

who keeps me posted on the ripest thought of his party, and that enabled me to tell everyone I met in Toronto just what he wanted to know—or, rather, to believe. I shudder to think what would have happened to me in that headquarters of Conservatism if before starting on the trip I had allowed myself to be loaded with Liberal opinions. This is no idle fear, I assure you. One evening I saw on the street what I thought at first was one of those nice little riots for which Toronto is becoming justly famous, but on investigation I found that a Liberal who had strayed into the city from somewhere had ventured to make a few remarks, and was being set right by a number of Conservatives. I left before the ambulance arrived.

Since returning to the country I have given the matter some thought, and have come to the conclusion that we need a great deal of Reciprocity, though of a different kind from the Reciprocity that is being discussed. Instead of Reciprocity in produce and manufactured goods between the United States and Canada, we need Reciprocity in opinions between neighbors. Personally, I am willing that my neighbors shall have whatever opinions they like about anything, including myself, if they will only let me have whatever opinions I like.

In matters of opinion I am an absolute free-trader. If a man thinks that freer trade relations with the United States will bring about annexation and blue ruin it is wholly unnecessary for him to shake his fist under my nose and speak to me harshly to make me understand how deeply in earnest he is. On the other hand, if a man thinks that Reciprocity will cheapen the price of hog-feed and put a piano in every parlor in the country, he doesn't need to throw me down in the street and step on my stomach to bring that great truth home to me. As a matter of fact, I do not think it will either bring about annexation or put a piano in the parlor, but I do think that the discussion as it is being carried on will cause a lot of bad blood among otherwise pleasant people. When men who hold such opinions as I have suggested try to argue the matter they usually end by standing with their faces about six inches apart and bawling at the tops of their voices:

"It will!"

"It won't!"

"It will!"

"It won't!"

When they finally get out of breath, they separate, and refuse to speak to one another for months. Could anything be more absurd? Neither absolute free trade nor a tariff wall as high as Haman's gallows is important enough to cause a quarrel between good neighbors. As a friend, whose opinion I value, remarked:

"Whether the tariff agreement is adopted or not, no one will have a word to say about it six months from now."

But if you quarrel with someone about it, you may start a feud that will last for generations. The kind of Reciprocity which I advocate would do away with all that. How would this do for a statement of it?

SCHEDULE A.—Ideas, acts, opinions, etc., in which there should be free trade between all human beings.

Kind words, kind deeds, praise, compliments, good news, forbearance, patience, charity, hopefulness, words of cheer, smiles, jokes, and all things that tend to make life better and brighter.

SCHEDULE B.—Ideas, acts, opinions, etc., which should only be exchanged under a reasonable sense of duty, and with a greater preference than even Mr. Foster demands, for British common sense.

Criticism, wholesome truth, reproaches, strict business, politics, bad news, tales of woe, personal troubles, personal remarks, gossip, tips on stocks and races, good advice, and all other things that tend to make life hard and unpleasant.

SCHEDULE C.—Harsh words, scolding, nagging, scardal, abuse, angry words, blows, sneers, contempt, sarcasm, and all the things that hurt and help to make the lives of so many people tragic. All the things mentioned in this schedule should be prohibited by a stern sense of duty that would amount to the highest possible protection.

If this system of Reciprocity were adopted, no one would care very much whether the other one was or not. And perhaps it doesn't matter very much whether the other system is adopted or not.

In a recent address, Lord Morley told of an experience he once had with the poet-painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He called on him during the closing days of a bitter campaign, and was very much surprised to find that the poet knew nothing about what was agitating the minds of everyone else. After the situation had been explained to him, Rossetti remarked, indifferently:

"I don't suppose it matters very much which party wins."

In commenting on this attitude, Lord Morley said that, as he himself could not remember, after the lapse of years, just what was the issue at stake, or which party won in that particular election, he inclined to the opinion that, after all, the poet was right.

