

keeping the hollow under strict observation. Dead sparrows and other prey were occasionally left in the hollow during the day, and as often as not the Owlets perched on them, waiting for the parents to arrive at dusk so that the prey would be torn piece by piece for their benefit.

From the time of leaving the hollow for the first time the young Owls appeared each night, winding their pretty heads round and round at everything and especially at the flickering shadows cast from the lantern which I carried. They sometimes turned their beaks round until they faced the sky. They believed strongly in taking stock of the world from all angles, and often indulged in the exercise of flapping their little wings until they suggested a whirlwind, trilling excitedly the while. With the return of daylight they retired to the hollow again; but at the age of seven weeks they deserted it entirely and remained with their parents in the wattle-tree throughout the day.

They were now given mice, sparrows, etc., whole, and it was entertaining to watch the young birds holding these unfortunates in their talons, showing every sign of contentment, and now and again caressing the victims with their beaks. They would also wind their heads round at the prey in drowsy fashion, and when finally plucking the bird would eat all the feathers instead of discarding them.

The Boobook Owl will occasionally prey on frogs, but he is not keen on them, and I think that it is only when hunting is poor that he does so. Instead of commencing on the head of the prey and holding it firmly under the talons, the young Owls invariably started anywhere and had a difficult task in disposing of their food. I have never seen a prettier sight than that of a Boobook Owl family with the Owlets solemnly regarding me in the soft moonlight of a summer night. Their quaint attitudes quite entrance the spectator.

I have but to whistle to my birds as a rule to hear an answering "Mopoke" call. On January 1st of this year, as whistles, sirens, bells, and tins welcomed in the new year, the Owls were so surprised that they commenced to "Mopoke" persistently and loudly, taking part, though they knew it not, in the welcome to the new year, 1926.

Albatross in Sydney Harbour.—Residents of Manly now and then see this noble bird when journeying past the Heads in the steamer, but it is a rare occurrence for an Albatross to find its way up Port Jackson as far as Circular Quay. It was a beautiful sight one sunny August afternoon to watch a fine Black-browed Albatross (*Diomedea melanophris*) as it wheeled on outstretched, motionless wings about a Milson's Point ferry boat, as though it were an ocean liner in Southern seas. (See *Emu*, XV., p. 214, and picture, p. 243.)—H. WOLSTENHOLME, Wahroonga, Sydney (15/8/26).