

Fullarton, Logan, and Hibbert, at Mitchell, September 30.

Toronto and West Riding York, at Toronto, October 6, 7 and 8.

South Lanark, at Perth, Sept. 17 and 18.

Durham West, at Newcastle, October 8 and 9.

North Lanark, at Almonte, September 15.

Wentworth and Hamilton, at Hamilton, October 14 and 15.

Brockville Elec. Div., Brockville, Sept. 16 & 17.

The Poultry Yard.

THE COCHIN-CHINA FOWL.

Of all the breeds of fowls, none has ever created so great an excitement as the Cochin-China. In the year 1816, the first pair that was brought into this country from Shanghae were presented to the Queen, who exhibited them at the Dublin Poultry Show. Immediately the "Cochin" *furor* commenced. As soon as it was discovered, despite the most strenuous efforts to keep the secret, that a certain dealer was possessed of a pair of these birds straight-way the avenues to the dealer's shop were blocked by broughams, chariots, and cabs until the shy poulterer was tempted by a sufficiently high sum to part with his treasures.

Bank notes were exchanged for Cochin chicks, and Cochin eggs were in as great demand as though they had been laid by the fabled goose. Philosophers, poets, merchants, had alike been seized by the mania, and although the latter could hardly come to the price of a real "Cochin," there were plenty of vagabond dealers about with counterfeit birds of all kinds, which were advertised to be the genuine article. For to such a pitch did the excitement rise, that they who never kept a fowl in their lives, and would hardly know a bantam from a dorking, puzzled their brains as to the proper place to keep them, and the proper diet to feed them on. The Cochin is a very hardy bird, and a capital layer, giving us eggs when they are most expensive—and indeed, with regard to new-laid eggs, when they are almost impossible to be got at all. The chickens of such healthy fowls are, of course, easy to rear. A good Cochin should be compact, and large and square built, with a full chest and broad hind quarters. An authority says:—In buying them, avoid long tails, clean legs, fifth toes, and double combs, and, above all, take care that the cock has not, nor never has had, *sickle* feathers. The colours of Cochins are buff, lemon, cinnamon, grouse, partridge, white and black.

I quite agree with Bailey in stating that the cocks should have upright combs, with well-defined serrations; legs feathered to the toes; body slanting from the head to the middle, thence rising to the tail; fluffy thighs and hinder parts; bright eye: long wattle; and deaf-ear; *very little tail*; size and weight very desirable.

Hens—Sharp, intelligent head; small comb, perfectly straight and upright, with numerous well-defined serrations; legs feathered to the toes; great fluff behind and on the thighs; short legs; rise from the middle of the back to the tip of the tail, which should end in a blunt round point; short neck; size and weight very desirable.

The colour of the buff or lemon is:—Cock—pale buff breast; golden hackle and saddle; light chestnut tail, if possible. Hens—buff or lemon throughout, but a few black feathers in necklace not very important; yellow legs essential to both.—*Scottish Farmer*.

POULTRY IN FROSTY WEATHER.

There is something exhilarating in frost.—When the early morning breaks on the earth covered with rime, and the hard ground seems to spurn the foot that treads on it, and the sun rises like a disc of burning copper, there is something cheerful about it. Nature has donned her masquerade dress of white. Your horse cannot contain himself; and the steady old friend for some months past, content to shake his head or whisk his tail, as the only answer to what a grand-daughter of our's calls a "good cut o' the whip," now seeks to devour space, and to try conclusions with your strength or that of your reins. In like manner your tried friend, the old dog, gambols, and, in the gleesomeness of his feelings, he picks up a shred of cloth in the field, and shakes and tosses it for very wantonness. The appearance of real winter is then a holiday for many, but (ah! those *buts*) not to all. It is none to the poultry. Water is frozen; the ground is so hard they cannot scratch; there is not an animal of any kind on its surface; and they must depend on their owner for everything they want. See they lack nothing. First, they must have water.—Few people have any idea of the suffering caused to birds by the lack of water. Their power of maintaining life on the smallest possible quantity of food is wonderful, provided they have water; but a practised eye can tell in a dead fowl or pigeon whether it suffered or not from thirst. The skin becomes hard, dry, and red; the flesh contracts, as it were, and becomes brown, and the whole body looks as if it had been suddenly shrivelled or dried up. You must bear in mind they require more food and better than they do in milder weather; and, if you can, let them have a greater variety. They want substitutes for the worms and insects.—Now, the scraps of meat and fat from the table should go to the fowls. Save the drainings of all the glasses, pour them together, and sweep all the crumbs, and odd corners of bread into it. Feed the birds often, and, if there is snow, sweep a place clean, and feed there. Never feed any kind of bird in such a manner that they shall pick up snow with their food; it is a