

The Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

October Meetings

Monday, October 1, 1951 at 8.15 p.m.

at the

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker

Mr. Charles L. Broley

"Banding 1,100 Bald Eagles" - Movie.

F. O. N. Fall Field Day - Rattlesnake Point - Near Milton

Sunday, October 7th - 10.00 a.m.

Easiest approach from Toronto is via Dundas Highway. Turn north at Palermo to Milton. Take road west through Milton. Follow straight up the mountain. At right-angle turn on top of mountain turn south (to left). Proceed to next road west (on right). Meet at this place.

Members would do well to equip themselves with appropriate topographic maps of this area. They are the Brampton and Hamilton sheets (one mile to one inch series) obtainable at Parliament Office Building, Dept. of Lands and Forests. The TORONTO sheet (four miles to once inch series) covers our whole region satisfactorily, but not in such detail.

Saturday, October 13th

DON VALLEY 2.00 p.m.

Meet at Glen Road and South Drive. (Wellesley bus stops here).

Chance to see fascinating geological riches of Don Valley Quarries and neighbourhood.

In charge of hike:

Member of University of Toronto geology staff.

Yearly fee of \$2.00 is due and payable now.

Secretary-Treasurer Mrs. J.B. Stewart,
21 Millwood Road, Toronto
Hy. 5052.



NEWSLETTER

Number 101 - September, 1951

In contrast to last year there has been a magnificent migration of shorebirds through the Toronto region this summer. The numerous rains of the early part of the season, and the very high lake level created a number of muddy areas highly suitable for the accommodation of travelling sandpipers and plovers. Indeed the residents of Toronto Island probably thought that nature was deliberately converting their parks and lawns into feeding grounds for waders. So it looked. But the curious thing is that the shorebirds have almost wholly ignored the Island mud. Indeed, except for small numbers along the shallows of the Humber and the Don and in the flooded parts of Sunnyside Beach, these birds have been concentrated at Ashbridge's Bay in the smelliest, stickiest muck of all. In this savory quarter, for seven weeks from mid-July, there was a living museum of migrant shorebirds. As many as fifteen and sixteen species could be seen together at one time when this migration reached its height in August. Little wonder that it became the mecca for all bird watchers whose business or whose inclination kept them close to the dumps of Toronto.

As my own experiences at Ashbridge's during this period will be some indication of what others were enjoying as well, I will give them here as I entered them in my journal.

July 22: After drawing a blank at the Island on the eighteenth, I went to Ashbridge's Bay this afternoon again in search of migrant shorebirds southward bound. To-day I found them. From the inner part of the dump I was able to look westward into the muddy patches behind the barrier of cattails. Here I soon found several lesser yellowlegs, spotties and killdeer. On one patch of weedy mud I noted a reddish-breasted, long-billed sandpiper preening itself. For a moment I tried to make a knot out of it - no

doubt because I needed a knot for my year's list - but I could not convince myself, for after all the bird was a dowitcher, not a knot. Soon I saw another, probing the mud for food. Then there was a third some distance off, and it, of all things, was bathing, throwing the murky water over itself in a shower, shaking its wings and rubbing its back with its long bill, for all the world like a man with a long-handled scrubbing brush in his mouth! How it could ever think to get clean in that stinking place is more than I could say, but doubtless it does not think. After the "bath" it settled the long bill so that it pointed straight backward, under one wing, and went to sleep.

During my vigil from this side of the dump, gallinules and coots called from the reeds, or paraded and preened before me. Blacks and mallards quacked, marshalled their fluffy families, fed and squabbled. Black terns made a steady traffic from lake to marsh bearing burdens of newly-caught fish to their piebald young crouching on reedy beds. Many of the young were on the wing too, indicating that the end of the summer season for them was very near. Most surprising of all I saw from the bank was a group of three ducks that suddenly sprang into view from among the dense marsh weeds. Unseen before, they flew up and sailed across an opening for a few yards to vanish again, not to be seen more - three fine gadwalls! the first I have ever seen in Toronto in mid-summer.

