

ence in the old and the new. These birds are bred in whites, blues, blacks, reds, yellows and checkers, though the standard of perfection is the same in shape and markings. A good Pouter will measure over twenty inches from "tip to tip," that is, from end of beak to end of tail.

Probably the next most pronounced freak is the Fantail—the most stylish of all the fancy pigeons—so called because of the shape of the tail, which is very large, flat and carried upright, giving the appearance of a lady's fan. A good one is most highly prized. It has no doubt been bred originally from the wide-tailed pigeon of India, and brought to its present perfection after several hundred years of study and breeding. The best examples of these birds are found in England and the United States, but Canada is not now very far behind, and fanciers in Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Guelph, Ottawa, and other towns have some beautiful specimens, in various colours, such as blue, white, silver, black, saddle-backed and reds and yellows.

There are records of the wild variety of India with tails containing as many as twenty feathers, but I have seen the present-day fantail carrying as many as thirty-eight and forty feathers in the "fan" or tail. Its body is rolled up like a ball, and its graceful neck lies back until the head rests on the "cushion" (the base of the front of the tail) in the small of the back.

Another beautiful freak is the "Jacobin," called after the Monks of that name, who wore a frill collar round their necks. This collar on the Jacobins of to-day have been so increased in wealth of feather that their heads are completely covered with a "hood," and they carry a heavy mane and chain, shown in a picture accompanying this article. They are small in body and bred in six or seven different colours. Their origin may be traced to the wild pigeon of India, which was possessed of a "ruffle" or neck feather.

The Carrier, one of the progenitors of the present day "Homer," or Messenger pigeon, is now only a fancy bird, with long beak surmounted at the base with a heavy "wattle" or fungus growth. The eye is surrounded with a cere, or fungus growth, similar in quality to the nose wattle. This bird is pill-chested, long in neck and stoutly flighted. It looks like a race-horse. A good specimen brings a large price to the owner, and produced herewith is a picture of a pure white (one of many colours bred) which has oftentimes won a ribbon at leading United States and Canadian shows.

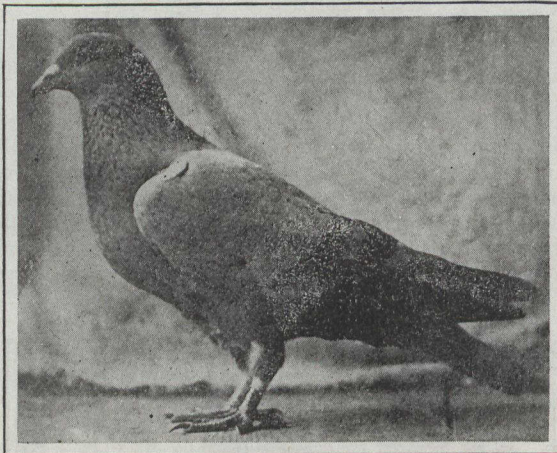
The "Swallow" pigeon, named, no doubt, after the bird of the same name on account of its similarity in flying, is another variety, fancied for its markings, which often take years to perfect.

"Magpies" are, no doubt, so called because of their markings, similar to the bird of that name, but it is a difficult task and seldom accomplished

by the fancier, to attain the clean-cut division of colours of the bird. "Owls," no doubt, are also named after the old bird which once "to the moon complained," because of the broad skull, his full face, and short, stout beak.

There are English, Chinese and African owl pigeons, differing slightly in size of neck or breast feathers, and all colours and varieties have their place in the catalogues of the poultry and live stock shows in many countries.

The Tumbler is a pigeon that is most popular. Its curious back somersaults in the air have un-



DOMESTICATED BLUE ROCK

Supposed by some to be the progenitor of all modern varieties.

doubtedly been responsible for the name. A variety of these birds, known as "Tipplers," will remain on the wing, high up in or above the clouds, for a period of eight hours or more without alighting. In addition to the above varieties, we have Russian and English "Trumpeters," so named because of the peculiar call they make, sounding like a long call on a cavalry trumpet.

Ice pigeons, sharply ruffled in wing feather, grizzly in colour, are named, no doubt, because of their wing feathers having the appearance of tiny icicles. Other varieties, too numerous to mention, are Turbits, Runts, Archangles, bearded and muffled Tumblers, Owls, Priests, Hen Pigeons (with a large body and "cocked" tail), Barbs, Dragoons and Antwerps. All varieties have their fanciers, and all are well cared for in the lofts of fanciers in nearly all the large towns and cities in the world. From a school-boy's hobby to the continued working-out of ideas and brains of many men of fifty years and upwards, the fancy pigeon has been improved in its various varieties for nearly 600 years—and will yet be improved and no doubt increased in varieties and colours.

