

midown, who describes himself as being very susceptible to ivy poison, tells of a preventive which makes it possible for him to visit localities in which it is abundant without being affected. He says: "I take with me a bottle filled with a strong solution of saleratus (the common kind used in cooking). When I come out of the swamp I wash my hands, face and neck—wherever it is possible that the poison has touched the skin—with the solution. Since doing so I have never been poisoned and can roam through the place at will. I take no needless risks and am always careful not to touch the dogwood (*Rhus venenata*) if I see it. However, it is so thick that it would be impossible to avoid it altogether."

Everywhere for nearly a mile along the east side of the Beaver Meadow the ground is covered with poison ivy, spoiling for many collectors one of the most interesting fields for botanical work in this vicinity. Rockliffe, too, is a dangerous place to visit for those who are at all susceptible. With proper care and a prompt use of the remedies given above the danger of serious poisoning will be greatly lessened if not entirely removed.

J. M. M.

THE CONNECTICUT VS. THE KENTUCKY WARBLER.

A CORRECTION.

In the report on the sub-excursion of the club to Rockliffe, May 5th, I am inadvertently made to report having seen a Kentucky warbler (*Geothlypis formosa*). While I would have been delighted to again meet this old acquaintance of mine from the south, I must state that it was the Connecticut warbler (*Geothlypis agilis*) I saw. This is a great rarity anywhere and has been reported for Ottawa only once before by Mr. J. Fleming, of Toronto, who saw it also at Rockliffe. The song of this bird is very characteristic and cannot easily be mistaken for that of another. It begins with some very low notes, as though the bird was inhaling, then a few a little louder, exhaling, and then several loud, liquid, bubbling notes, in the pitch of the oven-bird or water-thrush. This song I heard May 2nd from a tree in the city, once on the same day at Britannia and May 5 at Rockliffe, before I saw the bird plainly. So it may, after all, not be so rare here.

C. W. G. EIFRIG.