

of which was found by Mr. Lemieux. Also winged ants are shown which were found with the rest of the colony under a stone; and three specimens of a salamander (*Spelerpes bilineatus*) found by Mr. Lemieux, under a stone beside a brook.

These specimens are produced one after another from interesting looking paper bags ranged side by side on a stump. There is something that raises one's hopes about those paper bags! And now, expectation, fed on snails and ants and salamanders, is watching with large eyes for the next bag. This bag has been handed to the speaker by Mr. Gibson. It is opened, and out is lifted a squirming, resisting, black and white object,—a conspicuously colored milk snake (*Coronella doliata*). This snake, it is pointed out, is very similarly marked to one collected near the Rifle Range last year, and which was mentioned in the zoological report as probably being a specimen of a southern variety of the milk snake.

There were yet other things found this afternoon. From Mr. Gibson we found that the backward spring had been a little too much for our entomological friends, and they had been keeping indoors much longer than was their custom. A single specimen of the native white butterfly was seen, also a few geometrid moths flying in open places. Under flat stones, the most interesting objects secured were some specimens of a very large spider, which as yet has not been determined. Hibernating larvæ of *Noctua clandestina*, *Leucania commoides* and *Isia isabella* were found, too, as well as specimens of several kinds of ground beetles.

We had the pleasure of having with us, accompanying Mr. Gibson, an Honorary Member of the Club, the Rev. G. W. Taylor, a distinguished entomologist from Wellington, B.C.

And now it is over. The soft mists of early afternoon which had gathered into great clouds, now sprinkle a few drops just to show what they might have done. But the homeward-bound are on the quaint old road, by its rows of elms and poplars, and it matters not. It is just an opportunity for Nature to show one more beauty,—her own special color scheme,—for the green of woods and fields, the blue of sky and water, the gold and pink of sunset, and grey and mauve of everything, are gathered in one radiant, soft-tinted arch across our path—a rainbow.

R. B. McQ.