



### BANTLINGS.

**F**OLLOWING Toronto's lead we now notice that London has divided the Japanese classes which will doubtless lead to a greatly increased entry.

In our own yards the Bantams are coming on well though we had no early hatched ones. Eggs have proved exceptionally fertile the clear ones not averaging one per cent. From four settings of nine each, Japs, Polish and white Cochins, not one clear egg was the result at testing and all but two hatched.

We have several conditions to thank for this state of affairs; first the breeding fowls were kept active and—mark—*not over-fed*; second the males were young, healthy and in full vigor, and lastly too many eggs were not given to any one hen, the rock many split on.

We were exceedingly fortunate in having several spare Cochin Bantam hens which make the best of incubators and mothers and these stick well to their nests. In the earlier part of the season, we were compelled to use a few large fowls, all of which proved quiet and careful mothers with one exception.

The exception was a Game hen of the Giraffe variety loaned us in an emergency by Monsieur Barbere, Signor Duffo's equestrian partner, and may wild dogs chew the

beard of his great grandfather. She was quiet enough but seemingly c'd not know what to do with her legs. First go off she got tangled up in the nest and broke three eggs; she then seemed to get into a better frame of mind and did no further damage until the chicks began to hatch when she again lost control of her legs and—result, two crushed into jelly. Finally she got seven well out and on their pins, and we were congratulating ourselves that now all was well. After being put out with her chicks she began to cluck, cluck and scratch up seeds and worms and invite her family to the feast. Well and good, that was nice, but the unfortunate youngster that chanced to get behind her had a hard fate. The cluck, cluck and scratch, scratch, would go on until a chick got into the fatal position when out would go that leg and up would go that chick against the fence or into the next lot. That ended the seance, and she had to go, and now a motherly little Japanese is doing dry nursing for seven little orphan chicks in addition to her own large brood. We want no more Juggernaut Game hens with three feet legs, and Monsieur Barbere don't you forget it. We didn't think Mr. Barber with his honest face and innocent expression would impose on a poor, suffering editor like this. However we'll get even. The next time you and your side partner do that bare back donkey act in London, we'll be there and attach a chestnut burr to that flying steed at the place where it is supposed to do the most good and don't you forget *that*.