And, speaking of poets, I am reminded that

one poet has got himself mixed up in this trouble. As nearly as I can see, the best thing that may result from all this discussion is that Canon Scott may become known as he should be to his fellow countrymen. In spite of his unfortunate prayer in verse, Canon Scott is a true poet, with whose good work Canadians should be familiar. It is hard, however, to connect the poet of politics with the one who wrote of Canadians:

"Gnaws at our heartstrings the hunger for action;
Burns like the desert the thirst of our souls."

It is even harder to think that he is the same man who composed the noble sonnet which opens with the line:

"I saw Time in his workshop carving faces!"

If I dared trust to my memory, I would quote you all of it, to show just what Canon Scott can do when controlled by poetical inspiration, rather than politics. I hope that the attention he has called to himself will keep him in the public eye until his better work has been brought to view and appreciated. That would atone for much of the nonsense that has been talked by both sides.

Whether or not people are willing to adopt the more important system of Reciprocity which I have suggested—one which would enable them to discuss the other Reciprocity in a sane and kindly way, there are a couple of suggestions that I want to make to both sides in the present contention.

Let those who think that the adoption of Reciprocity will benefit the country mightily, and increase the butter-fat in milk, remember that "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

And to those who think that Reciprocity will bring about annexation, give chickens the pip, and otherwise work us woe, I commend the reply of the old lady who was asked if she had much trouble in her life: "Yes, my dear," she said, with a smile, "I have had a great deal of trouble, but most of it never happened."

The Passenger Pigeon.

Not Discovered Last Year—Renewal of Search—A Reward of \$1,000 for First Information as to the Location of a Nesting Pair, When Properly Confirmed.

The search for the passenger pigeon will be carried on for another year. No person was successful last year in finding this finest and noblest of all wild pigeons. Whereas, forty or fifty years ago, great flocks comprising hundreds of thousands, or even millions, were frequently observed, much doubt exists as to whether there are any left to-day. Its range extended over the portion of the American continent east of the Rocky Mountains, and as far north as Hudson's Bay.

Last year many reports were received to the effect that the long-lost pigeon had been found, but, on further inquiry, and on demanding a deposit of \$5 as an evidence of good faith and care in its identification, before we incurred any ex-

pense in confirming the discovery, it turned out that some other bird had been mistaken for it.

All finds are to be reported to Dr. C. F. Hodge, Clark University, Worcester, Mass., or to the undersigned. The awards are offered solely and only for the information of location of undisturbed nestings. We do not desire to obtain possession of any birds, dead or alive, but we are working solely to save the free wild pigeon.

To insure intelligence and good faith, informants of nestings are advised to enclose, or agree to forfeit, at least \$5.00, in case they have failed to identify the birds correctly. This is only fair, since the amount may cover only a small part of the costs occasioned by a false report. The money will be immediately returned if the birds are found to be the true wild passenger pigeons.

In sending reports, give exact date, hour, number in flock, direction of flight, and descriptions of the nest, the eggs, and the birds themselves.

Last year, the Mourning Dove, the Band-tailed Pigeon of the Pacific Slope, and Cuckoos, were mistaken for Passenger Pigeons.

Passenger Pigeons nest during April or May, making rude, scanty platforms of twigs, through which the eggs can be seen. The nests are usually from 10 to 30 feet above the ground, and are apt to be found in any woodland. There is usually one (sometimes two) elliptical white egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 1 inch, in each nest. The Passenger Pigeon is 16 inches long from bill to end of tail, of slender build, and has a long, graduated tail; that is, the central tail-feathers are about twice the length of the outer ones. The male is blue-gray above and on the head, and ruddy underneath; the female is duller colored, inclining to brownish.

The Mourning Dove is shorter by 4 inches, and both sexes have black spots on the ears, and brownish backs. The forehead of the adult is vinaceous brown, and the nest is usually less than ten feet from the ground.

