

insect is not only extremely rare and difficult to obtain because of the inaccessibility of its habitat, but is exceedingly active and difficult to catch even under the most favourable circumstances.

We arrived at Laggan Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway on the morning of August 3rd. The station is almost at the highest point reached by the railway (alt. 5037 feet above sea-level) in passing over the main chain of the Rockies, and is close to the dividing line between the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia. It was a glorious morning and we enjoyed thoroughly the drive of four miles or thereabouts up through the woods to the Chalet Hotel on Lake Louise. Our hopes rose to a high point as we saw the numerous butterflies and other insects flitting along the flowery banks of the roadway. Having arrived at the Chalet, perhaps the most picturesquely situated and luxuriously comfortable, even of the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels, we at once made preparations for our journey up to the happy hunting grounds on the top of Mount St. Piran, a mountain towering up 8,500 feet to the south of Lake Louise. Alas, however, we were to be disappointed. Lake Louise, which on our arrival, from its beautiful colour well deserved its original name of Emerald Lake, in an hour's time was entirely changed in appearance, for heavy black clouds rolled over from Mount Lefroy and Victoria Glacier, and very soon descended in such a torrent of rain as only can fall in the mountains. Frequent showers followed throughout the afternoon which made an ascent of the mountain quite out of the question. Short excursions, however, along the side of the Lake and along the carriage drive, enabled us to secure some insects of interest. Among these were specimens of a reddish "black fly" (*Simulium fulvum*, Coq.) which little knowing their danger were stupidly persistent in circling around our heads. On the flowers of the tall Spiked Willowherb and the large golden flowers of an Arnica, we secured many bumble bees and a few *Pisias*. While waiting in a boathouse between showers several specimens of two species of mosquitoes were enticed from their native wilds to our collecting boxes.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and although the day was not very promising, we started up the mountain in a light shower of rain, hoping that on the summit conditions would improve.

To those who have never enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of threading their way up through the rich forests which clothe the bases of our grand mountains in any of the great chains of the Rockies, and then on through the diminishing groves of