

TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB

OCTOBER MEETING

Monday, October 3, 1955

at 8.15 p.m.

at

THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker: Mr. John Mitchele, President, Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

Subject: "A Naturalist in Pioneer Days"

Illustrated

OCTOBER OUTING

Saturday, October 8, 1955. High Park  
Meet at the corner of Parkside Drive and Bloor Street at 9.00 a.m.  
Leader - Mr. George Francis.

THE JUNIOR FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB will hold their first meeting on Saturday, October 1, at 10.00 a.m. in the Royal Ontario Museum Theatre. All boys and girls from 8 to 14 years of age will be welcome.

FEES: The annual fee of \$2.00 is now payable. It will be very much appreciated if members will send their fees by mail to the Secretary, rather than paying them at meetings.

President:

Mr. John Mitchele

Secretary:

Mrs. J.B. Stewart,  
21 Millwood Road,  
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# Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



Number 133

September 1955.

Continuous heat and unrelieved drought for more than a month had by midsummer reduced the whole countryside around Terra Cotta to a tinderbox. Even the poison ivy beds in the shadow of tall trees were drooping, leaves withered and browning. Out in the open grasses and weeds were powder dry, crunching under the step like scorched paper. Sere leaves were drifting down from the elms, while everywhere the sumachs were going bare, their curled brown foliage littering the ground. Gaping cracks cut across the bare marsh land, crumbly dry now. The brook was a barely perceptible trickle. The rain barrels had only a few inches of scummy water in them. We had to leave that hoping that they would not run dry and crack before the next rain. And when would that be?

Of all the sounds to be heard the most fitting for such weather was the endless zeening of the cicada (the zeet-zeet of the Arabs). It is the very essence of dry heat, that sound. So much so that one gets warmer for the listening to it. More strident than the grasshopper or the cricket these great translucent-winged insects fairly revel in the heat. It is said that it is possible to tell the temperature by counting the number of songs per minute of the cricket. I wonder if the same could not be done by noting the intensity of the cicada's zeening!

For most birds the mid-summer is customarily a period of rest and recuperation after the strenuous business of raising families. Moulting too falls due at this time. Of this period of quiet and withdrawal there were many signs - robins were flocking to a roost in Peace's Wood in the evening, warblers had vanished from bush and field. Long periods of silence occurred when one could scarcely think a living creature to be anywhere near; birds with all sorts of tattered wings and tails told of the moulting that had overtaken them.

Yet for all that many of the birds around us - most of our regular summer avian neighbours were still near at hand - gave out occasional snatches of song, most especially in the evening or early morning, but often unexpectedly in the midst of the hottest hours a pleasant bit of song would come to our ears: the scarlet tanager from out the deepest wood, the peewee, his woodland associate, the meadowlark in the pasture, the catbird in the cherry tree near the cabin. Most persistent were two robins, each of which still had nests, and goldfinches that went gallivanting across the fields at all hours of the day regardless of heat or sun or drought.

Loveliest of all, though, were the wood thrushes. They had retired to the densest thickets so that during the day unless by chance one roused a hiding bird there was no sign of them. But let the cool of dusk come upon the cedars then the mellow, poignant whistles of the thrush would carol forth, filling the air for long minutes with one of the sweetest sounds nature has to offer.

One evening I had the temerity - for a human it is boldness indeed - to try to imitate some of the simpler of the thrush songs. To my amazement - and needless to say to my gratification - I was answered; not, to be sure, with renewed outbursts of song, but by the annoyed jabbering with which this bird favours those it does not like. Two or three of them in fact came out of hiding to see what manner of creature was intruding upon their domain. Once seen, an explosion of derisive jabbings burst out; then they were gone. After a brief interval, the serene evening songs started again. I was forgotten. The peace of descending night was proclaimed anew. Then all was quiet.

Refreshed I turned to follow the path onward to where it slips through a cedar grove, darkening now with shadows, to enter a little glade beside a brook. In springtime it is a brawling, frothy torrent, this little stream, but now the bridge of cedar logs that carries the path across arched only a bed of bare brown stones. Where the brook crosses the pasture above a trickle of shining water could still be seen, but here even that had vanished.

