

should be carefully described and the head case should always be preserved at each moult. The skin cannot as a rule be preserved, for the young caterpillar after having worked it off generally devours it at once. There is a prevalent idea that great difficulty attends the obtaining eggs and rearing the larvæ; but this is not at all the case; a few eggs of many species may be obtained from ripe females by merely shutting them in a pill box. In this way I have secured eggs of *Pieris Napi*, *P. Rapæ*, *Thecla Niphan*, *T. Calanus*, *Lycaena Lucia*, etc., etc. These eggs hatch after a few days and then all that is necessary is to put them in any small receptacle which will prevent their food from drying up, as a tin box or glass jar, or what is better they may be placed upon a living plant out of doors. Many eggs may be obtained and much valuable information may be gathered by hunting for the eggs upon the food plant, or by watching the females in nature. The action of butterflies when intent upon egg-laying, will soon be recognized, and patient observation will frequently reward the student by the discovery of an unknown food plant. A knowledge of the habits and food of allied species even in other parts of the world will frequently assist greatly.

The field, too, is so large and the amount of work yet to be done, so great that the merest tyro may hope to obtain good results in a very short time. I purpose in the present paper to give an account of a collecting trip I had the privilege of making with Mr. S. H. Scudder, of Cambridge, during the past summer. I believe that the experience then gained and a description of the apparatus used will be of assistance to others who have not yet taken up this fascinating study.

Our trip together was made in the beginning of July, and was from Ottawa to Nepigon and back. Nepigon is a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, very picturesquely situated at the mouth of the rapid river Nepigon, which brings down the icy waters from the lake of the same name, about fifty miles due north; and discharges them into Nepigon Bay, the most northern point of that great triangular inland sea, Lake Superior. It is claimed for this river, that it is the only river which discharges clear water into the lake, and that its trout are larger and fishing better than those of any other river in Canada. Be this as it may, it has gained such celebrity that during the summer there is a constant stream of visitors who come for a week or fortnight to try their luck with Nepigon trout, and the verdict of all seems to be "we must come again."

The village consists of the railway station, which is also used as a church, an hotel and two stores, as well as several surveyed lots for the site of the future town. About half a mile from the railway, by the side of the river is the neat Hudson Bay post of Red Rock, now presided over by the genial and courteous Mr. Flanigan, who always remembers anyone he has once met, takes an interest in their pursuits and is ready with advice and assistance whenever required. Nepigon is very prettily situated; as you approach it by the railway from the east, the first glimpse you get is from the iron bridge which spans the river half a mile from the station. Then a charming picture bursts on the view. Away to the left lies a long range of hills, behind which are the lake and Nepigon Bay with its islands and indented shores. They are some miles away and the river gradually widening, winds its way down to them amongst green fields and wooded banks. A glimpse is got of the pretty Hudson Bay post with its neat white building and the rest of the landscape is filled in by the high banks of the river, thickly clothed at the top with trees. After passing beneath the bridge the river swings away to the right, and has cut out from the clay an extensive bay, leaving a steep cliff of clay over 100 feet in height. Looking out on the other side, up the river you see Lake Helen, a beautiful sheet of water, stretching away to the north for eight miles, with a width of one mile, and bounded on its eastern side by a rocky ridge of laurentian gneiss and with elevated wooded banks to the west or left. "The Ridge," as we called it, to the right is the higher of the two, and was found to be bare rock in many places with little vegetation. Arriving at Nepigon station we took our traps to the Taylor House, an excellent hotel, most clean and comfortable, and having made arrangements for meals, we sallied forth at once with our nets to "look at the locality."

It may not be amiss to stop here for a few moments and explain what brought us to Nepigon in preference to any other place.