

(camera), shot the bird on many occasions, and under varying conditions, but of this anon. Meanwhile, it may not be amiss to draw attention to the three outstanding events—to me at least—of the season of 1928, before they become lost, or may be dwarfed, in a sea of other notes. As regards the first, it may be said to be merely a matter of personal gratification, that of at last seeing a nest and eggs in situ of the Water Thrush (*Seiurus n. noveboracensis*), the other two of scientific interest, since they include the extension of the present known range in the Province of Quebec, of that curious orchid the Broad-leaved Epipactis (*Amesia latifolia*), from Chambly to Cassville, near Hatley, in Stanstead County, a matter of some sixty miles in a south-easterly direction, whilst, in a northerly direction, the range of the little Lance-leaved Grape Fern (*Botrychium angustisegmentum*)—curiously enough—has been extended about the same distance, and from Chambly also, to St. Hippolyte in the Laurentian mountains.

Before proceeding, however, to describe these events in their proper sequence, I am reminded of yet one other outstanding event, that of seeing a Hawk Owl (*Surnia ulula caparoch*)—at very close quarters—on Ile Bizard on May 5, and wondering what he or she might be doing in these parts—at such a date.

The first outing of the season to Adirondack Junction on April 21, resulted in a blank, followed however, the day after, near St. Lambert—thanks to Mr. Terrill—by the sight of a nest and eggs of the Woodcock (*Rubicola minor*), the first for the season, as well as a nest of the Prairie Horned Lark (*Otocoris alpestris praticola*) with characteristic paving—stone chippings in this instance—the young having already left. A Migrant Shrike's (*Lanius ludovicianus migrans*) nest was also seen. The first Killdeer's (*Oryzopsis vociferus*) nest with four eggs was found on May 4 near Verdun, followed the day after by two others on Ile Blizard, containing sets of 3 and 4 eggs respectively. Inexperienced persons no doubt imagine the finding of these nests to be an easy matter, the noisy birds giving a clue to the site. Following up a pair of noisy birds, however, does not necessarily lead to results, notwithstanding the fact that they are probably flying over, or near, the nesting ground. Other tactics have to be employed, and even when these are known, success may not always follow at once, so beautifully camouflaged are the eggs at times. On this very day for instance, Mr. Napier Smith was showing our guest, Mr. Rex Meredith of Quebec, a "scrape" or "false" nest, and remarking it was curious we could not locate an occupied one near

it, since the actions of a pair of birds certainly led us to believe there must be one. It was not until after lunch, and my companions had left me for a time, that I became convinced—from the renewed actions of the birds—that there surely must be a nest, and that not very far off either. Imagine my surprise on walking towards one of the birds, to step almost on the nest, only a few yards away from the "false" one—already pointed out to our guest. So beautifully had the colour and markings of the eggs blended with their natural surroundings, that none of us had noticed it. Another interesting find, was that of a Robins' nest (*Planesticus m. migratorious*) situated at the foot of a small willow in a marshy field, the nest almost resting on the ground, certainly an unusual position. It was on this same day also, that we had the first thrill of the season, the Hawk Owl (*Surnia ulula caparoch*)—already referred to—frequenting the vicinity for some considerable time, and affording us many excellent views. On one occasion, it perched in a small tree at the side of the road, allowing two motor cars and some foot passengers to pass by, as well as ourselves to photograph it—with a 20" lens—before flying away, thereby confirming its well known character, that of being one of the least shy of our native owls. For an interesting account of the undoubted breeding of this species at Lochaber, P.Q., in May, 1915, I might mention Mr. Napier Smith's article in the April number of *The Canadian Field-Naturalist* for 1922.

The day following (May 6), will ever remain a memorable one I imagine for the eight or nine persons taking part in it, most of whom had never seen a Woodcock's nest and eggs, let alone what the bird will stand before deserting its home, which even to the "old hands", was a revelation on this occasion. To begin with, most, if not all of us, had cameras, including large reflex ones, which are not always the most silent of machines and yet for the space of probably an hour that bird never blinked an eye, whilst the gunners rained shots innumerable on its devoted head, as it sat in the nest covering its four eggs. Apparently, I was the only one who carried a tripod or at least used one, for there is a photo extant which shows me just two feet away from the nest, looking down on the bird from behind a black hood, a most terrifying object, but even this apparition failed to startle it, the title on the back of the photograph reading: "Henry Mousley in action, Heaven help the Woodcock!" My own pictures shew members of the party stroking the bird as it sat in the nest, and what it allowed us to do is almost incredible. Even now, I see it all again as if it was but yesterday, each of us reeling