

YOUNG FOLKS.

FINE AND FANCY PIGEONS.

Most boys are fond of pigeons; they are nice pets and are easily kept. All the known varieties can be traced back to three originals—the Stock-dove, the Ring-dove and the Turtle-dove. Fancy pigeons have been developed by the ingenuity of breeders, and there are no less than forty-four independent species, each of which contains several varieties. They all have some peculiarities in shape, plumage or flight, and the boy who can promptly name all of them is not only a keen observer, but also something of a naturalist. The leading fancy pigeons, sometimes called artificial varieties, are the Fantails, Pouters, Tumblers, Shakers, Croppies, Trumpeters, Jacobines, Rants and Nans.

The Jacobine has a hood or ruff of feathers, which grows on the back of the neck and encircles the head of the bird. It gets its name from the resemblance of the hood to the cowl of the Jacobine monk. The head is peculiarly small and the eyes are bright and pearly. Yellow is the best color for them, and their value depends on the length and bushiness of the appendage. The Nun gets its name from a similar tuft, which resembles a nun's veil thrown back from her face. The most perfect of the Nun variety are white, with the head and tail of another color, black preferred. Some go so far as to insist that at least six of the flight feathers must be of the same color as the head and tail.

The Fantails are black, blue or red in color, but the choice ones are white. It is a fine, showy pigeon, with a tall tail from twenty to thirty-five feathers, which it spreads out like a fan. It's a trifle about like a peacock, its wings spread and its tail so erect as to touch the back of its head. One with thirty-six tail feathers is considered a perfect bird.

In rearing the young they must have more nest room than other young pigeons, or the tail feathers will be injured, which will affect the beauty and the value of the bird.

The Trumpeter is generally black-mottled, has short, feathery legs and a tuft of feathers at the root of the beak, and sometimes a hood at the back of the head. It utters a sound not unlike a trumpet.

The Tumblers derive their name from the singular habit of tumbling or rolling over and over in their flight. They are considered among the best of fancy pigeons, if they have all the points.

The Carrier is a noble-looking bird, with long neck and head erect. Around each eye is a circle of loose skin, ranging in color from a dull orange to a fiery red, the latter color preferred. There are wattles of soft flesh around the bill, white in the ordinary bird, but black in the most valuable kind. The plumage is generally dun colored or black, though in some rare cases the bird is blue pied. In training them when quite young, flights of a mile are sufficient at a time; the distance can be increased as they acquire strength and experience. They must be fed, but not overfed, before starting.

If hungry they will turn aside to hunt for food; if overfed, they will be likely to loiter. They must be watered or thirst will lead them to seek to quench it, and no boy could blame them for doing that. Another thing is essential, they must be taken in a box or covered basket to the place where they are to be let loose.

When liberated a good bird will at once rise high, and after making several circles in the air, it will start off in the direction of its home with an uncanny certainty that has something wonderful in it. These pigeons were very useful years ago in carrying messages before the telegraph and telephone were invented.

The dove-cotes may be made round, square, triangular or eight-sided. They should be placed on a pole out of the reach of rats and mice and sheltered from the cutting winds by a near-by wall. The breeding cells should be large enough to prevent over-crowding, and it is very essential that the air should pass through them. There should be a projecting ledge in front of each cell or tier of cells, upon which the pigeons can perch. Each pigeon knows his own domestic retreat and will sit upon the perch in front of the opening with a keen sense of proprietorship.

The dove-cote should be lined with slate or plastered with cement to keep it free from vermin, which pester the birds very much. Sometimes the woodwork is made so that it can be taken apart and scrubbed. A loft in the roof of a house furnishes a good dove-cote. The entrance should be in the gable and the main points are freedom from dampness, free access for air, plenty of room and safety from cats.

Pigeons begin to breed at the end of nine months, and breed every month, except in very cold weather. The nest boxes should be kept clean and should be changed after the birds are a few days old. Clean water must be kept constantly within their reach. The patent food and water box and bottles are good contrivances. They keep the birds from wasting the food, which they are apt to do. Salt is an occasional luxury to them and gravel is necessary, as it assists them in digesting their food. They are also fond of pecking at old mortar.

When pigeons get sick they indicate it by a loss of flesh, by refusing food, by sitting in a moping way with their feathers puffed out and their wings drooping. In most cases want of cleanliness proves to be the cause, and the best remedy is to fumigate the feathers with tobacco smoke to kill the vermin.

Pigeons are subject to a disease called the roop. The wet roop is caused by dampness. It is a bad cold, and two or three peppercorns every other day is a good remedy. Another disease is the canker, which occurs when the birds fight and peck each other.

The exposed sore spots should be rubbed every day with a salve made of honey and burnt alum. When pigeons are generally out of health, which is likely to be while moulting, little stimulating food, like hemp seed, will be good for them. Keep them warm and dry while they are changing their feathers, and put saffron and old rusty nails in the water; they drink. (Philadelphia Press.)

The Dissatisfied Pug. "Goodness! what meat!" exclaimed the little pup dog, as he tried to pick the meat off a bone. "I'm getting tired of this life. I never got anything but that; haven't anything on them to eat." I wish I was the Donald's dog. Theirs gets everything he wants to eat and is as fat as can be, while I'm nothing but bones. I'll go and find him and see if he doesn't want to exchange places

with me for a while; but of course he won't." Jim jumped through a hole in the fence into the Donald's yard. He found Tip there looking as sober as could be imagined. "What is the matter, Tip? Why are you so sulky?"

"Well," began Tip slowly, "if you had only bread and milk every day for your meals you would look sulky, too. I wish I was you, and could have nice bones to pick, instead of bread and milk."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Jim, "as we look so much alike—only you are fatter than I am, but that would not be noticed—we can exchange places and no one will know the difference. What say you, Master Tip?"

