

Canadian Poultry at the Centennial.

Annexed will be found the full list of Canadian poultry prize-takers at the Centennial—the prizes being awarded by the Centennial Commission. It may be stated that the Ontario exhibit was one of which we may justly be proud.

In games Mr. Allen had the best lot ever shown on this continent, and they called forth many highly flattering remarks. In Hamburgs, both gold and pencilled, were the Black Spanish, W. C. Black Polish, Silver Polish, game bantams, Rouen ducks, Bremen geese. The white-crested black Polish, of Mr. Bogue, were far ahead of any competitors, and were justly admired, being probably the very best birds of their kind in existence. The silver-bearded Polish, of W. McNeil were also unexcelled there. The Asiatics were mostly from the yards of W. H. Thomas, and compared favourably with the American poultry. There were 150 pairs of poultry and 35 pairs of pigeons in all, and of this large number only one bird was lost; it died on the return journey.

Prize list:—

- Silver medal to H. M. Thomas, Brooklin, for Partridge Cochins.
- Do., D. Allen, Galt, black and red games.
- Do., Duncan Kay, Galt, silver-pencilled Hamburgs.
- Do., R. McMillan, Galt, gold-pencilled Hamburgs.
- Do., John Bogue, London, W. C., black Polish.
- Do., A. Terill, Wooler, Bremen geese.
- Do., D. Allen, Rouen ducks.
- Do., H. B. B. Alley, London, carrier pigeons.
- Bronze Medal, D. Allen, brown-red games.
- Do., D. Allen, yellow Dorking games.
- Do., R. McMillan, Galt, gold-spangled Hamburgs.
- Do., R. McMillan, Galt, black Spanish.
- Do., D. Kay, Galt, black Spanish.
- Do., John Bogue, London, silver-grey Dorkings.
- Do., H. M. Thomas, Brooklin, La Fleche.
- Do., Wm. McNeil, London, silver-bearded Polish.
- Do., W. D. Dael, Toronto, black-red game Bants.
- Do., D. Allen, Galt, black-red game Bants.
- Do., H. Cooper, Hamilton, silver Dorking Bants.
- Do., W. M. Campbell, Brooklin, red pyle game Bants.
- Do., D. Allen, Galt, black African Bants.
- Do., D. Allen, Galt, Aylesbury ducks.
- Do., H. Cooper, blue fantail pigeons.
- Do., H. Cooper, white trumpeters.
- Do., H. Cooper, red barbs.

The judges also recommended the exhibit of Mr. Allen, of Galt, for a gold medal for superior merit; and the exhibit of H. M. Thomas, of Brooklin, for an award for excellent merit.

Care of Poultry.

The care that poultry is entitled to, to make it profitable, says an exchange, is not near so much as one would think. It is just like any other business—it needs daily attention, not one day in a month, but each and every day. If you expect a cow to be profitable you attend to feeding her regularly, give her good, comfortable quarters to protect her from cold, storms, &c. Now the poultry should have equally as favourable treatment as any other stock. Construct houses, not too large, as you will permit too many to crowd together. They should be about eight feet wide, sixteen feet long, to accommodate each a flock of fifty fowls, fronting to the south, with large windows, so placed that the fowls may enjoy as much sunlight as possible. Have it perfectly tight and dry, excepting means for ample ventilation, without a possibility of a direct draft reaching the fowls at night after going to roost. A fowl will take cold while asleep, as easily as a person. Keep the roosting apartment clean; sprinkle a little air-slaked lime and dry ashes under the perch; have the house thoroughly whitewashed inside three or four times a year. See that they have free access to plenty of pure, fresh water at all times; don't force them to drink the drainage from the barn-yard; many cases of cholera have been caused by this. A few drops of sulphate of iron put in their drinking-vessels occasionally will be a benefit. Sprinkle the perches with coal oil, and scatter sulphur in their nests and dusting-boxes.

Many fowls die from severe colds received by roosting in exposed places. Of course, every fowl that dies, it is said, had the cholera, when probably half of them were affected in this way.

Simple Cure for Chicken Cholera.

EDITOR RURAL WORLD: Having read so many inquiries in your valuable and interesting paper, for a remedy for cholera in fowls, I will send you

mine, which you can publish if you think it worthy of notice: Scald as much cornmeal as is required to feed the number of fowls, with boiling water. Make it tolerably greasy with lard or meat fryings. If lard, salt in the same proportion as for bread. If salty grease, no salt is necessary. Black pepper, ground, a level teaspoonful to a pint of meal. Feed this twice a week, in the morning, warm, and chickens will not need any watching. They have neither cholera or gaps. Chickens, or turkeys either, should not be fed too often; twice a day in summer, if they are running out, and three times in winter, is often enough. Most people feed their fowls too much. My experience has been, that all fowls that die with cholera are excessively fat.

