

violet was almost the only capture. I had been told that a somewhat rare Longicorn was to be met with on the blossom of the trillium, but my informant could not tell me its name, nor did patient search in trilliums yield me any specimen of this family. About the 20th of May, however, blossomed the early elder, and though I wasted a great deal of time over elder clumps growing far away from woodlands, I did at last, by good luck, direct my steps to some growing on the edge of a wood about four miles north of the school. Here I found a new species of Scarab, leaden-gray in colour, though disguised for the nonce in a light yellow coat of pollen, with which it was thickly dusted over; it had long crooked hind legs that looked too clumsy to be of much use to their owner, and were, indeed, trailed along after it when it crawled. It was the male of *Hoplia trifasciata*, and I found it abundant for two or three weeks on the early elder, the choke-cherry and the hawthorn; at first only the males were to be found, but about a week later the females became common; these at first I took for a distinct species, as they are very different in colour, yellowish-white, with three irregular bands of brown across the back; on the hawthorn, however, where the female was in preponderance, I more than once found a pair. The same mistake appears to have made its way into print, and the two sexes were at one time assigned to distinct species, the male figuring as *Hoplia tristis*, and the female as *Hoplia trifasciata*. I found also on this clump of elder a few specimens of one of our earliest Lepturas, *L. ruficollis*; and, by way of a new illustration to the old adage that "it never rains but it pours," three specimens of what at first I took to be an ant, till on looking closer I saw the straight line down the back formed by the suture of the wing-covers and the gracefully curving antennæ that mark the Longicorn beetle. It was quite new to me, and my fellow-collector, though several seasons older than I, had nothing like it in his collection. There was nothing specially remarkable about its colour, which was blackish or dark gray, relieved by some transverse pencilled lines of white, and it was only $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch in length, but there was an elegance of form and outline that made it long a favourite in my little collection. This enthusiasm in a grown man doubtless seems absurd to the uninitiated, and I must admit, somewhat ruefully, that I found myself an object of pity rather than envy when I "talked beetles" to a brother of mine who has misspent the last 20 years of his life tiger-hunting in Madras and bagging lions in Rhodesia, in fact, generally making ducks and drakes of all his golden opportunities to collect rare Longicorns from tropical blossoms.