

POULTRY ♥ WEEKLY

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EDITOR.

All communications intended for publication must be sent to W. C. G. Peter, Angus. All advertisements, subscriptions and business letters to be addressed to the Publishers, Beeton.

THE BUFFALO INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

THE premium list of the above is received. It is to be held from Sept. 3rd to 13th. The Judges on poultry are as follows: G. O. Brown, Baltimore, Md., J. T. Bicknell, Buffalo, N.Y., Thos. H. Smelt, Guelph, Ont., A. S. Stillman, Superintendent.

Hip, hurrah! for Bro. Smelt; hope he will show you Americans how to do it. Get yourself in fighting trim Friend Thomas.

The prize list is liberal and includes everything in chickendom. We notice the name of Mr. H. H. Wallace, of Woodstock among the donors of special prizes.

Wot are Yer Givin' Us!

FRIEND Pringle's hearty letter in last number of BEE JOURNAL was caviare to us. "Wot are yer gittin' at" Mr. Pringle about the eggs and roosters. Why it was originally a protoplasm, and if you don't know what that is, don't ask us to tell you and let everybody know how ignorant some folks are. Of course as to the egg or the chick it don't matter much. It is the protoplasm that is bothering people, and we "ain't agoin'" to tell you what that is, because,—well "because we ain't," and we "ain't a goin'" to tell you what they look like either, 'cos yer ought to know yerself. Anybody that can write a letter with such awful hard spellings and meanings ought to know

all about a protoplasm. It wasn't either a hen or an egg that come "fust" you can bet your boots. But just one of them ar' pesky protoplasms. And now don't bother us any more, or else give us a "harder one" next time.

We are glad to note the great success of the "other side of the house." Our "other side" is a "great chicken pusson" too. We shall be glad to hear from the "other side" as early as possible. No doubt we shall learn that bees have to "eat to live" as well as the fowls that make Bro. Pringle's grain disappear so rapidly sometimes.

Red Mites in Poultry Houses.

THESE are one of the greatest pests the poultryman has to contend with. They do not live on the bodies of the birds, but inhabit cracks and crevices in the house, and collect about the perches and rests, so they often exist without being suspected. They are called the "red spider louse." It is a good plan to remove all perches every month, at least, and brush them and the rests with coal-oil. Lime-wash is no good; it will not destroy them and they will live in sulphur. If you have fixed perches take them down and examine, for their great breeding place is the rests and under side of the perches. They commit their ravages at night when the flock is on the roost, and worry their victims beyond measure. I have seen them in some places in "bunches." They are the greatest nuisance imaginable, but a dose or two of coal oil will soon destroy them. They are very small indeed, and might be mistakea for grains of sand, but if you look close you will see the mass move, teeming with life.