

preposterous toil. It is, moreover, never entered on till all more easily worked claims in the settlement have been snapped up. The first burrowers in sandstone districts seize upon and utilize with keen judgment any softer intervals between hard strata, and many galleries are left unfinished when veins of extra hardness are run against. Sandstone drilling is indeed the Bank Swallow's *tour de force*, comparatively as rare as the human bipeds' piercing of mountain ranges and of river beds.

The bird scatters its locations over an immense range, seeking as a rule friable clay banks, such as are common on the Ontario Lake shores, but even here his operations are scarcely less remarkable than in sandstone cliffs. A noticeable example may be found at Lorne Park, near Toronto. There, in front of an hotel and a swarm of summer cottages, is installed an extensive colony of between two and three thousand nest holes, new and old. Our photograph of a portion indicates as close a crowding of habitations as in any slum of London or New York. The first view of this bird-quarried bank suggests the notion that it has, at some time or another, been made the practising ground of a maxim battery at short range; for several hundred yards it is pitted as closely as honeycomb, so closely indeed that in many places the partitions at the entrances have collapsed and the holes appear of very varied shapes and sizes, doing little credit to the neatness of the original workmanship.

The process of forming the burrows is of much interest, but seldom falling to the hap of the most energetic observer to watch. If such good luck does befall the wanderer, early on some spring morning, the most likely time for the sight, he will note it as a red-letter day in his bird calendar. The chances are great that the operators will be a young couple who are just setting up house, and who "dream not of a perishable home." The old birds, though sometimes driven out by swarming vermin resembling fleas, are generally content with giving their old residence a scrape-out, and at this season fresh, bright sand may be seen on the face of the cliff, running down from the mouths of many of the tunnels. Up to this time, which will be towards the end of April, our birds may have been noticed flying lazily around and settling on the cliff at the burrow entrances in sociable, shifting little parties, evidently fatigued with their long flight from the tropics. But with the commencement of business a fever of activity takes place. The experienced

