

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

April Meeting

Monday, April 5th, 1954 at 8.15 p.m.

at the

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Robert Holmes and his Paintings of Wild Flowers

By

W.K.W. Baldwin, M.B.E., M.A., Botanist, National
Museum of Canada.

Illustrated with a set of slides, hand coloured by Holmes himself for the use of naturalists of Toronto.

The wild flower paintings of Robert Holmes are esteemed both by art connoisseurs and naturalists for their beauty and their accurate depiction of Ontario plants. It is not generally known, however, that towards the end of his life the artist prepared a set of lantern slides, painting them with the same fine touch that characterized all his work. Some of these slides are considered to be even more beautiful than the paintings themselves. Mr. Baldwin, a distinguished botanist, and a former officer of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, will show these slides, virtually an exhibition of the works of Robert Holmes, and discuss both the artist and the flowers so graphically portrayed by his brush.

ROTUNDA DISPLAY

A display of lapidary and metal work by the members of the Walker Minerology Club.

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For a list of April outings please consult the Spring Outings Programme enclosed with this Newsletter.

Mrs. J.B. Stewart,
Secretary,
21 Millwood Road,
Toronto. HU 9-5052.

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



NEWSLETTER

Number 123

March 1954

An experience novel to us befell Bob Trowern and me on the afternoon of March 7th when we found a sunny wood literally hopping with snow fleas. Countless thousands of the tiny insects were setting the sparkling white snow alive beneath the trees. Scarcely noticeable until one got down nearer to their level, as soon as we knelt in the snow to get a better look we could see that the surface of the snow was speckled everywhere with black hopping mites.

When observed through inverted binoculars they became quite elegant insects with elaborate, fringed antennae that tested the surrounding air as gracefully as any moth's, with arched legs propelling the mites vigorously ahead, with wedge-shaped abdomens that could have done credit to a much more substantial creature. Indeed, if magnified and photographed, they would be startling to behold.

Though the majority of these busy midgets were rushing around frantically on their feet most of the time, some of them were always suddenly appearing from nowhere, or disappearing. Such abrupt exits and entrances were, we discovered, the result of great jumps, gigantic leaps, in fact, for such wee creatures. Later we found, as we retraced our steps, that where we had trod, leaving footprints inches deep in the snow, the snow fleas had gathered in such quantity as to be perfectly visible as palpitating black myriads in the white impressions. What had they found? Something to eat in the dirt left from our galoshes?

Commonly called "snow fleas" the black jumpers, so flea-like in

habit, are properly known as springtails (collembola sp.?). Their appearance on snow in wooded areas is a phenomenon of early spring. As Dr. F. A. Urquhart states in his excellent work, Introducing the Insect, they are not harmful, but are sometimes considered pests by farmers who are gathering maple sap because the springtails fall into buckets containing the watery syrup. Not being worried about maple sap, the sight of the astounding numbers of snow fleas was a striking reminder to Bob and me of the incredible prolificity of nature. Here in truth was a sign of spring, of new life stirring, active, unbelievably animate even in the midst of snow. As such it was a welcome indication that the month of March is the doorway to the world of things green, of flowers, of singing birds, of warm summer days.

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Now travelling in the south are two of the most faithful members of the Club, Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Jaquith. As good field naturalists they make the most of their travels, and their experiences are of interest to their fellow naturalists back home. For instance, Barbara Jaquith tells of an exciting day on the North Carolina shore, writing, "A visit to Mattamuskeet Wildlife Refuge near New Holland, North Carolina, on January 31st was most rewarding. We saw thousands of Canada geese, a few swans, a few American egrets, three bald eagles, hundreds of ruddy ducks, scores of pintails, as well as great numbers of male robins, meadowlarks, sparrow hawks, bluebirds and red-winged blackbirds. The number of myrtle warblers was unbelievable; the myrtle shrubs and pine trees were alive with them. The cardinals here are particularly vivid; the female cardinals are as highly coloured as our Toronto male cardinals. This is a wonderful place to visit, and accommodation can be secured at Mattamuskeet Lodge right at the Refuge headquarters.

Imagine hearing and seeing at close range, many V's of geese flying from the lake to the fields to feed in the morning! The patterns across the sky is a sight never to be forgotten! We followed the geese in our auto to the cornfields and were able to watch them feeding about 200 feet away. They were only mildly disturbed by the car stopping and they paid no heed to cars passing on the highway. Later in the morning the geese returned to the lake to feed on aquatic plants.

