, but I relied on the large double colony to fill and work it. I was not disappointed. These double colonies gave me a paying crop of surplus. No other management would have given me any surplus in profitable quantity, because the bees making up the swarm were too old to hold out long enough to store a surplus, and in the parent hive there was not enough hatching brood to speedily recruit the numbers of the parent colony. It will be seen that under the circumstances I obtained a good surplus crop of honey by keeping the bees together, and at the same time satisfying the desire to swarm. Now these double colonies are at this writing no larger than other good average colonies. What became of all these bees? Why, they were used up in storing my crop of surplus honey! Does that fact fill our tender-hearted Brother Gates with holy horror and indignation? If not, why not? A large swarm of fierce hybrids settled near my apiary when the honey season was half gone. They came from parts unknown to me. In fact, several swarms straggled into my possession in this or some other way. Was I under moral obligation to take them up and make pets out of them? I think not. I gave them a hive, a few combs and a case of 32 sections. They spent their first filling these 32 sections, and they filled them, thus giving me \$5.12 for my time and trouble. These colonies have made a living since the honey season closed, and have taken care of a lot of combs. If I needed these bees I would feed them for winter stores at a cost of \$2.50 to the colony, and would still have a profit, but I don't need