

delayed in emerging on account of the backward season, and in a more normal year I should look for them a week or ten days earlier. As I approached the cinquefoil area I espied a female, and almost immediately a second one. I then crossed a fence into the main body of the plant, where I found the butterflies out in the largest numbers I have ever seen them. I should think there were hundreds in a space of less than two acres, perhaps even thousands, for they were everywhere flying about and alighting upon the pretty yellow flowers of the *fruticosa*. A few would occasionally stop on some other flower in the vicinity, but the cinquefoil flowers were evidently the favourites. The butterflies were mostly fresh, and many of them looked as if they were just out of the chrysalids. Males greatly predominated, of which I should think there might have been as many as forty to one female. I watched particularly for signs of mating. Early in the afternoon I saw a female with three male attendants, and later on between half-past three and five I saw seven or eight females each with a male near-by, and in two instances found the male flirting his abdomen over to the female, but in no case did I observe any sexual union.

After four p.m. the butterflies began to take up a position on the leaves of the weeds and shrubs other than the cinquefoil, with their wings outstretched flat, the upper surfaces exposed to the sun's rays, their heads as a rule directed away from the rays. As the sun settled lower, the cinquefoil flowers were less frequented, finally became deserted, and more of the butterflies were observed sunning themselves in the manner noted. Later they gradually disappeared, evidently dropping into the thick mat of vegetation, until when I left about half-past six only one or two could be seen. I located a number of females during the late afternoon by discovering that several males would cluster upon the same main upright plant stem (particularly of a species of birch), when upon closer examination a female would be found among them. The males invariably fly upward into the net when it is placed over them, the females on the contrary give a flop, landing lower down in the plant carpet. Later on I gave up the use of the net almost entirely, for I found that the butterflies were so tame that all that was needed was to place the open end of the poison tube down over them as they were seated on the cinquefoil flowers. On the wing one learns to distinguish the sexes readily by the flight alone. The males fly more quickly, hither and thither, with less directness, while the females are slower and take a straighter path. The purple colour of the male, even at several feet away, lets his sex be known.