

believe that had I remained in the Straits I should by now have accomplished the introduction of the *Apis Ligurica*; but, unfortunately, after residing there for fifteen months, I left the place, and took up my residence in Western Australia, the tropical part of it.

Since leaving Penang I have by inquiry and study been convinced that Penang (and the Malay Peninsula) is a splendid field for the tropical beekeeper. A temperature never exceeding ninety in the shade, and a large and varied flora, are in favor of bees prospering there if properly managed. The place in Australia, to which I departed from Penang, was within the tropics, the line of latitude (20°) being just above it. The name of the township is Roebourne. I found there were no bees there. There were none in the colony further north than Geraldton. I found that this part of Western Australia possessed a dry but frightfully hot climate. For eight months of the year we had simply to live and endure as well as we could. It was no uncommon thing for the thermometer in the shade to range from 120 to 130 degrees. We had to calmly put up with hot scorching winds, sand storms, and westerly gales. The country around was devoid of beauty—sandy plains and rocky mountains alternating. There was very little vegetation either, and how the sheep lived was a mystery to me. There was a dried up water course near the town, where gum trees grew in some profusion. The question which occurred to me was—could bees prosper in a country like this? I had been here about three months when I was attacked with typhoid fever, and on recovery I went to Perth, the capital, to recruit my health. I had now made up my mind to return to the Straits as soon as I could conveniently give up my appointment at Roebourne. A line of steamers run between Fremantle, the port of Perth and Singapore. So I determined to buy a hive of bees, take them with me to Roebourne, and then afterwards go on to Singapore. I secured my bees, a fine stock of hybrids. I was most lucky in getting them safely shipped as far as Roebourne. At various ports of call on the way I would let them out if the day was perfectly calm, and, as the ship always stayed until dusk, I then secured them without loss. The novelty of bees in Roebourne was very strange. The residents said they would never thrive. But didn't they! They gathered quantities of good honey—it was the winter season when I introduced them—from the numerous flowers then in bloom. I sold the honey to the residents for 1s. 6d. and 2s. per section. Good, eh? They also swarmed, but the swarm, as I opine, came out when I was

from home, and betook itself to the trees in the watercourse. However, the bees which swarmed are there now, and will, I have no doubt, prosper and increase, to the great advantage of the settlers.

(To be continued.)

According to Dr. Miller's statements in *Gleanings*, the Fair is just as expensive or just as cheap as one may choose to make it. He says: "One of the things I was interested to know, was whether the stories told of the extortion and great cost of everything were true." "But," he says, "it's a good deal as you choose to look at it. I could fill pages telling you about the many great and beautiful things you can see for fifty cents, and how everything is arranged for your comfort; and I could take a blue view of affairs, and fill as many more pages telling how some one is ready to fleece you at every step, and that discomforts are on every hand."

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