

the bone dust sold for manure is liable to be mixed with other ingredients which may be injurious. It is all very well to say, "Gather all the clean bones you can and pound them yourself;" but try this, and after half an hour's hard work you have only a very small heap fine enough for them to swallow. No doubt this will be remedied in time by the manufacturer guaranteeing a pure article expressly for poultry food; in the meantime we will have to try the pounding.

If the covering of the floor has been largely made up of road dust, they will likely be able to find sufficient gravel amongst it for all their needs; if not they must be supplied for the purpose of assisting their digestion. Where gravel is scarce broken crockery or earthenware is an excellent substitute. Lime, in some form, is also necessary; the refuse from lime kilns or old mortar can generally be had without much trouble. Every poultry breeder should keep a bottle of the "Douglas Mixture" constantly on hand. This old and well-tried remedy is made thus: Quarter pound sulphate of iron, and half ounce sulphuric acid, dissolved in a gallon of water; a teaspoonful of this in a pint of their drinking water during the moulting season, or in cold rainy weather in spring or fall, is of great benefit, and, with care and attention, will usually be all the medicine required.

I know nothing of cholera or roup, never having had a case of either in my yards. Cleanliness ventilation, and proper food will generally obviate the necessity of doctoring sick fowls. Prevention is better than cure.

Tonic food, advertised largely under different names, must be profitable to some one, more likely, however, to the manufacturer than the purchaser; at least I have always been content to leave such things alone. If your hens do not lay a reasonable quantity of egg with such feeding and management as I have attempted to describe, all the Egyptian egg-producing powders in the world won't make them do so. Cut their heads off and get a fresh stock.

Waterloo, Dec. 5th, 1878.

J. L.

Sandwiches.

Editor Canadian Poultry Review.

DEAR SIR:—

In looking over your last number I find that friend Thomas has been having another of his rambles, and think he paid me almost too high a compliment. One thing he can rest assured of is that when I go out of the chicken business there will not be many left in it, unless sickness, old age, or death should overtake me, because I always feel a great deal of pride in having a good feast.

There was one thing that struck me in a late number of your journal, and that was Mr. Thomas' assertion that a great many of the prizes came by chance. Well, if that is so, friend Thomas has had a great many chances. When I first came to this country, and then living outside of any news of poultry journals, it was quite a dilemma for me, but after a short time I became a subscriber to a poultry paper then printed in Toronto; it was a very small affair, but large enough to show that Thomas, Allen, and Bogue got nearly all the prizes. Since then great changes have taken place. We have now a good poultry journal, which, I am glad to say, is not guided by any "blow," or any clique, and controlled by its editor's discretion, which, I think, has been well displayed in not conducting the paper for himself only, but for all.

We have quite a large number of good, intelligent men—but fearing I might startle their modesty I will not give their names—and I am glad to see that they are not, in your journal, as many are doing in others, thrusting their names before the public in writing articles which mean nothing more than "advertising on the cheap;" but such letters as brother "L," of Waterloo, writes, have more valuable information in them than is contained in some other poultry papers in twelve months. They appear to me to be the letters of an earnest, intelligent fancier, willingly imparting information gained from personal experience, and still desirous to learn from the experience of others. And there are several other gentlemen contributing from month to month, whose articles contain grand suggestions—what I call good common sense, and that is what we want about poultry management—and if their advice was followed it would enable us to present many more good birds at our shows. As it now is, in nearly every class, except three or four pens exhibited by such men as the writers, there is not a good bird to be seen. Why? Because all the attention they have had was from mother hen, and from the owner while catching them the morning or evening before the show, and tumbling them into boxes or baskets, with less care in handling than some would give to kindling wood.

My experience has been so short that I sometimes feel that it would hardly warrant me in suggesting a great many changes that I would like to see, but I will endeavor in future to contribute my mite, hoping that those younger in the fancy than myself may reap some benefit therefrom.

But I am getting away from friends Thomas and Allen, and I wish to have a word with them. What are we to infer from Thomas' conduct? At one time he tells us he is going away down to Delaware, or some other semi-barbarous place where they still have whipping-posts and other outland-