

was a next time.

Our first bird of the day, naturally enough, was a crow, and by the time we got to the lighthouse we had added a half dozen other common species. The Cape was as productive as we could of hoped for, and by the time we left at 8 a.m., 25 species had fallen to our ever-straining eyes and ears.

Highlights there included a family of merlins, one of which dispatched a savannah sparrow while we watched; good numbers of loons; a little group of whimbrels who regaled us with their loud, clear, piping whistles; a pair of golden plovers; and adult gannet; two guillemots and three common eiders.

We worked our way down the Island through Tignish and Alberton and by noon had our list up to about 65 species. At Indian River we dropped in to say hello to Thelma Clark and check out the wildlife area that abuts the back of her property. We got the only mourning doves of the day at her well-stocked feeders and added another five species out on the marsh.

We counted over 100 black ducks, two broods of about a dozen gadwall - one of which was only about half-grown - a small group of hooded mergansers I thought at first were red-necked grebes and three young eastern kingbirds still begging from a parent bird.

After Indian River we headed for the National Park as we were still 30 species short of our goal of 105 and there was only about six hours of daylight left and it was rapidly clouding over.

Rustico Island produced ruddy turnstones, sanderling, caspian tern, pintail and horned lark for our list which now stood at 80 species. We searched in vain for piping plover, but figured they had all left as they depart fairly early in the fall.

A stop at Brackley Marsh proved very worthwhile as we filled in the blanks on our list with shorebirds that had been eluding us all day. Rob picked out a red-necked phalarope spinning about as it fed in a stagnant pool and three willets were an unexpected bonus, as we had thought it would be too late for them.

By now it was about 5 p.m. and the wind had picked up quite a bit and every now and then a large raindrop would ominously hit the windshield. We were not beginning to panic yet, but at 88 species, we still had a ways to go

and were missing a lot of species like warblers and some sparrows.

Then we hit the jackpot. I had found two pied-billed grebes at John Archies' Pond in Stanhope and was waiting for Rob to show up, as he was walking along the highway behind me looking for small passerines. I heard a shout and looked up to see him fairly flying down the road, arms waving over his head like a lost man trying to flag down a passing rescue plane.

"Flycatchers, warblers, sparrows," he sputtered. "Lots of them!" I forgot all about the grebes and ran after him back where he had left his telescope (he must have been excited to forget it) and the birds were gone.

We soon found them again though and it was indeed a treasure trove of flitting, flycatching warblers and sparrows that were moving rapidly through the trees. In short order we bagged yellow-bellied flycatcher, eastern wood pewee, ruby-crowned kinglet, chipping sparrows, lots of yellowrumps and a strange yellow warbler that would not stay still long enough to identify.

Rob thought it might be a prairie warbler, so we redoubled our efforts to get a good look at it. After chasing it around the grounds for 15 minutes, we finally got real good looks at it and confirmed that it was indeed an immature prairie warbler!

We had both seen numerous individuals in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia before, but did not realize until we checked the P.E.I. list that this was

