

of the coast of Nova Scotia, but not far enough to seriously affect their regular route to Argentina, in which country they escape the hardship of a Canadian winter.

It is well known that some species of migrating birds when passing over large bodies of water in daytime, fly quite low, often skimming the very surface, but when flying over large tracts of land, they fly at a great height. In this connection it may not be amiss to detail some personal field experience on this interesting phase of bird life and conduct. About May 20th in each year small flocks of Ruddy Turnstones begin to arrive in this northern country from the sunny south. By the end of the first week in June the shores of many of the Islands adjacent to the city of Kingston present scenes of life and activity well worth travelling many miles to witness. On two distinct occasions the writer had the unusual good fortune to be privileged to witness the departure of this gathering of birds for a place situated farther north where their breeding grounds were located. Towards evening a sudden commotion occurred among the birds, and with a movement born of common impulse, all formed into one large flock, and after taking a short flight which looked like a farewell survey of their location, they moved upwards in a great circle. With the aid of glasses it was possible to follow their flight, and see them setting their course due north, pursuing it high above the land surface far beyond the scope of the naked eye.

Another striking example of this nature occurred late in the month of October, 1916. A bleak north wind was blowing with frequent showers of rain. Towards noon a flock of Tree Swallows suddenly came twittering down out of the sky from a great height descending from the rain-laden clouds. The straggling flock looked like dead leaves blown about by an autumn gale. The flock settled on some trees on the lake shore, and by crowding and huddling together they completely covered the branches. Some settled in the grass under the trees. So exhausted was the entire flock that a near approach was permitted without alarm or apparent concern. In the afternoon, they quietly left their resting place, and flying low over a pasture field, began to gyrate in a great circle, their spiral ascent carrying them higher and higher until they faded beyond the range of human vision.

Returning to the subject of the Golden Plover, on August 28th, 1915, a few were noted and in 1916 on the same date, a more extensive visitation occurred. Rev. C. J. Young observed some of these birds on the sand beach at Brighton, Ont. The writer saw eighty or more at Amherst Island, Ont., and several small flocks were seen at Wolfe Island, Ont. August and September this year will be watched with great interest for more interesting developments in connection with the Golden Plover's visits and sojourn in eastern Ontario.