Somehow the empty brook decided me to stop. Turning around so that I was facing the cedar grove, I was about to start back when on impulse I whistled like a screech owl. My first efforts were the level trill, all on the same pitch. Nothing happened. Then I tried the descending quavering call. Immediately I saw a dark shape fly from a cedar to a low deciduous tree. A robin, I thought, getting nervous and shifting its position. One or two had uttered sleepy protests at my calls. The deep dusk did not allow me to be sure of anything except size, however, so I raised my binoculars and levelled on the bird, to find myself looking at an owl, no robin! Its head was bobbing up and down, twisting and turning as it tried to get a better look at me. Continuing my whistling, for this was obviously what it was interested in, I

finally enticed it much closer, only to have it plunge into a cedar so dark that I could make out nothing of the bird. This was frustrating, all the more so because the whiteness of its face and apparent lack of "ears" made me wonder whether I might not be looking at a sawwhet rather than a screech owl, though why the former should respond to a screech owl call was a little puzzling. To make matters still more uncertain just before I left the owl offered a low coo-ing call that I have previously heard presumably coming from a sawwhet. With this enigmatic encounter I was forced to be satisfied for the evening.

The next night I brought Anna to this same glade, and tried again, thinking all the while that this was doubtless one of these birding experiences that you do not repeat. On the contrary we came only as far as the wood thrush thickets when suddenly we heard a screech owl "singing". Taking the cue I offered my bit; response was instantaneous. Not one, but two owls replied. I called again. My two "companions" responded enthusiastically. Then came a third! For three or four minutes we conversed; then one of the owls burst into angry expostulation, a harsh rasping chatter, characteristic of annoyed owls. This I took to be an adult, but whether it was scolding young owls for being tricked, or cursing me I could not say. At any rate all calling ceased. I got no further reply.

We pressed on, nevertheless, to the glade, there to try once more. As on yesterday evening, after a few whistles a dark shape came flying into the trees, this time from the direction where we had last heard the screech owls. It was not surprising consequently to find that this was a screech owl, a young bird with barely perceptible "ear" tufts, and a very white face, doubtless my last night's visitor. For five minutes it peered and goggled as I whistled. Then its curiosity unsatisfied, it quit the darker grove and flew out to alight right over my head on a bare branch, no more than six feet above me! Whistling softly I looked straight at the owl, which lowered its head staring intently, straining to see just what I was. In the midst of this performance a second owl appeared out of the cedars, taking up a perch almost as close to Anna as the first one was to me! This too was a young bird. I tried squeaking like a mouse, thinking this might cause some action on their part, but it didn't seem to arouse any interest at all. When, however, I started again to be an owl, the watcher nearest me abruptly dipped down over my head, gliding by and alighting in a tree on the other side of the path. Evidently the view from there was less satisfying, for soon it returned to its previous place over my head. Finally after some ten minutes of mutual observation this owl flew off, uttering a disgusted "worrk or worrik" note, low and guttural, much as to say "the heck with it. I can't make a darn thing out of it!" The second owl made a similar sound. We thought that the show was over, and turned to go, only to find that one of the owls had circled and come out to a low sumach beside the path just ahead of Anna, and a bare seven feet from the ground. There in a hunched or crouching position, it alternately kept an eye on us

and watched the ground underneath its perch. Now it was obviously on the hunt, as well as gratifying its curiosity. After a few moments both owls vanished silently into the woods. For more than a quarter of an hour we had had their company, and it had been really exciting for us - perhaps for them too.

Their actions, their circling about us, all reminded us strongly of the manner of small birds in the daytime. When aroused by squeaking or pishing they too come to peer, to circle about, and finally to go away about the business of feeding. Where was the adult owl? Watching from some dark cedar, unseen? I have no doubt this was two of the trio we had heard calling on the way to the glade. Though if the adult was more cautious and yet present, why did it not expostulate as before, and call off its too curious young? The young were full grown as to size; possibly they were on their own and the older ones had gone hunting elsewhere, hence did not hear what we were doing.

Another thing that puzzled me was that soon after I started whistling in the glade I heard a slight scuffling or scratching near my feet. This occurred several times, and the creature - a mouse or mole? - came closer instead of keeping silent or retreating. I have often wondered if owls' calling was not in part designed to start small animals into movement so that the owl could tell where they were. I must say, though, that neither of the two owls seemed to hear this animal, or, if they did, to pay any attention. And when they did begin to survey the ground it was in silence. Another query yet without answer.

