

for them, and the big-footed young march sedately away. Fritz took them out and held up the young from a nest on the very cliff top—fluffy, yellowish down coated chaps, with many irregular black spots scattered all over them, bills as black as coal, big, strong, palmated feet, with the fourth toe developed. With a dark brown iris and a blue pupil and all ready to fight at the hand that holds them—although some of this pecking is to find out if the hand is like the mother's bill and contains freshly caught fish, nicely suited to the size of their hungry, and should be, thirsty throats never a drop of water do they get at first. "A crick, a crick" they cry and trot off like young ostriches. Why they are not blown off those airy nests, on the dizzy edge on high ledges, why they do not tumble out of the honeycombs in cliff side, where some canny birds laid their eggs is more than we can tell, but we remember that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge and are content. The birds fly above us calling harshly, "Qui, Qui, Qui, Quick uk" but never offering to approach us as we sit with squabbling young in our hands. We note these cleanly birds keep clean nests, removing shell, bits of fish, etc., although the excrement is on the rocky ledges not far off. The adults are

a circle of ten miles they fish, getting all the small fishes, smelts, oulachan, gar, pipe fishes, sea perch, also sea urchins, foliatum, limpets, snails, the strongly hooked bill being well adapted to catch fish or tear off shell fish. All the day long they fly backwards and forwards, the males empty mouthed; early in the season, the females with fish for the young. All carry shellfish to break them on the rocks. I have seen one of these gulls drop a cockle nine times on the soft earth; and then not having broken it leave it, never once showing it had knowledge enough to select a rock for it to fall on, although they had rock broken them thousands of times before. I have never lived amongst a more peaceable lot of birds. The only quarrels I see are when a too venturesome rival intrudes right into the home circle, or when two almost collide in flight, then bills are locked and wings wildly waved and down they drop shrilling. This usually occurred during the evening float. Every night, when the heat of the sun was lost, all the birds rose in a white cloud and made an ariel procession about the island, each flock flying forward a few yards and drifting back until the nesting ledge was beside them. This was one of the most presence compelling sights I have ever witnessed. Fritz and I would lie spell-bound for an hour watching this sil-



The big footed young marched sedately.

clean as we see them bathe at sunset, exactly as a tame canary does.

Now we hear a new note about us, from end to end of the two big steppes rings out the cry "Scarr, scarr." The air is instantly filled with wheeling, screaming gulls. Anon we find the reason. A big bald-headed eagle is passing over, rather low down, and the whole colony are attacking him in turn. We watch these gulls, birds that allow a crow to rob them and a human to despoil them without once offering to attack, watched them chase this misnamed king of birds, aye, even one gull continued the chase and sped the big eagle on his way. But we also note that these harmonious living gulls resent the approach of other species of gulls. Every evening, just as the sun is sinking behind the distant snowy tops of Vancouver Island, many Hermann Gulls fly along. All of them are obliged to roost below high tide line by the owners of this breeding island—the Glacous-winged. We have figured the nest damaged eggs as five per cent. of the total.

Early in the morning the first circling hosts fly upwards, crying "qui, qui, quick uk." Off to the tide rips they speed, leaving the nestling mothers alone on the cliffs. These garrulous birds squat on the water, using low quacking gabbles, "Ka, ka, ka, gow, gow" keeping this up incessantly. In

ent, marvellous white procession. That they never collided filled us with wonder. It was only the rare squabbles of the ones that almost did that made the floating, silent mass more impressive.

All over these grey rock ledges, with their soft top carpeting of "rock crop," pink and blue and yellow, Nature's mats for these huge steppes, was enacted the comedies of the mating and the love making. After each robbery of the eggs the female became a constant attendant on her lord and master. Never did the first mate Eve so innocently and sweetly tempt her lover. The proud white male, with his yellow bill half raised and black eye flashing stood at attention. Before him, in all the self abandonment of love, with many a faint nod and bend, with head well lowered and body brushing the ground uttering the cooing notes as sweet as any doves, meekly changing her position from side to side if happily she can catch and hold that glancing eye, the beautiful female waited upon her mate. At times he did cast a glance down at her—then far afield he looked; at times he actually yawned, as if surfeited with her sweet obedience. Now his head is positively turned away. Gently, Oh! so gently, she lifted her curved bill and tapped him lightly on the lore. Still inattentive. Again the gentle touch, again the low cooing note. Now a sudden alarm sweeps like a whirlwind through the

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