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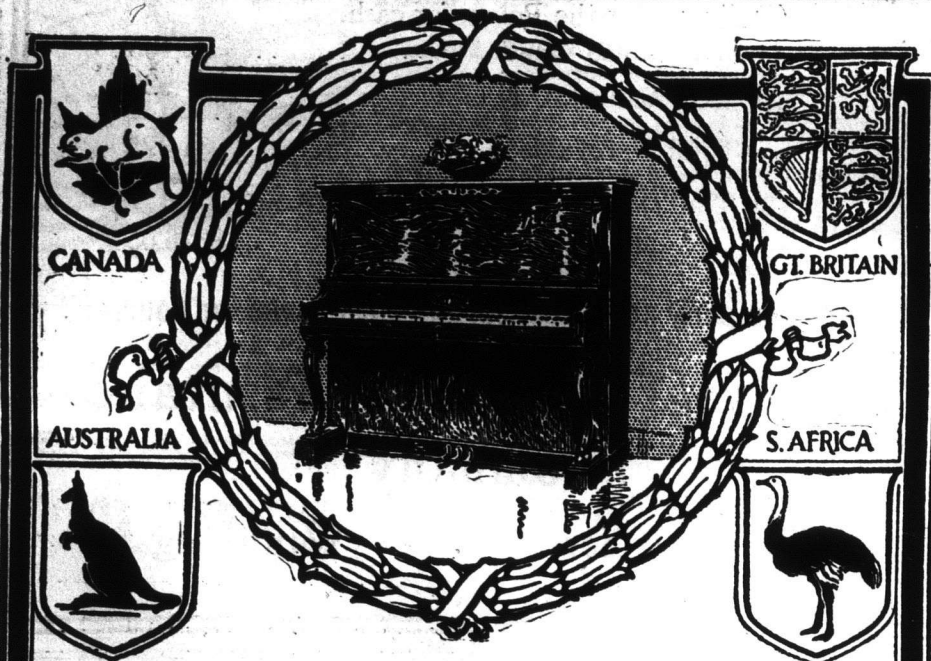
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BOWMANVILLE, CANADA

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might we have gathered, could we have understood a quarter of the news they imparted to us.

Some crows which had nested in the woods a short way up the hill, were their pet aversion. A sound or sign of the black thieves, set them off at once into a stream of chattering, storming profanity. The big fish-hawk across the gap made occasional visits to our shore; and his advent imposed a silence of terror on our little chatterboxes, though he would never do them harm nor take the slightest notice of them. A pair of noisy meddlesome jays from a thicket down the shore, made frequent visits to the camp when we were not in sight. Then the excitement began in earnest. Our virtuous little guardians protested vigorously against any such violation of the sacred rights of property. The jays talked back; and the noise usually continued until the birds had satisfied their hunger or until our appearance drove them away.

We had come to look at many matters from Nimrod's view point; but strict intellectual honesty would not let us close our eyes to the fact that our new friends were, in some respects, rather shady characters. They roamed the woods constantly in search of birds' nests with eggs or young birds—they cared little which. We looked on with indifference

manner of a flying-squirrel. But she could not recover herself, as she dropped headlong toward the rocks. Only an intervening spruce bough averted a forest tragedy, as it was, she bounced from the branch striking heavily and lay with bleeding nose, stunned on the rocks.

While we examined her, discussing what medical aid we might render, a slight tremor seized her, and we lay her down to await developments, she opened her eyes, and seeing us in dangerous proximity, she bounded into a hollow tree and was gone.

Possibly the fall drove all memory of the bird adventure from the squirrel's mind. Perhaps she blamed us for her accident. Whatever the cause, her former aloofness seized her once more; so that not the whitest bread, not the most delicious lump-sugar, nor even cheese or butter, could entice her to our table again.

Nimrod still came. He came unbidden, the day of our first visit from neighboring campers. Jackson and his wife had been very kind to two lone bachelors during the winter, and we took some pride in entertaining them in our sylvan retreat. Cheyne excelled himself in the lightness and whiteness of his fresh biscuits; while I scoured the woods for trailing arbutus, linnaea, and arctostaphylos vine to festoon



Calgary Boy Scouts, who won many honors in England this year

when they rifled a jay's nest, with some amusement when a pair of king-birds gave Buffalo Bill a sound drubbing for prowling near their quarters; and with a certain degree of mild approval, when they harried the shrike's nest in a black poplar on the shore. But when a pair of belated orioles began to build near the tent, and the furry rascals manifested a deep interest in the work, our sympathies went out to the songsters, even to the extent of armed intervention if need should arise.

Given a fair chance, the oriole was well able to look after his nest. The neatly woven pendant pouch was too far out on the end of a slender twig for the squirrels to approach, but the male oriole took no chances. On occasion he proved a royal good fighter. Every time the mischievous rodent ventured out beyond a firm foothold, the oriole darted at him. More than once had he driven one or other of the squirrels back to the bigger branches, and once he had tumbled Nimrod to the ground.

Nimrod grew discouraged; but Buffalo Bill tried again. Six feet above the nest, was another bough by which that enterprising female stole out until her prey lay directly beneath. It was a shaky business, but she managed it, probably because Mr. Oriole was down at the lake. The alarm calls of his mate brought him headlong back, just as Buffalo Bill launched her bright idea. Gauging the position to a nicety, the squirrel dropped, hoping no doubt to catch by the nest or tear it down in her descent. But just as she dropped, a red streak cleft the air and sent her spinning helplessly earthward. Had Buffalo Bill taken the leap as planned she would, if she missed the nest, have tobogganed down the air-way and landed safely somewhat after the

the spotless linen which we had reserved for just such an occasion as this. Nimrod had scented some special occasion, and was dodging about barking, choking and chirping his excitement.

The dinner, we modestly confess, was an unqualified success. Jackson enjoyed it in his quiet way, but his lady was ecstatic. Our bright aluminum dishes, Cheyne's improvised fireplace, our birch-bark trays, all came in for their share of admiration; but the lion's share went to Nimrod.

She fed him on cake and bread till he refused to carry away another crumb. Yet the saucy little fellow scampered about over the cloth, across our feet—everywhere, enjoying the sensation of which he was the centre.

Supper over, Mrs. Jackson insisted on helping Cheyne "redd-up" the table. As she drew off a brilliant solitaire diamond ring and laid it beside her hand bag on the ground, Jackson and I strolled up over the hill to enjoy the view of the lake on the other side. When we returned, the camp was spick and spotless; everything had been neatly stowed away; and Charlie was trying to improvise a hammock out of some cords and a piece of tarpaulin.

The lady turned to put on her ring; but to her dismay it was nowhere to be seen. Everyone had seen her lay it by the hand bag; it was not there now. No

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