As it turned out this was an experience that could be repeated more than once, for on two successive evenings I took friends to the glade and called up the two owls. True, the owls never came into the open again, keeping to the darker parts of the grove - possibly there were too many people around - but they did come. I was really surprised that four nights running they would answer so readily. Certainly it was very pleasing to have them do so.

On these long hot midsummer days, if the cool of early morning and evening tends to stimulate bird activity so that birds may then be more easily seen or heard, it is not necessary to confine one's observing to those hours, provided that is, that you know where there is a bit of water. At any season water, and the neighbourhood of water, is an attraction to most birds. In a period of drought such as this any remaining pools, brooks or ponds are certain to become points of concentration for birds, the more so if these waters are bordered by bushes or reeds, anything that offers cover, especially to the vulnerable birds of the moult.

One such pool that I know of, though bounded on one side by a concession road, and on another by a railroad, is a perfect haven for water birds in this dry weather. The open water measures no more than a good-sized living room, but it stays when other wet

spots in the vicinity dry up. Also it is surrounded by a fine thick growth of willow scrub of varying width, this being a mere fringe by the road, several feet thick along the railway, and up to 150 feet towards the fields. In the spring all this willow scrub is deep in water, as are also adjoining areas across the road and the tracks, since these both cut through what was once one large slough. By midsummer all the outlying parts are dry. As a result birds that were able to raise families there in the earlier months now concentrate, families and all, near the pool that remains. There the willow scrub provides cover, the pool and its muddy border offer food. To the bird observer opportunity abounds in such a place. From either road or railway one may catch glimpses of a gallinule, a black duck, a great blue heron. But the best approach is to work your way quietly - quietness is the first essential on such a hunt - through the willow scrub to an opening that is hidden right in the middle. This will bring you to the edge of the pool; and there, if you stand still for awhile, you may see almost any of our local water birds. That is why I took Bob Trowern in there one evening when he said he wanted to see a sora rail. It is rash to promise anyone the sight of a rail, but I remembered the soras and Virginias I had seen at this pool in the past two years, and made the promise. When we arrived we scared up three black ducks, a great blue, and a bittern. Whatever else was around took to cover, so that all was quiet for awhile right at the pool, although myriads of redwings whirled overhead as we put them out of their willow refuge; a good example, these blackbird hordes of how local birds come to the remaining water, for several other local marshes which had had blackbird families earlier on, but which were now bone dry, having no blackbirds at all. They'd come down here. It was while Bob and I were separated a little that he found his rail. I had left him at the edge of the pool, keeping a careful watch on the black mud under the willows on the opposite shore. As I came back I heard him say softly, "Dick, I've got a rail". Easing over beside him I followed his direction and quickly had a chunky young sora rail in view. Still largely black in colour the little rail had assumed the plump body of its kind, and seen in a shadow could not be distinguished from an adult. Out in the open it was clearly a young bird of the year. Darting in and out of reeds and willow roots it gave us ample chance to have a look.

Turning to make our way along the pool towards the road, we had gone but a few paces when another bittern flew up almost from under foot. An alder flycatcher - one of those that nests here, no doubt - flitted into view for a moment to investigate the commotion, then retreated to its secret hideaway. We "froze" for fear of frightening some other bird. It was Bob that found the bird we would have scared off. "There", he said, "on the point. It's another bittern. Hey, no, it's a least bittern!" And so it was. Four yards away, on our side, an adult male least bittern was standing rigid, watching the pool. All its brilliant colouring stood out, a great contrast to its sombre big cousin that had just left. For a long look it remained, then some

movement of ours disturbed it, and with spread wings showing bright white towards the lower ends, it slipped away to cover. Following, we rounded the end of the pool and crept through a screen of willows to an extension of the pool which is now but a stretch of mud. Good soft mud, however, is excellent feeding ground. So we paused as soon as we had it in view, seeking for signs of life. At once another rail came into sight. This too was a young bird, but a Virginia this time, slim, high-legged and long-billed. We had not long to watch it for when the rail began to examine the mud beneath a large willow several redwings dashed at it. Twice the rail retreated under their onslaughts, then gave up the competition and retired from view. Our approach quickly ousted the redwings so their triumph was short-lived. Not only redwings, but still another bittern went up. Really this spot was alive with birds everywhere we turned.

