

trouble and unpleasantness attendant on applying the insect powder. If this little convenience is provided, you will notice a look of thrift and activity in the stock that will be highly gratifying, besides it stops or rather prevents egg and feather eating because it affords a natural amusement for the stock; and they do not lazy around and get into mischief. The most contented look a fowl can have is when it is rolling in bliss in its dusting bath. They will scarcely move if you go near, but close their eyes and roll on, seemingly too happy to care about any thing else but bathing. Always remember that the dust bath to the birds, is as great a luxury to them, as a bath is to us; it is not water to be sure, but it answers every purpose as water does to us.

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#### The Old Love and the New.

IT is strange to note the wavering fancies of the poultry brethren as shown in the favor accorded to the different varieties, at various stages of their poultry experience. Almost without exception the beginner takes one or other of the majestic Asiatic breeds, his favor being gained by some immense and beautiful specimen at exhibition time. These lordly birds he generously crams from morn till night, and when he has killed them with kindness, he comes to the usual opinion of the novice that they are not sprightly enough for him. His heart aches to "trade" them for some lighter breed. Then his woes begin in earnest: he never thought of the high flying habit of these, and being accustomed to the quiet habits of the large birds he thinks chaos has come again when he enters the pen, whistling a tune in the gladness of his heart, and the birds begin flying backwards and forwards, over his head, up against the windows, and 'bang' against him in their wild fight. He thinks retreat the safer plan, and then that if he lets them out they will be quieter. So out they come pell mell, and are not long before they seem to

him to have started for the four several quarters of the earth, and he only finds that they are not there by the complaints of people a mile or so away, who take their pastime, not as chicken raisers, but as amateur gardeners. He is invited to "come and look at my garden," but in tones that make him inwardly vow a negative reply. He is very sorry but he "will go at once and catch them, and bring them back to their proper quarters." But he "don't do it yer know"; he bribes a small boy to take the risks incurred in trying to catch them. He feels in his inmost soul that only a boy is equal to the emergency. After this his fever cools and he spends some time in peace, only disturbed by the frequent vow that you don't catch him buying chickens any more. At last the longing comes again stronger than ever and most likely he returns to his first love. He remembers how they used to run at the sound of his voice or step, and how old "Prince" would follow him about, and submit to be petted and admired, and in a melting mood he goes back to the ranks of poultrymen.

But the professional changes his variety at the caprice of fashion, or, according to the voice of the 'boomer' of some breed, and it is "for money" mostly that the favor goes from one breed to the other. We remember when the Black Spanish, Black Cochin and Black Hamburgs were the prime favorites, and at the shows were always out in large numbers. But their sun has set, and they are only represented by some few, who have that quality of keeping to the old favorites well developed. The old love oftener gives place to the new, and is often worshipped with a warmth above its worth for a time, when it in turn gives way to another, with the same end awaiting all, to be at last cast aside for a fresh claimant on the fickle hen, man's affection.

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