

"Owl," Kingston.—Mating pigeons

Ans.—Pigeons mate in pairs. You must supply a mate for each. You may tell the male by his loud rump or coo. Feed on peas, wheat, barley, &c.

"Belgian Hare."—Age to breed.

Ans.—Better not breed from rabbits of the large varieties under one year old. Your feeding is right. Chicory would make a good addition.

W Thompson —Carriers not raising their young.

Ans.—If the birds are old and heavily wattled it is impossible for them to feed their young. You must provide "feeders," or foster parents for them. Strong long-faced Antwerps are best.

Mrs. Ross.—Food for young canaries.

Ans.—Your method is right. Give in addition plenty of green food, fresh, twice a day, and plenty of nice, clean, sharp sand or small gravel.

C. M.—Pouter laying unfertile eggs.

Ans.—Take away the cock for eight or ten days and then return him to the hen.

Notes.

We have now in a loft of odd birds two cocks which have mated and have gone to nest, and have taken most kindly to two squeakers a few days old, feeding them well. One (a L. F. blue Bald) takes the place of a hen, and stays in the nest all night.

We have also a curiosity in a young white Pouter, which has the two outer toes of each foot connected by a small web, something like a duck's. We intend to try an operation some of these days, cutting the web, as the bird as it now is is useless.

An eagle has just died in Vienna which has been kept in confinement 114 years. It probably was a young bird when caught, so that it must have been not far from 120 years old. A record of the eagle's condition was made from year to year. There are swans on the River Thames that are known to be 150 years old. For five centuries the Vintners' company there has kept a record of certain swans, and the ages of the specimens of this long-lived species of water-fowls are known to a day.

Mr. A. P. Baldwin, of Newark, has a large flock of pigeons. He says a half-feathered squab in one corner of the cote had been fed by its mother one morning last week until its crop was distended, and it refused further nourishment. In another corner of the cote was another and still younger squab, whose mother was out on flight. The young pigeon was squealing for food, Mr. Baldwin says, and eagerly watching for its neglectful mother, when the overfed stripling in the corner waddled across the floor, opened its infantile beak, and administered some of its surplus nourishment in a manner which would have done credit to an old bird.—*New York Sun.*

Let "cleanliness" be your motto for the next few months. The very warm weather of July and August is sure to breed vermin and disease if proper precautions and extreme care are not taken.

Pigeon Flying.

Fourteen Homing-Antwerp pigeons belonging to James Fullerton, of Strathroy, were liberated by J. T. Johnston at 9:40 Wednesday morning, July 1st. at Miller & Richard's warehouse, Jordan street. This was a portion of the same flock that was sent off last week, but which was interfered with by hawks, some of the birds escaping with numerous wounds. Yesterday the first bird reached home at 1:10, the second at 2:57, and at 4:40 seven had covered the distance between Toronto and Strathroy.—*Morning News*, July 2nd.

Thirteen of the fourteen birds have arrived at their loft. The missing bird is the oldest of the flock, and has made many flights. When but four months old he flew from Attica, Mich., 80 miles, in 100 minutes, and, with several others, flew from Belleville to Strathroy last year. He has probably become food for hawks. One of the birds sent to Mr. Johnston arrived severely wounded in first flight, and was returned to him to show under what adverse circumstances a good bird would persist in its endeavors to reach home. It was severely torn on back, breast, side and thigh. Mr. J. liberated it with the others, and it justified his confidence by arriving on the 13th day, but reduced almost to a skeleton.

The Magpie.

(CORVUS FICA.)

This bold and familiar creature, too well known to need a long description, may be briefly defined as a black-and-white bird with a long tail. It is a member of the Crow family, and is fairly entitled to the distinction, if it be one, of being the best dressed member of it. True, his costume is composed of two colors only, but each is the very best of its kind, and the black has the further merit of shining with metallic lustre in certain lights.

The Magpie is about 18 inches in length, of which the tail measures nearly 10 inches. Its nest is built of sticks, and is lined with hair and fibrous roots. Over it is placed a dome of thorns, and there are two entrances, or, rather, one hole for entrance and one for exit. It is generally placed in a tall tree, but where none such exists, the Magpie contents itself with a bush of moderate or any height in which to place the cradle of its young.

In its wild state it lives on worms and insects of all kinds, fruit of all sorts, and does not scruple to devour a nestful of eggs or even of young birds now and then, for which reason it is very often mobbed by Swallows and other small birds.

The adult Magpie is, as I have said, a bold and familiar, but, withal, a suspicious bird; yet when taken from the nest and reared by hand it soon grows tame, one may even be trusted with its liberty out of doors without any fear of its straying away.

Which puts me in mind of a terrible thing I did one day when I was a lad. A few doors off from where I was lodging at the time there was a tame Magpie that very frequently came down to our back door to pick up scraps, but nevertheless was properly suspicious of our people, especially of the youngsters, of whom I was one, belonging