

shortly began nest building in one of the apartments under the eave of the roof. Before the nest was completed another pair had taken an apartment under the eave on the opposite side of the house, which convinces me that eaves are desirable, therefore I intend to put hoods or some sort of protection above all the entrance holes.

Before the martin nests were complete a pair of wrens put in an appearance, clinging to the martin house hole and at every opportunity alighting on the house and peering in. The martins were very much annoyed and made ferocious swoops at the wrens, who darted, almost faster than the human eye could follow, behind the board fence.

I immediately built a box 5 in. x 5 in. x 12 in. deep with an entrance slightly larger than a silver quarter, under the entrance a landing platform and above it the overhanging eave of the sloping roof. This box was placed on a pole about five feet below the martin house. In half an hour the wrens were happily singing as they built their nest.

I wonder if all wrens are as intelligent as mine! A twig four or five inches long was frequently brought to the platform and one end shoved through the entrance hole, then the wren passed in drawing the twig with him. The martins, with the same length twig grasped in the centre, would attempt to pass straight through their two-inch entrance hole. If after several strenuous efforts the twig or straw did not break or bend it was dropped to the ground. Consequently the martins' nests were made chiefly of short or bendable material, while the wrens' nest were of surprisingly heavy twigs.

The swallows kept to their own premises, but not infrequently the curiosity of one of the martins—probably a female—necessitated a visit to the swallow home, where alighting on the front porch and putting her head through the entrance she was apparently given a peck in the face, as her head would be quickly withdrawn in time to see father swallow swooping down from a nearby telephone wire. Then both birds would rise in the air and for half a minute or so face each other apparently sitting on their tails and, with fluttering wings, say unprintable things; then the martin would fly home and the swallow back to his wire.

When the babies arrived the parent swallows were constantly busy capturing flying insects, while the parent wrens hunted the flower beds and bushes for hairless caterpillars.

The tree swallows were quiet birds and at no time did I see the young, although I frequently heard them in their nest box. Evidently they do not return to their nesting site after once leaving it. The martins were quite different, adhering to the old saying "the more the merrier," as the frequent appearance of visitors from Wellington Street eaves or bird houses in Ottawa South was the signal for a great chattering, melodious martin calls and circling in the air, and the