

ravines are well timbered with tall white spruce, balsam-fir, yellow and white birch and balsam poplar, with occasional specimens of our familiar white pine, and the dense undergrowth, a luxuriant tangle of shrubs, ferns and flowering plants, makes a most alluring sight to an entomologist. In all of these ravines there are clear rushing streams, many of them no doubt teeming with salmon and speckled trout.

During the course of the trip I had the usual tantalizing experience of passing innumerable ideal-looking spots for dragonflies; ponds, pools, and lakes of all sizes, some dark and bog-margined, others shallow and reedy, all of them inviting.

Humbermouth, my destination, was reached about 3.30 p.m. and, from a picturesque standpoint, no finer spot could have been selected as the terminus of my trip. The broad Bay of Islands, surrounded by majestic wooded hills and the clear rushing waters of the beautiful Humber, just beyond the village, were thrilling in their peaceful grandeur; but I soon determined from the topography of the country that this was no place for dragonflies, so on the following day, which was cold and wet, I again took the train southward and got out at Spruce Brook, which I had noted on the way as a promising locality.

Spruce Brook is a famous resort for salmon fishing, and the Log-cabin Hotel is one of the most delightful places I have ever visited. In such a remote spot I was not prepared for the modern conveniences which I found there, and the kindly interest and courtesy shown me by the proprietors, Messrs. Whittington and Dodd, were of material assistance in enabling me to make the most of the few days I spent there.

The Log-cabin Hotel is situated on the shore of a beautiful lake in a broad valley, flanked by low wooded hills. The land in front of the hotel is largely cleared and partly cultivated, but on all sides there are rich woods, with streams, marshes and ponds within easy reach. The flora is very luxuriant and apparently abundant in species, so that the entomological outlook seemed full of promise. In this, however, I was doomed to disappointment.

I lost no time in looking up a promising place for dragonflies. I was directed to a small pond, nearby, with a marshy shore and connected with Spruce Brook itself. The weather was dull and