Though a boon to bird watchers, there is something distressing in seeing birds so driven in upon each other, competing for every square inch of water and mud because in so much of the countryside their normal haunts have gone. On the other hand it is irrefutable evidence of the value to wild creatures of the preservation of such pools and wet places. When the others dry up those that stay are invaluable refuges. In this respect the creation of new ponds, of which there are many in this area, will some day greatly help. Such new spots are, however, of little value to the kind of birds we saw at the pool. The new ponds need to age ecologically, especially to have protective cover grow up along their shores. This is said not to discourage the creation of new ponds, for that is highly desirable, but only to point out that from the point-of-view of the waterbirds or marsh birds the preservation of old, well-established sloughs, ponds and marshes is of first importance. That these are also of great value to humans as natural reservoirs, preservers of the water level, goes without saying.

How attractive even a fragment of mud and water can be to certain birds was shown when Bob and I spied shorebirds feeding in the last bit of an almost dry slough. There was no cover here save grasses and weeds. The road edged one end, and passing cars were frequent. Nonetheless there was quite a company here. From all around birds were flying to get a sip of the precious water - a horned lark, several pigeons, goldfinches and sparrows, redwings, cowbirds, starlings. But what caught and held our attention were the several shorebirds, far out in the farm fields, miles from Lake Ontario, shorebirds are not common. This was the end of July and by that time southward migration is well underway for these Arctic breeders. Hence in addition to spotties and killdeer that may have come only from local fields, we were not surprised to find three solitaires and four peeps, the last being divided into one least, two semi-palmateds, and - this was the big surprise - a western sandpiper. With the balscope focussed on the peeps we had a prime opportunity, not often enjoyed in the Toronto area, to study the likenesses and differences of these three species. The western, still in spring plumage, larger,

with a stout decurved bill, really stood out in this company. It's one of those birds which, though it can be told by itself, makes the usual observer much happier when it appears in the company of its relatives, for comparison is then possible. A good find anywhere, this western was the first I had ever seen in Peel County. The little, open, unsheltered, wet spot beside the road was playing host to a quite different lot of birds than those at the willow-bordered pool, but to birds that needed water and mud as much as they.

Curiously enough the body of water in the area near our cabin which to my human eyes would seem to be the most attractive for birds appears to be the least patronized by them. I have visited it many times, and it always has been the same story, so the fact that the thermometer was nudging 100 degrees in the shade the afternoon I strolled over to this pond had little to do, I think, with what I found or didn't find. After all the willow pool and the open slough were well attended under similar conditions. And when I crossed a baking hot quarry on the way to the pond, I found a couple of spotties - adult and young - living beside a mere slip of water on the bare rock, water so warm it was almost ready for making tea. Why then, when I came to the large pond, for in comparison to these other places it is quite large - five or six acres of open water, quietly placed in the midst of woods, a pasture on one side being cut off by a fence and screened by trees, undisturbed by humans or cattle - why, I say, did I find this seemingly delectable haven nearly devoid of birds? Frankly I don't know the answer; I wish I did. All around the shore, and especially at one end where a wide point extends into the water, there is now a broad border of mud. Ideal, I would say, for many shorebirds. In other such places I have seen many of them. Here, there was not one, not a solitary, nor a spotty, nor a killdeer, to mention only the most likely ones. Nor indeed was there a heron, or a bittern, though the muddy verge was literally swarming with little frogs. Food, cover, quiet and water - what was lacking? Occasionally I have seen one or two ducks in here. This afternoon I thought there were none. It was a long time before I realized that a certain large bump on one of the floating logs was really two ducks - a black and a mallard - asleep so close together as to look like one bump.

With this discovery again I made a careful survey looking for other birds I might have missed. No, they just were not there, save, that is, for a group of grackles I could see flying in and out among the trees at the far end of the pond. They kept on the move for some time, then disappeared. I thought they had gone. Then after a while they were there again, slipping through the trees along the shore. What was stirring them up? Some of them settled on the mud. They began walking around, waddling importantly as grackles do. One or two took up positions on logs and began to scan the mud closely. What were they doing? Suddenly I had my answer. First one and then another of the walkers dipped down, snatched something white and squirming. I got my binoculars on one just in time to see the legs of a little frog

disappearing down the grackle's throat! They were catching the tiny frogs - leopard frogs; judging by those around me - that dotted the mud. If the herons and bitterns wouldn't come to take the rich fare so ready to hand, the grackles would. Nature abhors a vacuum. To me this was a new experience, seeing grackles catch frogs, though I know from the literature that that is a regular practice of theirs. Still it is one thing to read of something in a book, another to see it in real life. The pond that had so few birds, had nonetheless given me a novel sight, something new to me in my acquaintance with a common bird.

