

One of the yearly visitors of our garden is the Chipping Sparrow. Two or three pairs always make it their home, while others nest around the house. The Chipping Sparrow is one of those species that has actually been brought to the vicinity by the planting of evergreens. Previously to the planting of such trees they had been common enough in the "Spruce Woods Reserve," but had not nested nearby.

There is something in the song of a Chippy that recalls the sultriness of summer and the shade amidst the heat. The song is a succession of rapidly uttered, similar notes which, at a short distance, seem not unlike the deep breathing of a sleeper. I have listened to these many times during the day-time, also at the time when the shadows of night are giving place to the light of day, and the resemblance is nearly always there.

The Chippy is one of our smallest sparrows, it has a reddish-brown crown like the Tree Sparrow, which the bird resembles in other respects. It has, however, a plain white breast, instead of the little dark patch characteristic of the Tree Sparrow. The nest is a well-made structure, neatly lined with fine grass and hair, when the latter is available. Chipping Sparrows are double-brooded. They feed their young on various forms of insect life, picked up amid the low trees and shrubs.

Clay-coloured Sparrows resemble the Chippy in size, but are lighter and lack the brown crown. They inhabit low shrubs and usually build close to the ground. The nest is constructed of coarse grass stems with a rather sparse lining of finer grass or hair. The eggs, like those of the Chippy, are blue with a ring of purplish markings around the wider end.

We generally have but one pair of Clay colours in the garden, due in part, I believe, to their not getting on with the Chippies. The song is grasshopper-like and may be recalled by the syllables—zee-zee, often repeated several times. The bird is double-brooded.

We have had Kingbirds nesting with us twice and they proved useful allies in driving away a casual hawk or crow, but if they thus conferred an unintentional benefit on the rest of the feathered inhabitants, they were equally tyrannical to those they had protected, and the chase after a Chippy seemed to afford them as much amusement as riding upon the back of a crow. Thus I sometimes feel that a Kingbird is not the most desired tenant, though we make no exceptions in our welcome to all.

One of the irregular summer residents of the garden is the Cedar Waxwing or Cherry-bird. A beautiful fawn-coloured bird with a well-marked crest. There are few that can vie with the Waxwing in soft beauty of plumage, but they are not singers, and their only utterances are soft, whispery notes, which, however, are unlike any other summer