

MIGRATION OF BIRDS A MYSTERY; GOLDEN PLOVER MAKES FLIGHT OF 2500 MILES OVER THE OCEAN

Long has man scratched his head, and pondered the migration of birds, but investigations of late years have been the beginning of the solving of this world-old puzzle. It is true much has been learned through patient observation and of the data collected, yet much of the great mystery remains to be solved.

Theories are carelessly strewn abroad, and many reasons are advanced on the when and where and why and how of migration, but men of science are as yet unanimously agreed no current understanding is possible until it is considered as a voluntary evolution.

It was first thought this habit is instinctive, that there must have been a time when such flights were intelligent movements where the birds intended to escape some danger or secure some advantage. It has been insisted, also, that temperature was the cause of a change of abode, as cold weather in a northern land forced the birds to vacate their homes for warmer climes, and a returning when the land they wintered in became too hot.

This leads to the suggestion that it was not, perhaps, the cold so much as a scarcity of food. Yet when many birds leave their homes the food supply in the way of insects is far from being exhausted.

A Love of Home.

A love of home is advanced by some men, while others are inclined toward sex impulses and a desire for light. The bird scholars are becoming more liberal in their analysis of migration and believe this great adventure may be influenced more or less by factors of a love of home, desire for light, sex impulses, varying temperatures, fluctuating food supply, and others of less importance. The effect of these forces depend upon the bird and the locality in which it resides.

Headin' South are words in which is more or less an attraction, even an invitation. While man slips down for a few hundred miles to flee cold weather, many of the birds go 1000 miles. And this is only a short flight compared with some travelers. For instance the golden plover, which gunners hunt on the salt marshes at the opening of the shooting season. It breeds in the Arctic region, and when it leaves it heads for Labrador, and suddenly decides to take an ocean trip in one long hop without pause or rest for 2,500 miles.

A night traveler is the warbler. Darkness falls, the stars come out, and the woods-loving warbler launches itself into the air to swing away through the night to some favorite food station which may be 200 or more miles away. At this place it rests for a couple of days before taking another flight. Using such a method it takes the most direct course, which is naturally the shortest, and a body of water will not compel a turning aside. Coming down to land's end at the tip of Florida, it crosses the Gulf only to speed over Cuba, then to hop over the Caribbean and enter South America. I speak of the warbler in this case as a composite bird. Some of the warblers deviate a little from this course, but their destination is eventually the same.

Take the swallow and the warbler, two common friends among the birds of the home lands. One is endowed with the beauty of splendid flight, while the other depends upon a mere fluttering from bough to bough. Yet the swallow takes a more round-about way to go South than the weaker-winged warbler.

Here is the reason. The swallow is a day flier who begins to travel somewhat early, doing the flight by stages, but often, and catching its food as it travels, and following the insect-haunted shores through Mexico, Central America and then into South America. A bird of the sky and always on wing, the extra 2000 miles are as nothing.

Great Flight On.

From August, when the crested flycatcher took the pioneer trail Southward, until late in November, the great flight will be on. Like a loosely-officered army yet with nothing resembling rout and disorder, the bird hordes pass day and night. On is the

rush of waterfowl out of the North, and their size coupled with an open season for hunting, makes these birds all the more conspicuous. Silhouetted against autumnal skies, dropping to earth an occasional note that is part a challenge and part defiance, they seem the spirit of the time in passing, of the season itself.

Closer to earth are the smaller birds like the passers, and these small birds belong not so much to primitive outposts as to the farm lands and environs of city homes. They are more friendly, therefore man becomes more intimate with their life histories. The robin under the eaves may not have the appeal of a wood duck in the swamp, while the bluebird in the apple tree does not attract like a wild goose swinging high and lonely down the sky, but a flock of birds on high are only for the moment, with the impression passing swiftly as their flight.

Down in the shrubbery and trees of earth the small birds are lengthy in pausing, and it may be a matter of days before they take wing. Visitor as well as resident can be seen through understanding eyes.

Down the Night Skies.

Small bands make up the first flocks and as September turns aside to let October come in, the migratory movement is on with all force.

On starry nights great flocks swing down the night skies, and frequently does the ear of man hear calls to each other of individual birds as though they were trying to keep the flock in dense formation. And the light of day may find one of these big flocks come to earth, to field or wood, for rest and food.

To the observer's surprise there is usually seen a great variety of birds making up this flock, and many of the birds of no family relation to each other. Migration is a sort of truce where all enmities are forgotten, and the perils of traveling make all kin.