Impassable roads, due to recent rains, prevented us going to the section of the refuge which the swans favour. Thousands pass the winter here. We did have close-up views of several groups of feeding swans as we crossed the causeway that divides this large shallow lake into two parts. The lake is about fifteen miles long and five or six miles across, and covers 30,000 acres. From the causeway we also enjoyed about 150 ruddy ducks and 75 pintails. The three bald eagles were also observed at quite close range.

The story of Lake Mattamuskeet is that of a lake that came back.

In 1915 a stock company decided to install an expensive pumping system (the largest in the world at that time) and with a network of canals reclaimed 20,000 acres of rich black farmland. 1932 spelled the financial failure of the project and the lake refilled. In 1934 the United States Federal Government purchased the lake as a wintering ground for migratory water fowl. Improvements of the Refuge and converting the old pumping station into the office, storerooms and accommodation for 50 visitors was a Civilian Conservation Corps project.

Mr. W. G. Cahoon, the manager of the Refuge, constantly strives to improve the food for the waterfowl. The fast growing brush must be kept back from the marsh. Geese and swans feed in marshes not thickets, and they also eat quantities of water plants. Until 1949 Mattamuskeet was a muddy lake and aquatic plants could not exist. This, Mr. Cahoon believed, was due to the large numbers of carp in the lake; being bottom feeders they kept the mud plowed up. A great many obstacles had to be overcome before measures could be taken to reduce the carp population. Wooden weirs with slats spaced to keep the hard-headed carp from getting thru, prevented more carp from coming in to spawn from Pamlico Sound. A market for carp was produced when an interested person in Winston Salem, N.C. built several ponds, stocked them with fish from Mattamuskeet, sold fishing permits to sportsmen and proved that fish ponds were profitable. Many more ponds were constructed and stocked by the use of tank trucks. Over 1,600,000 pounds of carp have been removed from Mattamuskeet. Water clarity was improved in the lake, muskgrass has started to grow and spread, increasing the waterfowl food supply and paving the way for other aquatic plants to take root. For this outstanding contribution to wildlife management Mr. W. G. Cahoon was recently given an award of merit by the U.S. Department of Fisheries and Wildlife. Mr. Cahoon very generously gave his time to take us on a tour of the refuge. We passed several farms where they had permits to keep Canada geese in captivity as they had done for many years past. At one place we saw geese that were crosses between Canada geese and barnyard white geese. The result was a mottled black and white goose with a white throat, somewhat heavier than a Canada goose. They were fine looking birds.

Managed hunting is practised at the Refuge under strict supervision of the State. 20 to 25 blinds are established, each in charge of a guide, who must enforce the hunting regulations. Hunters are co-operating with the Wildlife Service in bringing in their geese to be opened and thus securing the entrails for parasite study. Many geese on Pea Island are dying from a gizzard parasite, while at Mattamuskeet, only about seventy miles away, they show only light infestation. Mr. W. P. Baldwin, a Wildlife Service biologist, is working on this problem.

It is also interesting to find through banding returns that geese hatched in a given area in the north always winter together in certain winter quarters. The birds from Pea Island do not mingle with the Mattamuskeet geese. They belong to a different clan or

spet it seems. Those on another lake a hundred miles away stay to themselves and return to their own breeding grounds in the north.

Soon spring will come. About March 15th the geese and swans start to leave Mattamuskeet. Their departure from North Carolina means spring here, just as their arrival in the north country means spring to us!"

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In another letter, Mrs. Jaquith tells of an incredible number of myrtle warblers seen along the highway. She says, "The first one we saw was at Williamsburg, Virginia. Then more and more. At Matamuskeet, January 31st, they were all over the place. Then as we drove along Route No. 264, toward Washington, North Carolina, the shrubs and trees were alive with them. We estimated that we could see 50 without moving our heads. If that was two to the foot, it would be 10,000 to the mile, 20,000 counting both sides of the road. This concentration was present for at least ten miles that we noticed, and must have extended into the pinelands on each side as well".*

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During a trip to Western Canada in 1951 Mae Halliday (Mrs. Hugh Halliday) another of the Club's loyal members, made an exciting observation that I have persuaded her to record in the Newsletter because of its intrinsic interest, and because other members may be aroused to be on the lookout for similar observations. Mrs. Halliday writes, "My first aeroplane flight, the last week in June, 1951, was the beginning of what turned out to be a spectacular bird trip. Travelling above the clouds I was reminded how wonderful it would be to have wings like the herring gulls we saw as we took off.

