

kind of a comb they have, and then I can form an opinion. If you let me know in time I will give you an answer in next issue with pleasure. Note if ear lobes are white or red. If you are careful to answer these I can judge pretty well of their chance of being pure.

Thanks for your complimentary remarks. We strive to make the WEEKLY interesting to all. It is simple enough to raise pure birds but we fancy you will make a very common mistake to buy a male and mate your white hens with him; far better buy a trio (a male and two females) of a fancier; he will mate them to give you fine young stock, and you will make a good beginning.

#### An Eggstrordinary Railroad.

**I** WANT to go to bed, so give me a room as soon as you can. I ought to have reached the city early this afternoon, and here it is 11 o'clock."

"What made you so late?" asked the hotel clerk, as he threw down a key to which was attached a rough edged brass tag about the size of a buckwheat cake.

"Oh, slow trains! Slow trains! They seemed to stop everywhere and at all the little cross-roads."

"That's queer."

"I should say it was. Why, at one place they stopped about seven minutes, while half a dozen people came out of the only house to be seen in the neighborhood and boarded the train. Did you ever hear anything like it?"

"Never."

"I have," said a little old man with long shaggy hair who had overheard the conversation while searching the Philadelphia directory for the name of a Boston firm,

"You have?"

"Yes, you may not believe it, but it's a fact. Some years ago I used to travel a good deal in Massachusetts. There was a place called Wheat Sheaf Lane, where the train stopped nearly every day for an old woman who was always there to send some eggs into town. Now would you believe it? One day the train stopped as usual for Aunt Betsey, who was there with her eggs, but she only had eleven. She said that an old hen was still on the nest and she wanted the train to wait until she could make up the dozen."

"Yes."

"Well I'll be darned if that train didn't wait while the hen laid the extra egg."

The late arrival said he guessed he would go to bed, the bediamonded hotel clerk swooned, and the little old man walked down the corridor and dropped wearily into a chair.—Phil, North American.

#### Special Announcement.

**W**E have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.—T. F.

A little girl was sent across the street to a neighbor's for milk. The cow which the neighbor owned had ceased to give milk for the time and there was none to be had. "There is no milk to-day," said the little girl on her return. "No milk," said her mother. "What's the matter?" "She didn't tell me what was the matter," was the reply, "but I guess the cow ain't laying just now."

The time has gone by for disposing of any thing in the shape of dead poultry at remunerative prices, unless it comes to market in the best order, not only as regards plucking, but also as regards the packing of the birds.

For practical purposes a profitable table fowl should have a capacity for fattening, or rather flesh forming, without an undue waste of food. It does not follow because a bird is a large feeder that it will add flesh and prove profitable as a fattener. There is as much difference in the aptitude of the various breeds of fowls to fatten, as there is in egg production; and the majority of fatteners of poultry generally find this branch of poultry farming unprofitable, because they cultivate unsuitable breeds, the fattening element being absent.

One acre of land devoted to poultry raising can be made to pay better than forty acres sown to grain: There is not a farm in Ontario whereof every acre is utilized. The odds and ends, near the buildings or the orchard, can be sown to grain or sunflowers and made to raise enough food of that variety to carry the flock through the winter.