

life have been subdued, but the insect still holds its ground, and ever and anon gains considerable advantages over us. The present production of food is not sufficient for the needs of our race. Millions live in a condition of semi-starvation; hosts actually die of hunger. With the increase of the world's population we must have a corresponding increase in food production. By subduing the insects and keeping them in subjection we can provide food in plenty for every human being. At present a large percentage of the world's food supply is devoured by hungry insects. We cannot stem the assaults of our enemies with poison sprays and other artificial appliances, supplemented by useful carnivorous and parasitic insects. Again I say it, and I challenge contradiction—the birds alone can turn the scale in our favour.

ENCOURAGE BIRDS TO BREED.

With the increase of insects owing to the ever-increasing cultivation of the soil and planting of orchards and plantations, we must see to it that the wild birds increase in proportion. This we can do by ceasing to persecute the birds, with, of course, the few exceptions which sometimes are apt to become a pest to

individual farmers. We can do much more. We ought to have laws with drastic penalties on anyone killing birds or robbing their nests. To encourage birds to breed and stay around our homesteads and on our farms, we should provide them with surface water to drink and bathe in, and we can with advantage put up nesting boxes in trees, on poles, against the walls of outhouses, etc. Any sort of little box will do, with an entrance hole in the side, or tin cans, jam tins, and other little shelters of various kinds and designs to suit the different species of birds.

PROTECT THE BIRDS.

I would ask you, one and all, to register a vow here and now never to kill or persecute a bird unless you possess overwhelming proof that it is doing you more harm than good. Because one or two species happen to be a pest to you don't allow your anger and indignation to find a vent by murdering other birds. Some people hate all hawks, for instance, because now and then one becomes a chicken thief. Kill the thief, certainly, but leave the others alone to carry on their useful work of waging war on rats and mice.

MAN PASSED THIS WAY.

The hills.

Having nursed their charge through anxious days,

Stretched green fingers to the sun
And basked in the midday haze.

Below them lay the plain,

Fed from an ample bosom when it thirsted,
Sheltered from the winds their slopes withstood
And nourished by their fertile mould.

At work, well done, they smiled
And the trees, who gave the work success,
Received that smile unto themselves.

A man

Looked unto the hills and saw
Not the source from which his harvest came,
But hills and trees whose massive boles
Betokened riches for the taking.
Came the axe and desecration.
Followed the rains and in their train
Flood waters swept the valley clear.
Meanwhile the hills, denuded of their life,
Collapsed in a mass of mire, and brought
Ruin where they loved so well.

—Geraldine Baylis.

DEAD RATA.

