

with great concern the anxious mothers carrying tenderly in their teeth, holding them upside down, the pink-legged, grey-coated, silky little chaps, and lying them on hastily formed "draw-ups." Here the babies lay on the dry straw and beaver grass, their little blind eyes twitching in the unaccustomed glare, and here we took their pictures. The hours of exposure were so late, however, that out of one hundred and twenty photographs taken at this time only ten were good. As our long white tubing lay like a tempting worm along the bog the great blue herons descended and tried to eat it. We were enjoying a laugh at their expense when the joke was suddenly turned on us, and a great plunging Maskinonge sent float, machines and all into the water.

A visit to the trapping camp of the Mississaugas was fruitful of many things. We pictured them removing the bolts, stretching the furs, cutting the red willow boughs on which the furs are stretched, setting the well-concealed traps, driving willow branches in along the streams, piling on these the flags and straw to form a draw up, where the water was deep, a draw up that held a cunningly concealed trap. While we lingered a brave came paddling in and whooping as only a red trapper can. "Ah-tuvah!" he called. "Come and take them!" "Got all the bad things in the marsh." "Take it!" he said, as he threw out a trapped blue heron. The camera clicked. "Take it!" and out came a handsome blue bill drake trapped and drowned. "Take it!" it laughed as a trapped and dead crow fell at my feet. "Take them all!" And crows, mice, marsh wrens, all the unwished for prey that gets nipped in the steel traps, piled on the shore before me. I pictured the spoils and started off. "Take them!" he grunted. I did; "thank you!" I replied. "Take them!" he repeated. Then I saw but oh, so late, that he spoke not in a photographic sense. I gathered up the miscellaneous pile, and as I paddled away I heard the red man comment:

"Wahbe-enene Bahkudwin!" "White man hungry!"

There was a flock of feeding spintails that defied our most carefully hidden cameras so we arranged a raft-like structure, and lashed the camera firmly on. We attached guiding strings to the two back corners, and another to the action. Then we allowed the raft to be borne by the current into the flock. But although we got the pintails into correct focus, and made the exposure at just the right moment, the swirl of the current tipped the lens too high, and we only secured a picture of the clouds.

Many a time we sat and watched the big mouth bass forming her nest in the wild rice straw at the bottom of the water. She would turn around as a dog does before it lays down, pushing and nosing the sunken straw until a fairly circular nest was formed. Then after the spawn was laid we have seen her guard it day after day, fighting off all her enemies. Once while she was absent a moment in search of food three eels wriggled along the channel, slid into the spawn filled hollow, and started to eat up the whole bass family. The way she broke up that function was a merry sight. Like a cannon ball she entered, scattering her enemies right and left. Once she and the tail of an eel came clear out of the water in a cloud of spray. When she had driven them off it was pathetic to watch her gentle motherly instincts, how she smoothed down the disturbed nest nosed the precious spawn into place—a deft touch here, a seeming pat there—and finally hovered over her repaired nest, a mother on guard again.

The Great Northern Diver gave us many a handsome set of pictures, the gathering of which held many moments of intense interest. The nest was formed on the top of an old muskrat house, and day after day we added to the pile of aquatic weeds that would ultimately conceal our camera. At last it was hidden, and the connections laid to a small island a hundred yards off, behind which

I lay concealed. The female bird came swimming back very slowly, and she formed a beautiful picture. Her collar was black striped; her back was magnificently checkered black and white; her head was glossy green, and her big eyes a brilliant red. With many a dive she swam and circled near the nest on the bed edge. For fully two hours she searched for the enemy she knew lay hidden somewhere. At length I was obliged to paddle out, and get my assistant to sneak in behind the island in another canoe. Then I doubled and joined him, and Fritz paddled past the nest in full sight. The manoeuvre succeeded, yet it took an hour, during which the mosquitoes kept me close company to satisfy her. Finally she scrambled with clambering wings, and kicking feet right up on to the nest, springing up like a guilty thing when the camera sang out. Four weeks later she led two black-billed, black-footed, black-eyed, and black-clothed little fluffy pets into the water. Here the male, glorious in his spring apparel, and similarly marked as the female, took charge. Once I saw him swimming off with the two youngsters on his back close down near the tail. With considerable trouble I caught the little ones in a net and took a picture of them on the nest. When I returned the parents were uttering loud eyrie calls. The father was the first to hear the babies' tiny "peep." Instantly he came tearing over the water like a great white stallion reared on his feet and tail. His shining green head was swelled out with rage. His wonderful red eyes protruded from his head. A foaming wake of water followed him. Busily I pictured him as he circled my canoe, great masses of foam showing in each picture. Then I slid the dusky youngsters into the lake, and his wild "A-loo-loo" changed to the mildest entreating "Loo-loo" as he swam ahead and gently urged his precious ones away from the monster

with bobbing head, long arms, and long green shell.