In a sense this observation was a sequel to another I made two days earlier. There is another pond very near our cabin, really a small abandoned quarry. Deep at one end where a cliff overlooks the water, it shallows at the other, and now a stretch of mud, yellow with drying algae, was to be seen there. On the west bank willow herb and choke cherries added touches of colour to the stones but on the opposite side tall piles of refuse rock rose stark, grey, forbidding. It was hot noon when I arrived to see what might be going on. At first glance, nothing. Green and yellow algae scummed the water almost everywhere. Duckweed dotted one cove, and cattails waved above the mud at the outlet. Sound of a low boing reminded me of frogs. I looked for them, and found the yellow algae spotted deeper yellow here and there with the brilliant yellow throats of green frogs. Ascending to the edge of the water, I knelt down by a little mud patch to look for tracks of animals. No tracks, but I saw instead eyes peering up at me, two - four - a dozen frogs, more frogs and more frogs. For the first time I became aware that the whole pond and its muddy shores was alive with frogs, green frogs. Varying in size from tiny creatures to tremendous giants nearly the size of bullfrogs, they were dotted about everywhere. And as I looked more and more appeared, up from the mud and ooze, out of the water. Evidently my coming had scared some away and they were now returning to join the brethren that had stayed.

All of a sudden one of the big fellows on the other side of the pond a few yards away went skittering across the water - plop, plop, plop, plop. Another made a similar rush, then another. I was startled. What was happening? Looking across I could see nothing to cause the disturbance. Actually it was not I since I had been quite still when it happened. Curious, I walked along my side, watching. No further movement occurred until I was halfway down the pond; then right at my feet a frog went plop, plop, plop. I looked down quickly. The answer to my question was plain. It slithered along on the algae, a slender, ribbon garter snake. Each time it neared a frog, the hopper got away with a rush. Hence the noises I had heard. With this clue I surveyed the rest of the pond. At once I discovered a huge garter snake edging out from the opposite pile of rocks, out into the thick algae, inch by inch, slowly, slowly, until with a darting flash it struck for a frog. No good. The frog jumped with the snake's head a half inch from it. Again the snake tried, sliding silently, without causing even a ripple. This time being

cunning it slid by one frog, then swung like lightning just after it passed and tried for its catch. Too bad, no go again! This made the snake mad, for it switched from side to side, making frogs jump in all directions. Then it settled down once more to the careful hunting technique so much like a cat after a bird or a mouse. But no, these frogs are too quick. Twelve times it missed. Then it got really angry, diving down in a great plunge after one frog, rising without it, and lashing about frantically. Finally it gave up and retired in disgust to a hole in the bank. Meanwhile an even larger snake had put in an appearance. It too made a couple of passes at the frogs and missed, then in a dignified retreat it oozed up over the burning rock piles as if they were tender green moss, and disappeared across the top. It was an exciting half-hour that, a drama of life and death, with no casualties. Snakes, it would seem are not such effective hunters of frogs as grackles.

This much I had learned from these several experiences. When the drowsiness of midsummer is upon the land, and life seems to have gone into the doldrums, seek the drama of nature in the groves and the thickets, haunt the shores of streams and pools and ponds - the current acts in nature's play are most likely to be in progress there.

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From Mrs. J.B. Stewart, Secretary of the T.F.N.C., we have received the following account of the Nature Study Camp conducted by the Federation of Ontario Naturalists this year.

"The chestnut-sided warbler in the tree in front of the cabin gave us enthusiastic greeting as we arrived at Camp Billie Bear for the seventeenth session of the Nature Study Camp of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists. To our mind the chestnutsided always says "very very pleased to meet you", which sentiment was heartily reciprocated. It was pleasant indeed to stand on the verandah in the cool of the evening, watching the shadows of the tall conifers lengthen on the placid surface of the lake below, listening to the laughter of the loons as they scurried across the water looking for their evening meal, hearing the thrushes in the deep woods behind us tentatively tuning their voices for the evening symphony, and knowing that for the next two weeks every day would be like a fresh chapter in an enthralling book, different, surprising and always interesting.

