

1890 and April 1891. Accident, carnivorous birds, man, disease, and other foes had accounted for more than half of them. This was repeated in '91'92,'93, and '94; but in '95 that square mile had probably not more than 10 birds in June. It is an interesting speculation whether the old ratio of mortality will hold good, or will a greater proportion of Blue-birds escape this year than usual. As an offset of this loss, it seems you have the Dickcissel (*Spiza americana*) at Ottawa this year. About the middle of June I had a card from Mr. Robert Elliott, stating that at Mr. Beck's farm, about 12 miles from London, there was a nest of the Dickcissel with 5 eggs, and asking me to come and see it. As it was the first record for our county, I decided I would go. On June 21st I left London about 5 a.m. and had not ridden three miles when I heard a Dickcissel along the roadside, and, dismounting, heard another immediately. Two males were singing in an orchard, and after looking in vain for the females who were doubtless on their eggs, I finished the journey and found the pair of birds on Mr. Beck's farm with eggs nearly ready to hatch. Mr. Beck is a lover of birds and had spent a good deal of time watching the strangers and finding their nest. Of cliff swallows,* which are quite rare all through these western counties where they were formerly so abundant, Mr. Beck has a fine colony of perhaps 50 nests, one or more being placed on every building and shed on the farm, save one. His skill with the rifle and shot gun, coupled with a genuine Canadian hatred of the English sparrow has left him with this fine colony of swallows while his neighbors are bereft of them.

It was curious that on my return home at noon, I should receive the first notice of the Ottawa birds, and still more curious that on the next day, 7 miles west of London, I should hear another male singing beside the railway track. Later on I found another one twenty miles south and I have been wondering ever since if I had been deaf to Dickcissels in the early spring.

When I reached Ottawa on July 12th the chief Dickcissel on the Experimental Farm greeted me on my arrival with his monotonous song, which he kept up till the 15th, but after that date he was not heard. The clover, in which the nest was probably placed, had been cut and possibly the home had been destroyed. It is to be hoped that their

* *Petrochelidon lunifrons*.