We have seen the "Shushuge"—the blue heron—fall from the Heavens, a tangled revolving mass of long legs, great wings, and twisting neck. We have seen this great bird fall five hundred yards turning rapidly, and finally the migration over, sail into the Heronry as if a quarter of a mile tumble were an every day event. We have watched the bitter fill its windpouch with four gasping breaths each drawn in and entering the pouch with a metallic reed-



Canoe in Hide

like twang. The pouch swelled out like a tennis ball. Then the head was laid on the back, a convulsive, acrobatic gesture ensued; the head shot out until the neck was fully stretched, and the "A-ker-plunk" of this odd bird sounded over the lonely marshes once for each intaking of breath. Later in the fall, when both camera and shot gun are in use, I have shot the blue hills over the decoys, and unassisted have photographed them as they fell, shot, click, and splash sounding almost simultaneously over the great workshop.

A Starving Tradesman.—The maker who kneads bread.

# Nursery Stock Bargains

D. W. Buchanan, of the Buchanan Nursery Company, St. Charles, Manitoba, has decided to retire from the Nursery business. Under the management of Mr. Buchanan these Nurseries have acquired a country-wide reputation for the quality and hardness of their stock. All stock sold has been propagated by themselves from their own mother stock in their own ground. This has made the reputation of the firm.

The Buchanan Nursery Company has always known what it was selling. It has always sold the best. There is to-day no better stock in Western Canada.

The A. Mitchell Nursery Company, Limited, of Coaldale, and Lacombe, Alberta, has by a stroke of rare good fortune, been able to secure this splendid stock, but it must be taken off the grounds in a very limited time. This is the reason for this compelling offer at prices never before seen in this Western country.

## COLLECTION No. 1.—SMALL FRUITS. PRICE \$10.

Enough for the average garden.

|                     |     |                    |     |
|---------------------|-----|--------------------|-----|
| Raspberries.....    | 100 | Gooseberries.....  | 4   |
| Strawberries.....   | 100 | Bush Cherries..... | 4   |
| Red Currants.....   | 6   |                    |     |
| Black Currants..... | 6   |                    | 220 |

## COLLECTION No. 2.—SHADE TREES. PRICE \$5.

|                         |    |                     |    |
|-------------------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Man. Maple, 5-6 ft..... | 20 | Willow, 4-6 ft..... | 10 |
| Ash, 3-4 ft.....        | 10 |                     |    |
| Poplar, 3-4 ft.....     | 10 |                     | 50 |

## COLLECTION No. 3.—FARM SHELTER BELT. PRICE \$10.

You cannot make a home out of a wheat field and a shack. You must have trees to finish the home and shelter the garden and crops.

There is enough in this collection to plant a belt 100 yards long and 8 rows wide with the trees 3 ft. apart. Three feet is the most economical distance, as the ground is more quickly shaded by the branches and the work of cultivation is over the sooner.

|                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|
| Man. Maple (Box Elder), Seedlings.....     | 300 |
| Willow, Cuttings.....                      | 300 |
| Ash, Seedlings.....                        | 100 |
| Poplar (Russian Poplar or Cottonwood)..... | 100 |

800

These should be planted, beginning with the outside row, Willow, Maple, Poplar, Maple, Ash, Maple, Willow.

## COLLECTION No. 4.—PERENNIALS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN. \$5.

|                 |    |                    |    |
|-----------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Paeonies.....   | 2  | Sweet William..... | 10 |
| Iris.....       | 4  | Sweet Rocket.....  | 20 |
| Larkspur.....   | 10 |                    |    |
| Clove Pink..... | 20 |                    | 66 |

## COLLECTION No. 5.—FOR THE KITCHEN GARDEN. PRICE \$5.

|                |     |
|----------------|-----|
| Rhubarb.....   | 24  |
| Asparagus..... | 100 |
|                | 124 |

CASH WITH ORDER. WE PAY EXPRESS.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

WE HAVE PLENTY OF OTHER THINGS.

# The A. Mitchell Nursery Company, Ltd.

Lacombe and Coaldale.

HEAD OFFICE: COALDALE, ALTA.