

## A New, Nov. 1, and Unique way of Running a Poultry Mill.

"Gallina" is a genius, in his way, and this communication is intended to advise the readers of the REVIEW of what manner of way his is. He lives in Toronto. Some time since he published a pamphlet; subject: Poultry; but that pamphlet don't tell the farmer, for whom the work is designed, and to whom it is "specially adapted," that "Gallina" knows about poultry. It is quite possible that a much smaller work would tell all he legitimately knows about the subject. The brochure published was largely devoted to advertising the business of "Gallina" etc., who palpably imagines himself to be an extensive dealer in poultry and eggs of the tippest-top strains. He would also seem to think that he is possessed of any number of 'pens' containing the birds. He advertised largely in all the poultry journals, bled himself to all the exhibitions, blew his bazoo profusely, and employed language smacking of much erudition. He then got up in the world. His natural ability and great education brought him to the notice of men of great perception, a keen-sighted man of business, who saw a fortune in the talkative and swagging hen man. This man of business was the publisher of a reputable poultry journal, and he secured the services of Mr Gal etc., as principal pusher, or business manager, or chief agent of the journal of poultry and reputation. He had now mounted to a dizzy height in the world of poultry; but was he satisfied? Never! He aspired. He used the columns of the eminently reputable journal to make remarks in, the ordinary run of men would say, to blow in, and he puffed himself, and his hennery, and his eggs, as fortunate man and unfortunate fowls seldom before were puffed. Now it transpired that this Gal—never mind the rest of the name—had, for a short time only, a few chicks which wouldn't have taken a ninth prize at a township show, 200 centuries ago; and it leaked out that he had dispensed with even these; didn't even keep a feather to tickle himself with when he got a good order from a confiding farmer to whom he was "specially adapted." His particular little business was selling eggs for hatching; and it is here that the extraordinary genius of the man came out. His available stock in trade consisted in his polysyllabic pseudonym and his invulnerable cheek. Hens were quite unnecessary in his modus operandi. There are those who say they saw him on Toronto market, purchasing eggs from farmers' waggons at 12 cents a dozen, and it is insinuated that these unpedigreed ovas were the identical eggs he subsequently sold to be converted by some confiding hen, belonging to some confiding farmer, into Dark Brahma. Buff Cochins,

Houdans, or any of these handy things to have, which the confiding farmer might choose to fancy. But this can hardly be. The head pusher of a most reputable poultry journal, the author of a book on poultry, "specially adapted to farmers," the man "who reared in two years nearly 3000 head of poultry," the great, glorious, glossy, gassy, gabby, "Gally," never could have been a party to a--a swindle seems to be the word! It is the opinion of some that by some self discovered process he made those eggs himself! Mixing the ingredients in different proportions for the several varieties of fowls. One thing is certain: he has no hens to lay eggs for him. Sometimes inquisitive visitors at the headquarters of "Gallina," insisted upon gazing upon his wonderful collection of grand birds of marvellous records, and then that man Gally would confidentially inform these inquisitive people that his entire stock of valuable birds was just at that particular moment "farmed out." Perhaps taking the country air, or a bathing season on the beach. By and by, however, he began to think that this was somewhat dangerous, as he could not always be sure that visitors were not from the locality in which he at the time located his cocks and hens. So another inspiration came to him. He would make arrangements with some of the less enterprising breeders; the arrangement to be that he, Gally, was to be permitted to take too inquisitive visitors to their establishments, and parade the fowls and yards as his own. This was a happy thought. It had only one drawback: he couldn't get it to work. The gentlemen whom he approached on the subject chanced to be singularly obtuse; they really couldn't see how the arrangement was to benefit them, and for this reason, and others which need not be mentioned to honest men, they refused, with scorn and a tremulous action of the boot. Gally, got his back up. He would teach them; he would be revenged! The columns of the reputable poultry journal were under his control, and he would scorch the scoundrels who refused to be parties to what they considered an atrocious swindle. He went for them in a characteristically sneaking sort of way, and they discovered his little game. One of them called upon the publisher of the journal of repute and revenge, and demanded that Gally's advertisement should not again appear, or the whole thing would be given to the public. This would never do, and the obliging publisher of the reputable journal complied. Thus the journal took one step towards being really reputable. But Gally was not the man to be thus balked. He was made the proprietor of still another inspiration, and in conjunction with the publisher of the reputable journal, he issued a flashy poster, which was scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. In