

close to the shore to get a better look. As he sat on a tree far above us he looked like a snowy owl, so we thought we would put the matter beyond dispute by "collecting" him. The gun made a noisy report, but a few feathers scattered in the wind were not enough to confirm our identification.

Sunday whilst resting near an interesting waterfall on the river I saw two flycatchers plying their calling. A dull haze made accurate observation impossible, from size and form I judged them to be olive-sided flycatchers. Here the sense of my ignorance made me dejected. Whether from this cause, or the exciting rapids we had to run, or the exhausting portages we had to make, I found no other bird I could enter on my list for the districts of Algoma and Nipissing.

When we turned into the middle channel of French River we were in the land of the loon and the gull once more. Crossing our last portage just before entering French River village a whole covey of partridges stood on the tramway chuckling defiance at our attempts to "Shoo!" them into flight. About midnight we stepped aboard the "Atlantic" with tickets for Killarney port, but we were such doubtful looking "birds" ourselves that the steward hesitated about giving us respectable berths.

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTE.

PIERIS PROTODICE. While walking along the "perennial border" in the botanical garden at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa on September the 21st last, I was surprised to see a fine specimen of the Checkered White butterfly (*Pieris protodice*, Bdv.) I had not a net with me but was lucky enough to catch it in my hands. It is a fine female and this is the first time the species has ever been taken at Ottawa or as far as I know so far East in Ontario by a hundred miles. The caterpillar, like those of most of the white butterflies feeds on the various cruciferous plants including occasionally the cultivated cabbage.

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