"All right," said Tip, after thinking awhile; "anything to get out of eating bread and milk every meal. I'll go over now and pretend I'm you. So good-by. Tell me how you like the change soon."

Tip had not told Jim of the bad boys in the family, or how they tied tin cans on his tail that sent him howling over the house, while kids were added to the noise he made.

Jim sat down on the side porch, thinking of his good fortune. Suddenly he heard some one calling "Tip, Tip," so, as he had exchanged places for a while with that individual, he answered the summons. He went around in front where the children were playing.

"Here, Tip," cried Hatty, the fair young mistress of the dog, "come here, sir. Why didn't you come when I called you?" and, with this, she whipped him.

Poor Jim, not being used to such treatment, didn't know what to make of it, but he determined to put up with it till he saw Tip.

"Come here, Tip, let me dress you up like a young lady."

She picked up a doll dress and commenced putting it on him. Jim felt very uncomfortable and was glad when the sleeve of the dress ripped and he was released. He strolled around to the side porch and seating himself comfortably commenced thinking again, but his thoughts ran in quite a different channel this time. Instead of thinking of poor Tip's

"I'll go over and see how he enjoys the life I led."

So saying, Jim moved quietly to the hole in the fence and saw Tip looking happier than he had ever seen him look before.

"Why couldn't I be happy like that?" thought Jim. "Well, I'll try anyhow and see how I succeed."

Jim certainly did not accept the exchange for "always," but he learned that we must never judge from appearances, and went back to his old haunts better contented than he had ever been before.

MAUDIE STOCKTON.

His Little Blunder.

Nephew, (trying to make a good impression) "Uncle, this port is excellent."

"Well, I should think so; it is fifty years old," Nephew. "By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!"

To Make Marriage a Success.

Dolley—That seems to be a good rule which Mr. Gladstone and his wife observe. Come, what is it?

When he insists his wife submits; when she insists he submits.

Yes, that's a good rule. My wife and I follow it, too—at least the last part of it."

CEMETERY IN COH

Quite Humorous.

"The Vesuvine is a funny name for a dynamite cruiser," remarked McCrackle.

"Funny?" asked McCrackle.

"Yes, payable, you know."

Incompatibility of Temper.

Wife's Lawyer—"Gentlemen, the husband is brutal, violent, choleric."

Husband's Lawyer—"Gentlemen, the wife is malicious, passionate, crabbed."

Puzzled Judge—"But, gentlemen, where the deuce do you find the incompatibility?"

No Lack of Encouragement.

Mother—"Does Mr. Stralate seem to show any signs of wishing to bring matters to a point, Louise?"

Louise—"Yes, I think he was nearly at the popping point last evening."

Mother—"Did you give him any encouragement, Louise?"

Louise—"Yes, I got as close to him as I could."

(He Warned Her.)

I wonder," said a husband to his wife, "what causes me to blench so."

"Have you been drinking?" asked the lady.

"No, madam, I have not."

"I have heard," said his wife, "that it is deduced from a cold settling between the shoulder-blades."

"If that is the case," replied the husband,

"I will thank you to keep your cold feet near the dashboard of the bodacious."

Advice.

"Aw, Miss Belle," said Gus' dog Jay,

"Do you know I've been thinking?"

"Indeed?"

"Ya-a; thinking of doing some work."

"Then you had better hurry up, or you will be so tired thinking that you won't have any strength left to work with."

Wait, I'll Get You Home.

She was an intelligent, cultured, motherly-looking lady, a good church member and a teacher of a Sunday school class, but she looked in well-tilted amazement at the street car conductor when he passed her back fourteen cents in change for the quarter which she had tendered.

"Yes m; one faré and two half faré," explained he.

"Two half farés!" she murmured, questioningly.

"Yes, that boy's more than five years old."

"I'm seven years old," volunteered the younger in question, as if he thought his testimony would straighten out matters.

His mother flushed perceptibly, but woman-like she would have the last word—*"I never paid for him before."*

"Oh, yes, you have, ma," quoth the terrible infant, very anxious now to establish his claim of being a big boy."

His mother settled back in her seat, her face the battle-ground of emotion. But the boy spoke again:

"Quit nudgin' me."

His mother whispered something in the boy's ear that settled him.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ILLUSTRATION.

A teacher was telling her little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

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"Well," began Tip slowly, "if you had only bread and milk every day for your meals you would look sulky, too. I wish I was you, and could have nice bones to pick, instead of bread and milk."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Jim, "as we look so much alike—only you are fatter than I am, but that would not be noticed—we can exchange places and no one will know the difference. What say you, Master Tip?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is angry, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers," said a boy on the back seat, and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to a close.

Blood is Thinner Than Beer.

Magistrate—"O'Reilly, you are charged with assaulting and brutally beating Michael McDowell at the reunion of the O'Reilly family yesterday. Have you anything to say?"

O'Reilly—"Yes, yer honor. The bloke's as plain as the O'Reilly blood in his skin, begorra. Never laid my eyes on him afore, yer Honor, an' he drank up all of the beer."

Magistrate—"How is this, McDowell? Are you a kinsman of the prisoner?"

McDowell—"Faix, an' sure is it that I am, yer Honor; my grandfather war Patrick O'Reilly av Belfast, an—"

O'Reilly—"An' bedad, phat do that prove, yer worship?"

McDowell—"An' Patrick O'Reilly's doctor marrit me own—"

O'Reilly—"He's lyin', yer Honor; he's lying. Ma grandfather never had any children at all; at all, sor." —

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