

When at Killarney we learned why the Ontario Government have imposed a fine of \$20 upon anyone convicted of killing a gull. Along the shores of Georgian Bay the fishermen are prohibited from throwing refuse into the water. All the offal left from a "clean-up" of the fish is dumped into barrels placed along the shore, where it is speedily devoured by the numerous gulls and the almost equally numerous ravens, which are ready to dispute title to the dainty feast. These two birds form the natural scavengers to this region, and doubtless are to be credited with helping to preserve the splendid fisheries around Georgian Bay.

We stayed just long enough at Killarney to change travelling for camping suits, to rent a large birch bark canoe, and to engage a small steam launch to tow us, with our impedimenta, five miles out into a cove on the northwest shore of Killarney bay. Here we pitched our tent on a portage path leading back to an inland marsh, and prepared to spend our first night in this pleasing solitude. Whist! What was that? A wild duck! But our guns were not at hand, so we couldn't determine the variety. As we lay around the camp-fire that night, our voices subdued almost to a whisper by the impressive silence of the forest, suddenly a shrill, weird cry just above our heads nearly froze the blood in our veins. It was the cry of a loon coming into our cove, but we scarcely knew how to interpret it. Was it a laugh or a wail? We debated the question, and concluded that much depended on the mood of the listener. More loons passing over our camp wakened us in the morning. After breakfast, and the more difficult task of dish washing, we strolled over the trail into wooded gullies and up ascending terraces of quartzite rock. Who knocked just then? We looked in the direction, when lo! I caught my first glimpse of the pileated woodpecker. It was but a moment, then came a flash of red and black in the sunlight, and he was gone. We followed in his direction, but our pursuit was in vain. We tramped all forenoon, but one or two golden-winged woodpeckers, conscious of intruders, were the only other feathery friends we chanced to meet.

Whilst trolling down the bay in the afternoon a wild-duck passed us again. This time we felt sure it was a wood-duck, and