

and unless so provided for will continue to convince fanciers and others of their worthlessness. As to quality of flesh and their appearance, these are mere matters of taste and are arbitrary, admitting of little reasonable discussion.

In conclusion, I hope you and your brother fanciers will excuse my presumption in giving my way of preparing bone-dust for my birds, and in doing so I must assure you it is from no other motive than to give useful information, if information it be, and with the wish to be set right if wrong. I first boil them, together with all remains of vegetables, in greasy water, till every particle of meat is removed, and also the thin skin next to the bone, or the periosteum. This process, I think, also removes some of the gelatin from the bone. The bone is now burned till perfectly white, and is then easily crushed to powder. Now this white substance is the ash, and contains the inorganic or mineral part of the bone, about 63 per cent. of the whole, being mostly composed of phosphate of lime, and this, I presume, is what is principally serviceable to the fowls. The liquid can be then used in the preparation of their soft food, and will furnish animal and vegetable food.

Hoping I have not trespassed too far upon your valuable space,

I am yours very truly,
GALLINÆ.

For the Review.

Notes from Waterloo.

No. 5.

MR. EDITOR:—It must be satisfactory to you, and agreeable to the readers of the REVIEW, to note the increasing interest in its specialities as each succeeding number brings new correspondents, with varied ideas and experience—not conspicuous by elegance of language, or, perhaps, even by grammatical construction, but in plain and homely style recording the thoughts of earnest, honest-thinking fanciers, willing to impart and anxious to receive information, expose fraud, humbug or sham.

In the January number "K" dissects "sharks" with a keen knife; but they are numerous species, and hard to kill. The "tobacco seed" is a thin dodge to gull the credulous and make money, just on a par with the same "shark's" advice to correspondents to cure their sick fowls by purchasing his pills, or stop their feather-eating by buying his "Poultry-Bit;" but the "bit" that is thereby dropped into his pocket is better appreciated by him than the other "bit" can be by either the unfortunate fowl or its owner. It is somewhat strange that so many inquiries can only be answered by puffing some of his own nostrums. Have at them

again, friend "K," and down with humbug.

"X Roads," whose letters are always interesting, gives his views on in-breeding; and no matter how contrary to pre-conceived opinions, the principles he advocates of proper selection and breeding in line are those held and practised by the most successful breeders of all live stock.

"Gallinæ" writes a good letter, and if he is a new beginner is of the right sort, and must succeed. His ideas of communicating even our disappointments and difficulties are well worth considering, as our mistakes should be lessons to ourselves, and why not to others.

Well, here are some of mine. Last spring, not having sufficient broody hens, I hired and bought what I could from my neighbors. The last clutch of the season came along very well, but when from three to four months old their legs appeared too white in color; still I did not pay much attention to them until after a little they seemed to be stiff and clumsy in walking, and on closer examination I found they had scaly legs. The cure was simple: three times rubbing with lard and sulphur brought them all right. The small mites that burrow under the scales and cause the trouble came from the old hen; and never having seen them on such young chicks was the cause of their being neglected so long. The houses were regularly and thoroughly sprinkled at least once a week with diluted carbolic acid, yet that did not prevent it. This proves that we cannot be too careful in taking strange fowls into our yards.

Secondly—When the weather in the beginning of January got so very stormy and cold, I closed the ventilators in the new building, described in the "notes" for October, also the door leading to the one-and-a-half story building adjoining—the only outside door in the new building being permanently closed in winter, and having an inside door, with the space between the two packed with straw—the result was, that having so little ventilation, the moisture from the fowls' breathing condensed on the walls and ceiling, completely coating them with hoar frost; while in the old building, with the lower storey lined with brick, an upper floor of rough boards, with plenty of openings to the half storey above, where the snow drifts in through the joint, the lower flat is perfectly dry all round; and although it is colder than the new one, the combs of Partridge Cochins in it have never been the least touched with frost, while those of Plymouth Rocks in the new building have been slightly blackened. Since opening the ventilators and doors between the buildings, and brushing the frost from the walls and ceiling, they are remaining dry; which proves as much as one trial can, that if a building is close below it may be quite open above, and that cold air, if dry, is not