

than the black Cochin Bantam, proving that careful breeding can accomplish wonders.

The Cochin Bantam is so quiet in disposition and so little inclined to fly that it makes a very desirable one for city householders. Its black plumage is not soiled by smoke and soot, or if soiled shows it so little that it is well adapted for situations where a more delicately colored bird would be out of place. And the little hens are such admirable setters and mothers that the trouble of rearing the chickens is reduced to the minimum. It is a pleasure to set a Cochin Bantam hen and a pleasure to see her, in the exercise of her motherly instincts, bring up her family in the way they should go. Brought up as they are, when they are old they will not depart from the careful instruction of youth.

Do I breed the Cochin Bantam? No; I breed the Game Bantam, but I recommend the Cochin Bantam cordially to all who like the Cochin shape. I have, however, bred hundreds, perhaps thousands of Cochin Bantams. I originated the partridge Cochin Bantam in this country, and Mr. W. F. Entwistle originated the same variety in England. I bred buffs that scored as high as 95 points. So, in recommending the Cochin Bantam I do not speak as one without experience. Because I happen to prefer the Game Bantam at this time is no reason why you, my brother, should not prefer the Cochin. Indeed, I so like the Cochin now that if I had the time and room I should be tempted to take it up again. I never see a good pen of these birds—whether buff, black, white or partridge—that the old liking does not arise and I have to give my will a vigorous stirring up and button my pants pockets in or I would be counting out the cash which made me the owner of the birds.

JUDGES' CLERKS—DISHONEST DEALERS.

Editor Review:

WITH your permission I would like to say a few words re judges being accused of favoring certain exhibitors or breeders. Of course there is a vast difference in exhibitors and breeders. I am not the oldest breeder by long odds, but there are younger ones. I have attended quite a few shows. I have won and I have lost, sometimes fairly and sometimes unfairly—that is, to my way of thinking. I have been led to believe the judge did not do the square thing, as I have known judges to make a difference of four to six points in the same bird within eight shows, but of late I have discovered a very good reason to

think differently of judges. There is another person who has a much greater chance to make a mammoth change. I refer to the judge's clerk. How often do we see persons holding the position who do not know beard from crest or comb, and how often do we see people holding this position who are there for a purpose and who mark down some cuts that the judge does not tell them to and afterwards directly, or indirectly, buy or try to buy birds that did not succeed in winning a place; but the same bird goes to another show in the hands of another person and heads the list for high scoring; then the judges are accused of varying four to six points. Let every association see to it that honest, competent clerks are appointed to mark for judges, and there will, in my opinion, be more uniform scores by our judges. But it would at the same time be a grand idea for our Canadian judges to compare notes, arrive at a conclusion as to what constitutes the ideal bird, in the several classes, and agree on the severity of cuts for certain defects.

I would also like to say a word or two re the sale of birds by individuals who are doing the fancy a great deal of harm. It has been my privilege of late to visit some fanciers in a neighboring town. I saw a cockerel sold to a beginner by a fancier who should be, and claims to be, well up in the variety this cockerel belongs to. The beginner reads the REVIEW, and sent his honest, hard earned money (\$5) more on the strength of the fancier's reputation; he got a bird not worth the coop he came in—besides being a rank cull he was rousy, and the purchaser threatened to send the cockerel back. The seller advised him to kill the bird and he would send him another, which he did. I happened to be in that town about the time number two arrived. It was just a repetition of number one, except the comb a little better, but rotten with roup. It is only a matter of time for that seller, he cannot sell the second lot, but it seems too bad that our beginners should be slaughtered by such sharks. However, the shark in this case will probably hear from his victim in a substantial way, as I was informed he was going to see what could be done, and if he could get satisfaction no other way he would have him properly exposed. Respectfully yours, S. M. CLEMO.

Galt, Jan. 21, 96.

"W'en I'se tempted," said Uncle Rasbury, laconically, "I allurs says 'Satan git behind me,' an' he mos' gen-er'ly do, sho' nuf, an' mo' den likely he shove me right square into de hencoop."—Washington Times.