

contend with, there is much to encourage us for the future, and we may fairly hope that with perseverance and attention we may place this industry on a good financial basis and reap more largely the sweets of our labours.

TO BE CONTINUED.

California.

Jacob Alpaugh.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL,—I am now enjoying the land of sunshine and sage brush, Southern California. I left Galt, Ontario, Canada, on the 17th of January, and came by the C.P.R., as already mentioned in the CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL. I must say there is some very fine scenery on the C.P.R. through the mountains. Some places you would think the train and passengers were all going to be dashed into eternity. There is one spot in the mountains which they call the Glacier. It is simply a solid heap of ice one mile wide and 200 feet deep, which you can see quite plainly from where the train stops at the Glacier House. Further on through the mountains, about the Selkirks, we passed through snow ten feet deep on the level.

I came all the way down the coast by rail. There is also some very fine scenery in North California, and where they have lots of snow. We passed through snow one place in the north of this State twelve feet deep on the level. I stayed a few days at Seattle, Washington Territory. I called on a few beekeepers there and found that they had a good section for bees. Even last season they got a very good crop. Seattle would be a good place for anyone to go into the berry business. They say that they have as good a section for berries as there is in the world, and I believe it. I saw a 2-year-old black-berry bush, from which two new canes grew up last season, each measuring 30 feet. They were trained in opposite directions, making a total of 60 feet. Those two canes covered with one season's growth of this bush. This season the owner expects to get several bushels of berries. I think I hear some one saying: "Oh, he is just like all the rest that go west, he is stretching it a little." But you all know that a berry bush will not stretch without breaking, and I expect this article will be long enough without stretching it. I stayed a few days in San Francisco, and saw the remains of the midwinter fair. I

also visited the seal rock, where you can see dozens, and I do not know but hundreds, of wild seals climbing around on the rocks. I also stayed a few days at a place called Salimar City. I arrived in Los Angeles just in time for the California beekeepers' meeting, at which I had a very good time and made the acquaintance of a lot of California beekeepers, and they seem to be a very nice jolly crowd. After the meeting (having purchased a bicycle) I started to wheel through the country, calling on beekeepers in different places. When I would get tired wheeling I would stop some place, get a gun and go out into the sage brush and hunt rabbits. I stayed awhile with Rambler, took his gun and knocked over a few rabbits while he was busy doing something else. But you ought to have seen me eat his back hall pancakes. They were just as good as anyone could wish. As far as house keeping is concerned, I do not see that Rambler needs a wife, but I should think it a very lonesome life, but probably he will surprise us one of these days.

I have been wheeling for this last three weeks, and have called on upwards of thirty-five or forty beekeepers, and have seen about as many apiaries. While I have met some very good beekeepers who have their hives and yards in good shape, I have seen lots of yards that nothing in the East could compare with them as far as being in a slipshod condition is concerned. In some of the yards I found it difficult to get behind a hive, as the bees could come out anywhere—front, back, sides, top, and they would come and they would see that you got out of the yard. Of all the cross bees I ever saw, they have them out here. I think they are annoyed with skunks and rabbits. As I was out hunting one day I ran across an apiary in the sage brush, and, of course, I started to investigate. I commenced looking around among the hives, but the bees soon gave me to understand I had no business there. I then investigated the bee house, it being on the same principle as the hives. You could get in at the end, side, top or bottom, it being made out of strips of wood for a frame and covered with cotton, the latter being nearly all blown to pieces with the wind. I was just going to tell what I found in that bee house, but I believe I will reserve that at present. While some of the California beekeepers would be tickled with the news, other ones might not like it, but when any of you meet me just ask about it.

I am well pleased with California. The climate is all anyone could wish—just like summer all the time. The orange crop is good here, and they are making a good