

yellow, but in the stranger the hind margin is also yellow; both have a yellow scutellum and a small patch of yellow at the base of each wing-cover; but the familiar long "L"-shaped mark of yellow behind this in *Clytanthus ruricola* is replaced in the stranger by a simple diagonal line slightly curved, and behind this is a transverse band of yellow continued across the sutural line over both elytra. The thighs of both insects are clavate, but in *C. ruricola*, only, are the hind thighs and tibiae elongate; in the stranger they are even shorter than in *Xylotrechus* and more strongly clavate. The insect has been identified as *Clytus marginicollis* and is, I believe, a great rarity in Ontario; at any rate, it is a new species and a new genus in my collection, filling an important gap in the group of *Clytini*.

It was quite enough for me that I had been collecting Longicorns for 15 years and had never seen this insect before. There lay my friend, inert as the weariest of mere wayfarers without an object could possibly be on a sizzling hot day; but my capture filled me at once brimful of activity and fervour. I spent a good half hour peering about that pine trunk and its limbs in the hope of another capture, and even when we decided to move on, I was still straining at the leash, eager to beat the next cover for game.

Just west of Hume's old home-farm is a sloping hillside covered with small trees and intersected by streams of cress-mantled spring water. At one of these I stooped to drink, for a long draught is worth far more to the pedestrian on a hot day than solid food of any kind. While thus refreshing myself I observed on the further bank a recent windfall of basswood; "windfall," I call it, but it might almost have been called a "water-fall;" for its roots had been undermined by a freshet, and a sudden flaw of wind taking it by surprise had overturned it. It was while struggling up the further bank, with one eye glued on the basswood, that I caught sight of a specimen of *Neoclytus erythrocephalus* running along a limb on the off-side of the fallen tree. As soon as I got to the top of the bank I hurried round the head of the tree to where I had seen the insect. There it was again! but unfortunately hurrying down towards the axil of a large limb impossible of approach owing to the thicket of grapevine into whose midst the tree had crashed. However, I kept the insect in view, and presently to my relief it faced about and came up towards the smaller branches at the top of the bank. And here after a little anxious stalking, I made my capture. Next moment I saw the dead image of it, very much alive, hurrying along the limb again; had it escaped from the cyanide jar? No, there it was safe in the glass bottle. Again I stalked my quarry, and again I made my capture; and presently, behold a third, running along the trunk. Where the insects came from I could not discover, but it seemed certain that they arrived by aeroplane and became visible only on alighting. Some time after, I spied a fourth, but it managed to elude the eager clutch of my fingers, as it had the jaws of my forceps and the yawning gape of my net; no sooner did it take to flight than it vanished into thin air.

In its descent the tree had broken some shoots of sumach at the top of the bank; close to these, but nearly under the basswood and in neutral territory on the ground, I captured a beautifully marked grey-brown Lamiinid which proved to be *Lepturges symmetricus*; some days later, my friend took a second specimen