

rule, but it will serve to show that Mr. Pugsley's ideas of what constitutes a perfect pair of Plymouth Rocks are good; and that he is on the right road to produce his ideal is proven by the awards made by the experienced breeder and judge, W. H. Todd, at the late show of the Ontario Poultry Association, the prize list of which will be found on another page.

Plymouth Rocks have made rapid strides in public favor in Canada during the past few years. Three years ago half a dozen coops was about the number filled at the show of the Ontario Poultry Association, while at the one just closed, we believe the entries exceeded sixty. That they will maintain this popularity we feel satisfied, as all who have bred them pronounce them good fowls for every economic purpose, besides being handsome to look at. Their eggs are generally fertile, the chicks are easy to rear, and mature rapidly; the hens make good sitters without being much given to broodiness, and are good layers. As a table fowl they are excelled by few in quality of flesh. Their good qualities will make them popular with the farmer, while the difficulty in breeding them to a high standard will keep up the interest among fanciers.

Messrs. John Bailey & Son's Establishment.

While in London last summer I thought I would like to pay a visit to John Bailey & Son's, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. They are wholesale and retail dealers in fancy poultry, pigeons, rabbits, &c., foreign and domestic. Everything from a Canada goose to a fantail pigeon can be supplied by them at the shortest possible notice. I had often read their big advertisement in the *London Field*, offering all kinds of foreign and English game birds, poultry from the antipodes, and silver pheasants from China, and I had almost made up my mind I was going to see a real zoological garden on a small scale.

Where I was staying was about seven miles from Mount street, and this even, in easily travelled London, in no small trip, especially if you want to do it on the cheap, as I did, and tramway and buss it all the way. It involves several questions of route to ask of the policemen, and several charges of vehicles, all of which I went through, and at last found myself landed in Grosvenor square. I had not then much difficulty in finding my way to Mount Street.

Now for the menagerie. I enquired for Messrs. Baileys' establishment, and I was directed to it. I walked on, and thinking I must have passed it by, I turned back, looked over the shop windows for names. Ino. Bailey & Sons! Here it is. Why there must be some mistake about this, I thought;

still there was the name in plain, big letters, over the window, and one not likely to have a duplicate in the business, so I went in, and saw a man with a nice white apron on, and a short club in his hand; he was battering down the sharp breast-bones of some very poor looking dressed chickens, and skewering their legs up by the sides of their breasts in such a way that, looking at them, you would think they were fat. I asked if that was Messrs. Bailey & Sons' establishment. He said it was. "Why," I said, "this is a poulterer's shop; I thought Messrs. B. kept a large fanciers' store of fine bred poultry, foreign and domestic game birds, &c., &c." "Oh," he said, "we have another establishment at such and such a number, lower down; we only keep dressed poultry here." This would look as if their poor specimens were killed for the pot, and the good ones kept and sold for breeding purposes. Well, I don't know as there is anything wrong about that; in fact I have an idea that it is a good way to manage things. I hope all that are exposed for sale die a good, natural fowl's death; of course no smothered ones, or those choked to death, would be admitted; but even suppose a few such were, big London, with its millions to feed, would not know the difference, whether the chicks he ate died by having their necks stretched, or whether it got smothered in a crowded hamper coming up by rail from the country. After musing in this style for a few minutes and taking a good look at the dressed poultry, which certainly was displayed to the best possible advantage, I started for establishment No. 2, where I was to see, as I thought, the great collection of all kinds of birds and pets. It was my bad luck to walk by this the same way as I had No. 1. When I retraced my steps and found it, I discovered it to be a place with an archway entrance leading into a sort of small courtyard, and the whole premises had evidently previously been used as a stable by some resident in that locality. A lad answered the door and shew me into and through the establishment, was quite polite and gave me all the information I asked. I must confess, the place was not at all up to what I had expected to see; it was quite different in every particular. I had expected to see an immense collection of all kinds of game birds foreign and English, poultry pigeons, &c. &c., instead of which the display was of the most meagre description: some owls and hawks in cages, priced I think, at 3 guineas each, some Guinea pigs, several different kinds of ducks, poultry, pigeons and rabbits, comprised about all there was to be seen. I noticed a pair of Light Brahmas, and asked the boy where they were bred, he said. "Those are imported Sir." "Where from?" "From America." "Oh! indeed." Well, Philander Williams was not with me, or I think