

with great interest their movements. When swimming underneath the water they had a most interesting habit of following each other on every little deviation. When one would come to the surface, breathe and go down, the one immediately after did the same thing at the same place, and then the third following; they soon went into the grasses where they were not clearly visible, but they began working towards a little opening near us in which sat a Pied Bill Grebe. She kept a watchful eye on the motions of the otters, and when they were within twenty or thirty yards, disappeared and re-appeared some thirty yards to one side, and it happened that they did not go any nearer to her. They soon caught some fish and, fortunately for us, there were some stranded stumps and roots on which they climbed out and ate their catch. They also played with each other, and quarreled in a friendly way, which led us to suppose that they were young, or at most a mother and two young, though we could see no difference in their size.

This was perhaps the rarest sight of our trip, and we were exceedingly gratified that it lasted nearly an hour.

We then proceeded up McIntosh creek as far as the first portage, where we decided to retrace our steps. We followed the portage trail up through the woods, and had the pleasure of seeing there our only pair of the Pileated woodpecker. They were not very tame, and gave us little opportunity for observation, but it was a joy to see these big birds again. They are said to be quite common in some parts of the park. Two boys from Toronto camping on Lake LaMuir told us that they were frequently seen near their camp. A ranger with whom we talked told us that they inhabited the big timber only, which means the districts where the pine has not been cut off, and it was in a region of large trees that these two birds were seen.

Next morning we began our return trip through White Trout lake.

After paddling two or three miles we came to the high bluff facing the lumber camp on the north side of the lake, where we had climbed on the preceding day hunting for ferns. This time we found something much better than the ferns, in the person of a Duck Hawk, which gave us one of the most beautiful illustrations of sailing with motionless wings that either of us had ever seen. Evidently he was keeping watch over something, and as the location was entirely suited to their needs as a nesting place, we thought it not improbable that the young were nearby. After we had passed the cliff we heard him scream, and looking back found that he had been joined by his mate, but we gathered no more information regarding their habits or location.