To give a detailed account of our day by day activities would be impossible. They simply had to be known to be enjoyed. Suffice it, therefore, to touch on some of the highlights. One of the most interesting times, to my way of thinking, was the daily meeting of the whole camp together immediately after lunch, when, under the shade of a huge tree on the lawn, experiences were pooled, and members of each individual group presented reports of

the activities for the past twenty-four hours. It is a standing joke at Nature Camp that the bird group finds the plants, the botanists track down the new and interesting birds, and the ecologists come along gathering up anything which may have been overlooked by anybody else. This year was no exception to that rule, and much good-natured fun resulted. The total number of birds accounted for was somewhere in the eighties, but after a most interesting and controversial lecture by our bird leader, Don Smith, during which we were earnestly warned of the dangers of "list hounding", the matter of numbers was soft pedalled for the remainder of camp! Trips were made by each group to a lovely little quaking bog which is one of the prize bits of habitat with which the Billie Bear locality abounds. Due to the industrious work of the beaver, it was impossible to take our usual all-day trip to Antioch Bog, but an outing for each group to Algonquin Park was substituted, and a most interesting time was spent at the Park Museum of Natural History and also at the Wildlife Research Station. As the Research Station is closed to the public, it is a great privilege that the members of the Nature Camp should be allowed to have a glimpse of the many fascinating experiments which are being conducted there.

One of the best things for the birders was a trip to Limberlost Lodge to see the duck hawk which for several years now has been nesting on the steep cliffs overlooking the lake. This year the view was superb, both the adult male and a partially grown bird being seen to perfection. Another interesting birding experience was the finding of a barred owl perched high in an elm tree not ten yards from one of the cabins at midnight. Despite the fact that eventually nine people were gathered beneath the tree, on which were concentrated the beams of several high-powered flash lights, the owl did not take flight, but remained on his perch staring down at the group, apparently quite unperturbed. On many other nights the owls could be heard quite distinctly on a hill about a quarter of a mile from camp, so that their call "Who cooks - who cooks, who cooks for you?" was a familiar one to all the campers.

Speaking of cooks reminds me that ours was one of the most excellent whom we have met for many a long day. Griddle cakes for breakfast, tasty salads for a cool lunch, and pies and butter tarts which were a perfect treat to eat were all on the campers' menu. Our new friend, Mr. Graham Atkin, who is the owner and manager of the camp, is exceedingly co-operative, and everything possible was done for our physical comfort. Nor was the lighter side of camp life neglected. Shore breakfast at Red Pine Point, a bonfire by the lake, and a pleasant party organized entirely by the campers for the final evening, all added to our enjoyment. In this connection perhaps the best remembered incident will be the teaching by Bruce Falls, our ecology leader, of a fascinating English folk song with a strongly ecological flavour, entitled "On Ilkley Moor Barr-tat". Sung to a very different and intriguing air, the song tells the story of one who went a-courting Mary Jane on the moor, thereby catching his death of cold, being

buried, eaten by worms which in their turn were eaten by ducks, and the ducks being eaten by humans completing the ecological cycle!

And now comes the sad part of this tale. Despite the fact that it has such a multitude of interesting things to offer, we regret to report that this year's attendance was not sufficient to cover the expenses of the Camp. It is only after one has lost a thing that he begins to realize how very worthwhile it was, and what an opportunity was missed by not taking advantage of it. While the Federation of Ontario Naturalists is most anxious to continue this remarkable service to all interested people, it is not in a position to underwrite a loss, such as was sustained this year, again. If it should be found necessary to discontinue this unique contribution to the teaching of natural history in Ontario there will only be one reason for so doing - the apathy of those who should be supporting it. We therefore urge all those who can, to do their utmost to make this camp known. The very best advertising which we can get is by word of mouth from former campers, but we would ask all of you to keep the camp in mind, and to spread the report of its attractiveness to all who may be in any way interested, either for themselves or for others whom they may know."

R. M. Saunders,

Editor.