

some green tree of its leaves. I incline to the latter theory, for I first saw a pair of Fig-Parrots, with Musk Lorikeets (*Glossopsitta concinna*), in a silky oak in the Richmond River district many years ago, when scrubs with abundance of their natural foods were far more plentiful than now.

During later years I have occasionally known them to come about the side streets of a country town when the Silky Oaks were flowering, feeding in company with Scaly-breasts, Musk Lorikeets and the noisy Blue Mountain Lorikeet (*Trichoglossus moluccanus*), and I heard of one so overcome by over-abundance of nectar that it was almost caught by hand. I have usually seen these birds in pairs only, except late in the season, when there were sometimes four, from which it is presumed that two eggs only are laid.

Strangely enough, on October 9 of this year, I came upon a pair of these Lorilets in scrub near Mount Warning, on the upper reaches of the Tweed River. They flew into a tall fig-tree. Unfortunately, being away from home, I had not then seen *The Emu*; had I done so, and read Mr. Chisholm's paper sooner, I would in all probability have discovered their nesting-site, for the trunk of the tree was full of holes and crannies, and the little birds remained about it all the while I was there. My attention was distracted, however, by what was to me a far greater marvel—a Rifle-Bird bathing in a shallow pool.

Fork-tailed Swifts.—On January 8 and 9, 1930, the Fork-tailed Swifts (*Micropus pacificus*) made their appearance in this district, quite a number flying high in the air, many skimming around the trees, while a few flew lower in the open spaces. This was at about 10.30 a.m. on the first date. They appeared again on the next day late in the afternoon, about 5.30 p.m., but were not so numerous. They were flying lower, and at about 6.30 p.m. they commenced perching on a dry limb of a Eucalypt—a branch above the foliage. Three or four birds would sit there at a time—later on six were on the branch. When a horse walked under the tree they all flew and none settled again. There were still a few Swifts about at sunset, and they appeared to be weary in their flight.—HARRY H. NEWELL, R.A.O.U., Hindmarsh Island, S.A., 11/1/30.

Yellow Robins' Eggs.—In August, 1928, I found a nest of the Southern Yellow Robin (*Eopsaltria australis*) containing five eggs. They were of two distinct types and so were probably laid by two different females.—E. L. HYEM, R.A.O.U., Barrington, N.S.W.