

coming spring; last night, the 4th, my thermometer registered 10° below zero. Evidently these birds did not know what the weather would be two days ahead, or they would not have been here. So far as foretelling what the ruling weather will be the coming season—that is to be able to tell with ordinary certainty that the coming summer will be a hot or a cold one, a wet or a dry one, or the next winter a mild one or a severe one—is a science that, for the present, is unknown to man, and one that may never be discovered. Our world is very old, and if this secret is ever to be known it is time we knew it. I am almost tempted to come to the conclusion that as far as weather prophecy is concerned perhaps blindness as to the future is wisely given.

Strathroy, March 5th, 1883

✕ ROADS.

Kills the Blue Jays.

The blue jay is a pretty bird, but a theiving villain after other bird's eggs and as cruel as a hawk after unprotected fledgelings. We know that he is getting but a small share of his deserts when we see some outraged birds pounce upon him and drive him from some summer thicket, whose recesses contain bird homes he has ruthlessly pilaged.

Last season the jays thronged the oaks that surround our dwelling, and aside from their harsh, discordant notes, we didn't care anything about it, either way, for a time. But our young chickens disappeared as the jays increased, until in a lucky moment the trouble was found out, and the murderous pests detected at criminal deeds which they were seen to repeat many times before the season was over.

A blue jay would come screaming and chattering along through the tree tops until near our yards, when he suddenly stopped his noise but kept up the spasmodic flits and Lops until he stood on a bough, beneath which some birds were quietly enjoying the morning sun. Then he would quietly drop into their midst, seize a victim, without regard to the hen's nervous protests, and go back to his perch, and a moment later drop the quivering body, and fly off with the head. At a safe distance this cold blooded murderer would stop for his lunch, and hammer a hole into the warm head of the ill-fated chick, with as little compunction of conscience as if working at a common acorn.

On inquiry, we learn that such is the blue jays record elsewhere, and now we are down on him despite his color. Our gun is loaded for the handsome outlaws, and we often give one his final *mitimus* with extreme satisfaction. Go for 'em chicken breeders! He who kills the most is the best fellow—*Poultry and Farm Journal*

Onions and Cholera.

Editor Review.

In *Poultry Yard* of 13th of February a correspondent makes inquiries respecting humane doctoring for poultry. In the first place he gives the symptoms of the disease, and gives the apparent cause. Now, as my fowls have been similarly attacked since the show at Toronto, I shall offer a few words in description of the symptoms, &c., and give my treatment. To show how nearly similar the two cases are, I quote from "Beginner's" letter: "Will onions produce cholera? A few days ago I chopped up an onion and gave it to my fowls, and the next day I noticed looseness of the bowels in several of them. The comb was almost black, the crop distended with water, and with a little grain in it, and there was a loose discharge. Cayenne, venetian red, brandy and milk had no effect and the bird died."

After getting my birds home from Toronto I gave them a good feed of chopped onions, which they have been in the habit of getting all winter without any apparent evil results; but next morning, after getting above named feed, they were all bad with dysentery, as described by "Beginner;" comb not black but florid red, also wattles and earlobes; face very red. Some of them were moping and could make no effort to get out of the way, but would allow themselves to be trodden upon. I did not suspect the onions till "Beginner's" letter met my eye. I am of the opinion that necessary exposure attending exhibitions had something to do with it. Still two pullets which were not away were the worst.

Now for treatment, which has proved most satisfactory. I am of the opinion that neither of the remedies used by "Beginner" are of much use. Pepper, by warming, may give additional energy to the bowels, and thus enable them to recover from their lax state. Brandy is useful in the same way, but may be a little better as it is slightly astringent. I gave it as my opinion some years ago in Review that any astringent would be servicable in such cases, and the experience of years has fortified the opinion. I have used tincture of iron with satisfactory results, but had none on hand at the time of the last attack. So I went to work with what I had on hand. Milk was scorched by putting a red-hot iron into it; into this (about a quart) was put two teaspoonfuls of "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry." Those which were not disposed either to eat or drink were taken in hand and a teaspoonful poured down their throat. The effect was almost magical; in twelve hens every bird was as smart as a cricket, and has been ever since. I have no doubt but tannin, or extract of white oak bark, or a weak decoction of