At Regina the birds were in the midst of nesting. The five acres and cabin belonging to Fred Bard, director of the provincial museum of natural history, were made available to Hugh and me. Adjoining the Wascana marsh it is in the heart of a prairie wonderland on the immediate outskirts of Saskatchewan's capital city. At the time of our visit 78 species of birds had been found breeding in the marsh and its immediate surroundings.

During August and September many thousands of migrating shore-birds and waders swarm into this oasis. Also it is a gathering place for waterfowl. Again, when nesting time is over, clouds of small birds disappear with nightfall into the reeds that form their roost. In the spring whistling swans and Canada and white-fronted geese sojourn here. During one autumn the museum staff banded 1,700 wild ducks.

*(Ed. Note: How little most of us appreciate the tremendous numbers of birds that inhabit our countryside in summertime. Only the sight of winter time concentrations, or of huge migrational movements gives us any idea of the huge population involved.)

The marsh is also a habitat for muskrats and mink. In the museum's mammal collection is a specimen of the very rare black-footed ferret, collected in this marsh more than 2,000 miles from the centre of its range in Wyoming.

At the time of our visit, observation hides already had been placed close to a variety of occupied nests, but a short distance back on shore my attention became focussed on the nest of a pair of eastern kingbirds. It was scarcely shoulder-high from the ground. Suddenly the air became filled with the notes of excited birds. In what appeared to be a general melee were a pair of robins, the kingbirds, a male Baltimore oriole and a male goldfinch. As they spread out I noticed the kingbirds in pursuit of a cowbird.

The kingbird's nest was easy for me to look into without climbing and I noticed that in addition to four kingbird's eggs, it also contained a cowbird's egg. Never before have I seen a cowbird's egg in an occupied kingbird's nest. Kingbirds guard their nests so fiercely I was sure it could never happen. When Hugh returned from the marsh (with Fred Lahrman of the museum staff) I told them I had a surprise for them, and invited them to go and look into the kingbird's nest. But the surprise, to my embarrassment, was missing. The kingbirds evidently had thrown the egg out. Previously I had noticed a cowbird's egg in a deserted yellow-headed blackbird's nest, and recalling that Fred Lahrman had told me about putting cowbirds' eggs in other nests to observe their reactions, I hunted up the cowbird's egg, and when the kingbirds were off (evidently they hadn't started to incubate) I dropped the strange egg into their nest. Some distance away, with eyes fairly glued to the nest, I waited. Almost immediately one of the kingbirds alighted on the side of the nest, thrust its head down and flew off with the cowbird's egg, disappearing over the Caragana hedge, its mate following.

Considering the incident unusual I reported it to Mrs. Margaret Nice, of Chicago, who had told me she was investigating the cowbird, its effect on other birds and the incubation time of its eggs. She replied that it was "a most amazing thing". After searching for similar reported occurrences she said Friedmann, in his monograph on cowbirds, had listed only three records of a cowbird's egg being found in a kingbird's nest.

From now on I am keeping my eye on the cowbird-kingbird relationship and I thought some other persons might like to do the same. Possibly an interesting collection of incidents might be brought together."

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In a recent communication Mr. Alan Outram reminds us that we should be on the watch for a "new" animal in this region, the gray fox. He states, "The range of animals, including mammals, is seldom fixed and constant for long periods of time. An example of this is the Gray Fox (Urocyon cinereoargentens) which in quite recent years

has extended its range northerly into Ontario.

This interesting carnivore is not only a different species from our Red Fox (*Vulpis fulva*) but belongs to another genus. It is somewhat the size of our Red Fox, but has longer legs and smaller body. It is definitely of a gray colour above, with a black stripe along the entire dorsal surface of its long bushy tail. It is whitish on throat and belly. The skull has quite different characteristics from the Red Fox. The claws of the front feet are more curved than in other foxes, enabling it to climb trees to a much greater extent than other species. Although present in very small numbers in our province, nonetheless probably three sub-species are represented, one having come into Ontario across the St. Lawrence River, one in the Lake Erie-Lake St. Clair region, and another in the Rainy River district.

