

hand side; but to the left are low woods with open grassy glades which at once tempt the entomologist—nor will he be disappointed for this is the now celebrated “Macoun’s glade,” the home of *Chionobas Macounii* and many other little beauties. The other locality lies in the opposite direction, and turning eastward after leaving the hotel you pass down through a hot gravelly cutting and cross the iron bridge over the river. On your right hand you have high woods and on the left an extensive swamp thickly covered with small spruce and tamarac. About a mile from the bridge the Ridge is reached and this runs away to the north until it reaches the shores of the lake.

Upon July 5th we reached Nepigon at 12:20 p. m. and by 1 o’clock had unpacked the necessary apparatus, had disposed of dinner and were ready to start. Our apparatus for each collector, consisted of a net, two cyanide bottles, one for lepidoptera the other for grasshoppers, etc., a bottle of spirit for beetles, and a flat tin box 4 inches by 3 and 1 inch deep filled with envelopes for butterflies, as well as a supply of pill boxes for boxing living females and a yard or two of netting for making cages. Before leaving the hotel we picked up half a dozen empty tomato cans and having removed the two ends we covered one of them with a piece of netting kept in place by an elastic band. We were now ready and turning westward, before many yards were passed we were arrested by a clump of *Anaphalis Margaritacea* which was receiving the busy attention of a female *Pyrameis Huntera*; she was secured and boxed at once. Passing on along the line we found the banks on either side resplendent with clumps of *Mertensia paniculata*, a beautiful plant with rich deep-green leaves and a profusion of pure blue bell-shaped flowers which hang pendent from small branchlets. Flowers of a real blue are very uncommon in nature and to see such profusion as we here found was very charming. Darting around these flowers with lightning swiftness were a few pugnacious skippers. We caught one specimen which was at once recognised as strange. It belongs to the “Comma group” of *Pamphila* and somewhat resembles *Manitoba*. What is probably the same species was afterwards taken on “the ridge” and eggs were secured. After passing a deep gully a few hundred yards along the track we turned in by a bridle path towards Macoun’s glade. Insects of all descriptions were in the greatest profusion and this is undoubtedly a character of this locality. In no place, except perhaps Vancouver Island, have I seen such enormous numbers of specimens as we found here. The air seemed to be filled with them. Hymenoptera, Lepidoptera, Orthoptera, Diptera—Ah! the very word carries me back in thought. Yes. There were Diptera and the character of the locality was carried out—they were in profusion. Nepigon as well as being famed for its trout is famed for its “flies,” mosquitoes, black-flies, sand-flies, tabanus, chrysops. Oh! The thought of them!! An appropriate variety for every hour of the day and they all carried out their mission in life with a vengeance. They could however be kept within reasonable bounds with a little care and forethought. “Mosquito oil” composed of sweet oil, oil of penny-royal and carbolic acid, applied to the face and neck and backs of the hands was found to be efficient out-of-doors. Some people however are too obstinate to use this harmless unguent averring that “flies don’t trouble them much,” and they don’t like putting such mess on themselves. These people however sometimes have to suffer severely and it will be found that the prevention is well worth the trouble. In our bedrooms at night we enjoyed perfect immunity from attack by burning a small quantity of Pyrethrum powder before we went to bed. The recollection of that phalanx of bloodthirsty flies which met us at the entrance to Macoun’s glade has led me to digress somewhat; but at any rate they were a feature of the place and a most noticeable one. As we stepped into the pathway which leads into the glade, I was carefully pointing out to my companion that we were now in the exact spot where the original type specimens were collected, when he rushed by me with a yell and sprang out into the bushes, exclaiming, Look out! There is one—here it is! and the first specimen of *Chionobas Macounii* was secured—a minute later I had another. Hurrah! well done. We were now in a high state of glee. I had been to Nepigon once before at exactly the right season and again a month later, but had not seen a specimen, and had begun to think that perhaps after all there might possibly be some mistake about the locality. It was all right now, though, and as we were to stay a week we felt confident of getting eggs. We took four more males on the 5th of July. We examined