

print about misdeeds, rather than honest ones. I would just say right here that I believe we have first-class poultry in this country and hard to beat, but we do sometimes want a change of blood &c., and at this stage it affords me very great pleasure in recommending Mr. Abbot as a reliable poultry fancier and breeder, and I have no hesitation in saying no matter what breed of fowls you want you will be perfectly safe in sending him the money, and give him instructions what to do, and you may rest assured it will be done. He is one of Englands prominent breeders of Andalusians, Minorcas, and Dorkings, as well as some other prominent breeds, you will see his name in this number as having taken prizes in Minorcas and Andalusians at the Industrial. I hope he may do a large business this fall and next spring both in birds and eggs, and, by the way, I believe Mr. Abbot can pack eggs with any other man in the fancy. In a back number of REVIEW you will notice a record of chicks hatched from eggs sent from England, these were packed and sent by Mr. Abbot.

If any readers of the CANADIAN POULTRY REVIEW are thinking of importing poultry or eggs I am quite certain that they will get just exactly what they buy and pay for from Mr. Abbott.

I am yours respectfully,

JOSEPH DILWORTH.

Springhurst, Parkdale, Ont.

#### BILL NYE TO HIS SON.

HENRY HEARS SOMETHING ABOUT HIGH PRICED HENS, EGGS AND INCUBATORS.

You know I wrote you last winter, Henry, that I was going to buy some new-fangled hens in the spring and go into the egg business. Well, I sent east in March for a couple of fowls, one of each sect. They came at \$9 per pair over and above railroad charges, which were some \$4.35 more on top of that.

I thought that as soon as the hen got here and got her things and got rested,

she would proceed to lay some of these here high-priced eggs which we read of in the Poultry Keepers' Guide and American Eggist.

BUT SHE SEEMED PENSIVE, and when I tried to get acquainted with her she would cluck in a croupy tone of voice and go away.

The rooster was no doubt a fine looking brute when he was shipped, but when he got there he strolled around with a preoccupied air and seemed to feel above us. He was a poker-dot rooster, with gray mane and tail, and he was no doubt refined, but I did not think he should feel above his business, for we are only plain people who are accustomed to the self made American hen. He seemed bored all the time, and I could see by the way he acted that he pined to be back in Fremont, O., having his picture taken for the Poultry Keepers' Guide and American Eggist. He still yearned for approbation. He was used to being made much of, as your mother says, and it galled him to enter into our plain, humdrum home life.

I never saw such a haughty rooster in my life. Actually when I went out to feed him in the morning, he would give me a cold arrogant look that hurt my feelings. I know I am not what you would call an educated man nor a polished man, though I claim to have a son that is both of said things, but I hate to have

A ROOSTER CROW OVER ME because he has had better advantages and better breeding than I have. So there was no love lost between us as you can see.

Directly I noticed that the hen began to have spells of vertigo. She would be standing in the corner of the hen retreat, reverting on her joyous childhood at Fremont, O., when all at once she would "fall senseless on the earth and there lie prone upon the sward," to use the words of a great writer whose address has been mislaid. She would remain in this comatose condition for five

minutes, perhaps. Then she would rally a little, slowly pry open her large, mournful eyes, and seem to murmur, "Where am I?"

I could see that she was evading the egg issue in every way and ignoring the great object for which she was created. With the ability to lay eggs worth from \$4 to \$5.75 per dozen delivered on the cars, I could plainly see that she proposed to roll up this great talent in a napkin and play the invalid act. I do not disguise the fact, Henry, that I was mad. I made a large rectangular affidavit in the inner temple of the horse-barn that this poker-dot hen should never live to say that I had sent her to the sea shore for her health when she was eminently fitted by nature to please the public with her lay.

I therefore gave her two weeks to decide on whether she would contribute a few of her meritorious articles or insert herself into a chicken pie.

She still continued haughty to the last moment. So did her pardner. We therefore treated ourselves to a \$10 dinner in April.

I then got some expensive eggs from the effete east. They were not robust eggs. They were laid during a time of great depression, I judge. So they were that way themselves also. They came by express, and were injured while being transferred at Chicago. No one has travelled over that line of railroad since.

I do not say that the eggs were bad, but I say their instincts and their inner life wasn't what they ort to have been.

In early May I bought one of these inkybaters that does the work of ten setting hens. I hope to head off the hen as far as possible, simply purchasing her literary efforts and editing them to suit myself. I cannot endure the society of a low-bred hen and a refined hen

SEEMS TO LOOK DOWN ON ME, and so I thought if I could get one of these ottymatic inkybaters I could have the whole process under my own con-