S. J., Mexico, Mo.

VALUE OF POULTRY MANURE.—From actual experiment, we found that the droppings from four Brahmas, for one night, weighed, in one case, exactly one pound; and in another more than three-quarters, an average of nearly four ounces each bird. By drying, this was reduced to not quite 1½ ounces. Other breeds make less; but allowing only 1 oz. per bird daily, of dry dung, fifty fowls will make, in their roosting house, alone about 10 cwt. per annum of the best manure in the world. Hence half an acre of poultry will make more than enough manure for an acre of land, 7 cwt. of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way, and these figures demand careful attention from the large farmer. The manure, before using, should be mixed with twice its bulk of earth, and then allowed to stand in a heap covered with a few inches of earth, till decomposed throughout, when it makes the very best manure that can be had.—*Illustrated Book of Poultry.*

DRY EARTH FOR POULTRY HOUSES.—Dry pulverized soil (not sandy) has now come into general use in all large cities as a deodorizer, and can be used with great success in all large or small poultry houses. By care and attention, 300 or 400 fowls can be kept in one building without causing any unpleasant smell, if the droppings from the roosts are removed daily and the dry earth renewed weekly. Care must be taken that the earth is perfectly dry before using; it will then absorb all moisture and smell. We can recommend the use of dry earth as the best thing our breeders can use on the floors of their poultry houses.

The Story.

Minnie May's Fortune.

A dreamy, radiant afternoon in mid July, the clock pointing to the hour of four, the scent of newly-mown hay filling the air, and the crimson billows of the clover meadows rising and falling softly at the touch of the summer wind, and one brown-winged robin warbling his roundelay in the upper boughs that brushed the dining-room windows at Merton Farm—this was the scene and season.

Miss Tabitha Merton received, during the months of July and August, a few friends, who were allowed to share the expenses of the household. And, somehow, Miss Merton continued to subsist very comfortably for the rest of the year on the July and August contributions of her friends.

Upon this glowing summer afternoon, when the cherries winked at you from behind their leafy veils, and the currants hung like ruby fringes on the bushes that lined the garden fence, Miss Merton was making custards in her kitchen.

"Minnie," said Miss Merton, "and don't stare at me."

"Yes, Aunt," said Minnie May, with a nervous jump.

"Get me the nutmeg," said Miss Merton, "and don't stare at you so."

"Yes, Aunt," said Minnie, presenting herself with the nutmeg grater in hand, and a fine pink color on her cheeks.

"How old are you?" demanded Aunt Tabitha, transfixing her niece, so to speak, with the twin moons of her spectacles.

"Seventeen, Aunt Tabitha," "you are a great deal too old to go trailing about the woods with Mr. Harcourt."

Minnie grew pinker than ever. "I only walked as far as the Rowley Rocks to see the view, which he said was as fine as anything on the Rhine."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Tabitha. "Look here, Minnie, you mind your business, and let him mind his."

"Yes, Aunt," said frightened Minnie.

"Now mind what I say," persisted Miss Merton, grating savagely at the brown nutmeg.

"Yes, Aunt," flattered Minnie.

And she went back to the tablecloth she was mending, and cried quietly over it, she didn't quite know why.

And all this time Mr. Ernest Harcourt, the gentleman in question, was strolling homeward through the woods, with Adela Brownson leaning on his arm, while Mrs. Brownson, a portly matron in black grenadine and a Spanish scarf, was making believe to read a novel on the verandah, and, in reality, watching restlessly for Adela to make her tardy appearance.

"It's too ridiculous for anything," said Mrs. Brownson to herself, impatiently brushing a fly off her book. "I believe Addy would flirt with a ploughboy, if she could find no one else. And the first thing she knows she'll be committing herself in some way or other. And Dr. Fenton's nephew

coming here in August too. It's outrageous, that's what it is." When Miss Adela at last emerged from the shadow of the woods, her broad gypsy hat trimmed with ferns and wild roses, her lips all wreathed with smiles, and Ernest Harcourt walking by her side, her lady mother received her with no particular graciousness of welcome.

"I thought you were never coming!" snapped Mrs. Brownson. "We haven't been gone long, I'm sure," said Addy, innocently.

"Not two hours," said Mr. Harcourt.

"I should think," went on Mrs. Brownson, politely ignoring the young man's interpolation, "that you would know better than to go out on such a broiling day as this, and getting as brown as a berry."

