

their graceful movements on the wing and the pretty habit of raising their wings above their backs when alighting was a pleasure to behold. Then, too, they were quite fearless, allowing a very close approach, as if having perfect confidence in the human invader. Alas for such confidence; it was requited indeed! Yes! with a gun. So that to-day even our innocent little plovers have learnt the lesson of experience that others had learnt too late. They are, as we might expect, no longer the trusting innocents of the past, though still far from wild during the breeding season. Their lesson has been a costly one and for the thousands that previously roamed the whole country of their adoption, we now have but a few, restricted to certain districts where as yet mankind has been unable to destroy them all. Of course the rapid settling up of the land has also greatly reduced the breeding area. In the south, naturalists and sportsmen too, are beginning to become seriously alarmed at the yearly decrease of breeding birds and in consequence a permanent close season is advocated. In Manitoba, however, though progressive in most of our game laws, we still have an obnoxious law enabling the killing of Upland Plovers in July, at a time when many of the birds are still nesting and in defence of their young can actually be knocked over with a stick.

It was my good fortune some years ago to discover a nest of one of these plovers in a situation that I was obliged to visit daily. It was close to some bushes and in rather an unusual situation, being on lowland. Here I saw the bird twice or three times a day, and with patience soon taught her to have confidence so that eventually I could touch her without her leaving the nest. She also learnt to pick up the grasshoppers I threw to her. Her male, however, was absent and never showed up during the weeks we kept company, so I suspect he had fallen a prey to one of the numerous snares that are met with in nature. I do not know how long the female had been sitting when I first met her, but it was close upon four weeks from that date before the young emerged from the eggs. I found them all one afternoon, but a few feet away from the nest, perfect little striped balls of fluff on long stilt-like legs. I gathered them into my hands and here they squatted, "peeping" apparently quite contentedly as if their mother had instructed them that here was a mortal to be trusted. No doubt she had omitted to give the signal that would send the young into hiding. She stood but a few feet away quite unconcerned while I had her little ones, and when at last I let them gently down she made no effort to lead them away but stood watching me, and thus I left her to see her to recognize no more. I have often wondered since whether her confidence was extended to others and