

had doubtless strayed from the Bass Rock or from the coast of Fife. The Solan-geese is not considered edible, yet forsooth the Scotch are sometimes charged with eating them. Still the cadger sought not to dispose of his gannet as he did of his turbot and skate, and one of the things yet vivid in my memory is that bird sitting at the end of the cart greedily gulping down a fish every time its owner offered one, whilst the patient horse drew the load of fish up the steep High street.

Last August and September (1899) I had a rare opportunity of seeing the white gannets at their native haunts at the Bird Rocks and at Bonaventure Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The nesting season was then of course over, and some of the birds had seemingly migrated south, yet this was one of the finest sights I have witnessed in my natural history studies. On certain dull evenings in summer the chimney-swifts congregate around the Parliament buildings in immense numbers, and if those who are familiar with the spectacle presented by an assemblage of some thousands of these birds, can in imagination magnify them in size to that of a goose, and bring them comparatively low down so that the effect of size is not lost, some idea may be formed of what I saw. At Bonaventure Island the Gannets readily associate with the murre and gulls, but never with their allies, the cormorants, and *vice versa* with the cormorants at Percy Rock adjacent, and it is a funny sight to see the rocks of the one place white with gannets, and the rocks of the other black with cormorants, both species being in full view at the same time. It is like the old story repeated about the Jews who had no dealings with the Samaritans.

In examining the bodies of four specimens of gannets I was surprised to find the entire absence of fat, just where one would have expected to find it—in a water bird. Instead there was a wonderful provision of nature. The skin hung loosely, as it were away from the body, being connected to it by membranous tissue forming a wonderful receptacle for air: thus giving to the bird great buoyancy.

Nothing could well be imagined more beautiful than the iris of the white gannet. The books describe it as white, but it is difficult to give it any true description, and must be seen in order