

appearances it will soon be in the lake. We sped along and reached Los Angeles about 10 o'clock on Wednesday night. We were met at the station by quite a lot of familiar names. We had quite a little chat and then went to our *rendezvous*, and at 8 o'clock brothers Brown, Bridge and myself commenced to judge the show, and finished in first day. There was probably about six hundred birds, not so large as anticipated, but they have quite a lot of good birds in California. And, Sir, it behoves all our breeders to send out good birds if they wish to please the breeders out there, for most of the breeders know when they see good birds, and know when they are taken in. In some cases probably as good birds were shown as at some of our large eastern shows. Philander Williams sent light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins. I think he was the only eastern breeder who sent there. The express charges are so very high that even good birds cost a big price, even if there was no more than express charges to pay. Now, one thing struck me forcibly. I had been led to believe that they could not make birds grow so heavy as we do east, but a Mr. Taylor, a former Canadian, showed quite a lot of silver Wyandottes, hatched in June and July, and no bird suffered for weight, and several of the pullets weighed upwards of 7 lbs. In fact, very few birds which came under our notice were cut for weight, and that surprised me—from what I had been led to believe. They had a nice well lighted room and all new coops, and everything in good order, and from the President down all look an active hand in promoting the show. I did not see much of the show after the first day, but, Mr. Editor and readers, I had a great shake of hands with our old friends, Jas. Fullerton and Louis Thorne, and of course those who were acquainted with the two gentlemen may guess the rest; and

I wish to say that California agrees with them, and to hear them talk of the glorious climate of California! People who had not seen some of it would soon be led to believe that they belonged to a club that had its home in Los Angeles, named the Amalgamated Association of Liars, it costs 50 cents for initiation fees, and only two out of our party could pass the examination, I tried hard but could not pass. They told me I was not in it, so a few of the strange things I saw must be taken for the truth. One funny thing, and that was rats building their nests in trees, while squirrels run into the holes in the ground and build their nests, there are hundreds of squirrels over the farms and orchards, but when scared always go into the ground. We drove from Los Angeles to Pasadena, about 10 miles, and I asked the driver how far that white-capped mountain was away, and he said about 85 miles; and I am sure, standing at the Union Station in Toronto, the Island looks a further distance away. Pasadena might, and would in our eastern country, be called paradise, such lovely wide avenues, and palm trees lining the road-side as we see maples, and alternately there would be a century plant of immense size, while pepper trees and Eucalyptus, made a fairy and enchanting scene, and most all of the houses hidden from sight until you get fairly opposite the front door of the houses with orange and lemon trees, and the oranges so abundant that the limbs had to be propped, while on the ground were bushels left to decay. Such quantities that one gets tired, and almost comes to the conclusion that he will never want any more oranges. Which ever way you look, oranges, oranges. We drove by the Raymond Hotel, probably one of the largest hotels on the Pacific slope—and on we sped to San Gabriel, and lunched at the world famed San

Gabriel Hotel, where hundreds of acres are in grape vines. We then wended our way to the old Mission House, which was built in 1771, bricks imported from Spain and carted about 40 miles on the backs of mules and oxen. In Los Angeles County, there are said to be 10,300,000 fruit-bearing trees, so you can, readers, try and imagine the rest until you are favored with beholding it. In the valleys of Los Angeles County, there are said to be about 2,000,000 acres of tillable land, and soil all the way from 2 feet to 10 feet in depth. Just think of it, nearly two million orange trees in bearing in one county, and the trees are said to average about ten boxes per tree; each box containing from 200 to 250 oranges. It seems past comprehension, but such is a fact. And no wonder Messrs. Fullerton, Thorne and Tyler don't wish to live east again, and their looks warrant that Providence has dealt very kindly with them. I had also the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Fullerton with her rosy cheeks, and youth, and bloom, looking one right in the face. And one thing is sure, contentment seems to reign in Southern California; and I am sure I saw no one particularly who wished to change his or her abode. Hospitality abounds in every house and orchard, and all wishing you to come out and share a portion of the bountiful supplies of Southern California. My time was so limited that I could not spare the time to go down about 30 miles to the residence of Mr. Fullerton. I felt so sorry to refuse Mrs. Fullerton, who, I know, would have made me so welcome, and how much I would have enjoyed it, I can conjecture. We then returned to Los Angeles, for the night, and had our annual meeting of the A. P. A., and everything passed off agreeably, something unusual for the A. P. A. And one has to meet such royal men as J. D. Mercer and Mr.