

Well you see, different people have different opinions, and mine was that the fault lay in my own carelessness, and not any defect in the "Baby." You say, "Why?" Well, I let the steam get up to 110°, instead of holding it at the proper temperature. You will say, "I thought it was self regulating." Yes, so it is, and, like every steam boiler, it has a safety valve, yet how many do we read about in the papers blowing up! Just so with the "Baby!" the fireman had heat enough in the furnace to run *two orns* instead of one. I saw the mistake, and she has never played that game since. So much for the first batch.

Now for the second batch. I got forty eggs from one of our largest and best breeders and completed filling the "Baby" from my own yards. The result was that only *four* of the forty eggs had enough strength to carry them to maturity, the majority being unfertile, and in the balance the spermatozoa was not strong enough to carry the chick through. Now, I do not blame the party from whom I got the eggs, as he is a large exhibitor, and all breeders know that birds in condition for exhibition are not generally in condition for breeding, and I got the eggs before his birds had been brought down to breeding condition. At the same time, of the eggs supplied from my own yards 75 per cent. hatched.

The third batch of eggs I hatched every one that was fertile, or in other words 100 per cent. of fertile eggs. My fourth batch will be the same as the third, namely, hatching every fertile egg.

And now for the climax. I exchanged two settings of Plymouth Rock eggs—they are my favorites—for a mixed setting from Mr. McArthur's yards. They were carried on the cars, not packed, but loose in a satchel, for twenty-three miles, and two of the chicks kicked clear of the shell, and were dried off so they were taken out of the "Baby" in just eighteen days and five hours from the time they were put in cold. I claim this to be a little the fastest time on record. Did you ever hear of a hen doing her work up in that time? Just wait until I take some more chicks out of the "Baby" to put under a mother.

Well, one of my neighbors thought that the "Baby" was a humbug, and that he could beat her, so I gave him thirty-nine eggs from my hens; he set them under three good steady hens. I had room in the "Baby" for thirty-six eggs. He got twenty-three chicks from the thirty-nine eggs, and I got twenty-eight from the thirty-six eggs; so that I beat him by five chicks with three less eggs.

In view of these facts, I have come to the conclusion ~~this~~ art beats nature in the incubating business, and I shall stick to the "Baby," let those run hens who like it.

If your readers, or yourself, will not tire, next month I will write on the advantages gained by the use of the incubator over hens for hatching chickens.

J. H. ROWE.

King, Ont., May 8th, 1882

### Gigantic Poultry and Eggs.

Near St. George, in Brant County, Messrs. Mainwaring and Stevenson have colonized a flock of Australian Emus, three pairs. Here they have wintered safely, and this spring laid quite a number of eggs. Then it was in order to attempt their incubation, and that process is now going on by means of an incubator made especially to accommodate these massive eggs. Several have been sent to Mr. Halstead, a gentleman of extensive experience in artificial hatching. The result will be looked forward to with considerable anxiety and curiosity, as if successful, it will pave the way to opening up a new and important industry, in the breeding and rearing of emus, and perhaps of ostriches.

My own experiments in artificial hatching this season have been quite satisfactory, and I am thinking of soon introducing to the notice of the Canadian fanciers a reliable and successful incubator, one that hatches a large percentage, and of home manufacture.

I herewith append copy of notice of eggs from *Expositor*, Brantford.

"Messrs Mainwaring and Stimson, of St. George, are the owners of a flock of emus. These birds are of enormous size, and as may be imagined, the eggs are of proportionate dimensions. Each female lays two a week, and these weigh 24 ounces each. This morning Mr Mainwaring brought three to Mr. G. H. Pugsley, the well known poultry breeder, who has an incubator, in hopes that he will succeed in rearing some of these natives of the desert. The hatching process occupies nine weeks, and the temperature must be kept very high.

"The eggs are of a dark green, and look as though they might have formed the foundation of the story told by Sinbad, the sailor.

"The full grown birds are worth \$250 each, and the owners intend trying their luck in the hatching process by artificial means. They are also sending half a dozen eggs to Halstead, of New York, and if the experiment is successful, huge emus, laying eggs big enough to make a meal for an ordinary family, will be among the stock of farmers.

"It will now be in order for the *London Free Press* to bring out his big hen fruit, or cease to issue challenges.

F. J. GRESNY.

Brantford, May 11th, 1882.