

ness, together with his disposition and willingness to work, hard, and hammer away, pointed him out as the makings of a most efficient Secretary. But we hope Mr. Hewes will surpass our expectations, and we *do* expect great things of him.—*Southern Fancier*.

Now Theodore rise to the occasion or we will deny we know you.

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A VICTORIA PLAN.

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BY THE EDITOR.

Victoria tried a new plan in connection with the judging of birds at the show recently held here. The judge and his assistants went into one of the show rooms, the door was locked the public excluded and the birds were all passed upon. They then proceeded to the next room where the operation was repeated. Was the plan a wise one, or was it not? Some roundly condemned the plan, others said, "it is just the thing." The objection to open judging seems to be that fanciers ask too many questions, or are inclined to give the judge too much assistance. They put in a word or two when their rival's birds are being scored which is supposed to influence the judge and thus help themselves. The reasons for open judging are that the breeder has an opportunity of standing beside an expert and seeing him carefully consider every point, good or bad. In this way he may learn in a few minutes lessons that will be of greatest value to him. A single question may bring an answer that is worth a good many dollars, and settles much doubt. The unanimous testimony of breeders is that such experience has been of untold value to

them. We confess to being much in favor of the open plan. The difficulties in the way of it are easily remedied and the good results sure to come are important enough to make them worth every consideration.

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AN AFTERNOON LESSON.

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BY THE EDITOR.

"Come out and see my place and stock" said Mr. John Bowker, Jr., to the editor one day. "I am just getting under way but you may be interested to see the ranch." Such an invitation was not to be refused, so a few days later we boarded the electric car for a short ride to Oak Bay. A few minutes walk brought us to the Oak Bay Poultry Farm where Mr. Bowker lives. Our arrival was heralded by the dogs barking which brought Mr. Bowker out of one of his poultry houses where he was at work at the time. After the usual greetings were over, we started on a tour of inspection. "I will show you my breeding yards first." These consisted of houses 8 by 15 feet divided into two pens. They were built of rustic and faced the South. The back was double boarded on account of cold North winds. Each had a half sash window and small door for the use of the fowls. The nests are in the ends and small doors outside allows the eggs to be gathered without entering the house. There are no floors, the ground being covered with several inches of gravel. The roosts are arranged on the platform system. There are two yards in connection with each house one being planted to fruit trees. "I shall breed but four varieties this year, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns, Houd-

ans and White Wyandottes, my intention is to add others as I have room. Now come and see my incubator." We made our way to a substantial building which we entered. On one side was a desk and egg box and on the wall a number of cards which showed that Mr. Bowker had not been unsuccessful in the show room. After lighting a lantern he opened the door of another room which had been built inside of the building. Here we found one of Mr. Rankin's Monarchs holding 160 eggs, in full operation. "She's a dandy. This is my second season with the machine, and I have had great success with it, 75 chicks out of 90 eggs was the result of my first trial this year. These eggs are due in a short time and I am sure of a good hatch. Now we will have a look at the brooder house." With this Mr. Bowker led us to a long narrow building with sliding glass windows that came down to the floor. The yards were full of lively little chicks three weeks old that were having a glorious time running hither and thither, stopping now and then to make the gravel fly with their tiny feet in an endeavor to unearth a choice bug or worm. "How many of your 75 have you got left?" we asked. "Every one of them, not a chick has died," and as far as we could judge not one had any intention of doing so they were all in the pink of health. In the house was one long brooder, and when the top was lifted up for us to look in we could see reason number one why none had died. It was as clean and sweet as could be, in fact we were impressed from first to last with the fact that Mr. Bowker had learned