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FAMILIAR HAUNTS.

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Finding myself in Port Hope on the last day of June, 1918, I took occasion and my hobby by the forelock, and, in the company of my fellow-collector of old days, headed north for some woods just west of our favorite "Rocky Mountains." Here lies as pretty a tract as can be found in all Northumberland, with extensive bush to west and north and embracing roughly a square mile of ground. It forms a kind of table land of middle elevation between the Port Hope plains and the long wooded ridge that stands out against the skyline as you look north from the campus of Trinity College School.

Deserting our usual route for a somewhat more westerly course, we held up the Bewdley gravel-road past the first line north of Dale; here a rough road, closed off by a gate, runs east to a gravel pit. Just beyond this we turned north to examine a grove of mixed hardwood and pine where the axe had been busy. In spite of its being bright and hot, we could find nothing at work about the cord wood and stumps, nor even about a few recently felled maples lying crushed and shattered as saw or axe had left them.

It was hot work and dry, stumbling about the clearing over rough, hard-baked ground, and even my hobby—old war-horse that it was—showed signs of flagging. My companion dismounted altogether and soon found a ready-made cozy corner in the grass beneath a shady evergreen. Just before giving up the search myself, and already at the point of indifference, I happened to spy a trunk of white pine lying in the very centre of the clearing, where the sun poured down relentless rays.

As I approached it I saw a small, dark longicorn settle on the butt; this proved to be Acmaeops proteus, a beetle sufficiently uncommon in our neighborhood to warrant capture. Then while skirting the trunk, I noticed near the middle and on the upper side, clinging to the rough bark, a blackish longicorn with yellow marks on the elytra; at first glance I took it for Clytanthus ruricola and wondered what it was doing on pine, for I have never captured this insect except on foliage or in blossoms, where it is a voracious pollen-feeder. A second look showed me at once that the beetle was new to me; it was much shorter than C. ruricola and had a peculiarly truncate appearance. Moreover, the marks and lines of yellow pubescence on the wing-covers formed a different pattern from that of Clytanthus, being unlike both in shape and in disposition. Both insects are nearly black, "piceous" rather than jet; the antennæ in both are fairly short, somewhat darker in the stranger, whose thorax, also, is shorter and less elevated; the forward margin of the thorax in both is fringed with