

The Birds' Annual Conference.

The appointed day arrived at last. The sun was clear, but the air was dry and a cold November shiver. A sunny spot was chosen on the east side of a bluff, and in a very short time all the birds were comfortably seated. Mr. Blue Jay was director of ceremonies, and in a neat speech introduced the Chairman, Mr. Night Owl. He asked them to overlook the Chairman's hoarseness, since it was likely that he was out late the previous evening.

Mr. Night Owl, in taking his place, found the light very strong, and was unable to read the few notes that he had prepared, but he managed to open the meeting with a neat speech. Said he: "Friends and relations, we have been summoned here to discuss a very important matter. You have all found how very uncomfortable it has been for the past two days. The snow is deep, and it is hard to find food. Very many of our neighbors have already left, and are now in the Sunny South. The question is, shall we, too, join them, or shall we risk the winter in Manitoba? We want the opinions of everyone present. What shall we do?"

For a time no one spoke, and Mr. Red-winged Blackbird began to laugh so hard at poor little Mrs. Chickadee that he fell off the limb. This started all the birds talking, and Mr. Night Owl had to call order.

Mr. English Sparrow, who was the first speaker, said that he and his wives could find plenty to eat in the yards and on the streets, and he thought it was too far to fly away to the South just for a few months. Mr. Chairman called on Mr. Grouse, who was talking to his cousin, Miss Prairie Chicken, to say a few words. Mr. Grouse was very timid, and did not like to talk. He said that he and his cousins had been having a hard time of it for several weeks keeping out of the way of the hunters, and they had about decided to go to some other country, but Mr. Partridge told them that the hunters were even worse in other countries than here, so they thought they would stay all winter.

Mr. Robin, who had been straightening his vest, now spoke. After telling of the glad welcome that he received when he arrived in the spring, and how plentiful the berries and insects were, he went on to say that winter was now here, and had driven away all the bugs and worms. The berries were nearly all gone, and there was nothing to depend on but the crumbs that the children throw out, and we are often afraid to go for them for a bad boy with a sling-shot killed one of us last week. We are very sorry to leave, but we must go to a warmer country. But we will be sure to return just as soon as we can in the spring.

Mr. R. W. Blackbird, who had recovered from his fall and was sitting on a limb beside his chum, Mr. Crow Blackbird, was now laughing at Mrs. Chipmunk and Mrs. Gopher chatting together over in the field. He was called on for his opinions, and said that he had no notion of staying. He had hunted all day for smartweed, ragweed and other seeds that he liked, but

could not find any, and did not intend to hunt any more. His chum had been out hunting for mice, and did not find any, so they would leave for the South immediately.

Mr. Black Crow now mounted the platform, and said that his friends, the two Mr. Blackbirds, were too particular, and although he got plenty of worms and mice and insects during the summer, he thought he would stay if he could even find some potatoes in the gardens. If they got scarce, he would go but a short distance south, anyway.

Woodpecker brothers could not keep from hammering, and had been twice cautioned by Mr. Blue Jay, and when at length Mr. Downey Woodpecker was called in, he said that he thought that he and most of his relations would remain during the winter. They can use their strong bills to dig worms and grubs out of their winter home, and this year they will not get fooled with the sound in the telegraph poles and peck at them all day for nothing. I nearly wore out my bill last year on telegraph poles.

Mr. Chickadee said he could find plenty of crumbs around the houses, for children liked to see him, and called him Snowbird.

But the days were short, and although several birds had not spoken, the Chairman thought it was too late for further speeches, and, anyway, it is plain that the Robins, the Meadow Larks, the Blackbirds and all other birds that eat insects must go South. While myself, Mr. Sparrow, Mr. Chickadee, Mr. Jay, Mr. Grouse, and one or two others, will look after things as best we can till you return in the spring, we shall feel lonesome, and will watch anxiously for you. Thanking you for your kind attention and businesslike speeches, we will adjourn until next year.

NIGHTHAWK.

The Snowbird.

In the morning light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush in the roses below,
The meadow lark sings in the meadow,
And the snowbird sings in the snow,
Twice wee! Chickadee!

