

found at 3 or 4 stations on the dry brittle rock; generally shaded, but not densely; its usual companions, the Polypody, the Beech Fern and the Rusty Woodsia. It grows in large compact tufts, a dozen or more green fronds projecting from a mass of brown shrivelled fronds of the previous season. The frond is in outline oblong lanceolate, its pinnae a narrow oblong, consisting of narrow oblong pinnules, mostly opposite, and serrate at the tip and along the margin more remote from the rhachis; the base of the tuft is densely chaffy with large flakes of light-brown scales, which extend up the stipe to about half-way up the rhachis. The upper side of the frond is dark green, the under side is almost covered with the large circular indusiums, silvery-grey in appearance; the stipe and the frond, when the plant is fresh, are sticky and clammy moist with the resinous glands. The fern is so rich on the under side with this fragrant resin that it adheres tightly to the sheet of blotting paper in the press. The largest fronds on a well-grown plant are about 11 inches from base to tip, 3 inches of this being stipe; the extreme width is about 2 inches.

From the Algonquin Park I made a trip by rail to Port Sydney on the north branch of the Muskoka River. The chief object of this trip was to see the Virginia Chain Fern which had been found growing in abundance along one margin of a mud lake. Its companion was a fringed orchid I had never seen before, *Habenaria blephariglottis*.

We had only two days' stay in Port Sydney before my companion had to go east on his return journey to Liverpool, and the nicely calculated less or more of time for the trip proved almost our undoing. We left the Park Station at 6 a.m. and were met, as pre-arranged, shortly before noon by a wagon; this conveyed us to a bush from which we were to proceed on foot with our host and guide to where the Virginia Chain Fern grew. On the next day we were to go in a different direction to a wood where the Lance-leaved Grape-fern was to be seen.

Unfortunately our host and guide, a local naturalist with a reputation for never having lost his way in the bush, lost his way and his reputation both that first afternoon. The wagon-track ended suddenly at the edge of a marsh shortly above a beaver dam. Its sudden disappearance was due to the activity of some beavers. The marsh was drained down its centre by a small creek; round the edges of the marsh grew many poplars; coveting these for food the beavers had dammed the creek at its exit from the marsh, converting about half a mile of beaver-meadow into a standing lake. At first we thought of crossing this obstacle by the dam, but our guide's son found this narrow pass jealously guarded by a colony of "Yellow-Jackets" and we decided to keep to the wagon-track above; this led across the swamp by