

conserving our forests—is well worth perusal—it being well-timed, and we trust that the Government of Manitoba will see the utility of adopting Mr. Drummond's suggestions. We are highly delighted with the article on the "Native Plants of the Province of Quebec," by J. B. McConnell, M.D. The Department of the Interior should reprint the doctor's description of our plants in the next Report, and distribute them largely throughout Europe. This is just the kind of information required by Europeans. It gives at once a fair botanical view of this Province, and from which an easy comparison may be made between it and the Western and Northern Portions of the Dominion.—C.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPORTSMAN and NATURALIST:—

FROM A CANADIAN SPORTSMAN IN FARGO, DAKOTA, U. S.

SIR,—Your welcome bunch of the CANADIAN SPORTSMAN and NATURALIST, came to hand in due time. I devoted a pleasant hour looking over what some of my old friends and brother sportsmen have been doing during the last two months in Canada. I suppose that although I am now in Dakota, I am still Canadian and a sportsman at that. I write this letter regarding sport in this portion of the Northwest. Fargoites have little time for pleasure, but we manage to get an occasional day. Three of us sallied forth, duly equipped, for one of the numerous sloughs near here. On our arrival we took up positions about two hundred yards apart, and sent our dogs (trained for the purpose) into the rushes to beat up the game, which occurred in countless numbers. Small flights of duck passed us almost all the time. I soon warmed up to the sport, and as there was a sharp wind blowing, I need not inform my duck-shooting friends (including Chris.) that it was no child's play to score a good average. I managed to keep my retriever busy, and uphold the honour of a Canadian gunner, as I scored the largest bag, expending the fewest cartridges of the party, who were no tyros. My bag was thirty-seven ducks to forty-four cartridges, and even you, hoary patron of sportsmen, must, I think allow that that was fairly good on a windy day.

In the afternoon we took a stroll across the country and shot prairie chickens, concerning which I have come to the conclusion that they are better eating than they are sport. We all succeeded in making ourselves tired and thirsty on this tramp, and were highly pleased to get back to our drag and a case of "Budweiser" we had in it. Any one not knowing what Budweiser is, let him refer to some one who has travelled west of Chicago; suffice it to say, it is a substitute for water, largely used by the inhabitants of this part of the world. I contemplate being one of a party going north to the Devil's lake, (so-called) for antelope shooting shortly. If I do make the trip and you care for such loose-jointed rambling notes for your spicily little journal, I will be very glad to give you an account of the expedition and its results, and may send you a specimen or two that I come across.

Wishing you all possible success,
I am yours, &c.,

WHISTLE WING.

ROBINS.

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with everything your correspondent "Hammerless Greener" says respecting the unsportsmanship and cruelty and folly of killing robins. The tradition to which he refers as to the name "God's bird," dates further back, I think, than the legend of the Babes in the Wood. The tradition is "that while our Lord was on his way to Calvary, a robin pecked a thorn out of his crown, and the blood which issued from the wound falling on the bird dyed its breast with red." This tradition, however, of course refers to the English robin redbreast, and not to the Canadian miscalled robin. While up the lakes last week I captured a frog with a tail. The animal was 2½ inches, the tail measuring one inch. The tail is, of course, the tadpole tail, which from some cause or other, failed to become detached when the legs were developed. It has grown with the growth of the frog, and is about a quarter of inch wide at the insertion.

VINCENT CLEMENTI.

Peterboro', Aug. 29th, 1881.

NOTE.—The bird called robin in America, i. e., *Turdus migratorius*, has neither generic or specific connection or resemblance to the robin red-breast of Europe. Our correspondent quotes a curious, and to us unknown, phrase regarding God's bird, and we are anxious to know where he obtained the information. It