

NESTING OF SOME CANADIAN WARBLERS.
THIRD PAPER.

By WM. L. KELS, Listowel, Ont.

BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER (*Dendroica virens*).

This species is more often observed in the periods of the spring and fall migrations than during the intervening season, except in certain favorite localities. The majority of these migrants that pass through south-central Ontario in the spring season, appear to go further north for the nesting season; though it may be that many more pairs remain and nest in the swamp woodlands of south Ontario than the few who in this country have yet made the life-history of our minor woodland birds a subject of special study are aware of. Occasionally, specimens of this species are noted in certain lowland woods in the vicinity of Listowel, in the breeding season; and every year—in early summer—I note the song of the male bird at a period when the female is doubtless incubating. I feel certain that some of the species nested on *Wildwood* in past years, for on one occasion I examined a specimen of this species in its nesting plumage, that was shot in the back wood on the premises, in the month of August; and, earlier the same season, a pair had been noted frequenting a clump of conifers in the vicinity; but the clearing up of the original forest and the draining of the low grounds have, with the improvement of the country, effected many changes in the summer haunts and nesting homes of various species of our woodland birds,—among others, in the more original habits of the beautiful and ever interesting Black-throated Green Warbler.

In the middle of June of last season (1902), I was agreeably surprised to discover a pair of these wildwood rangers in full song, and actively gleaning their insect prey, in a large, deep-shaded orchard, five miles west of this town. For some time my companion and I watched the movements of both sexes among the foliage, and listened to the song of the male with deep interest. This performance was effected in a very animating manner, but in a rather doleful tone, and much resembled the song of the White-crowned Sparrow, but was more subdued. This was the nesting time of the species; I was, therefore, in hopes of finding their