The blue martin trills in the gable,
The wren on the ground below,
In the elm flutes the golden robin,
But the snowbird sings in the snow,
Twice wee! Chickadee!

High wheels the gay wing of the osprey,
The wing of the swallow drops low,
In the mist dips the wing of the grosbeak,
And the snowbird wings in the snow,
Twice wee! Chickadee!

I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
But dearest to me, chickadee! chickadee!
Is that true little heart in the snow.

—Selected.

Drawing.

The history of art is the history of peoples, and not merely the production of a few prodigies. Similarly, in our schools to-day, we are not to judge the work of a few pupils who excel in that branch of education. And the country that has all the public school children properly trained in elementary drawing is doing more to promote the manufactures of the country and to enable the people to appreciate art than the establishment of a hundred art museums. Until drawing is more thoroughly taught, art galleries and art museums will be barren of results, either upon the industries of the people or their art culture. We begin at the wrong end. We expect a child to appreciate art before he has learned to draw. We expect him to express his ideas before he has gained control of his muscles. Like our manual training friends, we should have exercises bringing into use every muscle likely to be needed in drawing, and then, when the child has learned to control his pencil, he can the more readily express his ideas, and so stamp his personality in it. A drawing in which the pupil has placed some of himself is of infinitely more value to the child than all other kinds if they lack this feature.

Most pupils endeavor to represent too much. By putting in too many details their idea is lost. For instance, in drawing a hen, it is useless to attempt to draw all the feathers. We are drawing the hen, not the feathers. Let us rather, with a few lines, represent the most important feathers. If our object is a dog, the hairs are innumerable, and we had better put in only sufficient details to make clear our idea.

In drawing natural objects, we should leave room for suggestions, for drawing is far more suggestive even than poetry. If we have a group of four round objects, it will not be necessary to put stems on more than the nearest one to suggest that the objects are apples.

If we are drawing a landscape, a few wavy lines representing the branches will convey a clearer idea than a multitude of lines representing each tree. Simplicity is the true guide in drawing, as well as most other things in life. It is more important to learn what to leave out than what to put in.

RUSTICUS.

"The Advocate in School."

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find my subscription to the "Farmer's Advocate." A copy of your paper was lying on my desk the other day when the inspector called at my school. I said, "What do you think of my having a farmer's paper in school?" He said, "You could not have a finer paper on your desk." I then called on one of the pupils to read a most excellent, inspiring extract, entitled, "Be On the Watch."

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Yours respectfully,
G. C. M. BOOTHE.

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Mr. J. M. Macfarlane, Moose Jaw, recently brought up from Ontario a valuable lot of registered horses, consisting of three Clyde stallions, eight Clyde mares, one Shire stallion and two Welsh ponies. Of the Clydes, Prince Royal [3243], two years old, is sired by Gilsland (imp.), dam Gaudy Lass, 2nd dam Gaudy Girl (imp.). Gilsland Pride [4118], one year old, being a full brother to Prince Royal. Both are big, drafty colts, giving promise of being useful sires. Glenclair [4117], colt foal, sire Wayward Boy [2773], dam Maggie Governor 2nd, by Ace of Picks (imp.). Glenclair has six registered dams, the last being Maggie (imp.) [1802], by Rantin Robin (685). Shire stallion, Brafield Prince [397] (19398), three years old, imported in October, 1903. Prince is coal black, star and three white feet, is one of the largest horses of his age, standing 17½ hands, and a thick one for his age. He should prove a valuable sire. The Clydesdale mare: Maggie Governor 2nd [4615], five years old; Bess McQueen [5106], two years old; Nellie [5105]; Erskine Lass [5110], five years old; Molly Bawn [4827], six years old; Margaret [4828], seven years old; Jennie Hill [5704], two years old; Jess McRae [5103], one year old. Two Welsh ponies, Dot (imp.) and her promising son, Tom, complete the shipment of fourteen head. The Clydesdale stallions and mares were selected from good reliable breeding families, for breeding purposes, and will not be fitted for show. The mares are a big, roomy lot, several being in foal to some of the best imported stallions in Ontario. The horses all landed here without an accident, not even a cough among the lot.

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