

PIT GAMES.

Editor Review:—

The readers of the REVIEW should feel very much gratified when looking upon its appearance and general worth as a poultry journal, it is becoming quite a large journal, full of interesting matter to those who take any interest in a well bred animal, whether it be covered with feathers or hair, for I see by the last few issues instead of the old REVIEW we have the *Kennel Gazette* and REVIEW combined, which I am sure will be very acceptable to the majority of the fancy. I think it must be somewhat gratifying to yourself also, Mr. Editor, to know that the REVIEW has made such rapid strides in the right direction under your management, and if I might be allowed to speak the sentiments of my brother fanciers, judging from my own, I would say that the REVIEW is a very welcome visitor, and any other reading matter which may be on hand at the time has to take a back seat, as in my opinion it contains some very pointed and intelligent remarks, but occasionally I notice a worn out epistle, or one that seems very dry and void of snap, a good deal like some of the sermons we are forced to listen to.

I notice our friend J. W. B., of dark Brahma fame, gets into that groove once in a while, but in his letter under the heading of Pit Games, I quite agree with him when he says that Pit Game are out of place in the show pen. I think their proper place is on the dung pile where they belong in my opinion. It is a waste of money to put such mongrels on the prize list, and any man who considers himself a true fancier will do all he can to exclude them from the show pen. There are many other varieties which would look better in a show pen, and which have a stronger claim to our consideration. If the Directorate of the O. P. A. are

anxious to lengthen the list, why not add black Sumatras, golden Wyandottes, black Wyandottes, white Javas, mottled Javas, Red Caps, and many others I might mention, all of which would look far better in a show pen than the scrubby things called Pit Games, which can be found on any farmers' dung pile. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, and that I may be the means of bringing out the views of some of my brother fanciers on this subject, I am, yours,

CROSS ROADS.

Editor Review,—

I see in your March number another article from Mr. Bartlett's pen upon Pit Games. Now Mr. Editor, do you think it fair on your part and for the interest of your REVIEW, to insert such articles from Mr. Bartlett's want of respect for your subscribers and others, whose fancy is to keep Pit Games, and his comparing all who do keep them to Hottentots, it is an insult to fanciers of that breed by his using such comparisons, does he not know that 99 out of every 100 who keep Pit Games never fight them or go near a cock pit, nor do we enter our Pit Games at the exhibition to encourage cock fighting or for that purpose, no Sir, no more than any other variety of fowls entered. Mr. Bartlett calls us all barbarians, does he include Mrs. Perrin, of Victoria, B.C., also, because it is her fancy to keep them, notice all the prizes she won at the last Victoria, B.C. Association show published in your February number, no less than seven for Pit Games alone. I shall not dwell or make any other reflection on Mr. B's uncalled for and unkind abuse of one of the most beautiful and most appreciated birds of the fowl tribe, their variety of colors, their carriage, their qualities as table fowls and layers and their defence of their young. Lewis

Wright says in his Poultry Book there is no finer fowl. They are good layers of deliciously flavored eggs, splendid sitters and as mothers have no rivals in protecting their young. He says also, look at their style, they will attack all enemies such as hawks, owls, dogs, cats, rats, etc., and for a table fowl, though not heavy looking, are in reality very plump, with plenty of delicious breast meat, and there are no other breed of fowls that can compare with them for all the qualities combined. I have kept the breed for the last twenty years, I have never been to a cock pit nor a cock fight. A friend of mine living on a bush farm lost all the common and mixed breed fowls he had, from the hawks and owls. I gave him five Pit Games, one rooster and four hens, he raised the same summer from them forty chickens and did not loose one of them, they fought and kept off the hawks and owls in every instance driving them away often severely injured. I have seen my own Games kill rats in my yard and drive the cats away in good style.

CHAS. HUGHES,
Montreal.

BUFFALO MINORCA AWARDS.

Mr. George McCormick, London, Ont. :—I cannot furnish scores of my birds, as I do not know what they are. I was so thoroughly disgusted with the judging of the Minorcas that I paid no further attention to the show. As, for instance, my imported Crystal Palace cup winner cock scored at the Ontario show the week previous 96½ points. Score at Buffalo 88 (the only score I remember), and the birds that beat him could have been bought for from \$5 to \$10 each, and would have been dear at that. My imported 21-guineas cockerel, which Hopkins says was undoubtedly the best bird in England, and scored at the Ontario show 98½ did not get a place at Buffalo. The score card, I understand, said white in face, and I defy any man living to point it out. I told Bicknell so at Buffalo and I went for him pretty lively. He afterwards admitted he was mistaken and wanted me to enter a protest, but I did not go to Buffalo for that purpose