

Fowls should have a good supply of fresh water every day. I believe there is more loss to the farmer with his hens from the want of fresh water than from anything else. When a soft day comes the water from the roof drops on the manure; the hens being thirsty drink this liquid manure, and this is sure to cause scouring. I let my hens out for an hour or two every day during winter.

The breed of fowl we have is the Barred Plymouth Rock, although I prefer the White Plymouth Rock, not that they are any better fowl, but on account of their being white they are more easily cleaned for market.

We generally raise two hundred chickens every year. The chances are that one-half of them will be cockerels. As soon as they are large enough we commence killing them, and selling them to private customers at 8c. per lb. They are of a marketable size at 4 months old. When all the cockerels have been sold, we kill off all the old

hens. We never keep a hen over the second winter, except a few for mothers.

We get a setting of eggs from the Central Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, and keep our supply of males for the next year out of them.

I find the best way to stop hens sitting is to have a box about 3 ft. wide by 6 ft. long, with a sparred bottom, so that the hen will have no place to sit down, except on a bar. Set the box, say, 6 in. from the ground to allow a current of fresh air to pass in under the box. Give her plenty of feed and water, and in three days she will have given up sitting, and will start to lay.

About the 1st of January, a public-spirited man named David Moir undertook to collect eggs, and to ship them to Ottawa, Montreal, and other large centres. He started paying 20 cents a dozen, but would not take eggs over one week old, so that he could have them on the market by the time they were ten days old. But, alas, when the returns of his first shipment of 55 dozen came back, it was found that they contained nine dozen old eggs. The second shipment proved very little better than the first. So he made up his mind that the dealers must be acting dishonestly with him, because he did not think that any

farmer's wife would persist in giving him old eggs for new ones. He, therefore, went to Ottawa with the next shipment, and, on examining the eggs, found that the dealers were perfectly correct.

When Mr. Moir told me about getting the old eggs, I thought I was as likely to get the blame as any one else. Having a stamp in the house with our name



Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerel.

"VICTOR" 94.
1st "ONTARIO", 1896.
OWNED BY
THOMAS A. DUFF
TORONTO, ONT.

and address on it, which we used for stamping our butter paper, I stamped our name and address on every egg. I found it did not take much time to do this. After the first shipment of these stamped eggs went to Ottawa, one of the dealers wrote to me, and offered me five cents per dozen more than I was getting from Mr. Moir. I did not accept the offer, as I considered it my duty to help Mr. Moir to work up a good business. There is no date on our stamp, but I have ordered one with the date on it, so that I can stamp on each egg the date on which it is laid.