

if a cage bird, just as soon as the cage door is unfastened birdy is out and on the top of his master's head or shoulder, stretching out his neck and looking with all his eyes for some little dainty, which he strongly suspects is coming out of master's pocket for him.

Now to own pets and have them like this is a pleasure indeed; to have them as many people do is only a nuisance. Some cannot make pets of anything. They seem to have no taste whatever for animal life; they do not study it, and do not care for it; it has no charms for them. Such people should not keep pets; and if they do, certainly they will not make pets of them.

Those who do not care for animal life, and who do not keep pets, and have no desire to have them in their presence, deprive themselves of, to my mind, about one half the pleasures of this world. Right well do I remember my first pet. It was a Jackdaw. Jack and I were sworn friends, and during the time between school hours, and all Saturdays, we were inseparable companions. Poor Jack's death and burial was the first real grief I ever knew. I went into the garden one fine morning to call him, and to my surprise he did not give me his usual responses. I looked for him and found him at the foot of the garden wall, staggering and unable to stand. I suspected at once our neighbor's boys (who never had a pet, and cared nothing for them) throwing a stone at him. I picked him up and took him indoors. The bitter tears I shed over poor Jack's dying moments I shall never forget. My oldest sister made a shroud and we had a real genuine mournful juvenile funeral. All my brothers and sisters and a few of our neighbors, (but not the ones I suspected of murdering poor Jack) attended, to pay the last token of respect to poor Jack, who was a favorite with all. I remember well that unhappy funeral procession. I don't think one dry eye looked into his grave. The others cried because I cried, and I am sure I cried the hardest of them all. Poor Jack, I can see him now lying in his coffin with his white shroud, as quiet, peaceful and sanctified as a darky parson.

I have had many pets since, and have shed tears at their death, of which I am not ashamed.

Some keep too many pets, so some are neglected. One should keep that which they like best, and give that every attention. To do this, and have a mutual confiding trust grow up between your pets and yourself, is a pleasure only those who have real pets know anything about.

Those who fancy one thing to-day and another to-morrow should never bother with them, for they will not succeed in bringing to themselves the amount of pleasure they bargained for. No sooner has the novelty worn off, and the stern labor and trouble stares them in the face, than the love

for their pets go out at the bottom of their breeches pockets. They vote them a nuisance, and either give them or throw them away. I like to see pets, and I like those who do like them. It is always a kindly disposition that takes the trouble to keep and attend to them, whether in old or young; it cultivates a good taste and kindly feeling, and with children, as with myself and poor Jack, they will look back with feelings of pleasure on the pets of their childhood. With many it sows the seed of a kind, feeling disposition, that becomes their nature through life.

I have read of some very extraordinary instances of people making pets of the wild birds by feeding them at regular times and places. I was very much amused one day last summer at seeing a gentleman feeding the birds in the gardens of the Tuilleries, in Paris. The sparrows swarmed around him and would fly up to his hand and take a piece of bread from him held between his thumb and finger. Amongst the birds were quite a number of wood pigeons, which were quite as bold and tame as the sparrows, and were continually having pitched battles with their little neighbors for the possession of a tit-bit. I stood and watched this interesting proceeding for a long time, and was only sorry I could not speak the language so as to engage in conversation with this bird philanthropist, and ascertain how long, and how much patience he had exhausted before he had established such mutual confidence between himself and his feathered pets.

Many keep pets, and many more ought to, but all who keep them should do so because they like them, and not because they fancy they do.

× ROADS.

Our Halifax Letter.

FRIEND FULLERTON,—I purpose, with permission, writing upon nothing in particular, and something in general; that is to say, address a few words to your numerous readers upon various questions of poultry interest. To commence with,

THE NEW STANDARD.

What is being done about it? Some time ago we were informed through your columns that the Canadian Poultry and Pet Stock Association of Toronto, had passed resolutions to the effect that a Standard was necessary, and that a committee had been formed to look after the proper compilation of one. Has anything been done about it? or has it met its death like many a worthy object, bound to succeed if placed in the hands of the proper parties, but unfortunately never so placed? It struck me at the time when the proposal was first made that it would be a failure, as it seemed to be under the sole control of one association,