

them until I was so near that I could easily distinguish the yellow markings of the feathers, and get a pretty fair mental picture of the bird for comparison with the description which, after some research, I found in my "McIlwraith." I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this as being a very fair sample of the way in which I identified the one hundred and twenty species of birds I have now the pleasure of numbering amongst my acquaintances. This number I am aware is a small showing for two years' work, but as yet I have had but little opportunity to visit the haunts of the water birds. Of course I varied my plans to suit the circumstances, and when the birds seemed unwilling to have me go to them, I reversed Mahomet's plan with the mountain and sat down and waited till the birds came to me. If many a time I got tantalizing glimpses for a moment only of some new or rare bird, which tempted me to regret my lack of a gun, there were few instances in which I was not afterwards rewarded by a longer and nearer view of the same bird, which enabled me to identify it, at least to my own satisfaction. Besides, I always consoled myself with the reflection that the noise of a gun would have driven away more birds than its use would have secured. Having thus outlined my plan of campaign, it remains to give you the promised anecdotes of bird ways, though I cannot reasonably hope that my observations will interest you as they did me, to whom everything I saw was a new revelation.

One of the first things that struck me about the birds was a very human quality in many of their actions, and strange to say it was not always the noblest traits of man they chose for imitation. For instance my admiration for the stronger sex was not much increased by watching the actions of a Downy Woodpecker, who would not respond to his wife's frenzied entreaties for help in driving from their door a big, able-bodied tramp of a Flicker who insisted on getting in. There sat Mr. Downy in a neighbouring tree, and would not stir a wing, though his better half even left the door unguarded for a moment, and went to fetch him, but when the intruder was driven away by my rapping on the trunk of the tree with a stick, he came swaggering home, and took all the credit of it to himself. It was only when he was thus shamelessly boasting of his prowess that I noticed the scarlet fez he wore on the back of his head, and reflected that one could expect no