

The Canadian Entomologist.

VOL. L.

LONDON, FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 2

POPULAR AND PRACTICAL ENTOMOLOGY.

THE HEART OF A WOOD-PILE.

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The pity of it is that when you make a new find and are inwardly executing a war-dance, leaping and whooping with triumph, so often Nature conspires to produce on all sides of you the very rarity you are pirouetting over, till your prize is cheap to nastiness. I remember so well the first few spikes of the Adder's Tongue Fern that I found; what miles and miles, what months and months of search with never a sign; but as soon as the secret postern-gate had been surprised, Nature seemed in a pet to withdraw every guard and unmask her positions, so that Adder's Tongue fairly bristled about my path from that day on. The same thing happened with the famous Moonwort from the hour that I found one solitary plant on the top of the Grampians near Killin. And I could cap these experiences with a score of others, *faunal* as well as *floral*.

Last year (1916) on June 29th, I discovered on a leaf of wild grape-vine a tiny, light-grey longicorn covered with round black spots. I had never seen it before, though I recognized its kinship with the few other *Lamiinids* I had surprised at rare intervals. For an hour or more I hunted vainly over grape-foliage, and at last to my delight captured a second specimen. I was in Trenton, Ont. a few days later, and spent most of my time searching over vine leaves; a third specimen thus captured threw me into ecstasies, and when finally a fourth suddenly settled on my thumb-knuckle as I approached a grape-vine, I was in the seventh heaven. The next two days from dawn to dusk were passed in feverish search over hundreds of vines, but all to no purpose.

However, an old dog, you may have observed, will be checked or thrown off the scent a hundred times for once that it's absolutely baffled. On July 6th, having returned to Peterborough, I