

Generally the chimney swift builds in such inaccessible situations that it is not easy to observe their domestic arrangements. One year, however, an unusual chance was offered by a pair who fastened their bracket nest to the inside of a wire fire-guard on the hearth of an unoccupied and shuttered summer cottage at Marshall's Bay on Lac des Chats. I had no opportunity of observing the actual building, but the birds seem to have stuck a few twigs here and there on the wires before finally deciding that the right place for the nest was near the top of the guard and about the centre.

The nest, which was a good typical example of chimney swift architecture, was finished about the 25th June, and the last of the four elongate white

that the swiftlets were as much at ease in their crowded nest as the most cherished human babe in its luxurious cot.

At any rate their appetites were not suffering, for they clamored incessantly for food with an incredible cry more like the metallic rattle of a mechanism out of order than the voice of a living creature. This loud rasping noise is sometimes only too familiar to an unfortunate individual trying to sleep in a room, the chimney of which has been the fatal choice of a pair of swifts. The parents do not hunt all night as sometimes supposed, but as remarked by Mr. A. G. Kingston in the *Ottawa Naturalist* 25 years ago, they take turns at brooding the young, and the roaring of their wings in the chimney as they change places every half hour or so, added to the raucous



Nest and eggs of Chimney Swift; about natural size.

eggs was laid on the 1st July. Authorities differ as to the incubation period of the chimney swift, some giving 10 to 12 days, while others hold out for 18 days. In this case the young hatched in 16 days, for on the 17th July there were four naked and blind little ones in the nest. They grew at an astonishing rate. By the twenty-fifth of the month, though their eyes were not open yet, they filled the nest to overflowing, and any other young birds not so well fitted to hold on in precarious places, would certainly have fallen out. Only three birds can be seen in the photograph, but the fourth was there, apparently half smothered under the others. Humanly speaking, their position looked fearfully uncomfortable. But we must avoid that deadly sin of science: anthropomorphism. Despite appearances, we may be sure

chattering of the disturbed young, makes sleep quite impossible.

By the 30th July my young swifts were well feathered, and the spiny quills of the tail had appeared. I did not see them leaving the nest, but some day early in August they must have crawled and fluttered up the dark chimney to the sunshine and the sky, and launched out on fledgling wings, for on the 10th of the month they were gone.

Their departure was acclaimed with unfeeling joy by the family who had been induced—but only under strong protest,—to postpone their usual occupation of the cottage until the young birds were gone. And I regret to say that every year since, ignoring the expostulations of the naturalist anxious to investigate further the home life of the swift, the