

met a good many on the trip. They were not using their whistling call but the *Ku-Ku-Ku* which some of them repeated endlessly; in fact there were two which we concluded must have made a bet as to which could say it the most times in a day, and one of them stuck to it almost all day. Being an exceedingly monotonous note, we both felt that we got very well acquainted with it indeed and should not forget it in a hurry. At this point we saw the only solitary Sandpiper on the trip. It was rather a surprise not to see more of these birds, as a great deal of the country is well suited to them. The trip down the stream into White Trout lake provided rather more walking than we appreciated, as the portages were long and somewhat arduous, but we met here our first Ruffed Grouse, Black-backed Woodpecker, and Duck Hawk, the latter flying high overhead while we were on one of the portages right opposite a high cliff, which, however, did not look very suitable for nesting on account of recent devastation by fire.

On these portages we found numerous runs of field mice, and subsequent trapping succeeded in getting a couple of them. They seemed rather too reddish to be our southern form, but this has not yet been definitely determined. The creek is wide and well filled with stumps and grass for the last half mile before it enters into the lake, and the banks are covered with dead and dying timber, which made a very attractive spot for woodpeckers. Here we became very well acquainted with a good many notes of the Black-backed Woodpecker. Once or twice we heard some genuine Blackbird notes, from a Rusty at this point, but all the rest of the notes of that character were from the woodpecker. Here, also, we met our first Canada Jay or Whiskey Jack, a pair of which came flying down to interview us at the end of one of the portages. We tried to make friends with them, but they were not to be cajoled, and the bread which we laid on top of a burnt stump remained there untouched. As usual they were very quiet, but later on we heard from them quite a variety of notes, mostly of a very liquid character, and for the writer, not very easily described. Their flight resembles that of the Blue Jay to a considerable extent, but there were differences which would make them readily identifiable by one who was well acquainted.

Paddling around the left corner of the entrance into the White Trout lake we found the most beautiful camp of the trip in a sandy bay which made excellent bathing. The level of the woods was only about ten feet above the lake, and a beautiful location was all ready for our tent, with a sun parlor overlooking the bay. Here we stayed for two nights while we trapped on the last portage and explored the nearby islands.