

OUR RED SQUIRREL.

In the summer of 1893 two very interesting members of the mammal family decided to rear a family in a large oak tree near our columbarium, seeing it was the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of America. I might call them Columbians. Well their mother nursed them, and their father brought all the moss and nice soft things he could find to make a winter home, so they set up house keeping in the best of style. One fine morning Jack Columbian, and his brothers and sisters, venturied out, and in a few days did not we run after Jack, and with a pair of stout gloves to avoid his sharp teeth, caught him and put him in a cage, for they get quite domesticated. After supplying his present wants, we forgot to get him a bed, which did not escape Tom's notice, he thought it was just as essential as food, so we got him a little bed of cotton batting, and a little brunette named Majory, secure from our kind matron. Well, Jack took to his new quarters quite kindly, and would not allow you to pat and stroke him and let you take him out of the cage, he would run over to you and then jump back again. One morning our man Monday, (no connection with the firm of Cruse & Co.), in cleaning the cage, left one wire open, and Jack made a dash for liberty, as he had a perfect right to do so, still we regretted his company. Whether he did not fare so well as his brother squirrels or not, we spied him on top of our columbarium, and as a tortoise hope we put his cage on the pigeon airing cage. In marched master Jack, and up as quick as a wink jumped George, who closed the door, and once more we had Mr. Red Squirrel secure. He was quite a companion

and we made every provision for his winter comfort, with the aid of King William an old man, who through the loss of some of his mental faculties, thinks he is King, but he is so good natured you would be sure to forgive his aspiration to Royalty. We secured over a bushel of hickory nuts, and you would be very much amused to see Jack sit and nibble the nuts, first eat out one chamber and then gnaw the other side for the same purpose. Our Jack used to be let out of his cage now and then, and one day he disappeared, no one knew where, but a scratching between the walls of the pigeon house, combined with a large hole in the hickory nut bag, gave the secret away. Jack was carrying off the nuts, and this let us know his hiding place. We suspended the bag from the ceiling, and only gave Mr. Jack daily rations, this helped to bring him out to his shell. He used to come inside the pigeon house and play about, notwithstanding our dog Vreda, a good natured Gordon setter, was in there. I used to feed him, he would take the nuts out of my hand, and sometimes I would purposely put them out of his reach, and the ingenuity he would invent to get them was remarkable; another characteristic was his being able to reach the bag suspended to the ceiling, and eat his way through the nuts if I neglected his daily supply.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

One day my father and I rowed along the north shore of Lake Ontario, and after a while went into Cataract Creek. On each side of this there is a large marsh, in which we saw many interesting birds. The marsh wren was there in large num-