

of a certain breed. After the awards several birds escaped from their coops, and the way the owner of the prize pullet proved his property was by having clipped her comb that was a little out of shape.

Now, was this rascality or ignorance? We will give the judge the benefit of the doubt, and call it ignorance. If that explanation is correct, then why is "ye wise man" any better qualified to judge the fine points of a bird than any moderately well posted amateur? Is it because the mistakes are almost invariably in favor of experienced breeders?

After mentioning these cases out of many that occur every day, let me say to the amateur: pay no attention to these wonderful advertisements that have 25 cents tacked on the ends of them, and trust but little to the sayings of the "wise men" who know *all* about the business, but subscribe for some magazine or paper devoted to poultry, rely mainly on your own judgement and trust a little to your own common sense. Then, when you find a sure cure for any evil, remember that the editor of said magazine is expected to be able to post his many readers on all kinds of poultry, and may not have half the chance to learn of the particular breed you keep that you do, sit down and write him your experience for the benefit of others like yourself. You may not be able to use the language of a learned professor, but the editor would willingly correct any little errors that might occur; and if we would all do so we would materially lighten the labors of one who gives all his time for our benefit for very small pay, and also, at times give to the fancy items of worth, that the editor has no means of learning. When we all do this we will be out of the clutches of the "sharks" who make their living off of what they term the "green-horns," will have interesting books and magazines, and find a balance on the profit side of our ledger.

"K."

Saginaw City, Dec. 20th, 1878.

From a Beginner.

*Editor Canadian Poultry Review.*

DEAR SIR:—

Your sample numbers of *Review* to hand and I am indeed much pleased with them, and consider it the best thing of its kind I have yet met with, produced in Canada.

I am also pleased to find by a perusal of their contents that there are other fowls in the country worth writing about besides games.

Find one used one dollar as my subscription for one year, commencing with November number, if convenient.

In reading the article in September number in which you kindly remind the older poultry men of their duty to each other, to *Review*, and especi-

ally to beginners, the thought is suggested to my mind, that if beginners are to be especially attended to, as they undoubtedly will, that they too ought to contribute something, if that something be but a list of disappointments and difficulties encountered by them since setting out, and by this means putting others on their guard, and giving older hands a better chance of giving them information, for undoubtedly a teacher can more easily set his pupils right when he is informed exactly where the trouble lies. No doubt each beginner will have his own peculiar troubles, and an older hand may write a series of interesting and valuable articles and yet fail to meet his case exactly. And as I, a comparative greenhorn, advocate this step to others, it becomes me to set the example, you will say.

Well, I purpose giving you a leaf out of my commencing experience, and if you think it will contribute to usefulness or interest of *Review*, insert it, either in part or in full, as you deem best, or consign it to oblivion in waste-paper basket, and your correspondent will wait till he has had more experience with both pen and chickens before trying again.

I began two years ago with Black Spanish, and by buying eggs, as I have a notion that this, though slow, is preferable to buying chicks, especially when one has not the time to personally inspect them; and the more I read of such honest articles as the one written by Mr. Thomas, the more confirmed I become in this opinion. If, as Mr. Thomas advises, breeders take the first pick and sell the rest, and in doing so do perfectly right, then eggs from the first pick would suit me better than second pick of birds. I am sure gold would hardly tempt me to part with a good bird, though I would sell eggs from her. Well, not being blessed with too much of the "root of all evil," to me the cheapest were the best—the fallacy of which reasoning has been too plainly demonstrated in my experience to need any further consideration on my part.

I obtained eggs from a breeder who had advertised in a small local paper, and the fowl I have from those eggs are about as cheap a lot as were the eggs. They are black, and good layers; three hens having layed 400 eggs this year, but altogether wanting in show points. But it was with Light Brahmas that I was completely sold. In color they resemble the coat of ancient history. All my year's work is lost, for I shall kill the whole lot.

Being heartily sick of cheap eggs, and my confidence a little shaken in egg vendors in general, I made up my mind to try some of the breeders who had won a reputation in the business, and got a number from Mr. P. Breiding, of Berlin, and it is needless to state that the result has been perfectly