

an estimate of the number of holes to a square yard, I found these to approximate slightly more than three. Supposing that each hole represented a white grub, and there is little doubt about this, then the total grubs destroyed, to an acre, would be 14,520. That is to say, 116,160 in the eight acres. To anyone not accustomed to skunks' habits, the discovery of white grubs under ground many seem questionable, but not to those who know, as a matter of fact these animals collect practically all their food by scent.

Naturally skunks, like many other animals, do some harm by eating useful insects, in fact they will even relish a *Calosoma* beetle. They also destroy some birds' eggs and occasionally raid a poultry house, but their value cannot, I think, be questioned.

Writing of white grubs reminds me of another enemy they have to contend against and that is our old and cheery friend the robin. In the east robins are industrious workers on our lawns, the food they seek there being largely earthworms. In Manitoba, however, and westward to the Rockies, earthworms are scarce, but in places at least, there are lots of white grubs, which though located below the ground are, as a rule, discovered with comparative ease by the robins. How they manage it I do not know, but that they do so I have seen demonstrated on a number of occasions, when a small flock made a badly infested field their daily feeding ground before the breeding season commenced.

Flickers and crows also rank high as white grub destroyers in late May. The former, however, do not trouble themselves so much about white grubs when other insects, such as grasshoppers and ants, are available.

It is, however, by following the plough and picking up the grubs exposed that the work of the crow ranks highest. In the open wooded districts preferred alike as breeding places by crows and June Beetles, one will often turn up the grubs in large numbers, but in my experience seldom in quantity too numerous for the birds following the plough. A flock of twenty-five or more crows following diligently behind in the furrow, have been my companions through many a day's ploughing in early summer, while in their company were the usual blackbirds and grackles, all occupied in the same task.

A little friend of mine, with, I am sorry to say, a bad name, is also very evident, I refer to the cowbird, with whom, in cheerful impudence, there are few to compare. They have no more fear of sitting upon an animal's back to pick off the flies than they have of running beneath one, or being shoved out of the way by its nose. As destroyers of grubs, they are excellent,