

stomach was, of course, quite empty.

It may be worthy of record here that according to my notes taken during the period when this bird must have been voyaging inland to the place where it was captured there were no violent gales or storms in our district. On December 10th and 11th there was a moderately strong north-east wind.—ROBERT VINCE LINDSAY.

BARN OWLS NESTING AT STRATHROY, ONTARIO.—On April 5th, 1933, I was notified that a new bird had been captured at a local factory. Some of the factory employees had been detailed to repair the water tower, access to which is gained through a small door in the circular roof about 110 feet from the ground. The door had blown open during the winter, remaining so until spring. Quite a surprise awaited the men as they climbed through the small door: a pair of Barn Owls, *Aluco pratincola*, had their "nest" with three eggs and both birds were at home. The eggs were laid on the bare boards of the platform under the roof, inside the tank. One of the men claimed the owls attacked him as he went through the door into the tower; he captured one after knocking it over with a broom.

When I visited the factory the unfortunate owl was crowded into a very small crate and the eggs had been carried down from the tower. I released the owl which circled over the town a couple of times then flew into the tower. Hoping that the owls would remain for a time a hurry call was sent to some members of the McIlwraith Ornithological Club, London, Ontario, several of whom arrived the next morning at 6:30 but the birds were not in the tower nor have they been seen since. Noise and coal smoke apparently were not obnoxious to the birds as the factory whistle and smoke stack were quite close to the water tower, then the railway station was only about 300 yards distant. The eggs were perfectly fresh so doubtless housekeeping duties are under way in new quarters.—A. A. WOOD.

DO BULLFROGS EAT FISH?—The note in the April number brings back to my mind an incident of my boyhood's days of which, though it occurred so long ago, I have a very distinct recollection. On one occasion, when I was about fifteen or sixteen, a friend and I went fishing in the small stream that crosses the road just west of the village of Old Chelsea, in what is now the County of Wright, P.Q. I do not know how it is now, but in those days the stream contained quantities of brook trout, though for the most part very small ones. Having caught a dozen or so of the fish in the portion of the

stream above the road, we decided to try our luck further down and in order to keep alive what we had already caught, we placed them in a shallow pool, about two or three feet in diameter, with a barricade of stones, to prevent their getting back into the stream. The fish ranged, as I recall, about from three to six inches in length. Returning some time later, we disturbed four or five bullfrogs, who endeavoured to beat a hasty retreat, all of them with tails of our fish, too large for them to swallow, protruding from their mouths. When we left them, the fish were alive, though doubtless more or less injured by the hooks with which they had been caught, but some may, of course, have died while we were away. How long we were absent I do not remember, but I should say probably about an hour. Whether or not the frogs caught any of the fish while the latter were still alive I cannot of course say, but with so many fish swimming in so small an area, this would not, I imagine, have been very difficult.—W. L. SCOTT.

BIRDS AND THEIR WINTER FOOD.—I have never had very marked success feeding winter birds. Perhaps the reason is that the birds which stay with us in winter can usually feed themselves. I have fed suet to chickadees, red-breasted nuthatches, and downy woodpeckers, and oatmeal to the early juncos. My most successful attempt has been feeding hayseed to redpolls. Different years I have scattered basketfuls of hayseed and chaff from the bottom of the haystack over the snow and generally succeeded in attracting quite a flock of these interesting little birds.

On March the second, 1928, I put out a bushel basketful of hayseed in an angle of the house where I could watch the birds eating from the window. The next morning the first bird appeared. He came at half-past ten and stayed until one o'clock picking almost continuously. I timed him different minutes and he picked up from sixty to ninety seeds in a minute stopping occasionally to eat snow between seeds. He left at one o'clock and at two a male which was probably the same bird was back with a female, next day there were four. By the end of the week a flock of twenty-three birds was coming and this was finally augmented to sixty-five. They did not scratch but only picked throwing the litter about with their bills. Perhaps this was only because there were plenty of seeds to be seen without scratching.

But it is more interesting to watch the birds hunt out their own food. Along the upper side of the orchard there are quite a number of



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