

afire with colour attracted numerous honey-loving birds, prominent among which were these brilliant little gems. Momentarily they would be almost invisible against the crimson blossom to reappear as they flitted to another flower. The favourite food tree is the Turpentine, and wherever this tree is abundant I expect to find Blood birds. In the coastal jungle country where the giant Turpentine thrust their heads above the surrounding vegetation one may often hear its pretty little melody floating downwards. Essentially a bird of the tree tops, it is more often heard than seen. The *Melaleucas* also are favoured food trees.

Through the courtesy and kindly interest of Dr. de Burgh, of Wahroonga, I was afforded the opportunity of photographing the diminutive little Blood bird. A pair was nesting in the pendulous branches of a Turpentine in his yard, the nest being only six feet from the ground. And what a dainty little cradle it was, only two inches in outer diameter by one and a half inches deep. Bark was the chief material used, with fine fibres for lining, and all loosely bound together with spiders' webs. The male was exceedingly trustful and faced the camera without hesitation, but his mate was rather more shy. The female was feeding the two young largely on insects, while the male mostly supplied honey. Both birds were constantly on the move, flitting swiftly from flower to flower or snapping up a passing insect. The brilliant colouring of the male shone with renewed splendour against the soft cream of the Turpentine flowers. Often he paused a while to give voice to his lively little song. It was indeed surprising what added life and animation the presence of these two tiny creatures gave to the surroundings.

Eastern Curlews.—Driving round the beautiful approach to St. Helens from the south on January 28, 1930, I was astonished to see two Eastern Curlews (*Numenius cyanopus*) wading in the shallows of the shore along which the road runs entirely unafraid and oblivious of the motors constantly passing within 60 or 70 yards of them. These fine birds frequent the wide expanses of mud-flats in George's Bay, in company with all the other Asiatic waders which visit Tasmania for their "winter," and I have been accustomed to see them there every season for many years past. Never once have I seen them so close to the frequented parts of the "Bay" before. They are seldom if ever shot at in this estuary, and this must account for their apparent lack of timidity. There happened to be an unusually low tide in the "Bay" at the time.—ROBT. W. LEGGE, Cullenswood, Tasmania.