



mouths of the Mackenzie River on the extreme northern verge of our continent. It populates the cliffs of Alaska, where insect life may be considered, in some of its forms, to culminate; in that region stray bears being known to fall victims to the hosts of mosquitoes. Throughout the great fur country, wherever banks exist suitable for burrowing, Bank Swallow colonies abound. In the immediate neighbourhood of Hudson Bay, indeed, the bitter winds, chilled by the perpetual ice, render insect life too scarce, but in the interior the case is very different; there the short, hot summer, as in Alaska, fosters a limitless supply. Coming nearer home, it is plentiful on the shores of our Lake Ontario and in railway banks like those about Hamilton.

In the Old World, from the North Cape to the Sea of Okhotsk, its locations are numerous, and the bird may be depended upon to utilize the cuttings of the great transcontinental Siberian railway long before it will have begun to efficiently tap the commercial eldorado through which it passes, and shall have sealed the destiny of Manchuria. China and Japan know it familiarly. It has been traced through northern India, Afghanistan, Persia and Arabia. Few birds are better known throughout Europe, and in Spain the Mountain Butterfly, as it is there called, is sold in long strings as food in the

market places. At one time Zanzibar and Morocco were imagined to be its limit in Africa, but it has been traced far to the southward of these points, specimens having been sent from the seat of war in the Transvaal and from Teneriffe.

In the New World, about October, the northern hosts may be seen surging southward in vast clouds of loose flocks, many miles in extent, carrying the mind from the dark scrub pine forests, bare bluffs, gloomy skies, and oppressive desolation of immeasurable wild tracts from which they have gathered, and leading it onward to the lands of the cocoa palms, the tamarind pod and the lotus flower, to which they are bound and where

“ tossed wide around
O'er the calm sky in revolution swift
The feathered eddy floats, rejoicing,”

as they gather once again about the sun-kissed cliffs of the West Indies and Brazil, till the unconquerable impulse that comes with the revolving summer shall urge them back to the old hunting fields and the toils of breeding.

