

The silver duckwing cock is very similiar to the golden, the difference being that the hackle, black, and saddle are pure white. In the case of the silver duckwing hen the hackle is much whiter, with considerably less stripes than are seen in the hackle of the golden hen, and the salmon color of the breast is somewhat lighter.

Black, white, wheaten, and birchen-grey Bantams are so little cultivated that it would be useless my taking up space to set forth their various points, therefore I will pass on to the consideration of the

MALAYS.

This variety of Bantams should be a counterpart of the larger Malays, both in build, carriage, colour and expression. There are two varieties—the red and the white. The red cock should have a comb something like a half walnut in shape, and be furnished with very full eyebrows, which give a frowning expression; hackle, golden-red; back, a reddish-maroon; wing-bar, metallic-green; breast, black; legs and feet yellow. The hens vary considerably in colour—for there are cinnamon hens, wheaten hens, partridge hens, and clay hens. The first-named should be even in colour, the hackle being a few shades darker in tint; tail black, with brown tips. The wheaten hens should have golden hackles, with black pencilling; back and wings, cinnamon; breast, cream colour. The partridge hen is very much like the black-red hen in colour of plumage. The clay hens should be a creamy fawn all over, excepting that the hackle should be a few shades deeper in tint. White Malays should be a pure and spotless white from head to tail, and should have deep yellow legs and beak.

INDIAN GAME BANTAMS

are a very pretty variety, but at present very few decent specimens exist—the hens failing so much in lacing. Both sexes should resemble the large Indian Game in colour, markings and shape.

AN ATTEMPT TO INTIMIDATE JUDGES.

Editor Review :

SEND you enclosed a production which I trust you will find space for in the REVIEW, not that it is worth the space, but merely to show what varieties of individuals there are in the country. I am not in the habit of answering or noticing anonymous letters as they are in general too worthless to waste time upon, and where the writer is afraid to sign his name it surely shows that he is as cowardly as he is contemptible. I am glad this so called "new exhibitor" is

candid enough to say that I did what I thought was right in my own mind and that he believes I did do just that, will he please say what else he would have me or any other judge do? The American Standard defines certain lines upon which to judge. Which shall the judge follow? This Standard or one which "new exhibitor" has set up for himself and which he thinks is right because it just fits some specimens that he has bred or bought from the culls of the old breeders yards. Has not this anonymous numbskull got a little mixed in his ideas. If he had any brains he would readily learn that Mr. So-and-So, that old breeder must have the birds and the experience necessary to produce good ones or he would never have arrived at the status of an old breeder, for no man with a grain of sense is going to continue in a business that is not successful; nor is he going to make the business a success without having and also gaining large experience and this kind of thing wins every time, both financially and on the show bench. Just come on my Port Hope friend, don't be afraid of your name, but put it in full on your coops even if it is such a poor one that you are ashamed to add it to your letter. Bring your birds and if they are worth it you will get every point and all the honor they are worth, even if some other breeder has bred them for you and you are trying to shine with the light that may be borrowed in more ways than one. I give "new exhibitor" credit for his letter, as an example of pure unadulterated gall it is unique, but then maybe it is like his fowls, some other fellow wrote it for him, however it is worth preserving.

Perhaps I may see "new exhibitor" at the Industrial without knowing it, nothing is more likely, and if I do he will find me at my post still judging in the old and certainly safe way, of doing what is right in my own mind with the new American Standard as my guide and light. If "Port Hope" would procure one of these from the Editor of the REVIEW and carefully study it he would certainly know more about fowls than he does now, and the knowledge would do him great good. Then he would not think so little of himself as to try such a small, mean and thoroughly contemptible style of bluff game as his letter shows up. For a "new exhibitor" he is what our late friend Artemus Ward would call "an amoosing cuss." I am almost afraid to go to the Industrial to judge for I will do so in mortal fear of having that protest shot at me, but on second thoughts I think I will try it as I guess the gatling gun of Port Hope will not prove to be loaded with anything more dangerous than wind and bluff.

Yours truly,
THOS. H. SMELT.

Woodstock, Aug. 17th, 1895.