Strange to say this mammal was fairly common in parts of Ontario in very early times, as bones have been found in some numbers in pre-historic sites of Indian Villages in Oxford County. Why it disappeared from the scene and why it has returned make interesting speculation."

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Mr. Jim Mackintosh, chief gardener at Glendon Hall estate, who has had prolonged experience with feeding birds in winter offers the following hints on "feeding wild birds". He states, "There is no hard and fast rule to be observed in maintaining a wild bird feeding station; just consider that the bird is endowed with life and must therefore eat to sustain that life. A knowledge of the bird's likes and dislikes is quite unnecessary; if you want a variety of birds, then set out a variety of foods. All birds will eat flesh in some form or other, either bugs, suet, or the overplus from your frying pan or roasting tin. True, there are some classes of birds which prefer seeds; others, notably the woodpeckers, are entirely carnivorous. In the best regulated households there will occur sometimes a little error in the purchase of bread and other food stuffs. Perhaps bread will go stale, or maybe junior has the measles and is not allowed to eat all of his birthday cake. Don't throw these things away; crumble them and put them out for the birds (or the coons, chipmunks or squirrels). Save all surplus cooking fats in flat tins, then hand each tin, as it becomes full, out on a tree where some small wild thing may refresh itself by nibbling the contents; or if you have a large tree with rough bark, spread the fat in the grooves in the bark. By observing closely you can tell whether it was a bird, a squirrel or a coon which fed there. A bird leaves distinct marks of its bill, a squirrel's teeth marks are visible, and a coon licks it off with its tongue.

All hobbies cost money, colour photography, fishing, golf, bird watching or wild bird feeding. I think I have them in their correct order as far as expenses are concerned. To get the maximum of pleasure from the minimum of expense, I would suggest a feeding station.

Your total expenses for the year need not amount to more than \$20.00, for the purchase of sunflower seeds, millet and canary seed. Never buy the so-called wild bird mixture, as this is a trick of the seed trade to separate you from your dollar. It is better to buy millet and canary seed separately and mix them yourself. Buy your sunflower seeds from a reliable firm in the fall. Don't buy them in the hardware store or feed store; you may be buying old seed which has lost its vitality and its value as bird food.

Set your seeds out in small quantities, little and often, for the squirrel is a thief and a glutton. If he can reach your sunflower tray he will sit there until they are gone, keeping all birds away. The sparrow is another villain, who likes to hog your trays of millet and canary seed, keeping juncoes, tree sparrows and other finches away. To overcome that, have several small trays; sparrows can't hog all of them. The wild birds' interior economy requires salt, and sand or grit of some sort; a good idea, therefore, is to sprinkle the seed trays with a little salt and sand. Suet should be placed in wire netting sacks of about half inch mesh, with the dimensions of the sack being 2 inches by 4 inches. I made mine using a piece of 2 x 4 scantling as a mould, then fold the lower end and leave the top end open. When finished hang the sack on a piece of the thinnest wire obtainable, either copper or monel, from a very thin branch of a tree. The squirrel cannot then get the suet. At least we hope so.

In the spring you may entice the crossbills down to your feeding station by scattering some germinated millet on the ground. To germinate the seed spread some thinly on a wet newspaper in a warm spot in the basement. It will germinate in a few days. My visiting crossbills also eat the germinating seeds of the large leafed plantain, a plant which we have in quantity and quality at Glendon Hall nowadays, coming down on the lawn to get them. As you know they are very tame birds, being unacquainted with civilized man.

Don't shoo the sparrows and starlings away, however low they may be in your estimation; they are bold and give the shyer birds that little bit of confidence which brings them down out of the trees to your trays. I find that sweet clover seeds attract gold finches. I gather a large sheaf of the plants just about the time the flowers are shrivelling, when there is sufficient moisture in the stalk to finish the ripening of the seeds. Simply lay a plant out on the snow, and the goldies will come and feed.

With such feeding of birds you will become popular with the wildlife in your district, and with the naturalists who chance by your way."