As I was walking slowly back along the dump, treading warily between rotting tins and melting tar, I saw a yellowlegs fly across my path. Dropping down it sank from view below the eastern edge of the dump. I thought to follow it, then remembered we had seen very few birds in that quarter recently and turned again on my way, only to consider anew that perhaps after all I had better follow the yellowlegs. How fortunate for me that I did! Approaching this side of the dump I could soon see that the high water had converted a barren dry part into a choice shorebird hunting ground, a delectable tract of smelly muck barely covered with a film of water, three to four inches deep at the most. To my delight it was dotted with the very birds I sought! Thus it was proven to me again that it doesn't pay to ignore a lead, especially a bird's lead, when you are looking for birds.

Once more I approached with caution, a few feet at a time, until I was able to sit on the edge of the dump in the ashes, the cans and the smells. Below me now was a wide open expanse of water and mud with scores of birds that I could scan at ease. Lesser yellowlegs, semi-palmated and least sandpipers, semi-palmated plovers, killdeers and spotties, a pectoral, a solitary, two more dowitchers, all were there. The shorebird migration was definitely well launched.

July 23: This evening Marshall Bartman, my wife and I went down to see the shorebirds. There were more than ever. The lesser yellowlegs had jumped from 26 to 60 in number. Whether

the additional ones had been in the weeds and so unseen yesterday afternoon, or were newcomers last night I could not say. They raised an incessant din as they fed and fought in the rich forage much east of the dump. Three dowitchers were in view tonight, but the pectoral and the solitary were not to be found. We were able to study them for an hour before darkness came. Most of the shorebirds were concentrated on the east side as before.

When we went over to the west side to check on this Anna saved me from a startling encounter. I had my eyes focussed on the marsh in an effort to spot birds. Suddenly she called to me to look out, pointing to the ground in front of me. Looking down I saw a large skunk a few steps head, tail stiffly raised, ready to give me a royal welcome. Just beyond it were two more skunks, gleaming white and black. You may be sure I stopped at once. The nearest skunk, which had been standing still while the other two were waddling slowly into the weeds, now raised its head, pointed itself in our direction, and sniffed. Satisfied it turned tail and waddled after the others. We followed slowly at a discreet distance. That the skunks were not frightened was made clear when they emerged again from the weeds and hunted on the open side of the dump a few moments quite heedless of the fact that we stood above only yards away. The hunt proving fruitless they retired to the weeds. I was all for following, but Anna and Marshall, who had come up, were more cautious. I ventured into the weeds a few feet, but not finding the animals, withdrew. This was doubtless the wiser thing to do as darkness was coming on, when visibility would vanish and chances of surprise would be paramount.

The sun went down in a blaze of glory. Breaking free from a cloud bank that covered all the rest of the sky, it poured forth its beams in a riot of color across the clouds, painting them in flame and fire long after it had sunk below the horizon, behind the smoking stacks of the city. It was a glorious sight.

This evening on the dump was a great contrast to the evening spent up north on Little Lake in the canoe, where quiet and the chorus of thrush music dominated all. Yet in both places there was beauty, in the fresh untarnished north woods, and on the city dump.

August 1: There were quantities of shorebirds at Ashbridge's this evening, but we arrived late and had little chance to observe them. Still, we were favored with the sight of four knots. They flew up from the wet spot east of the dump and circled above us, calling a grunting note as they flew. Presumably this is the note given as Knut in Peterson, as tlu - tlu in Forbush who adds "a low whistle with a whizz or buzz in it". This last is a more apt description than Peterson's, for there is a real coarseness and wheeziness in this note. They crossed

the dump and pitched into the marsh on the other side where we lost sight of them. These are my first knots in three years, and it is the first occasion on which I have heard this species utter a note.

August 13: Two hours at Ashbridge's Bay this afternoon were very well spent. No dumping was going on so the birds were quite undisturbed, likewise the bird watcher. I sat on the eastern edge of the dump, resting my feet on rusty cans, and studied the shorebirds without hindrance. Some of the workmen on the sewage disposal plant saw me with binoculars pointed in their direction, and got very excited, shouting and pointing at me. However, no one came to bother me. They should be used to bird watchers by this time, but maybe this was a new lot of workmen. Possibly the watchers seldom come at this time of day.

The area of shallow water has nearly disappeared, even the muck is greatly restricted. Unless a heavy rain comes soon we may lose this spot after all. To-day, though, the shorebirds were as plentiful as ever. The new condition was illustrated by the fact that they were accompanied by a flock of 50 to 60 starlings. Had the shallow water of two weeks ago persisted, the starlings would have been excluded. Now they foraged amongst the yellowlegs and killdeer as if they really belonged to the same fraternity.

