

the track of the St. L. & O. Branch of the C. P. R., between which and Hog's Back is a piece of mixed hardwood and evergreen bush, which, later in the season, we christened "Warbler's Paradise." It is a week too early for most of the warblers yet, and we see little but kinglets and nuthatches, creepers and chickadees, but within a month we saw, in this small resting-place of the Spring migrants, all or nearly all of the eighteen warblers we met with in our first year's investigations. Here I sat the whole of one afternoon in the beginning of May, and exclaimed to myself (for I was alone this time) as one after another, the Myrtle, Magnolia, Blackburnian, Black-throated Green, Yellow and Yellow Palm, Warblers, and the Redstarts, astonished me by the brightness and variety of their plumage and the sprightliness of their movements. Later still we found here such gems as the Black-throated Blue, the Chestnut-sided, the Bay-breasted, the Black-poll, and the Canadian. But to come back to April 29th, and resume our walk. Here it was that we saw a garter-snake and a copper-snake, (at least that is what we called them when we were boys), and here we note that the poplars, alders, and hazels shed pollen at the slightest touch. Here, too, we take the first swim of the season, at least one of us does, and it is a very short one, for the water is several degrees colder than the air, but evidently it is long enough to excite the wonder of the denizens of the deep, for while dressing after the bath, a muskrat pokes his nose up at the water's edge at the very feet of the bather, gives one look of astonishment at the demented human, who has thus early invaded his watery domain, then turns up his tail in evident disgust and "silently steals away." Later, as we lie resting among the pine bristles on the Hog's Back, we see a flock of ten ducks making all haste to reach some of the mountain lakes to the North of us, but this time they are out of range, and we turn homewards without having bagged any game bird but the snipe. Much worth telling occurred on the home journey, but I have already kept you long enough, and I should like to tell you before I finish of another kind of a tramp, and to show you that, though I have chosen a Spring walk to write about, almost as much enjoyment, though of a different kind, may be had from a tramp on snowshoes, in the depth of Winter.