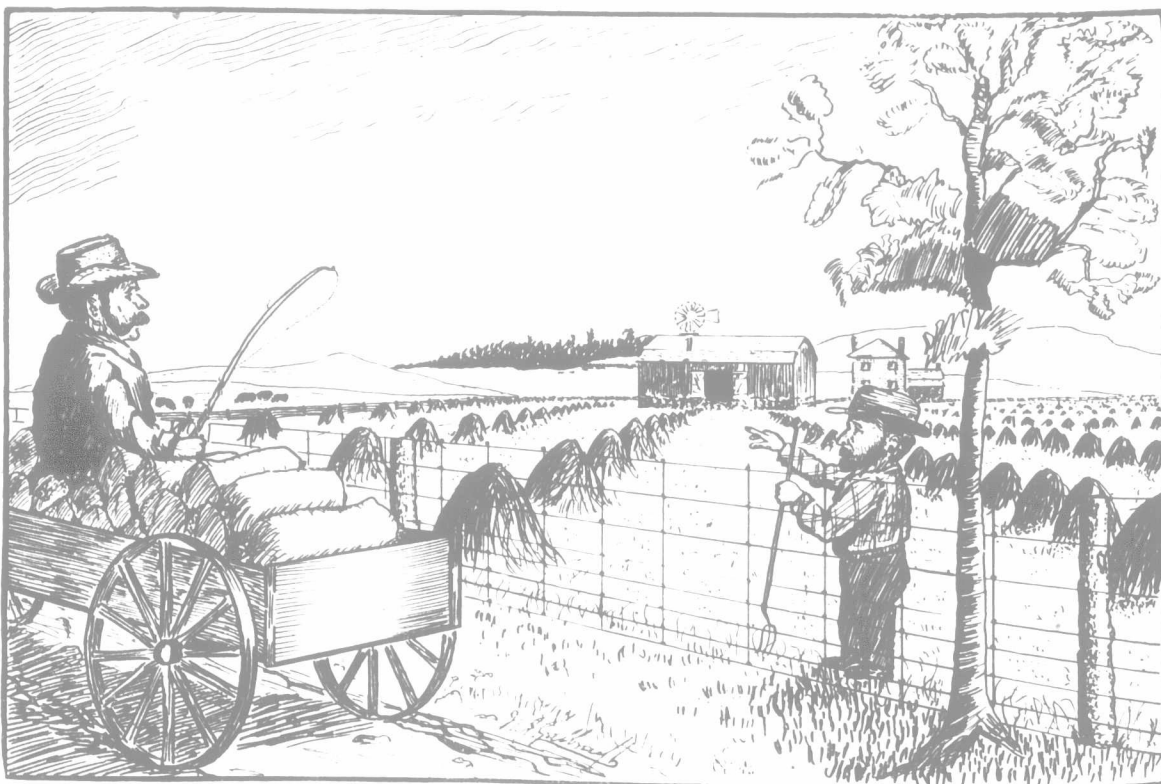
Observers should be absolutely sure of the identity of the bird before making a report. If the nest contains eggs, haste in reporting is unnecessary, as the young birds will remain in the nest for three weeks or more before leaving.

It should be remembered, too, that the rewards are offered for undisturbed nests. The birds must not be molested in any way. Watch them closely from a concealed position with a field-glass, and ascertain for a certainty that they are Passenger Pigeons before reporting.

W. LOCHHEAD.

8-months' Credit Offer.

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First Farmer—"How much a ton are you paying for the bran?"

Second Farmer—"I'm paying \$20.00 a ton, John. The cows must have it to do their best."

First Farmer—"Why don't you give alfalfa, Hiram? Just look at that crop; I expect to get not less than four tons to the acre this year, and those scientific chaps have proved that well-cured alfalfa hay is worth almost, ten for ten, as bran, so I guess it pays all right. You could easily grow it on that place of yours."