These two species - lesser yellowlegs and killdeer - still make up the bulk of the mixed flock. But they have been joined by black-bellied plovers (8) more solitaires (7) and semi-palmated plovers (7). It took several careful surveys of the area before I felt that I had detected almost all of the birds. I would not dare say "all" for there are too many sheltering clumps of grass and reeds, as well as much coming and going, a constant movement among the birds, to make absolute certainty possible.

On one of my panoramic surveys I caught sight of a largish sandpiper asleep, head tucked under wing, beneath an overhanging clump of grass. Closer examination convinced me that this was a stilt sandpiper. I could not be happy about the bird, however, without a better look. Annoyingly there was no way of getting it awake and in the open without scaring the whole crowd. I waited, pinning my hopes on a neighboring killdeer, which I hoped would disturb the stilt. It didn't, simply walking off. Then when I was becoming desperate a snipe came to the rescue. Leaving the section of mud where it had been probing for some time, it flew over towards the stilt and almost landed on top of the sleeping bird. This fellow woke up in a hurry, moved over a few feet and began to preen. In this way I was able to see the scaly back-feathers, the white stripe over the eye, the mottled reddish pate, and the sea-green legs to marked advantage. Nearby yellowlegs gave me a chance at comparison. They were darker on the back and wings, less scaly, or rather their "scales" were more minute. They had no eye stripes, no noticeable distinction between the

top of the head and the rest of the bird, and their legs were strongly yellow or yellowish green.

Another single bird, discovered on another sweep of the wet part, was a turnstone, first of the fall. Still another was a pectoral sandpiper possibly the same bird of last month. It would be interesting to know how many of the yellowlegs and killdeer have remained since mid-July. There has been some change, obviously, evidenced by changing numbers, and by the arrival and disappearance of species, but no doubt some birds, having found a good spot have hung around to enjoy it. A single peep - a semi-palmated - was the only representative of that group today. Of course a good many of the birds may have withdrawn to wetter parts of the marsh where they cannot be seen. I saw one flock of 30 - 50 shorebirds rise from the cattails near the dyke, and resettle. When I made an attempt to get closer I had no luck as they were far out in the treacherous morass where no one can go.

Ducks, coots, and gallunules were around in numbers, families of young birds composing most of these groups.

The black terns have mostly gone. I was afraid I might be too late for them, but four were still combing the marsh and the lake. One individual, yet in full plumage, was catching tiny fish in the lake, and carrying them to young, hidden somewhere in the cattails. Its actions and cries were those of a bird engrossed in family activity. It seemed very late for such a performance. Possibly this bird had suffered some misfortune with its nest earlier on, and had been forced into an unduly late nesting.

I walked all along the west side of the marsh, (Leslie Street) for the first time this year. On the way I met a few migrant warblers, one of which, a northern waterthrush, I put up from a most unexpected spot in the high cattails. The bird was so startled it sprang up almost into my face, so close I had no trouble, even without glasses, seeing the cream-colored stripe over the eye. Indeed I could not have used my binoculars at that distance. Flying a few yards it dipped again amongst the cattails, from which I raised it once more by "squeaking". A second look at me was too much for this fellow, who fled away toward the lake shore. My last find on this side was a black billed cuckoo, which launched out of a willow tree on the dyke and sped across the road.

August 19: After a frustrating visit to the Humber Marshes and Sunnyside the temper of our minds was entirely changed when we got to Ashbridge's Bay. We met Bob Riseborough as we entered the dump. As soon as we three stood on the eastern edge there was the northern phalarope swimming and bobbing in the water.

Brightly marked with the black phalarope mark and the yellow V on the back, this bird was very tame, and allowed us to watch for as long as we liked. It busied itself alternately with preening and feeding. No circling was seen but a series of swift dartings, twists and turns, rapid head bobbing were the characteristic movements. Food was obviously plentiful, especially in the green duckweed that covered most of the water. Jim Baillie came along with the Gerry Bennetts, whom I had not seen before, and they were delighted with the phalarope. It was the first sight for everyone there except Jim and me. We have each seen the species on three occasions, the same birds in each case. Until Jim came along and told my companions this, I don't think they quite grasped the rarity of the tame bird they were looking at. The phalarope was discovered and reported by Miss Elizabeth Price on the previous evening.

