

caught a few good things, then at noon he also made tracks for Nordegg. Before leaving he explained the method that he had found most efficacious for taking that most difficult of butterflies—*Brenthis astarte*, viz., to wait patiently until the insect settled on one of several pink-flowered plants of *Dianthus acaulis* and then spring! In due course a bright male appeared, and for half an hour I tried Mr. Bowman's method—and every other—in vain. *Astarte* is a peculiar insect—deceptive as to colour, pugnacious as to disposition, and fleet passing understanding. On the wing it looks red, due to the rapidly beating wings exposing the undersides. Why it should rush at every inoffensive butterfly that comes near it I cannot say, but rush at them it does. *Astarte* makes its appearance from the shaly slopes and, flying up over the edge of the cliff, rushes round on top for a few minutes attacking every butterfly in its course. Then it tumbles headlong over the cliff, flies along the loose shale, comes up again—and repeats. I watched my first *astarte* do all this many times and inspiration came to me. It flew slower when it was over the cliff! Why? Ah, I had the secret, and over the cliff I went myself (almost headlong in my eagerness). There I sat, where the foot of the cliff rose from the shale, net ready, and my eye glued to the edge of the cliff to my right where he would come over. Here he is! Flew right into my net! I give my discovery for the benefit of future collectors of *astarte*. Down under the cliff, both “hunter and hunted” are in the shadow.

At 3 o'clock as nothing much desirable excepting *Colias nastes* seemed to be on the wing, I was inclined to return to camp, but decided that I would first try the second clump of spruce. Well was I rewarded, for there I took a fine, fresh *Erebia disa*—my first of this species—and a pair of *Melitæa anicia* and, returning through the other clump, I captured a dragonfly prize indeed, a beautiful female of *Somatochlora cingulata*—the fifth species of the genus to date! I also took a number of two other varieties, *franklini* and *minor*, and one female of *walshii*.

I returned to camp at 5.30, and amplified tent accommodation was the only compensation that I had for the loss of my two friends.