

alcoves, I made a find that greatly pleased me; in some wet rock fissures I found growing the Slender Cliff Brake (*Pellaea gracilis* or *Cryptogramma Stelleri*). The books say it is rarely, if ever, found away from limestone; these cliffs, however, are granite or sandstone. There were two stations for the fern along the cliff, about half a mile distant from one another; one station contained 2 or 3 colonies some yards apart, the other only a single colony. The Slender Cliff Brake is the most delicate and frail fern I know. The stalks are almost threadlike in their thinness and very brittle; there is quite a marked difference between the sterile and the fertile fronds; the frond in fruit has its divisions narrow and pointed, the margins being recurved over the sporangia; in the sterile frond the pinnae have not recurved margins, and the 5 or 6 lobes into which they are divided instead of being a narrow lanceolate are wide spreading, ovate to orbicular, with a crenate margin. The fern grows in tufts out of rock seams with a habit like that of the Brittle Bladder Fern; the fronds when pressed are of so filmy a texture that the mere act of breathing over them will waft them off the sheet on which they lie.

In order to make myself familiar with the genus, I paid a special visit that autumn to Niagara Glen, where, on the sheer limestone cliffs above the gorge, the Purple Cliff Brake is abundant. It presents as remarkable a contrast to the Slender Cliff Brake as can well be imagined. The stipe is stout and woody, the foliage thick and leathery, bluish green in colour. Of course the kinship of the two is close and obvious, the sporangia being clamped beneath the reflexed margins of the pinnules; but in the true *Pellaea* the difference between fertile and sterile fronds is slight, in the *Cryptogrammes*, such as Steller's Cliff Brake and the Parsley Fern it is quite marked.

My next trip of any consequence was a visit to the Algonquin Park by way of Ottawa. Like all visitors to the Park, we first called on Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent. In addition to his intimate knowledge of this fine tract of forest and lake, Mr. Bartlett has a great love of natural history, and the *flora* and *fauna* of the Park interest him quite independently of his official position. Hearing that I was specially fond of ferns he handed me over a small plant growing in a box and asked me what it was. I looked carefully at it and decided it was a Shield Fern, but the species was beyond me. I was then told to smell it; there could be no mistaking that sweet spicy fragrance; when I found that the Fragrant Shield Fern grew in the Park and was obtainable not far from Headquarters, I could scarcely wait till next day. The scent from the resinous glands on the under side of the frond is indescribably delicious.

The fern was not abundant in the neighbourhood, but was