A golden plover, in nearly full spring plumage, a dowitcher, and two sora rails added to the afternoon's attraction. So too did a snipe which flew into a willow tree and alighted there! Jim told us they do this, but none of us had ever seen a snipe in a tree before. Black terns were still around, 10 at the Humber and one at Ashbridge's Bay. Young black terns were still being fed at the Humber, a really late date.

September 6: When I got home this morning, after being away for more than a fortnight, I found that my nephew, David West, had been in Toronto for several days. An ardent bird watcher, he had managed to see several interesting birds in that time, including a Hudsonian curlew at Ashbridge's Bay.

This afternoon he and I made a trip to Ashbridge's as I felt that my Toronto records needed to be brought up to date. Being away two weeks in the midst of fall migration plays hob with them.

At the marsh we found a mere tithe of stragglers left from the shorebird flock - 4 spotties, 2 lesser yellowlegs, 2 semi-palmated plovers, and 13 semi-palmated sandpipers. What a comedown after the crowds of late July and August. The drying up of the eastern mud flats is no doubt one reason for this clearance, but the drying process does not seem to have gone far enough to explain so complete a vanishing. I guess that their time had come, and so these birds went on their way, following the urges that drive them every year from the Canadian Arctic to the plains of Patagonia.

We walked along the shore from Ashbridge's Bay to the Eastern Gap. What a change here. The beaches and the willow scrub that used to characterize this area have now mostly gone, eaten up by huge new industrial plants, coal piles and the beginning of the new harbor. Not until we neared Cherry Street did we find any birds. Then in some of the remaining willows

we came onto a small group of small migrants, quite a silent flock, in which we found a Philadelphia and a warbling vireo, along with two red-eyed vireos and a bay-breasted warbler.

I had hoped for shorebirds along the beach near the gap, but neither on the beach nor in the trees back of it were there any birds. Still we did not go without a sight, for David spied a flock of ducks heading westward over the lake just at the gap. When I looked I saw them to be wood ducks, 13 in all, a surprising observation to me. I don't remember seeing a migrating flock of wood ducks in flight before. I have flushed more than this number from a marsh, but have not known such a group passing by in migration.

At the eastern tower of the power line that crosses the gap, David showed me a curious avian accident. A few feet below the top of this tall tower a great blue heron was hanging by its neck from a point in the girder work where two supports crossed each other. Clearly this bird had been flying along probably about 75 feet above the ground, and had rammed its head into the crotch of these crossing girders with such force that its neck was broken. At the same time it was wedged in so firmly that it could not fall, but hung limply, waving grotesquely in the wind as we watched. Did it make this error at night? There was a storm on Sunday (I think) in which winds had risen to gale proportions. I have found other birds caught in wires, but this is the first occasion on which I have seen the victim a great blue heron.

Although at the time of the last entry given here the shorebird flock at Ashbridge's Bay had dwindled to almost nothing, this does not mean that others will not come. There are still many migrants of this sort to go through, and local bird watchers will do well to keep this favored area under close watch.

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Shortly after the printing of the last Newsletter, I received the following interesting letter from Mr. H. Roy Ivor of Erindale. His pleasantly situated aviary is, I believe, well known to most members of the club. Mr. Ivor writes thus:

"On pages 2 and 3 of Newsletter Number 99 you take up the question of "peck order" among birds, and cite the backyard squabble you had watched as bearing out a "well established fact" and go on to say ... many owners of feeding stations have been able to confirm the fact ..." In my opinion sufficient study has not been made of this phenomenon among native song-birds to justify the conclusions of your authorities. In fact, from observations over many years, I am of the opinion that there is no peck order among most species of native song-birds. Nor do I think that the designation "peck order" is serviceable in connection with

the relative power of various species such as that between the sparrow, robin, starling and pigeon. There is no definite and consistent "order" where birds of various weights determined by size of species are concerned.

The much larger bird, such as a pigeon, usually dominates, but not always. I have had a male bullfinch consistently attack a golden pheasant. A male song sparrow is, this morning, driving from a feeding station a male house sparrow and is able to dominate two or three of these birds, but not a flock. This song sparrow also drives from the station both male and female white-breasted nuthatches, birds which are larger and usually vicious with smaller birds. The well known dominance of the tyrant flycatchers over hawks and crows is another instance in point. At times, shortly after arrival, a robin will dominate a starling on the lawn. But this is domination by individuals endowed with aggressiveness, pugnaciousness, courage and vitality, and although related to the domination shown in the peck order, does not necessarily constitute the peck order. The two must be separated as constituting two phases of a phenomenon.

