



RED-BILLED SEAGULLS

In Mr. C. Lewis's Garden.



JOY IN A GARDEN

Pleasure with Profit.

At the age of 84 Mr. C. Lewis finds much joy with birds in his garden at Collingwood. It is really a case of pleasure with profit, as this letter, received by Captain Sanderson, President of Forest and Bird Protection Society, shows:—

There are so many subjects I would like to mention that it is difficult to decide with which to begin. In the first place I may say that I have been feeding any birds that come to my garden since 1922. The beginning came through one of your Society's bulletins. I love the birds, and know from my own observations that they are indispensable to human welfare. I have only a quarter-acre of ground—a house with a shrubbery (native plants), a flower garden, and a garden.

When I began gardening, the snails derived most of the benefit. The thrushes took on the work of snail destruction satisfactorily; the blackbirds feast on grubs under-ground; green caterpillars, that once took heavy toll of my tomatoes, disappeared under the vigilant eye and busy beak of the sparrow; leaf-rollers, cabbage-fly, and blight are cleaned up by the silver-eyes.

Mr. Sparrow takes light toll of garden stuff. This can be guarded against with a reel of cotton and a light dressing of arsenate of lead. In his tithe I get 90 per cent. of stuff left. Silver-eyes may hollow out a few ripe figs, but they regularly inspect closely every plant and shrub in the garden and rid them of pests.

From my window I can see about three-quarters of an acre of very steep hill grass land. On it in any hour of the day can be seen blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, sparrows, and an occasional kingfisher, all busy, each in his own particular branch of pest-destroying. What would that land be without the birds' work? Just a barren hillside, I am sure of that.