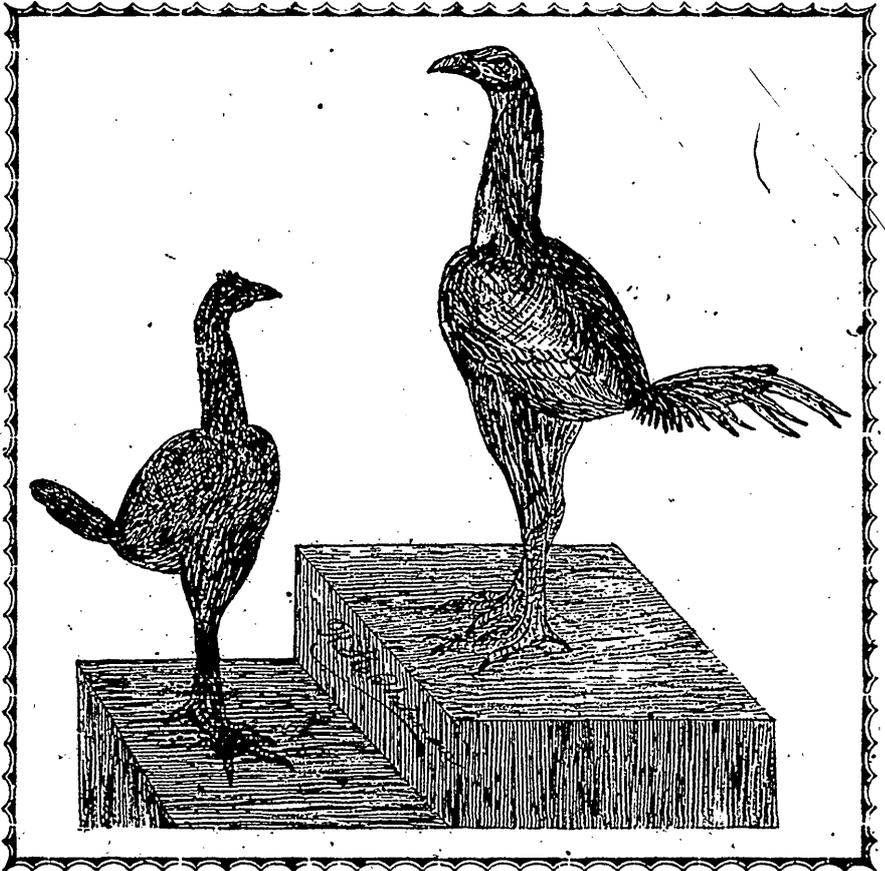


Pair of Games.

The accompanying cut is taken from a pen drawing by friend Stedman, of Penetang, the gamest of Game-men. We doubt if Bro. S. would consider life worth having should the pride of his heart, the Game fowl, become extinct. He laments, in a letter to us lately, that he has only been breeding Games for the past 17 years, and seems to consider his life too short to learn enough about them. Now what do our young breed-

six months for the contestants to recover from the excitement. As we once heard an old remark, "Things is changing round, at one time the birds fought and the men looked on, but now its the men as fights and the birds look on." Well it is not quite so bad as that yet, but there is no denying that the average breeder of a winning Game feels that he has accomplished one of the chief ends of his existence. And we cannot wonder, for they are the hand-



PAIR GAMES--From Pen Sketch by R. H. Stedman, Penetang.

ers think who know all about it in a season or so? The breeding of Standard Game fowl has reached a high state of perfection under the care of Mr. Stedman and in connection with Mr. Barber the largest number of the best prizes given to these breeds have fallen to the birds they have owned and bred. There is no other class so jealously watched in the show room as the Games, and we should think it must take a good

somest, most regal, of the the Standard varieties, and very dear to the hearts of all—and Bro. Stedman in particular.

Ring your fowls; not their necks, but their legs. If you send birds to a show-room place numbered rings on them. They will assist the judge in designating each bird on the show-card, but remember that it takes good birds to capture the prizes, and not fancy rings.