It is almost impossible to tell what bird movements will accompany weather conditions. The departure of birds from a certain locality is apparently hastened by the approach of a storm, and yet during the next year under the same conditions the birds will linger in the neighborhood for two or three weeks.

Migration is not uniform.

Once afield, the observer will note a series of advances interspersed with periods of activity and rest. It is noticed, though birds will not fly during storms and foggy weather.

Weather conditions must be nearly right for the purple martin has been known to make an average of 120 miles per night and for twelve nights and a late migrant like the gray-checked thrush is on record with a greater flight—more distance at a single flight.

The one bird who compels admiration is the humming bird. Imagine this little creature with a stomach no larger than a pea, supplied with the fuel of a moth and a couple of caterpillars, propelling itself the long night through the air faster than the speediest train, and making its destination somewhere down country—say Florida, Cuba, even South America. It is an example of migration haunted with mystery. Man must pause before coming to certain conclusions.

NEW PERMIT FOR LIQUOR IN ONTARIO

Toronto, Oct. 15—The new liquor permits issued by the Ontario Liquor Board are now prepared and will go on sale on Oct. 20. They are in booklet form, and contain 13 pages. The form is considerably larger than last year, as 221 purchases may be made before it is filled up while last year the form had to be replaced after 42 purchases.

On the first page of the booklet several warnings are given, including—"Liquor must not be drunk during carriage."

"Take purchase unopened direct to your home or room in your hotel."

"Drinking in motor cars is strictly prohibited, punishment—fine or imprisonment."

"Drunkness is a serious offence."

BULL KNOCKS ITSELF OUT CHARGING CAR

Bluefield, W. Va., Oct. 16—The automobile has won the championship of the road over hostile bulls—in one case, at least.

Standing in the middle of a country highway, a bull compelled an autoist to halt. When the driver sounded the horn as a polite request that the bull step aside the animal became angry and charged the car.

The driver fled to safety, but the bull charged a second time and knocked himself unconscious. The car was not seriously damaged.

PIE STILL IS SWEET

(New York Sun.)

A soap-manufacturing concern—with whatever hidden purpose it may have had—recently conducted a national survey to determine once for all what really is the favorite American dessert.

New York's swankiest hotels were at one with the homeliest of rural inns that contributed to the symposium, and you may as well know right now that the answer is pie. It may or may not be just like mother used to make, but it is pie just the same. Apple and lemon meringue pies seem to be the favorites, and pie a la mode has following enough that it might form the basis of a new political party.

"Is not pie a la mode the last word as a satisfying sweet?" one chef wrote to the inquiring soap-manufacturing concern.

TRAMPS SEEN IN THE SOUTH

Miami, Fla., Oct. 16—The fall migration of butterflies southward in great swarms down Mississippi Valley and overland across the Texas plains to the Gulf of Mexico is a well-known phenomenon. A species is also observed to travel northward in the spring from Mexico to California. While those movements resemble the annual migrations of birds, there is another species—the Southern Cabbage butterfly—which travels northward in spring, thus reversing the usual order and puzzling entomologists.

This type has been encountered in immense numbers along the east coast of Florida and has caused much comment. The migration was reported at St. Augustine early in May, and later on further south, moving at the rate of approximately 10 miles a day. Many automobiles along the coast emerged from the swarms with their radiators plastered with butterflies. The mass is said to have contributed to the overheating of engines.

The migration was recorded this year by two members of the Entomological Laboratory at Sanford, Fla., and reported to the publication Science.

ISLAND VIEW

Island View, Oct. 15—The farmers of this place are busily engaged digging potatoes. They all report a good crop.

Our school is progressing favorably under the management of Miss Bertha White of Marysville.

The Ladies Aid met on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Colburn Williams, about fifty were present and partook of the delicious supper prepared by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Trail.

Miss Annie Wilson of Lowell is spending her vacation with her sister Mrs. Colburn Williams.

A basket social was held on Thursday evening in the Agricultural Hall. The sum of \$30 was raised which will be used for church purposes.

Miss Faye Hallett, R. N., accompanied by Mrs. Allan Hallett motored to Woodstock where they will spend a few days visiting friends there.

Reginald Pitcher who is attending the Fredericton Business College spent the week-end with his parents Mr. and Mrs. George Pitcher.

A number of young men from this place have gone to Maine to pick potatoes.

ANY OLD DOG

The son made up his mind that he must have a dog. But the father said there was nothing doing.