For a number of years I have had ten robins. At no time have I been able to see any peck order among them. One may dominate another for a time and this domination may at any time be reversed. The two male pink-eyed albinos have fought each other and the female albino, winter and summer, for nearly five years, yet no one has been able to dominate the other consistently. At times the female is dominant over both males, yet this also is often reversed.

For years, also, I have had a flock of bluebirds. There has been no peck order among them. One male of exceptional dominating character does at times dominate the others, yet this is not persistent. This male is dominant over most of the birds, no matter what their size. He will knock a robin off a food cup if he wishes the food. He and a ten year old male bluebird have been enemies for nearly five years. Domination of one by the other, now that the old bird is really old, depends upon circumstances, in other words, territory, all through the year. The younger bird, during the winter, is in the song-bird observatory, the older in the adjoining porch of my cottage. Should the older bird go into the observatory - there is merely a mesh wire partition between - the younger bird would dominate him completely, but should the younger bird enter the porch on my shoulder, the older bird would drive him out immediately. One male evening grosbeak is dominant at the bath over most of the birds, even those of the size of the European blackbird, a much larger bird, yet a male mountain bluebird will drive this grosbeak from the bath. These are only a few of the innumerable instances which may be seen.

All through the winter there is enmity between the old male Baltimore oriole and the male towhee, and between this towhee

and one female cardinal. Considerable fighting takes place, but there is never any domination of one over the other. One male whitecrowned sparrow will get hold of the end of the tail of a mourning dove, and hold on while the dove flies around trying to get rid of the sparrow. In this instance domination may not have a part. It may be only play.

The peck order among domestic fowl has been verified. To a more or less extent it has been verified among chickadees, and there may be other species in which the peck order is manifest. It has not been verified in full, so far as I am aware, among any other species of our native song-birds. Among evening grosbeaks there are dominating characters, but watching them carefully as they fed at a distance of three feet, innumerable times, I have seen no such peck order as may be seen among fowl. So far as most species of song-birds are concerned, as I have remarked, I never have been able to determine a peck order and greatly doubt if there is such. There is dominance, but this is continuously changing and never becomes fixed as among fowl."

Another member of the club pointed out to me during the summer a statement on this same subject made by Dr. A. A. Allen, Head of the Department of Ornithology at Cornell University, in an article entitled "The Bird's Year" which appeared in the June number of the National Geographic. Dr. Allen says there: "During the winter, for example, the reproductive glands are quiescent and all the activities connected with the breeding season are entirely suspended. Most species do not sing, or, if they do, they have a different song from that given on the nesting ground.

If they fight, it is entirely irrelevant to sex and merely for the purpose of establishing what has been called the "peck order" - determining which birds can peck and bully which others; and the dominant birds may be either male or female.

An established peck order is subject to many changes and even reversals as spring advances and a new cycle of behavior is ushered in.

In my flock of waterfowl, a few years ago, a snow goose lorded it over all the other fowls during the winter; but by April the mallards were passing into the breeding cycle while the snow goose was still quiescent sexually. As a result, one of the male mallards, which had submitted to the snow goose's brutality all winter, rose in the peck order to such an extent that he drove the snow goose off the pond and kept him away so successfully that he could hardly get a drink."

As will be seen by these contrasting statements, this is a matter still under debate.

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L. L. Snyder: Ontario Birds - Illustrated by T.M. Shortt
Clarke, Irwin and Co. Toronto, 1951.
Pp. x 248 Price: \$4.50

For years and years now the members of the staff of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology have received telephone calls daily from all sorts of people, who would ask them "What is this bird I've just seen? It was doing this or that. It was colored so and so. It was singing like ..." Well there could be a thousand variations to these questions, but always they were answered patiently and courteously. After awhile, however, Lester Snyder, Associate Director of the Museum of Zoology and Curator of Ornithology, decided that it would be a good idea to put a lot of the answers into a book which would reach a wide public of people interested in watching birds. Ontario Birds then contains the answers to many questions that have been asked over the years, and answers to others that the enquirers hadn't got around to asking yet.

