

log of driftwood he presented a lovely target, but I did not fire.

Grey drake, quietly paddling in mid stream, was the reason. If I shot the rat, grey drake, alarmed by the report, would never more return to that pool. I watched him fly off presently, and when he had quite disappeared I looked for the rat. Needless to say, the wise creature had done the same thing.

Grey drake came back, but I never saw the rat again. His activities ceased from that night; perhaps instinct warned him, for I am certain he would travel far in quest of a better hunting

ground. (Incidentally as a crowning insult, before departing, he gnawed a large hole in a perfectly good felt hat.)

Grey drake, unmolested, has lived for six months on that pool; he has grown accustomed to my presence and does not mind when I fish there. True, he sometimes flies off with loud flutterings and signs of alarm. Yet, it is only acting to attract my attention. Because, you see, he thinks I do not know of that wondrous spot beneath the big gorse bush where the sly mother duck is already beginning to sit close.

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**D**URING many years very large sums of money have been spent for the purpose of conservation of native birds, game birds and fish, but the result remains more "purpose" than effective action which the people of New Zealand have the right to expect. This disappointment is due to inadequate administration in the field of wild life. Even when breaches of the Animals Protection and Game Act, 1921/22 (which is mainly concerned with birds and fish) are reported in the press, they are usually not heeded.



#### ALBATROSS.

It is reliably reported that three hundred nestlings of these noble birds (which are absolutely protected by law) have been captured on the Chatham Islands in one big raid and have been eaten by the law-breakers and their relatives and friends. Ownerless sheep, relics of the foolish and futile efforts to establish farms on Campbell Island, even at the merely nominal rental asked, are spoiling the breeding-grounds of the albatross there. Is the time coming when the ocean voyager will no longer be charmed by the marvellous flight of these rovers of the sea?