

The Rockwood Review

statues in cities, there is no escape from the conclusion that the bird is a serious pest the extermination of which would be an unmixed blessing.

The obnoxious character of the English sparrow is widely recognized, and numerous attempts, by means of bounties and otherwise, have been made to rid the country of its presence, but with little success. The wariness of the bird, its hardihood, and its prodigious fecundity have thus far rendered all such efforts futile.

In the city of Boston, during 1899, a crusade was inaugurated through the efforts of the American Society of Bird Restorers. From March 13 to April 5, six men were employed in the Common and Public Garden destroying the nests and eggs. Five thousand nesting holes were plugged up, and 1,000 eggs broken, but no birds were killed. It is claimed that nearly half of the sparrows which normally breed on the Common and Public Garden were driven away. In May only 250 to 300 pairs of sparrows were found, while the number of pairs counted in the parks before the sparrow war began amounted to 500.

Much is always to be learned from an experiment of this kind, and other cities should profit by Boston's experience. There is reason to believe, however, that the present rapid supplanting of horse power by electricity will, by reducing the food supply of the birds, do more toward diminishing their numbers in the city parks than any plan for restricting their reproduction.

The amount of expense that may profitably be incurred in combating the sparrow will depend on circumstances, as in the case of the house rat and mouse; but it should be borne in mind that the bounty system has proved to be only an extravagant failure.

HAMLET'S SOLOQUY ON THE TOOTHACHE.

To have it out, or not, that is the question: Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer the pangs and torments of an aching tooth, or to take steel and by extracting end 'im?

To pull—to try, no more, and by a try to say we end the toothache and the thousand other ills which the human jaw is heir to, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To pull—to try; to try! perchance to break; ay, there's the rub; for in that wrench what agonies may come, when we have half dislodged the stubborn foe, must give us pause; there's the respect that makes an aching tooth of so long life; for who would bear the whips and stings of pain, the old wife's nostrum, dentist's contumely, the pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep delay, when he himself might his quietus make for one poor dollar! Who would these fardels bear, to groan and sweat beneath a load of pain; but that the dread of something lodged within those linen twisted forceps from whose fangs no jaw at ease returns, puzzles and will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of? Thus dentists do make cowards of us all; and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cost of fear, and many a one who seeks the door with this regard his footsteps turns away, scared at the name of "dentist!"

James Reid,

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