

furnished home that, but for her efforts out of poultrydom where eggs and baby chicks grow, might be far from restfully inviting and daintily attired, e'en unto *this* day. And many a pretty gown she wears might still be resting upon those down town store shelves for aught of all the dollars she should ever have to give in exchange for them, but for the timely assistance and coming to the rescue, of those blessed back door biddie friends of hers.

But simply back door friends and callers my biddies refuse to be. Do yours? Mine come to the front door too, if you please. They go here and there, and everywhere they please, even crossing the road into other fields, saying to passers-by and huntsmen: "Touch me if you dare, sir! My mistress is watching you from the front windows, and should she see you halt, or even looking with envious eyes upon us, she'll present herself at the door. So just go your way, sir, and I'll go mine."

Evidently they look tempting, indeed, to many who pass our door and were I near enough, I would surely say, "Catch them sir, and you may have them," knowing myself safe in the offer. Catch a Leghorn on the fly? Well just you try.

"In our moderate circumstances, I'm almost ashamed to own and wear this watch," said one of our wide-awake businesslike little farmer's wives poultry fancier, pointing to a handsome bit of gold time-piece at her belt. "But my biddies said get it, we'll pay for it easily enough. So, woman like, I yielded to this long cherished desire of my heart, and as Fred approved, whose business is it but our own? Still the neighbors talk so slightly and so hateful about it," she added.

Why of course the neighbors talk. But the biddies,—bless them!—*never, never* do, thank fortune. They are "true as steel" and doubt not your wisdom in your purchases and deals. In short, they attend strictly to their own affairs and allow you to do the same. Then, indeed are they not blessed friends?

Are you still doubting their financial help and their friendship, my friends? All I can say is to try them and see for your own selves, and in one year, or two years as the case may be, tell me then did I advise you far wrong when I told you of biddies for friends?

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SEASONABLE HINTS ON WATERFOWL.

BY HENRY DIGBY.

PACKING AND TRANSIT.

BEFORE packing and sending your birds to an exhibition, let them have an hour or two on the water, then drive them on to a bed of clean dry straw in their house, and let them remain there until they are perfectly dry, after which place them in your training pens. Look them carefully over and see that their bills and legs are clean, and should you find them perfectly free from dirt, let well alone, and don't use any kind of oil or grease. If you do, the least dust from the hamper or show-pen will adhere to the parts named, and the birds will not look nearly so well as they would have done if you had sent them in their natural state.

If you intend sending your birds away some time during the after part of the day it will be well to feed them sparingly in the morning, and just before packing give them a good feed of sound grain. This will help them on their journey. Put a good bed of straw on the bottom of your hampers, fasten your labels properly on *the top* of your hampers, send your birds away in fair good time, and prepay all railway charges as far as possible.

Fanciers who can make it convenient to travel with their birds should by all means do so, for when our birds are left to the tender mercies of railway companies' servants they do not always meet with the same gentle treatment we give them ourselves; let us give credit where credit is due, and I am thankful to say there has been more care taken of birds in transit lately, in consequence of the numerous complaints which have been made from time to time in our poultry journals, together with the frequent reprimands these men have had from exhibitors travelling with their own birds, and there is room for further vigilance on the part of the exhibiting public.

In order that our birds may still further receive proper treatment when travelling, all exhibitors *en route* to and from shows should, in the name of humanity, give an eye to his fellow fanciers' birds, and a word in season to any person who may not be treating them properly.

This hint is applicable to all classes of fanciers of live stock, and worth their notice, for I have seen some very rough usage of exhibition stock when travelling.

CRAMMING.

All I can say is that, as a fancier, I abhor not only the system, but the very word, although there have been odd times