

rows all the stock he can conveniently get for exhibition purposes, and disposes of them as far as possible immediately that the prizes are awarded, is he a *fancier*? We should be more inclined to call him a speculator. Again, take the man who exhibits birds with scurvy legs, and alive with vermin, and filthy with roup, is he a fancier? If so, he is one without much *true* fancy about him. And there is yet another class, and one which may be called fanciers, but we should feel were we in their place that we were unsuccessful fanciers; we refer to those who are always exhibiting birds which they point to with exultation as being from the yards of some noted breeder, but who seldom if ever produce a chick fit for exhibition themselves.

Now, Mr. Editor, what we call a fancier is the man that spends his leisure moments with his poultry papers and his fowls, and whose birds are to him a constant source of pleasure; who notes every change in the growing chick, and the appearance of every new feather during the moult; who takes pleasure even in cleaning up the houses and yards of his birds, not for the amusement it affords, but because he knows it is going to benefit them; who takes pleasure in their clean legs and bright plumage, as well as their bright red combs, that sure indication of health; whose chicks are invariably better than the parent stock which he bought at such a high price, and whose greatest pride is to say of his prize winners, *I raised them myself*.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. BARTLETT.

Lambeth, Ont., Oct. 28th, 1884.

Overcrowding.

A few words on this subject at this season of the year I think will not be out of place, as I generally take my text or subject from events which I see taking place around me. Coming in contact with a good many young beginners, I find this to be the one standing and universal mistake among them. In some cases it arises from a dislike to take life, and at other times a refusal on the part of the family to use them after this dislike has been overcome, but oftener from an over-grasping desire to make more out of their pets than their space or room will warrant. But experience, which teaches all men, is too often bought at a very great cost, and even at times with the loss of the whole flock, or with such a poor sickly remnant left to build upon for the future that it would have been a favor conferred if they too had been consigned with the others to the dung-heap, and the young beginner left a poorer but a wiser man, to commence again more in keeping with sanitary laws and regulations. A good breeder must be a

good killer, and must cull his flocks severely. His eye must not pity nor his hand spare if he wants to mount the ladder of fame in poultry-keeping. Get rid of the poor ones for the sake of the good ones. Better you have but a dozen good ones that you can show with pride than two dozen worthless seruos, out of which no pleasure comes nor profit either.

Then, again, another fatal mistake is made by the young beginner in trying to keep three or four varieties in the space but barely sufficient for the accommodation of one. This comes from his ardent first love. He sees so much to admire in the different breeds that he cannot restrain or curb his passion, and off he goes again and possesses himself of another trio, and thereby adds more labor and sorrow to his already fast-accumulating trouble.

The writer in his younger days of poultry-keeping many years ago learned the value and importance of sufficient space to the successful production of eggs and strong healthy chicks. Being the happy possessor of nine pullets of that good old (once favorite) breed, Black Spanish, I had remarkable success in egg production all that winter; often would I go into my pen and bring out an egg for each hen per day, while the general run was seven and eight. I was delighted with my success, and reasoned thus: If nine hens gives me so many eggs, fifteen would give me a much larger quantity. It was just there the mistake came in. Next winter the yield from the fifteen was no more than from the nine the previous year. Had they a space given them commensurate with their increased numbers no doubt the result would have been as satisfactory, but the mistake made here was *crowding*. While nine pullets with a male bird did well in a pen ten feet square with a run outside, it would take fifteen or twenty feet square for the accommodation of the fifteen, with like result. That was a lesson which I have never forgotten, and still bear in mind.

PURE BLOOD.

Montreal, Nov. 6th, 1884.

Black Javas.

Editor Review,

While talking with you at the show of the P. A. of Ont., last winter, on the subject of Black Javas, you asked me to send you a sketch of my experience with, and opinion of, this comparatively new breed.

I have often been asked, "What are Black Javas?" but that question I am unable to answer. Their origin is wrapped in mystery. The Lattin family, who have bred them for twenty-five years in New York State, and who own the largest stock in the world of this variety, are as much in the dark as any one is to their origin.