"Please Daddy, buy me a doggy" coaxed the youngster.

"Can't afford it" grumbled the father.

The youngster looked pretty sober for a minute and then his face lighted up.

"I'll tell you what Daddy" said the youngster. "You go down to the pound and get me a doggy. I'll just as lief have a used one."

Blessed is the weak-kneed man who has no opportunities to be crooked.

A pleasure car is something else when it gets behind a lumbering bus in downtown traffic.

THE TAUNT

First German Boy (quarreling)—Bum.

Second Ditto—You're another.

"Sneak."

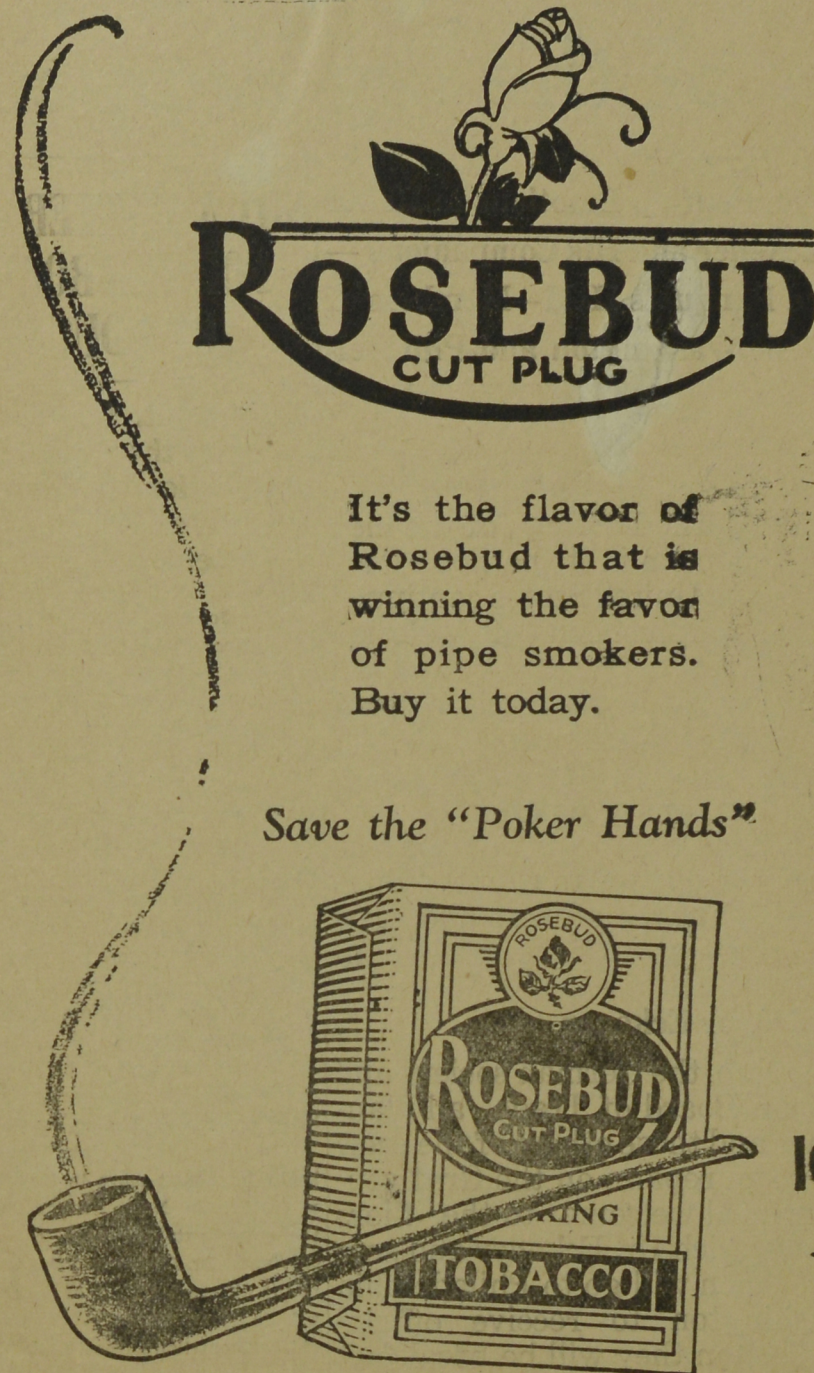
"You're another."

"Crook."

"You're another."

"You—member of the League of Nations."

"Say that again and I'll punch you in the jaw."



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