

"And he refused to comply with your just demand?"

"Hey?"

"He allowed his chickens to run at large,"

"Yaas. Some vos large, und some vos leedle valares, but dey bos scratch mine garden more as der seven dimes each."

"Well, you want to sue him?"

"Yaas, I vant to sue him to make one blank fence up sixteen feet his house all around, wot der dam shickens don't got over."

The lawyer informed him he could not compel the man to build such a fence, and Fritz left in a rage, exclaiming:

Next summer time I raise shickens too, you bate! I raise fightint shickens, by tam! Vipe off your vest down.—*Home and Farm.*

THE CARE OF CANARIES.

A pair of Canaries I give to your care,
Don't blind them with sunshine, or starve them with air,

Or leave them out late in the cold and the damp,
And then be surprised if they suffer from cramp;
Or open the window in all kind of weathers
Quite near to their cage till they puff out their feathers.

The birds that are free fly to bush or to grot,
If the wind be too cold or the sun be too hot;
But these pretty captives depend on your aid,
In winter for warmth, and in summer for shade.
When they cherrup, and ceaselessly hop to and fro,
Some want or discomfort they're trying to show;
When they scrape their bills sharply on perch or at wire,

They're asking for something they greatly desire;
When they set every feather on end in a twinkling,
With musical rustle like water a sprinkling,
In rain or in sunshine, with sharp call-like notes,
They are begging for water to freshen their coats.
Cage, perches, and vessels, keep all very clean,
For fear of small insects—you know what I mean!
They breed in their feathers, and leave them no rest.
In buying them seed, choose the cleanest and best.
I feed my Canaries (excuse me the hint)
On hemp and canary, rape, millet, and lint,
I try them with all till I find out their taste—
The food they don't care for they scatter and waste.
About their bright cages I hang a gay bower
Of shepherd's-purse, chickweed, and groundsel in flower.

At a root of ripe grass they will pick with much zest,

For seeds and small pebbles their food to digest.
But all should be ripe, and well seeded, and brown,
Few leaves on the groundsel, but plenty of down.
In summer I hang them out high in the shade
About our hall door by a portico made;
In spring, autumn, winter, a window they share,
Where the blind is drawn down to the afternoon glare.

This window, if open beneath them, we close,
Lest the cramp should sieze hold of their poor little toes.

A bath about noontide on every mild day
Will keep your small favorites healthy and gay.

In hot summer sunshine, some calico green,
As a roof to their cage, makes a very good screen.
On winter nights cover from lamplight and cold;
And they'll sing in all weathers, and live to be old.
—*The Animal World.*

OUR ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Written for Canadian Poultry Review.

It is not many years since the chirp of the first English Sparrow was heard on the American continent. To-day there are few towns or cities in the United States or Canada where he is not quite as well known as he is in Liverpool or London. He was first imported for the purpose of ridding the shade trees of the American cities of caterpillars and other destructive insects, and, notwithstanding what has been said against him by many, he certainly has performed his mission well. Many beautiful shade-trees to-day in the parks of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other American cities owe their very existence to-day to this hardy little bird. Previous to his importation it was no uncommon sight to see the shade-trees on the streets completely covered with webs containing millions of caterpillars, which fed on the leaves, and left the limbs and twigs as bare in July as in December; and as the foliage is quite as necessary to the plant as the roots, the consequence was many died from this cause. The native birds were either not numerous enough, or their insect-feeding nature was not sufficient to destroy these pests, hence the bringing to America of these hardy and useful little birds.

Some of the Americans, including a very prominent naturalist, call him very hard names, and lay some serious charges at his door. He is called quarrelsome and saucy, and his fighting propensities are compared to all those of his countrymen wherever they are found. I would, myself, only take this from that class of Americans who cannot see anything good in anything British: with such the sun rises and sets nowhere but in the United States, and not ever a wee, little bird, brought from England to rid their trees and plants of destructive vermin, can find favor in their eyes; not even though it is beyond a question of doubt they have performed their mission.

The sparrow has been accused of fighting and driving away our summer birds. I believe this statement does not contain one word of truth.—True, Jack will stand up and fight for his real or imaginary rights. If he wants to take possession of a swallow's nest, and appropriate it to his own use, he does it. His first move is to attempt to eject the rightful owner single-handed. If he finds himself, after a hard fight, unable to do that, he calls on his friends, and attack his victim in force,