

their laborious ascent. If water were found we could pack the stuff to the top, and if not, readjust our plans.

Well, we started at 8 o'clock and came upon *Brenthis tricularis*, beautifully fresh, just below the village. On the trail to Mire Creek, *Eneis jutta*, *O. chryxus*, *Colias interior*, *Pieris napi*, etc., were on the wing, and the muskeg teemed with *Phyciodes pratensis* in its infinite variety. Now I have no wish "to split on a friend," but Mr. Bowman, enthusiastic and capable collector as he is, is physically incapable of "carrying on" with anything required to perfect his series flying within a few feet of his net; while as to Mr. Stevenson, absolutely everything was to him pure gold! There were butterflies in the ointment, and the best laid plans came all to grief!

We reached the cliff face two hours late, with "Dutch" and his ponies scrambling up almost on our heels. Assuming that he would wait for our return, we hurried off to look for the spring. We did not find water, but *Eneis brucei*, *Colias nastes*, *Lycæna aquilo* et al., delighted our vision. While returning to the cliff face through a clump of spruce, Mr. Bowman took a sweep at a dragon-fly, and passed me his net containing a male of *Somatochlora minor*, and we shortly after took two females of *Somatochlora franklini* (to collect species of which genus was the particular object of the trip so far as I was concerned—though, of course, all desirable butterflies and moths were "good fishing"). From the spruce to where we were to find "Dutch" was not far, and we found him, scurrying home through the muskeg, 2,500 feet below, riding one pony and leading the other.

It was 1.30 p.m. We held a council of war.

Clearly "Dutch," tired of waiting for us, and probably quite as thirsty as we were, had dumped the pack and left us to our fate. Water we must have, unless we abandoned our camping scheme altogether—which we were naturally quite determined not to do—but first to find the pack. I suggested that the others go down to where "Dutch" was last seen, search there and scan the cliff face from below, for it was clearly unnecessary for us all to go down if it was to be only a matter of coming up again! They saw the pack right against the cliff about 200 feet east of me around a bend, and I made my way to it while they re climbed the 500 feet.