Adela laughed. She knew that a high color was becoming to her.

"I shall cool off directly," said she, sinking gracefully upon a bamboo settee.

"And in the meantime," said Ernest, who was one of those clear, dark brunettes whom no rise of temperature ever seems to effect, "I will go and get that volume of poems that we were talking about."

Mrs. Brownson scarcely paused to hear the retreating ring of the young man's footsteps, before she opened all her verbal batteries upon her daughter.

"Addy," cried she, wrathfully, "I am astonished at you!"

"You're always being astonished at me, Mamma," pouted the young lady.

"To spend your time flirting with a mere travelling photographer!"

"It's so dull here," retorted Miss Brownson, "and one must do something."

"Oh, yes!" scornfully spoke the matron. "But you'll find out presently, miss, that you're playing with edge tools. You will fall in love with him."

"Mamma!" echoed Adela, contemptuously. "What do you take me for?"

"Or he with you?"

"That's a great deal more probable," interposed Miss Brownson, with a conscious toss of her head that set the ferns and roses to quivering.

"And then," added indignant Mrs. Brownson, "what is to be the end of it?"

"Yes, the end of it!" and Mrs. Brownson elevated her voice with some energy.

"Well, you needn't shout," said calm Adela, placidly fanning herself. "The end of it will be that I shall amuse myself until Dr. Fenton's nephew appears on the scene, with his three hundred thousand pounds; and then—why, I shall go in for business."

"Yes; but Adela—"

"Mamma," angrily interrupted the daughter, "don't be a fool! Ernest Harcourt is very good-looking, and very agreeable, but I should no more think of marrying him than of allying myself to a chimney-sweep. Love in a cottage would never do for me. I have been expensively brought up; my tastes are luxurious. I must marry well."

And all this little family discussion went on under the open easement of the second story apartment in which Mr. Ernest Harcourt was looking for the fugitive volume of poems.

"A chimney sweep, eh?" muttered Mr. Harcourt, with a comical expression on his face. "And Dr. Fenton's rich nephew? I wish Miss Brownson joy of the wealthy match she has in contemplation—and I shall be most happy to make my bow and step aside."

And he put the book back on the table. Yet with all the philosophy one can muster, it is not pleasant to wake suddenly to the fact that one has been made a plaything of; and Mr. Harcourt, in spite of the off-hand way in which he took the tidings, had a little sting yet smarting in his inner consciousness.

As he went slowly down the back stairs a little sob reached his ears. It was Minnie, curled up in one corner, like a wounded kitten.

"Why, Minnie, what's the matter?" kindly asked the travelling photographer.

"I'm going away," sobbed Minnie. "I've broken Aunt Tabitha's best china tea-pot, and she says she won't have me in the house another day; and indeed—indeed it was cracked before."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said Minnie. "She looked so pretty and disconsolate, so like a rosebud that had been beaten down by the rain, that our hero paused in spite of himself."

"But you have no home?"

Minnie shook her head.

"Then what is to become of you?"

"I don't know," again uttered Minnie.

"Minnie, look here!" Mr. Harcourt's heart, in its rebound, was very tender and susceptible. "I'll give you a home."

"You, Mr. Harcourt? But you can't!"

"But I can, if you consent to marry me," asserted the young man.

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"But I am only Minnie," she persisted.

"You are as beautiful as an angel, and as innocent as a white dove! Nay, do not shrink away, my little love. Answer me, yes or no. Will you give yourself to me?"

"Oh, I love you so much, Mr. Ernest Harcourt—I love you so much."

"Of course there were various criticisms when it was ascertained that Mr. Ernest Harcourt was actually married to blue-eyed Minnie May, the old maid's niece and drudge in general."

"Tastes differ," said Miss Brownson, contemptuously. "What can you expect of those low-bred travelling tradesmen?" said her mother.

Just as the argument was waxing spirited, a carriage drove up, and a white-haired, patrician-looking old gentleman descended therefrom.

"Dr. Fenton!" cried Aunt Tabitha. "My dear sir, I am delighted to see you here."

"Many thanks, I'm sure," said the old gentleman, with the air of one who is accustomed to be made much of. "But, pray, don't trouble yourself. I've come to see my nephew."

"Your nephew?" said the old lady blankly. "Is he staying in this part of the country?"

"At this very house."

"But there is no one of the name of Fenton here!"

"Who said his name was Fenton? It's Harcourt—Ernest Harcourt. He's just got married, and I'm here to welcome his wife into the family."

And the belle of the establishment realized with a strange, stunned sensation, that the match of the season had risen and set forever upon her matrimonial firmament.

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