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MY PET CROWS.

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The first bird pet I ever owned was a member of the Crow family, a Jackdaw. This bird is a smaller species of Crow, and makes a most interesting pet. Of course my pet's name was Jack, and, when poor Jack died, as all pets do (and generally tragically), it nearly broke my heart. It was in my boyhood's days, in the old land, and I can see now the mournful procession of children in Jack's funeral cortege, all crying out of sympathy for each other, and also for me, who was Jack's master. What a sad day poor Jack's funeral was to me!

Of the many pets I have had in this country, none are so funny, so cunning, and so interesting, as our common Crow.

On a fine day in early June, 1901, with a friend I started out to hunt a crow's nest. We had a long tramp, and were not successful until we came upon two boys, and, on putting the question to them "Did they know of a crow's nest?" Yes, they knew of one, with five young ones in it, but there were five boys interested in it, and each boy wanted a crow. "Well, show me where the nest is, that I may see how large the young ones are; and, if they are ready to take, I will make some arrangement with you to let me have them." They took us to the nest; one of the boys climbed the tree and held up one of the young birds, and I saw that it was nicely feathered and just the right age to take to rear. "Now, boys, what will you take for your crows?" Oh, they would each take ten cents. I expected a higher demand, so closed at once, and ordered the boy who was in the tree to bring down all the crows in his handkerchief, which he did. "Now, boys, who besides yourselves are in the partnership in this crow's nest?" They named three others, and I said "Here is your 10c. each for