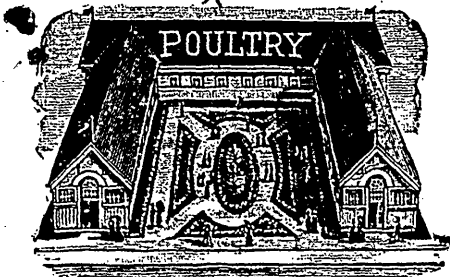


### "Loafer Poultry,"

**A** COCHIN I know of, loiters around the house door all day, watching for food. A Langshan of regal parentage, whose blue blood can be traced back generations, is so fashionable that she does not retire until darkness approaches, and does not leave the roost until nine o'clock the next day. Seemingly she would starve sooner than try to help herself. A half-Langshan with a brood of chickens makes little effort to support herself and family. A hen of another breed, with a foraging disposition, came off with a brood at the same time: neither brood was cooped. The latter were not fed three days and they have surpassed the others in growth. Evidently there is yet much careful breeding to be done before the ideal fowl for the farmer is produced—one of good size, excellent for the table, an abundant layer, a non-sitter, and, what is of paramount importance, a persistent forager. Foragers cannot be grown in coops or pens, for that breeds this disposition out of them. Breeds which have been petted and pampered will, if neglected, cease laying. Farmers at this busy season, have no time to cater to loafer poultry, while the fields swarm with insects and the soil teems with worms, and there is no reason why fowls should not hunt their own living. What breeder will forge ahead and produce a breed of foragers?—Ithaca, in New York Tribune.

The above is very true in the main. We all know that birds which are accustomed to be fed about the door will lounge around there in expectation, when by going a few yards away they could pick up more than they get by stopping. But we object to the statement that "foragers cannot be grown in coops and pens" though we must own that they will not so readily at first go far away if allowed the liberty they are unaccustomed to enjoy; we might say that at first they don't know what to make of it. But in a few hours if not fed, they will begin to roam. We make it a practice to give our birds all the liberty possible by letting each pen out for a hunting tour every day and the instinct is so strong in them that they know the time as it approaches for their liberty to enjoy a good scamper. How they will fly and jump, play at fighting, flirt, &c. And then the lord of the harem, how gallant and attentive he is, how chivalrous in his protective guardianship! There is nothing strange

in the fact of chicks, which are too well fed, not caring to roam; they have no desire for exercise. But use judgment in feeding, and you will find that they will come if you call at their regular meal times, and when they see you have given all you intend they shall have, off they go, oh! how merrily too, flying, the heavy ones skimming the ground with wings and feet at lightening speed, such a noise of wings, and cries of pleasure. A merry, scampering, hearty flock. The chick that is never fed will hunt its living of necessity, but it will never have that well cared for look the others have, and it will lack that something we call "heart." We love to see the stamp of it in every bird and animal. We claim that any farmer can purchase a pen that has never known freedom outside its small run, and if he will not feed them much, our word for it, he will have a pen of as good foragers as ever scratched up a flower bed. Americans and Canadians have "forged ahead" long ago and produced many breeds of foragers; what does "Ithaca" think of Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes? When these fail as foragers, we will do some extra "foraging" if we are in the mortal state, but we doubt it.



THE NEW POULTRY HOUSE AT TORONTO.

That the interests of fanciers have been studied by the managers of the Toronto Fair is shown in the commodious building illustrated above, and which was described in the Weekly a short time ago.

### Shall Veterans be Excluded from Fairs.

**T**HERE is considerable discussion on the American side just now owing to the suggestion being made by one of the poultry editors that veteran breeders should retire from the show room, and give the amateurs