

could be seen every day, sometimes only a part of the flock and then again all, until the 24th of January, when the queer rain and subsequent freezing coated everything thickly with ice. They were, however, seen as late as February 22nd. This and the species next mentioned are about the two most irregular and erratic birds we have. Their coming and going follows no recognizable rule or law; they are in no wise migrants, but only aimless wanderers. They may come here next winter again, in greater numbers than in this, or they may not again turn up for many years. Their breeding range and habits are but imperfectly known. In winter they may turn up anywhere, but in summer they have only been seen in the stunted spruce stands around Hudson Bay; in the Mackenzie Basin at Great Bear Lake; at the sources of the Athabasca River and high up in the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, and at Banff and Canmore. They make their nests of moss, etc., well up in pines and firs. It is a beautiful bird, much like the Cedarbird, only larger and handsomer.

On February 7th a flock of the rare and pretty Evening Grosbeaks (*Hesperiphona vespertina*) put in an appearance in the Somerset-Cartier Streets' neighborhood. While they are not at all averse to rowan berries, they prefer the seeds of the Manitoba or ash-leaved maple (*Acer Negundo*). There were thirteen of them, and the males in their handsome yellow, white, black and dark olive-brown plumage certainly presented a fine sight. They would often alight on the roofs of houses or sheds and eat snow and perhaps clean themselves in it. The females and young are much less conspicuous, being a uniform gray over the head and body, the wings being black and white, and a tinge of olive on the neck and breast. A flock of seven was seen on the Experimental Farm. In their proclivities for apparently aimless, erratic wandering, this species is just like the Waxwings, and they also share the same breeding range. Bird-lovers here consider themselves fortunate in having seen these two rare species in one winter, which perhaps will not happen again in a life-time. Many observers in other places look for these birds diligently all their lives and never see them.

Besides these, our more common, but none the less equally welcome winter visitors, the Pine Grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*), are here again in numbers. They too are most numerous in the same general district, where the first two stayed. When one sees below a rowan tree debris of berries lying about, he may be sure that some of these birds have been there eating, or are still there. When eating, which they nearly always do, they are very silent, and it sometimes takes a good hard look to discover them