

others who are not clean about anything they have to do with; while others again are most scrupulously clean about everything they have to do with. The last mentioned class we like best of all, the first perhaps we can excuse, but the second we have no feelings of compassion for at all.

I may be going to write something that will not be pleasing to some of the readers of the Review. I can't help that. If they take offence at what I have to say it is their faults, and not mine. If they are clean, and keep their poultry-yards and houses so, they will echo my sentiments. If they are dirty, and keep their poultry-houses and yards dirty, then they should reform—go to work and clean them up, and keep them clean.

If there is anything that is disgusting to me it is to see any domestic animal kept in filth, especially when, if one only think the matter over, it is almost as much trouble to keep them in dirt as to keep them clean and comfortable. Perhaps of all our domestic animals there is none we keep about us for our use that is more generally neglected, and that so little care is bestowed on, than there is on our poultry; and certainly, to my mind, we have nothing that is deserving of better care. All who keep poultry do not neglect to attend to them, and keep their yards and houses clean and nice, but I do know from what I have seen with my own eyes, that the way some yards and poultry-houses are kept—not kept, but allowed to go—is very disgusting. To those who do keep everything nice I have nothing to say, only That's correct! It is those who do not keep things about their poultry yards clean that I wish to rub up.

A dirty poultry-yard is rather an interesting—or disinteresting—sight. A conglomeration of superannuated domestic articles are frequently to be seen thrown about in the most hap-hazard, contented and happy confusion. A used up, rusted out and broken tin pan or two; something made of the same material, but so dumbered up as to be almost unrecognizable as it lies half buried in the dirt, but from what was once the handle, which is above ground, you recognize as a retired family tea-pot; and when you think of the many good cups of tea that have been brewed in that, and the many little city, town or village scandals, as the case may be, that have been told as strictly confidential secrets over the fumes emitted from its bowels, you deem it deserving of a better fate—it should have been decently buried under three feet of solid earth. Recovering from your teapot reverie, you turn your eye to another object of interest, an old spade; it lies prostrate on the ground. It is a long time since that came from the hardware store. Its blade is almost half gone, showing that it did a deal of hard work before finding its last resting-

place in the hen yard. The hand part of the spade has been long missing; and what use it is where you now see it is a question no sensible person would ask. It is there simply to make the whole thing in keeping, and to make up a variety with the teapot and the old, worn-out, rusty pans, etc. An old axe, a battered up tin pail, and perhaps a wooden one with the nail off, are sometimes to be seen amongst the general collection of retired domestic articles of use which are to be seen in the back yards of many of our neighbors' houses who keep poultry.

If you succeed in climbing over all this collection of ancient curiosities, and get to the chicken house, we do not see much change for the better there; it has to be in keeping too, and to make it so of course it would not be the correct thing to do what would be very little trouble, that is, clean it out every day except Sunday. The consequence is you can only judge of what depth of guano is under the perches by gnaging it with the level of the ground outside—it may be twelve inches, more or less, and perhaps is the last six months' accumulations from the roosts.

This may all seem to some a far drawn picture. I wish it was; but I am sorry to say it is one that I have seen many times, and I have no doubt many of my readers have too.

I wish to say to all those who keep dirty yards and dirty poultry houses, that I can tell them something, perhaps, they do not know—at least if they do know they do not act on it,—it is this. It is just as easy to keep a clean yard and clean poultry-house as to keep them dirty. Clean them up once thoroughly and it is only a little trouble to keep them so. If you are too lazy to do this, for gracious sake don't keep chickens.

We might all take lessons from animals in a state of nature, both quadruped and biped. They keep themselves, their homes and their nests perfectly clean. We never see a dirt bedrabbled wild animal. The birds even, with their nests full of helpless young ones, carry the dirt from their nests as regularly as food to their fledglings. Our domestic animals need and should have just as much care. It is necessary for their health as well as for their and our comfort they should have. No wonder so much disease gets amongst and plays such havoc with our domestic animals. The wonder is it is not worse.

I do not keep fancy poultry, but have for many years kept a few chickens, and look on them as a luxury to the household. A dozen fresh-laid eggs from the hen-coup is something that can't be bought for money at the grocer's store; and a chicken in the pot at a season of the year when it can't be had in the market, is a luxury indeed, and something I consider it well worth while to clean