

happened. He was absolutely forced to turn back. The next day, seeing that this hawk had established himself there and was making a practice of withholding his field from him, Mr. Sack took a gun along. Even this did not deter the hawk, which immediately resorted to the tactics of the past two days. This time it proved his undoing; a well directed shot put him out of commission. The farmer gave the bird to a friend, who mounted it, when it was seen by the writer.

One morning last February, Mr. Hugo Paeseler, a farmer of High Falls, Labelle Co., Quebec, went into his wood-lot near his house. Not far in, he noticed that a fierce battle must have been waged there not long before, because in a space of about ten by ten feet the freshly fallen snow was plowed up and liberally sprinkled with blood and feathers. Searching around for the principals of the fight, he found about ten steps away a large adult goshawk, wings spread, frozen stiff and pretty badly used generally. About the same distance in the opposite direction from the scene of hostilities, he found a barred owl, dead, but yet warm. It had alighted on a little spruce after the battle, from where it had fallen off, as the condition of the snow on the spruce and below showed, and then had crawled in a small log that lay with its hollowness right near the owl. Although she apparently had died later than the goshawk, she was more ripped up than he. The farmer, knowing the rudiments of taxidermy, skinned and "stuffed" the goshawk—in this case that is the appropriate word—of the owl he could only do so with the head, which he thus kept. They were later seen by the writer. The theory is that the goshawk sallying forth early in the morning in quest of prey, made a mistake and pounced upon the barred owl, which was probably then returning home from its nightly foraging. She, however, did not feel like being reduced to a breakfast for the goshawk, and so gave battle, with the result that both had no more use for breakfasts. It is not likely that the owl would attack the larger goshawk, but the goshawk, especially when hungry, does not let the size of his quarry deter him much. Last October a farmer in East Templeton, Quebec, near Ottawa, shot a beautiful adult female goshawk in the act of doing away with a large Plymouth Rock rooster. That fight in the snowy woods that morning must certainly have been a battle royal, and an interesting sight could one have witnessed it.

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