

sessile or short-stalked fruiting spike. In general outline, the fertile part and the sterile both tend to spread into an ovate form, not oblong as is usual in the other two species with the sides nearly parallel. The barren part consists of from 2 to 4 pairs of narrow lanceolate pinnae, subdivided into narrow lanceolate lobes or notched into sharp-pointed teeth; the fruiting part is often not so much a spike as a fascicle of 3 or 4 slender spikes, the central one often very little longer than 2 or 3 of the others; these spread out, often not in the same plane, into an ovate outline, and flanked with their clusters of sessile sporangia suggest the lashes of a knout or cat-o'-nine-tails.

The Lance-leaved Grape Fern is not at all common, as far as I know, in Ontario. I had found *B. ramosum* fairly abundant in the Algonquin Park in 1907 when I first visited that district; *B. lanceolatum* I saw no traces of, and learned only in the autumn from Mr. Ivey, of Toronto, that it occurred in our province; he had found it near Port Sydney in a rich hardwood, occurring with *B. ramosum*, but sparsely, occasional rather than abundant. In 1909, as I was taking an English botanist to the Park and was very anxious to see *B. lanceolatum* growing, Mr. Ivey very generously sent me a pencil sketch of the wood in which the fern had been found.

Owing to the failure of our first attempt to reach the Chain Fern I had only what time I could find before 11 a.m. in which to identify the wood and reach the small space within it occupied by the Lance-leaved Grape Fern. Not wishing to give my friend a second wild goose chase after the previous day's adventures, I got up alone between 3 and 4 a.m., and with my boots in my hand, crept stealthily down the boarding-house stairs in stocking feet. Fortunately it was not Sunday; my movements were not betrayed by my dropping a hob-nailed boot. The day before had been thundery and the sky was dark with clouds, the air heavy and close. It was daylight by my watch when I started out, but even in the open road it was barely dawn, a kind of tricky twilight, and to step into the woods was to shut and bolt the door on day and enter a labyrinth of crepuscular gloom. For nearly an hour I could not distinguish small objects on the ground except by painful straining of the eyes.

After two or three false starts, I satisfied myself that at least I had found the right wood, and a rich hardwood it proved to be. My experience in finding the Matricary Grape Fern led me by a half-conscious process of selection and rejection to a shaded slope and hollow of dead leaves just below some rock ledges; sure enough there was *B. ramosum*, several plants, and fine large ones, and as I knelt to examine them I spied