

after judging. I am aware that exhibitors are not allowed to be present, but some make out to be present sometimes, or if not make it up afterwards.

Again, I have no doubt that many of the exhibitors desire to have their birds scored. I am convinced that this would add largely to the success of our shows. A beginner exhibits his stock and takes no prize, though his specimens may be very little inferior to the prize-winners, which, if he had known, he would have been greatly encouraged, and stimulated to try again; but as it has been, he is very likely to be discouraged, and decides not to show again.

Again, a breeder sells a beginner a fine specimen for exhibition, which, if it fails to win, he concludes is a scrub, and dubs the breeder a fraud. Everyone who attends our large shows at present, and are qualified to judge, are aware that many splendid specimens necessarily win no prizes.

A beginner has what he considers some fine birds—he feels confident they are exhibition stock of the finest water—but recollecting that his experience is limited, cannot recommend them as such. But this method of judging gives him an opportunity of having them tested, and he can then recommend them at their real worth. I, for one, should have every bird in my best breeding yard thus tested for my own satisfaction.

Again, we have a *Pedigree Register*, in which many of our breeders desire to enter their stock, but cannot do so from the fact that they cannot have their birds scored. (Now, friend Butterfield, I give you leave to smile at the enthusiasm of your younger brother upon the subject of scoring, but you must make allowance for youth and imperfect early training.)

Still, after all, I cannot for the life of me understand how it is that if a man can judge between two fine specimens by taking both birds into his eye, so to speak, at the same time, how it is that he cannot with as great certainty estimate the comparative value of each point separately. I say comparatively, for in this case the *Standard* is in his eye—not literally, of course, but in spirit.

Some may object to this on the ground of extra expense. Well, in reply I would repeat that it will pay by bringing out many birds that would otherwise be left at home. But if there is any doubt about this let a fee be put upon each bird scored, except the winners, say 25c. each, and I am certain this will be found ample to cover the additional expense.

But I must bring my letter to a close. Hoping that some of those interested will give us their opinion on this matter, I am

Yours fraternally,

STANLEY SPILLETT.

Lefroy, Nov. 4th, 1882.

The Tribulations of a Beginner.

Editor Review,

Every month, as the Review comes to hand, I betake myself to some quiet corner, and greedily devour and thoroughly digest its contents; and without flattery I assure you I take great pleasure in perusing its columns; but with all respect to the Review I have often thought that there was something lacking about it, and it appears to me the trouble is this: the Review seems to take it for granted that all its readers are experienced poultry keepers, and rather ignores the poor novice, who for want of advice, blunders along in his own way, which way, by-the-bye, often turns out to be the most disastrous he could have adopted, and he finally throws up the fancy in disgust.

Now, it is for such as these that I enter this plea, and presuming that the Review is intended to be as much a journal of instruction as a medium for the exchange of ideas, would make the following suggestions: That you devote a column or two every month entirely to the beginner; said column to contain plain, practical instruction as to management of yards, stock, feeding, &c., for that particular season; also, from time to time, give a description of the different breeds of fowls. Ignorance of the peculiarities of certain breeds is a fruitful cause of disappointment and annoyance to many a beginner. With these suggestions I will, as concisely as possible, state my own experience.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am one of these poor novices, and if I had only received the good advice which I am sure you are able and willing to give, I should have been spared some pecuniary loss, and a great deal of vexation.

I was attacked with a bad type of the hen-fever while attending the O. P. A. show at Brantford last February, and at once secured a few birds—my choice falling on Games. I next sent to the United States to a prominent breeder and purchased eggs, which cost me \$5 per setting, laid down in Toronto. I succeeded in raising a chick for every two eggs. So far so good; but pretty soon the trouble commenced.

I had fallen into the popular error that any old out-house is good enough to keep hens in, and neglected to provide proper quarters for my birds. After a while roup made its appearance, but as in my simplicity I was unable to detect the disease, it obtained a firm footing in my flock before I knew anything about it.

I was advised by a person, who pretended to understand the disease, to separate the birds affected, and bathe head and throat every morning with warm salt water, and give a pill, size of a marble, composed of equal parts chalk and red pepper. This advice I followed for six weeks, but instead