## CITY BOARDER AND THE FARMER

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

"I JUST wish I were in the country now!" I heard a rather weary-looking woman utter these words on a street-car the other muggy day. Her companion—I suppose he would be her husband—ceased to read his paper, nodded, yawned, and said "Yes." Then he seemed to become very reflective. Perhaps he began to think of days long before he knew anything experimentally about street cars; it may be, of chores done while the sun was struggling in the east; of the rattle of reapers on long, hot harvest days; of a pell-mell to a snow apple tree at supper time, and a cool dip at twilight, without a bathing suit, in the creek on the other side of the bush.

Some ex-country boys who have prospered in the city, have fruit farms or chicken ranches fifty miles from town. At week ends they jump into a forty horse-power roadster and go out to the "farm," where the daughters of the house come out in the morning and feed the chickens in silk stockings and suede shoes, and the boys play tennis on a court behind the bank barn. But there are dozens of good chaps emigrants from the farm, plugging in dingy offices from nine to six, who cannot afford country houses, but who will tell you over a cigar in leisure moments how much they would like to get back to the farm. Reside there? Some would. They are disenchanted of the city and its garish lights. But I am speaking of those who would merely like access to the country whenever they took the notion; some farm house, where they might go and chuck the tyranny of routine; roam the hills or do some

wood rambling or lie with vacant eyes beneath a shady tree.

Why not go and board on a farm? Surely there are hundreds of struggling farmers in Canada who would be glad to take in a fagged city chap for a couple of weeks. Board in the country is cheap—the ex-country boy desperately tries to recall what the school-teacher paid twenty-five years ago. But can you get board in the country. That is the question. The average city man who talks of rustication for a few days approaches the idea of securing board on a farm with the traditional notion that the farmer will kow tow to him—because he is from the city. He forgets the fact that the modern Canadian farmer no longer regards as a novelty the city folk whom he sees whirling past in their motors, throwing dust all over his clothes line; nor is he much envious of them. The Canadian farmer to-day is not anxious for boarders. This statement may seem surprising. Not long ago, I read an article commenting upon the wealth accruing to farmers in the State of Vermont, through the city boarder traffic. The farmers of this State make the millions out of city rusticators that Maine does out of tourist sportsmen. Are Canadian farmers not alive to their opportunities in this regard? Why do they not encourage city people to enjoy rural delights by providing accommodation for them? I asked a farmer these questions the other day. I described the affluence of Vermont agriculturists, and pointed out to him the folly of vacant village houses, and nailed-up rooms in vast farm houses.

He told me frankly that the farmers of Canada did not want boarders from the city, because they were more bother than they were worth. It was useless to compare Vermont and Ontario, for instance, because rural social standards were not equal. How many Ontario farmers had servants? Upon the farmer's wife, in the absence of the "hired girl," must fall the extra burden of city boarders, and she, goodness knows, from early dawn till late at night, has enough to do.

Then there was the question of the city boarder himself. Was he a desirable visitor for the farmer? Of the city boarder on the farm there were several types. My particular farmer outlined two. He spoke of a city father, mother and several children who descended upon a friend of his, intending to stay two months. The breakfast hour on the farm was six. The town visitors never got down till nine-thirty. Then, the children did not want oatmeal porridge; they preferred corn flakes which they said they were "used to" at home. They had the eating-between-meals habit to excess, sometimes crumbling cookies in that sacred room called the parlour—where the photograph album and stereopticon views are kept. On hot days their parents audibly yearned for electric fans and running water. The family stayed a week.

The other type of city boarder was a young bank clerk who went out on the farm because his mother said he needed the look of the fields. He brought his tennis racquet along, but when he looked out of the window in the morning and saw nothing more approaching to a court than a cropped timothy field, he hid it. He got back home after two exciting weeks. He still tells customers at the bank, and his mother, of his attempts to drive the hayrake and of dumping the grass all over the field; of his first try at hitching a horse.

The city boarder on the farm in Canada is not an unknown figure, but few attempts have been undertaken to make an industry out of him. In the Niagara peninsula I know of a farmer who built four cottages this spring on his farm and rented them to city tenants. Of course, the cottage on the farm is an idea borrowed from England. City boarder enterprise for the farmer in Canada is largely confined to districts in touch with suburban cars, and close to dense centres of population upon which the farmer may draw with certainty for his guests. When our Provinces are netted with electric roads, and cities overflow, and labour gets cheaper, there will be a trek to the farm all the year round from the cities.

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