

hour, when to my joy I saw the work train pull into the siding across the trestle with engine No. 667 in front. Her engineer I knew well as a sportsman and I yelled like a wild Indian for Cameron. Off he dropped and came over to me, and to his eternal credit he went into the ice cold water up to his waist and stood there until I could get Mr. Loon near enough for him to grab. There was enough life left in the bird to make several strikes at Cameron's hands, but finally he was caught by the neck and brought ashore. I got his wings in between my trembling knees while Cameron, with chattering teeth, held his neck until I cut the hook out of his back. I got him under my arm with his neck in my hand and marched him across the trestle where Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Algonquin Park resides, and who had been watching the latter part of the performance, having been disturbed by my shouts for Cameron. My captive was duly handed over and put into a large wire netting enclosure on the lake shore where he remained for two days, and on my return to Cache Lake a few days later, Mr. Bartlett told me that as the bird would not live in captivity he had let it go free. He was a good fighter and deserved his life in the end, but I fancy he would confine his diet to weeds for a while and leave minnows alone until he had forgotten his experience with them.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

BY R. C. TREHERNE, GRIMSBY, ONT.

A rather interesting example of animal instinct occurred within the last year, and in recalling the circumstances I thought it might be of interest in the pages of THE OTTAWA NATURALIST.

At a certain boarding house in Guelph, Ontario, there was a canary, caged and hanging before a window. During a meal, while we were all seated around the table, this canary suddenly became greatly excited. It twittered and flew wildly against the bars of the cage evidently attempting to escape. It continued this procedure for possibly a minute, but finally subsided to a corner of the cage, as far away from the window as possible. While we were all watching the agitation on the part of the canary, we became aware of the reason. A hawk, presumably a sparrow hawk, was perched on the fence railing not 10 yards from the window, and, even while we were watching, it flew to the window and then back to the fence. It remained on the fence rail for 3 or 4 minutes and then presumably finding its