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In response to my description of the unusual sight of seeing juncoes eating suet at the Halliday feeding station in the last Newsletter I have received an observation of the same sort from

Mr. Roy Ivor of Erindale. He writes, "Through the years I have found that several juncos, from three to five or six are resident here during the winter, sleeping in the arbor vitae in front of the cottage. While small to large flocks visit us fairly often in the winter, these do not have their roost here. Incidentally one junco, a male, which I banded with a black band in 1951, continues to come. From this I would judge that these residents or their progeny are the same birds that winter here each year. These resident juncos have for years fed on suet placed in the feeding stations. This suet does not contain seeds".*

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Miss Helen Lawrence, who told other Club members about her "clothes-pole Carolina wren in a Newsletter last fall, has a new chapter in her acquaintance with this bird to relate. She tells us, "Just after I wrote you last October, he vacated his room in the clothesline pole - due, I think, to the fact that the leaves fell from the trumpet vine and left him too exposed. Although I searched all along the hillside on several occasions, I neither saw nor heard him.

Just before Christmas we set up our feeding station - a glass-sided house open at one end and set on a pole just outside our sun-room. For sometime there were no customers at all, not even our usual chickadees and nuthatch who last year entered without fear. However, one day early in January I glanced out of the window in time to see a small brownish shape inside. But in a flash he was gone. I hoped, but didn't quite dare believe. When the heavy snowfall came in mid January even the cardinals became brave enough to enter the house to feed. Hitherto they had eaten only from the open tray fastened to the roof. (We have three pairs of cardinals this year.) Then my little brown bird was seen again. This time a much better view assured me that my hopes were realized. He comes many times each day, and feeds on the broken bits of peanuts which we place at the back of the house. It is amusing to watch him pound the larger pieces with all his might. Then away he goes, over the hill towards the two brushy sections just over the brow. So there's something to be said for not keeping one's hillside too tidy! The wren will even enter past the cardinal who may be eating just at the threshold. I have heard his little notes on several occasions, but he generally is silent as he comes and goes."**

(*Ed. Note: This is a very interesting addition to our knowledge of junco feeding, a confirmation of the previous observation, and an example of how our knowledge grows through cooperative sharing of our experiences.)

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(That bit about "not keeping one's hillside too tidy" should be underlined in red. If you want birds to stay around your garden, be sure you leave them some cover, as haven and refuge. There is nothing they like better than a few scrubby tangles. Don't be too clean about that garden if you want to get birds!)

One of the readers of the Newsletter is my good friend Abbe Arthur Maheux of Quebec, who is known from one end of Canada to the other for his magnificent efforts over the years to bring about better understanding between French and English speaking Canadians. Abbe Maheux has a chalet on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence near St. Augustin, about 15 miles from Quebec City. In the last two or three years he has become interested in birds, and has started to feed them in winter. This situation being so much farther north than Toronto, it is of great interest to see what success he is securing. Some notes from St. Augustin, dated January 28th, 1954, give an idea how things are going, and are worth comparing with findings at Toronto stations. He writes, "A bright day, with sunshine; pretty cold. Yesterday, snow pushed by a strong easterly wind. No birds yesterday. Today I sat at table for lunch at twelve. Having a bad cold and forced to stay inside, I spent the morning in preparing a "pudding" for the birds. Suet, almonds, peanuts, bird seeds, half an apple, all mixed together. I put a part in two tin cans, the rest in a small basket. It is the first time I have made such a pudding. I used to put only suet placed in baskets and suspended from a nail on a tree. This last fall, however, instead of only two "restaurants" in front of the windows of my living room, I put others on more distant trees, for those birds that might feel shy.

Five years ago I had only the mesanges a tete noire (black-capped chickadees). Last year I had, besides, the sittelle du Canada (red-breasted nuthatch), the sittelle de la Caroline (white-breasted nuthatch), the pic minule (downy woodpecker) and the pic chevelu (hairy woodpecker). This winter I have no sittelle du Canada, no pic minule, but the others have come back, and I also have the Geai bleu huppe (blue jay), and the Grosbec des pins (pine grosbeak).

These last do not care for my "restaurants", but the others do. Today the pic chevelu came first, stayed more than twenty minutes, eating from the plain suet (old style), taking a rest from time to time. It finally discovered the new pudding in the tin can, tried it three times, wiping it's beak on the bark of the tree. It was displaced by the sittelle de la Caroline. This one stayed for half an hour, tried the pudding first, but decided to return to the suet. It had a good meal, with a rest from time to time. Usually it took a few bites and would fly away, but today it stayed for a real long meal. The mesanges came after, and did not stay long. The Geai bleu has been absent for a week now.

