

More about the Passenger Pigeon.**Apt to be Mistaken for the Mourning Dove.****\$1,000 AWARD FOR FIRST DISCOVERY.**

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My last communication in the REVIEW regarding the offer of an award of \$300 for the discovery of a pair of nesting passenger pigeons, brought me letters from persons residing in British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. All the correspondents stated that they had recently seen passenger pigeons and that they would have little difficulty in finding a nesting pair. These reports lead me to believe that the wild dove observed is, in most cases at any rate, the mourning dove, and not the passenger pigeon.

Let me make a few comparisons between these two species of pigeons. (1). The passenger pigeon is much larger, its length being sixteen inches, that of the mourning dove under twelve inches; (2). The colour of the rump of the passenger pigeon is a bluish-slate, that of the dove olive grayish brown; (3). The mourning dove has a small black mark below the ear; (4). The flight of the passenger is noiseless, that of the mourning dove is accompanied by a whistling sound of wings; (5). The lower belly of the passenger pigeon is white in both sexes, that of the mourning dove is cream-buff; (6). The notes of the passenger pigeon are a series of coo-coos, much faster and less plaintive than those of the mourning dove; and (7). Passenger pigeons always build their frail nest of sticks on the branches of trees, and seldom or never on or near the ground, as is the habit of the mourning dove. Both birds possess tails that are pointed and widely tipped with white or grayish-white.

When passenger pigeons were numerous they nested in large colonies and migrated in immense crowds, but now it is believed that on account of the terrific destruction of these birds a generation or so ago they now (if any exist) nest in isolated pairs and perhaps in regions distant from their former range. Mourning doves are less gregarious and migratory. In winter, when food becomes scarce, they approach the farm and feed among the poultry with the sparrows and other winter birds, and if undisturbed they appear as gentle as domestic doves. They may have three or four

broods in a season. Southern Canada seems to be the northernmost limit of their range.

It is a matter for congratulation that the most influential papers of Canada are taking much interest in the plan proposed by Colonel Kuser and Dr. Hodge to save the passenger pigeon. School journals are also asking their teacher readers to interest the scholars under their charge in the search for the bird. For the coming spring and summer no better Nature Study could be undertaken by teachers than the study of birds, including a quest for the passenger pigeon.

Dr. Hodge reports that local volunteer offers of awards of \$100 each have been received for Michigan, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and Illinois. Who will be the first to offer awards for our Canadian provinces? Mr. John E. Thayer most generously offers five awards of \$100 each for the five most likely States or Canadian Provinces from which no local offers have been secured by April 15th. More than this, Mr. John P. Childs adds \$700 to Colonel Kuser's award for first nesting pair, and also offers \$500 for subsequent finds. So the person who first makes the discovery will receive \$1,000 and the local award as well.

Such an offer ought to stir every school boy and girl this summer to roam the woods in search of the passenger pigeon.

Waiting to Grow.

Little white snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds—
Of flowers and mosses, and ferns and weeds—
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door;
Listen and watch for they are below—
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small or hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and very soon tell
His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,
To help them to grow!

—Sel.