

of the members supporting it had left, consequently the matter will have to be brought up again this year. At a meeting held November 24th, it was decided to get up a case as to snaring partridge, and at the next meeting the acting secretary stated that a case had been brought before the Police Magistrate, but that it had been dismissed, as his Honor considered there was some doubt as to the accused being able to tell whether the partridge had been snared or not. Your committee would here draw the attention of the incoming committee to the fact that over two-thirds of the partridge offered for sale in this city are taken by snares, many of them being decapitated to prevent detection. Mr. Euclid Roy, advocate, was thanked for his gratuitous service.

The Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Rintoul, then read his report, which shows that the Society is in a more prosperous state than it has been in for several years. The income for the past year was \$262, and the expenditure \$244.61, showing a surplus of income over expenditure of \$17.39.

The Club numbers 120 members.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—

J. C. Wilson, Esq., President; E. C. Monk, Esq., Vice-President; W. H. Rintoul, Esq., Treasurer; J. H. Mathews, Esq., Secretary.

Committee.—R. H. Kilby, Esq., H. R. Ives, Esq., J. H. Stearns, Esq., R. A. Alloway, Esq., Geo. U. Ahern, Esq., J. J. Redpath, Esq., T. J. Brady, Esq., E. B. Goodacre, Esq., T. W. Goodwin, Esq., A. N. Shewan, Esq., J. Johnston, Jr., Esq., L. A. Boyer, Esq., J. B. A. Mongenais, Esq., T. R. Hall, Esq., J. B. Robertson, Esq.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

DEAR SIR,—On my arrival in Montreal a few days ago, I was delighted to see that you and a few other enthusiastic sportsmen had decided to supply a want long felt in Canada, viz: a paper devoted to the interests of that class of gentlemen who shoot and fish for true sport, and I feel sure that success will attend your efforts.

I must say I felt flattered when I received your request to contribute something, and only wish I had your facile pen to interest your readers. My summer of 1880 was spent in the N. W. T. of the Dominion. The 20th July last found me in the Duck or Ridgic Mountains, at the head waters of Bird's Tail Creek, about 51° N., and on the 101st meridian.

These mountains are covered with a dense forest of tall poplars and birch, and thick underbrush of hazel and raspberry, making it impossible to get through without cutting a trail in advance.—This 20th July was a very hot day. We had started at 6 a.m. with a train of thirteen heavily loaded carts, and by 11 a.m. had made about three miles, when a very peculiar noise saluted our ears. Knowing this forest to be full of bears, we at once came to the conclusion that we were in the vicinity of a family; sisters, cousins and aunts, of these affectionate creatures. The train was ordered to halt while the chief of the party and myself went forward to prospect. As we advanced the noise grew louder and louder, till we called a council of two, to decide what had better be done; face the enemy or draw on our reserves and advance in full force. While deliberating the chief happened to cast his eyes heavenwards and the mystery was explained—we had struck a heronry—hundreds of these birds were passing to and fro, and on going forward a hundred yards or so, we found the tops of the poplars covered with their nests, the young birds full grown but not able to fly, perched on the highest branches of the trees. Here in the heart of a dense forest, probably never trodden by man before, were thousands of nests of our common blue heron (*Ardea herodias* Linn). We cut down several trees and captured the young, which were cooked and eaten by some of our men with relish, probably because it was the first fresh food for three months. The nests were made of the small dead branches of the poplar and were placed as near the tops of the trees as possible. I kept two of the young birds alive for a few days, when becoming able to fly they took their departure. These mountains are full of small ponds and bottomless muskegs which swarm with lizards and small fish on which the herons feed, and on getting to an open space near the heronry we could see the old birds coming and going in every direction. Those coming home were stuffed to the bill with food for their young, making them present a very ungainly figure, as they lazily flapped their way toward the woods. On pushing our way through this mountain forest we discovered three good sized lakes about one half a mile wide and from one to two miles in length each. We tried them for fish, but only caught a few common chub. In your next issue I will try and give you some account of the game birds of the Little Saskatchewan and Bird's Tail Creek Regions.

Yours truly,

BIRD'S TAIL.

Montreal, Jan. 31, 1881.