

it was in my second season as a collector that I first had the luck to "strike ile," and it was right on that dogwood bush behind the north fence of our road. I found here several specimens of a *Chrysomela* rather smaller than *scalaris* with greenish-black head and thorax, elytra cream-coloured and finely sculptured and dotted with metallic greenish black; it proved to be *Chrysomela philadelphica*, and a short search among dogwood shrubs yielded me some 50 specimens of the beetle. This was at the end of June, and in July I migrated with all my bug-and-weed paraphernalia to the Rideau Lakes. It wasn't long before I found grazing on basswood leaves, along with walking-stick insects, whole flocks of a small whitish larva, marked with black, somewhat louse-shaped and so strongly resembling the larva of the Potato-beetle that visions of *Chrysomela scalaris* began again to float before my excited imagination and to haunt my dreams. I separated about 15 of the best-grown lambs of the flock and shepherded them home to a domestic fold. But they seemed to scorn captivity and quite obviously pined in their cardboard box. Twice a day I brought them fresh fodder from their native pasture, but they wouldn't browse worth a cent, and I lost one or two with every moult; less than half a dozen reached maturity, and of these two died in pupating. However, three emerged safely and proved the realization of my dream, *Chrysomela scalaris*, all the more lovely in being home-grown. The knowledge that hundreds of these creatures must have matured about basswood trees where I had made my captures drew me out to their feeding grounds again. This time I searched in vain, not a larva could I see on any of the leaves, still less a mature insect, for the full-fed larva in this genus drops to the ground in order to pupate, and though it was the beetle itself that I had found gregarious on the dogwood, there seemed to be no such luck in the case of this species; at the end of two hours I was still empty-handed. It was when I was passing across a stubble-field in the open, from one part of the edge of the wood to another, that I felt something crawling on the back of my neck. Of course, gentlemen, you all know the extraordinary phenomenon of an insect crawling on the back of the neck. No matter how rare it may have been when it first settled, if once you reach with your hand to make a capture it nearly always—well, if you wish for an exact figure, in