

in detritus of cedar and spruce. It has always been, to my mind, a form of *B. simplex* peculiar to moist, shady situations. The plant ranges from 2 or 3 to 6 or 8 inches in height. The barren frond consists of from one to four or five pairs of lunate sessile lobes, opposite to alternate, and terminates in a notched lobe. This barren leaf is decidedly fleshy; apparently the plant seldom lives more than three or four seasons, for though in a colony I have found hundreds of plants, the vast majority appear to have sprung recently from wind-blown spores, and to be not more than two years old. Very rarely large plants are found with four or five pairs of lobes on the barren frond, and, still more rarely, in such patriarchs of the colony the basal pair of lobes show a tendency to become compound by branching out into similar lobes. My first specimens were sent to the late Prof. Fletcher, in Ottawa. He inclined to think them *B. matricariae* (*ramosum*), but was not familiar with these smaller members of the genus, so handed them over to Prof. Macoun. He also thought them *B. matricariae*.

Next season I found the genuine *B. matricariae* by hundreds in the Algonquin Park, but remained convinced that my earlier find was *B. simplex*. Later on I found the strange fern in the Rideau district, and still never wavered, though I was unable to get more than a doubtful assent to my view from other collectors in the Province. Then I sent specimens of both ferns to W. N. Clute, of the Fern Bulletin, but to my chagrin he too pronounced the stranger a variety of the Matricary Fern; luck was against me, it seemed the wind simply *wouldn't* blow my way. At last (more than four years ago) I sent specimens to Prof. Robinson, of the Asa Gray Herbarium, and waited for nearly a year. Then I wrote again, and heard that my first consignment had gone astray or *is* lost. By this time I was desperate, but made my last venture with a parcel of specimens to Harvard, from five or six different localities. My Argosy came to port safely with its precious cargo, and I got word that every specimen forwarded in the half-dozen sheets of plants, was undoubtedly *B. simplex*.

If the last week in Owen Sound was wet, our three weeks under canvas on Birch Island were to prove little better. But we managed to snatch a few days and half days out of the deluge and salvage them to some profit. We gathered blackberries and raspberries galore; we caught lake trout and black bass, we made flapjacks and jam, and ate them too; and every now and then we paddled our own canoe (a new one) to various portages and explored the trails. Once I made my way to the back of "Skymount" and gathered in, from a certain trough of the hardwoods that I had found years before, specimens of