

fortunate enough to recover my money by threatening to prosecute for fraud; but it does not often happen that even this can be done. The only safeguard against fraud of any kind in eggs is to deal only with men of known honesty and squareness in dealing; and where any breeder gains a reputation of this kind it is generally a fact that soon becomes known far and wide, *vice versa*. The same thing applies with equal truth, with only one exception, that a man's character for knavery or gouging of any kind travels much faster than for good, so that at the end of a season or two he is pretty well known as a fraud, and is well advertised by those whom he has succeeded in swindling.

Frauds in fowls are more apparent and easier avoided; but even here the fowl sharper sometimes, or I should say very often, manages to take in the unwary. This is done by sending out inferior stock, culls, or birds that resemble the breed indicated, but have been run out or bred with a cross.

Of the first kind of fraud mentioned under these heads I will give a case in point. A friend of mine, who is interested in the poultry business, desired to purchase certain varieties of fowls, and to this end he wrote to a certain breeder in Ontario, one of the John Robertsons in the business, enquiring for these fowls. In due time back came an answer from the man of many breeds saying he could supply the birds wanted, and naming his prices, which, let me say, were by no means moderate. Thinking it all square, my friend sent the order, and after waiting sometime along came the birds, eighteen in number, and oh ye gods! what a collection! The scrub stock and culls of as many different poultry yards as there were varieties in the lot. Some of them were chicks only eight or ten weeks old, and this lot was delivered here in December. Just imagine for a moment the motly crew: a Houdan cockerel, minus a muff and beard; a trio of White Cochins, so called, chicks so young that the cockerel could not be distinguished from the pullets, and so miserably thin and starved that a grain of corn passing through their interior made a perceptible bulge on the outside (this is a little strong but it conveys the idea of how thin they were); a trio of White-crested Polands; the pullet about the size of a Leghorn at 10 weeks old, and the cockerel not much larger, with a wry tail; a pair Plymouth Rock cockerels, and later two Houdans, a hen and a pullet, packed in the same crate as a S. Spangled Hamburg cockerel; in consequence of which the Houdan pullet was stripped of her crest and so injured that she died soon after arriving. Now, after the representations made by this breeder as to the quality, &c., of his fowls, the sending of such a lot was nothing short of a downright swindle;

but as the money was sent there was no redress. But that man is pretty well advertised here, and I do not think he will make many more sales in this district.

Of the other kind of fraud, sending out cross-bred fowls, let me relate a little fact in the form of a fable. Esop pointed his fables with a moral but the moral in my case I will leave my readers to deduce for themselves. There was a certain man in a village in Ontario who kept fowls of several kinds, which he was very careful to keep separate that they might each breed after their own kind; but it so happened that after the season was over he allowed them to run together. A Spanish cock seeing a Black Cochin hen that took his eye, mated with her, and the consequence was that she stole away her nest and hatched several chicks, that in due time grew and waxed strong. One day along came a man who sold fowls (and their purchasers too) for a living, and seeing the Spanish-Cochin chicks, a great idea came into his head. He forthwith purchased them for a small sum and conveyed them home, and shortly after some fine Langshans were for sale. And behold, in the same town in which this breeder lived there dwelt another breeder who loved the Langshan, and he went unto the first man and said unto him, "Friend, sell me some of thy strain of Langshans, that I may put them with mine to improve my stock;" and he sold them for many shekels, and he smiled inwardly to himself and said, "Lo, I have scooped him in on those birds." But the second man, what said he? He took the fowls home, and in the course of time mated them with his own, and they bred and multiplied, but behold the chicks had white faces, and the breeder was astonished and marvelled muchly at such an occurrence, until a friend told him the secret of it, and his astonishment vanished, and he waxed wrath and opened his mouth and spake many thing, even stupendous remarks that it would not profit a Sunday school scholar to hear, but which, if directed at that flock of white-faced chickens would have singed them clean. A whole season was lost, and it was only after a period of two years that the second breeder succeeded in cleaning them out and restoring the original purity of his flock.

Now this is the fable. Let those who will point it with a moral to suit themselves. This illustrates the fraud of cross-bred fowls that are sent out as being pure stock. It is not often played successfully; occasionally some one is bitten, and the breeders character rises accordingly. I have seen this swindle carried out in sending out P. Rocks that were apparently good, but all their progeny came with feathered legs, showing plainly the Cochin cross that had been let in, most likely to improve the size of some strain that had run