The members of the Commission of National Parks are interested in doing something for the birds in the Battlefield Park of Quebec City. The Park might easily be transformed into a sanctuary for birds, and a place of experimentation for retaining birds during the

winter, and also as a centre for the yearly census of birds in the region." *

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For the last eight years members of the Toronto Ornithological Club have participated in a local wildfowl census in mid January. This is part of a continental survey undertaken to provide conservation authorities with reliable data on the status of wildfowl in North America. Since the results of the local findings will be of interest to the readers of the Newsletter they are published here by permission of the T.O.C. We are especially grateful to Mr. O.E. Devitt who has been chiefly responsible for the conduct of these censuses, and for the compilation of the results.

(*Ed. Note: The suggestion that Battlefield Park in Quebec City may be turned into a bird sanctuary is of great importance. It reminds us that much more might be done in Toronto parks than is the case at present.)

TORONTO ORNITHOLOGICAL CLUB

SUMMARY OF WILDFOWL INVENTORIES
TORONTO REGION, 1947 - 1954.

	<u>1947</u>	<u>1948</u>	<u>1949</u>	<u>1950</u>	<u>1951</u>	<u>1952</u>	<u>1953</u>	<u>1954</u>
Mallard	228	295	403	612	610	756	782	592
Black Duck	823	1886	1002	952	1075	1238	1218	1289
Baldpate	1		1					
Pintail	2	1	10				1	3
Wood Duck			3					
Redhead					15			
Ring-necked Duck								1
Greater Scaup	1569	2397	3778	2706	2977	2915	2621	5366
Lesser Scaup		2	13	7				5
Common Golden-eye	448	311	707	498	377	431	784	479
Buffle-head	44	33	84	45	64	50	73	33
Old Squaw	362	735	1569	1164	793	1535	1674	6953
King Eider			3					1
White-winged Scoter			4					
Surf Scoter								2
Common Merganser	23	25	74	40	97	133	45	80
Red-breasted Merganser	2		1	13	10	15	3	2
Unidentified		169		20	11	98	13	265
TOTALS	3502	5854	7652	6057	6029	7171	7214	15071

Federation of Ontario Naturalists' Summer Nature School

Do you like padding along forest trails listening for warblers and thrushes? Or teetering across springy sphagnum bogs in search of seldom seen wild orchids? Do you enjoy serious study seasoned with rollicking fun, good talk and lots of enthusiasm in the company of those who have similar tastes to your own? Go to the Summer Nature School.

This summer the Nature School will be held under the able leadership of the President of the T.F.N.C., Professor T.F. McIlwraith, and will be situated at Bark Lake, near Irondale, in Haliburton. T.F. has assembled an experienced and lively staff who will give both general and advanced instruction in Botany, Ecology, and Ornithology. Of particular interest to teachers, leaders in nature work activities or youth organizations the camp is open to anyone, eighteen or over, who is really desirous of getting better acquainted with nature. The new location is made possible by the courtesy of the Ontario Department of Education which has generously permitted the use of the facilities of their Youth Training Centre camp on Bark Lake. This is a delightful spot on a wooded hillside overlooking a beautiful lake with a variety of woodland, a stream and a big beaver pond in the near vicinity. Two labs are available, one a building with a broad verandah and a fireplace. The camp will be wholly at the disposal of the Nature School as no other groups will be present at the time.

Accommodation is of several sorts: A) Family cottages, 1 or 2 to a room, 5 to a building. 5 buildings available; B) Two-room cabins. 2 to a room. 4 cabins available; C) Floored tents, 2 to a tent; D) Dormitories. 10 beds each.

Fees for the two week period will be as follows: A) Single room in cottage--\$75.00; B) Double room in cottage or cabin--\$65.00; C) Tent or dormitory--\$55.00. Fees include accommodation, meals, tuition, incidentals, and transportation from Irondale station. Blankets and pillows are provided; sheets, pillow cases and towels are not provided. There is no maid service.

Applications should be made early as enrolment must be limited to 55, and accommodation of each type is limited. A deposit of \$5.00 is required with each application.

For further details apply either to Mrs. J.B. Stewart, 21 Millwood Rd., Toronto (Secretary, T.F.N.C. and House Mother at Nature School), or to Mr. Marshall Bartman, Executive Secretary, Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 187 Highbourne Rd., Toronto.

NOTICE: The Federation of Ontario Naturalists wishes to inform members of affiliated clubs that those members who are not also members of the F.O.N. will henceforth be unable to purchase nature books and equipment through the office of the F.O.N.
