

Caponising.

WE have been asked by two correspondents, "J. A.," and "F. McV.," to give a few remarks upon caponising. Some of the questions being, "Is it practicable for a novice?" "at what age to operate?" "is there much demand?" and "will it pay?" etc. We have never practised caponising, and can not but think that some instruction must be necessary, not actually to be able to perform the operation successfully, but in order to accomplish it without causing more agony to the subject than is absolutely unavoidable.

We are proud to be classed among the number of those who consider suffering in the lower animals a subject worthy of our utmost consideration, and would say it is the essence of cruelty for a novice to perform these exquisitely painful and delicate operations.

As to age we believe it is about four to six months, according to the variety to be operated on. The demand is small at present, it is a taste that has not been cultivated in Canada as yet. We feel just a little glad of that being the case.

From observation we feel justified in saying it will not pay in any extensive way, and we will give a few of the reasons by which we arrive at that conclusion. First the bird must be kept at least fifteen to eighteen months, and that means at least an outlay of \$1.50 there is the trouble of housing all that time and risk besides. There is another percentage off in the loss from the operation, though in very skilful hands it would not be more perhaps than 3 to 5 per cent. The long winters here would raise the cost of keep to \$2 if the bird was kept two winters and one summer, instead of, as it should be, two summers and one winter. Now any one of you can reckon up and we fancy you can see there is not millions in it. So that after all the disagreeable business and suffering inflicted the margin of profit is so small that we trust it will never pay to make a business of it. Don't think we are sentimental gentlemen. We have expressed a candid opinion, it is "agin nature" to think of it.

We want subscription agents wanted every where.

Money in Hens.

SUBJOINED is the first instalment of a most interesting letter, "Money in hens," which we clip from the columns of a new, bright little monthly *The Farm-Poultry*. It cannot fail to interest a great number of our readers. We will give the other half in our next issue. The large business here described is not at all uncommon in that great chicken country the U. S. We can quite believe that Mr. Rodman was laughed at and his plans made the subject of all manner of railery. But "he laughs that wins" and now it is Mr. R. who is bursting the buttons off, like the Pegotty of our old memories. But the secret of his success is, that he spent his money freely to get a fair chance in his business, he did not expect to make a large business out of an expenditure of 50 or 100 dollars. We can fancy the "I swans" and "Bless me's" that hailed his expenditure of \$2000 on his start in chickens and we can fancy the help he got to cheer him, and keep up his heart such as, "I hope you will do well, I trust you will never regret it, or, well of course it may turn out all right and I do hope it will, but well-er-I must say I would not do it. Still you will notice that it is all carried on in a systematic, and practical manner and is paying well. Principally because all departments are well managed.

"Down in the South County there is a poultryman who isn't to be sneezed at. The farmers used to talk about his plans and laugh; but they have got over it now. He is beating them at one of their oldest games, that of raising first-class poultry. He is one of the chaps who use all sorts of new fangled notions. His hens somehow don't stop laying when eggs are worth the most, like most hens. He's got so he understands hatching eggs, readily, too, without fooling with old mother hens. He sends the best spring chicks to market before the farmers have done their setting. His ducks he won't let go near the water and yet they sell at twice as much as any ordinary quackers. It's easy to guess he has spent \$15,000 or \$20,000 on his roosts. He has got pond water as good as Pawtauxet, running in pipes all over his place, and such a life he leads! He hatches in December or early January and by July his work for the year is all done. He's made his money, and now, just at this time, he sits up on his piazza