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## CANARIES :

### THEIR REARING AND MANAGEMENT.

By AN AMATEUR.

#### PART I.

WHEN I was in Germany some years back a lady gave me a canary. He was a charming little bird, answered to his name, "Tommy," and "would oblige the company with a song" when desired to do so. Some time afterwards I left Germany and returned to England. My parting with Tommy was a sore trial; but the best of friends must part, so I gave my sweet little bird to a German girl who I knew would be kind to him. A short time back I had a letter from Germany telling me that "Tommy died worn out with old age." He must have lived over a quarter of a century!

I did not attempt to find a successor to "Tommy" until four years ago, as my time was occupied by attending to pets who were even more precious. Happening, however, to pass a bird-fancier's one day, the old interest revived in me, and I determined again to keep a canary. I will now relate my experience from that day to the present time.

My purchase was a very young bird, and the man could not guarantee that it was a male. I bought it for five shillings, hoping that it was a male, because I wanted it to sing to me. The female is not much given to song, though it is a mistake to suppose that she never sings. My purchase, for instance, though it turned out to be a female, used to sing very prettily in a plaintive warbling manner—only for a short time, however, when the sun was setting.

As soon as I knew that it was a hen, the idea of



"HE WAS A CHARMING LITTLE BIRD."

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