

on the men used to go back in the early morning to the brow of these hills, and wait for the pigeons there. The birds would rise but very little when they came to the hills, and consequently, would very often be within range of sticks in the hands of the men, but afterwards as they saw that the country remained constant at the new level they would gradually rise to a greater height. As a rule they did not fly closer than about 100 feet from the ground, and sometimes would be entirely out of gun range; on such occasions the people would get up on the house-tops and shoot from there. These flights would occur day after day, the flocks being 20 to 30 minutes apart as a rule; during the part of the day when the flight was on and number of pigeons was of course simply incalculable. They would then disappear in the north country, but during the summer quite frequently in the morning one of the children would run in to say that there was a pigeon in the garden and immediately whoever was considered the best shot would take the gun out and kill it. These birds were very tame in the trees; one could walk immediately beneath them without putting them to flight. The unavoidable result of such slaughter was that every person became thoroughly sick of pigeon pie and stewed pigeon before the flights ceased. I do not suppose that the pigeons crossed the lake always at the same place, as the whole country for hundreds of miles was covered with them in these early days. On one occasion in 1858 or 1859 while holidaying west of Dundas, I drove some twelve miles towards Guelph with two companions, for trout fishing. Part of the road lay through a pine forest so dense that in the early hours of the morning it was cold, even in August, and the shade was so thick that the road was dark. Beyond this forest lay an immense swamp through which ran a corduroy road about one mile in length, and just before entering the swamp there was a stubble field of about ten acres on the north side of the road. As we emerged from the forest we could see that this field was literally blue with pigeons, so that one could hardly see the ground in any place. The birds were feeding on the grain which had been shelled out before it was harvested. Of course we had a gun with us, and my uncle got out and went over to the snake-fence to get a shot, but before he succeeded, the sentinels who were stationed at the outskirts of the field, gave the alarm, (which