

almost, if not quite, non-sitters can be produced by careful breeding and care in selection—of course taking it for granted that the fancier has not too many varieties or birds of one variety. Two years ago I purchased a pullet from P. Williams, which has never shown any inclination to sit, and I notice that those of her progeny which most resemble herself exhibit the same peculiarity, and some of them have continued laying up to the present from early winter. I have also a hen, three years old, from P. Williams, which is entirely wanting in this respect. Now, I am of the opinion that this propensity would be intensified by breeding from the progeny of these hens—by a little in-breeding, of course.

Though I have come far short of my calculations, still I am up to last year in this respect, and I think a long way ahead in quality. I was very much annoyed over the fact that I could not raise a chick with perfectly straight toes, and even those imported and perfect in this respect soon got as bad as the rest. This I attributed to the hard clay soil of the yards, which were quite rough. This spring I put in a few loads of loam, and this has overcome the toe difficulty apparently—every chick has toes straight as pencils.

For shade, which Brahmas need so much, I planted half of chicken yard with sun flowers, and this has succeeded famously. I never saw a finer shade and hiding place, and the chickens are never seen out of them only for a short time morning and evening, though there are quite a number of large apple trees in the large yards, and plenty of clover. For shade before, these were large enough to afford it, lumber cut 5ft and nailed together at right angles, enclosing the ends to within a foot of the ground, and set about on the grass, affords fine shade and are fine and cool, as the air draws right through them. Tent coop and slatted runs I am getting tired of. In the first place, as soon as chicks get any size they are too hot, in the next the chicks in squeezing through, or between the slats injure their wings. I purpose trying small stationary sheds, which I find an improvement, these shall be described at some future time.

During the last few weeks I have paid visits to most of the poultry yards in this region. The first called upon was Messrs Hill & Edgar, of Leffroy. This is a live firm, who, though only recently appearing in Review as advertisers, have had many years experience in raising fine poultry. I found them telling a different story than I have. They had grand success—every hen had twelve chicks to time and had stuck to work, no strikes. They have a large flock of chicks to show for it, and as I passed among them I noticed some good ones. A glance at their card accounts for this: they

gan with A. 1. stock, regardless of cost.

The next to come under inspection was Messrs. Crispin and Brothers, Churchill. I was somewhat gratified to find that some one else had had a little misery as well as I. This may not be charity, but I think it is natural. What with hens tramping, smashing and forsaking, and I know not what all they had a woeful time, of it during the spring; still by getting a few here and a few there, they had a nice flock; one lot, of games, especially, attracted my attention. Out of a flock of 17 chicks I think they had only one cockerel, and at that time (15th July) were nearly full grown. Some one has got to look out at the Industrial.

R. E. Bingham, of Bradford, was the next one who had to resign himself to the affliction of your humble servant's presence for a short time, and as that gentleman was just recovering from a severe attack of ague I have no doubt he was glad for once that time and tide and the stage for Bond Head do not wait on cranky hen-men; nevertheless friend B. showed me some fine chicks. I may say that his Co. took Winnipeg on the brain (I have heard that some one in the West displayed alarming symptoms of mental aberration in this direction some time ago, but I for one hope that a permanent cure has been effected in some way). Well, to come back to my subject: this leaves friend B. alone but not dismayed. In Rocks some good ones were to be seen, but as most of his flock was out on farms in the neighborhood I had not the pleasure of seeing it. One thing pleased me much in my visit, which was this, I found nearly all determined to get rid of most of the varieties they are breeding and come right down to one. Friend B. will confine himself in future to the grand old Light Brahmas, while each brother of Crispin's will give his attention to one variety. This is what will do as much as anything to secure success, and if this course is persevered in I expect at no distant date to find some red cards coming in this direction.

I had intended to say something on "egg selling" but find my letter has already got pretty long; shall leave it for next letter. I may say in conclusion that I have no doubts that if the whole fancy were to shut down on egg selling, it would do as much as any one thing that can be done to improve the poultry of America.

Yours fraternally,

STANLEY SPILLETT.

Leffroy, Aug. 1st, 1882.

The hen that is allowed to bring out a clutch of chicks in May or June will be through her moult fully a month earlier than those that are not allowed to hatch. Bear this in mind when you want your hens for the fall shows.