

man's ingenuity. I had never to my knowledge seen an artificially hatched chicken, and I must confess my doubts on that point (and they were many) are entirely removed. Active, bright and beautiful, they are alike a credit to their owner and the incubator.

It was my good fortune to see in Mr. B's possession one of the handsomest pens of Black Langshans that ever graced a breeder's yards. Mr. B. showed me the scores made by the male heading the pen and one hen, which I believe were the Ontario score cards but am not sure, and I saw that the cock though out 2½ for frozen comb and wattles scored the respectable total of 93½. The hen, out three for same cause, scored 93½. Some of the chicks from these will make their mark in the show room. But the Dorking chicks are older and are a truly grand lot. Why our people do not breed them oftener I am at a loss to understand. In reply to my enquiries Mr. Barrett is more than satisfied with them, and finds them in his hands exceptionally hardy. I have often heard that they were not adapted to the climate of Canada. But here is a proof that under reasonably good conditions they will do well. I expect you will out half of this letter off. But you might please give it as much room as you can for the sake of an old lover of the

DORKING FOWL,

Tecumseth, Aug. 3, 1889.

Words Without Reason.

ONE of the largest breeders of broilers in the west declares that he has better success with eggs (he keeps no laying stock) obtained of farmers than with those from pure-blood yards.

The foregoing is in the June number of the American poultry journal, page 170.

The casual reader who takes most things for granted if seen in print upon seeing words like the above would say at once: "That proves what I always thought. I have believed pure-blood fowls are not as hardy or profitable on the farm as the common kind."

What blood constitutes most of the farm flocks? An expert can visit any flock of fowls on the ordinary farm and trace the blood to its origin nine times out of ten. There is scarcely a farm in all the land that has not at some time, not very remote, had an infusion of pure-blood in its fowls. On most of the farms one-quarter or half-blood being seen.

I grant that, if properly cared for, farm fowls are hardy, and their eggs usually hatch well.

The reasons are obvious to him who will give the matter due consideration. In the first

place, they have abundant exercise; yarded pure-bloods do not have sufficient exercise as a rule. Farm fowls get a variety of food; usually the yarded pure-bloods do not. The farm fowl has access to all the green stuff needful; the yard fowl gets but little or none. The farm fowl secures insects; the yard fowl nearly starves for want of them. The farm fowl has full chance of copulation; many yarded females will not submit to the male heading the yard. The farm fowl walks on better soil than the yard fowl does. The farm fowl has chance to dust; the yard fowl doesn't have. The farm fowl has access to sand and gravel, but few yard fowls have such access.

I trust the reader sees the numerous advantages the farm fowl has over the yarded creature. I haven't named half of them, but the items of green food, insect diet, gravel and exercise, together with the dust bath, are sufficient to make all and more than the difference usually given to the credit of the farm creature.

"Good morning, madam. How are your fowls doing this year?"

"Oh, they lay splendidly. They are the best layers I ever raised, and they seem so hardy."

"What kind have you now?"

"Just a mixed lot. You know I raised Leg-horns for you two years ago, and the culls that I kept I crossed next year with Plymouth Rocks and Light Brahmas."

The lady to whom I spoke called them a "mixed lot," and so they are; but how long since they were mixed. She lives in town now, and brought her fowls with her. From where I sit writing I look out and see her flock of "mixed" fowls on an acre-and-a-half lot.

Now, let us turn the tables; put the fowls in the yards that are about half cared for out on the farm, and the farm fowls in small breeding-yards during the next two years. Can you not anticipate the result? Is it, then, the blood of the barn-yard fowl that is better, or, is it not rather the conditions surrounding the two flocks.

I once bought one dozen hens from a farmer to use for incubators. I gave them the same conditions allowed my "pure-bloods." Five of them died during the spring and summer—of heart ache and home sickness, I presume, though I gave them good, fair attention—as good as my thoroughbreds had, in fact just the same. The next March four more died. The other three raised a brood of chicks each and two of them died in the Fall. The last one I killed. They were young hens and pullets; but they couldn't stand village life. I had three yards of thoroughbreds the same season, right