

at of all its genus and quite rare,—this being only the third specimen ever taken by me.

Just south of where I made these captures ran a good gravel road east and west; I struck west and after two miles entered a wayside smithy for directions; here they told me that the next cross-road would take me south to Hiawatha and north to the flag station of Drummond's. Both here at the blacksmith's and further on at a farm where I called for a drink of water, I was conscious of being eyed with suspicious looks, but since August, 1914, I had been taken for so many aliens that I gave the matter hardly a moment's thought.

To my delight I recognized at the next corner a piece of country near the Otonabee through which I had once motored, and I knew there was a fine stretch of woodland just S. W. of the cross-roads. It is always a great relief to swing out of the dusty highway with its cramped fence margins into the spaciousness of pasture and woodland.

The wood was too dense at this point for floral treasures, and proved after all a very narrow belt with the river in full view just beyond some stumplands. Just north-west the axe had been recently at work levelling part of a farmer's woodlot; there were stacks of cordwood visible, and a recent storm had taken heavy toll of timber on the newly exposed western edge. In the mid distance I spied a fallen spruce and a large limb of beech torn from its trunk. The day was at its height and no tiniest breath of wind invaded the throbbing heat. If ever there were insects abroad here in the day-time, it would be now.

My first venture was the fallen spruce, but nothing was to be seen about its rough, scaly bark, or among the branches and foliage. In falling, however, it had struck and heavily "blazed" a nearby balsam fir; this tree was languishing, for the foliage had gone brown. On examining the tree closely, I found just beside the grazed patch of bark (which was oozing resin freely) a fine specimen—a large female—of *Xylotrechus undulatus* ovipositing, and then, somewhat lower, a male of the same species; these beetles I had seldom taken before, and had indeed been uncertain as to which of our conifers it attacked. But I was able to make good use of my discovery, and secured later in the season over a score of the insects in the Algonquin Park. The other tree infested by it is the hemlock, and very rarely I have captured a specimen on spruce. Both these beetles were on the sunny side of the tree, and when I worked round to the shady side no more of their kind were to be seen; but I soon detected—courting the shadow as usual—a pair of *Acanthocinus obsoletus*: this was of some interest, for I had never before taken the species on any tree but white pine, where it is fairly frequent. Examination of several other balsams brought no fresh captures and I determined to move on towards the S. W., where fire had run between the belt of woodland and the river.

A path took me right past the broken limb of beech, part of which lay along the ground. Beech had never before brought me any captures of longicorns, and I was passing on with only a casual glance when I was stopped short by a discovery that proved the forerunner of many interesting captures during the dog-days of 1916. It was a small specimen of *Neoclytus erythrocephalus* that I spied running along one of the branches of the fallen limb. I suppose this insect is fairly common, a few specimens were once sent me from near the Rideau by an old friend who had noticed them racing over some fresh-cut