

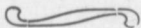
the cabbages are in the field the fight becomes fast and furious, as egg laying continues uninterruptedly throughout the summer and autumn. Fortunately once the cabbage plant has been given a good start in growth and toward maturity it is rarely the development of larval arrests its progress. Hence for the first month in the open field or garden, some effort, where practicable, should be made to combat the fly. For the owners of allotments, kitchen gardens, and small holdings, two methods are of practical use.

Immediately the plants are set out in the ground, tarred felt discs should be applied and kept free of dirt for as long as possible. Care should be taken to have the soil in good tilth so that the discs can be evenly placed on the ground.

Corrosive sublimate of the strength of one part to one thousand two hundred parts of water, applied once a week, to the plants by means of a watering can without a rose, has given good results. This treatment commences after the cabbages have been in the field for four days, and is continued for one month.

But no remedy or control is successful unless applied with intelligence even if the instructions have been rigorously observed.

More than any one thing else that will help to eliminate these little grubs from our food supply is the faculty of observation. Every student who wishes to win "this" war should train and school himself in mental observation in nature.



Moonrise on the Campus

The portals of the clouds so softly part;
Into a dazzling radiance deftly spun,
A thousand waves all silver-tipped start,
And shining ripples all the arch o'errun.

Along the sky is stretched a light so cold,
With all the splendours of the stars upon
Its golden lengths. The sphere of gold
Sails out and up the depths. The dark is gone!

The pines their homage pay in silent calm,
As moves in majesty the night's fair queen;
Adown the skies, as from a rosy palm,
A veil of filmy mist floats all serene.

Airily downwards through the golden night,
It softly sinks upon the pine-tops green;—
Lest fairy wings should open wide for flight,
Our eyelids close and memory grasps the scene.

M. Lillian Morley,
Milverton, Ont.