The first chapter, as one might expect, is given a question for a title - "What is a Bird?" Beginning with an answer to this basic query the author goes on to discuss the distribution, the migration, and the classification of birds in the next three chapters. The list of the 351 species of birds which occur in Ontario closes the chapter on classification. The remainder of the book is devoted to the natural history of these Ontario birds. As Mr. Snyder points out in the preface, this book "is in no sense a complete reference work", nor is it intended to be a guide to field identification as there are many other books that fulfill these requirements. It is, however, meant to be "a source book for teachers, pupils, amateur naturalists, and all out-of-doors people, for use indoors". The bulk of the book, therefore, is given over to a discussion of those facts about the general run of Ontario birds which the general observer would be interested in knowing. The rarer or more obscure birds receive hardly more than a mention, whereas birds like the crow, the starling, the pheasant are amply treated.

The author hopes "that between these covers you will find facts you do not know and interpretations which provoke thought". He also suggests that his treatment of his subject "probably reveals how the author thinks and feels about some of our birds". An excerpt or two will show that the author is right on all these counts. For instance, in dealing with the crow, Mr. Snyder has this to say:

"For a short period, from late spring until summer is at its height, the Crow plays the part of the villain. Watch one fly quietly in the early morning hours to your garden. It comes to rest abruptly and heavily, on your fence or on some other convenient perch. Without noise or haste, but ever watchful, the bulky black bird scans the shrubbery or the heart of an evergreen in search of meat, yes, meat,

in the form of young birds. If found, they are unhesitatingly taken without regard to the fuss and vocal din set up by the watchful parent birds, let us say the familiar Robins of your door-yard. In the emotion of such a moment, most men damn the Crow, and feel that weak helplessness of utter defeat by a seeming rascal. Little wonder that in appropriate surroundings the shotgun is reached for. In a calmer moment one may reflect that the parent Crow had, according to its natural inclination, diligently and successfully hunted and secured necessary food for its own blue-eyed, husky youngsters. (Young crows have blue eyes; adults dark brown). In spite of such depredations, Robins are, long have been, and probably will continue to be, among our most plentiful birds. The pair robbed in your garden will probably nest again that year, but not so the Crow. Without Crows, and other predacious animals, there would be a surplus of Robins, which incidentally would not be good for Robins. Perhaps the most interesting behaviour to be pondered after occasions such as that described above is that of the human animal. Under the stress of the moment, man fails to recall his own predacity. When the Crow visits his garden man hastily leaves his breakfast bacon and rushes out of the door on leather shoes to foil the killer. Perhaps he's still mumbling threats at Crows when he leaves his house for the office, overlooking his wife's instructions to bring home meat for dinner. The breakfast bacon, the leather shoes, and the meat for dinner result from planned, organized slaughter. Let's be fair about such matters."

This I am sure will make readers think.

You cannot fail to be moved by such a feeling description as is given of the singing of the horned lark. Mr. Snyder writes of this:

"When nesting duties are at their height, and until the young are independent in summer, male Horned Larks execute aerial performances suggesting that of their more celebrated European relative. Mounting high in the air above their nesting territory they bound and bounce and sweep in irregular patterns in the sky, all the while pouring out a tinkling medley of fine quality and great refinement. Most people would overlook this feature of the bird world altogether, but the farmer about his spring plowing who pays attention to such matters will be well rewarded. The Horned Lark's music is not blatant or showy. It is as delicate as the first tints of a spring landscape. You who possess powers of fine perception and patience to wait in the bare fields of spring, listen for the Horned

Lark in Ontario. Few things can be compared to the sound to convey its quality, but the writer has heard the tinkling from the crystal pendants of an old-fashioned chandelier, disturbed by a gentle breeze, which was reminiscent of the Horned Lark's voice."

This very useful book ends with a Spring Calendar showing the average first arrival dates of 50 common migrant birds. Eleven stations are included in the table: London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Collingwood, S.S. Marie, North Bay, Smoky Falls, Kenora, Fort William, Lac Seul. This gives the reader a chance to study the comparative time of arrivals in all parts of the province.

All readers will recognize that the value of this book is tremendously enhanced by the lively, lifelike black-and-white drawings done by T. M. Shortt. The artist is at his best in the depicting of birds in flight, such as the ruffed grouse (p. 83) and the redwing (p. 210) but throughout the illustrations are of an excellent character. They are a most helpful addition to the text.

This is a book for the library of every Ontario bird watcher.

R. M. Saunders,

Editor.