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DOG DAYS.

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Almanacs heliacal and cosmic notwithstanding, sunworshippers in Canada during the first fortnight of July, 1916, could hardly question the ascendancy of Sirius. The heat was so intense here, in Central Ontario, that tropical thunderstorms burst over the land every few days without ever lowering the mercury longer than a matter of hours. For certain forms of insect activity (we may safely say) it cannot be too hot, and at such times, if your observer is a real enthusiast, he will be more than busy. For my part I was enjoying the rest and leisure of summer holidays by hurrying at red-hot speed—a slow walk sufficed—to a succession of stations at four diverse radial points from the city of Peterborough, six miles east to the Wood of Desire, eight miles south to the neighborhood of Hiawatha, two miles west beyond Jackson's Park, and five miles north between Nassau and Lakefield. At the western station I was burrowing into the heart of a woodpile with results that have already been put on record. I wish here to say something of a trip I took towards Hiawatha.

On July 5th I boarded the early morning train to Keene, my object being to make a general reconnaissance of the country lying between Indian and Otonabee Rivers just north of Rice Lake; a solitary tramp one April, when wild geese were wedging north, had revealed some likely looking woods, and their promise had been confirmed by a motor ride to Hiawatha and a river trip to Jubilee Point. I started out determined not to show any more bias or discrimination than a man who is "sot" in his few peculiar ways can help, and that was why I carried field glasses and a pocket plant-press as well as insect net and collecting bottle.

On leaving Keene station, after a few uncertain questings like a hound at fault, I finally headed west, nose to the ground, and swung south at the second cross-road, in full cry for a compact-looking bush of hardwood and hemlock. Presently I came to where dense cedar aisles flanked the road on both sides. Experience had taught me to look in such places for some of the smaller *Botrychiums* (ferns), and I dived into the depths. As soon as I had had time to collect myself and look about, like some Indian pearl-gatherer, I found myself staring at a large clump of Macrae's Coral-root (*Corallorhiza striata*), still in bloom though 3 weeks later than usual; quite near it were some small plants of *Botrychium simplex*, while further on I found a few fairly large specimens of *Botrychium matricariæ* (*ramosum*). All this on the west side of the road; on the east this rare Coral-root was abundant, especially some feet down a steep bank on the outskirts of the wood I had been making for. It seems to have a decided preference for sheltered roadsides and the edges of woods, especially under evergreens; though one station at least that I know of is under hardwoods. The plant, usually known as Striped Coralroot, is a western species, and in Ontario is reputed quite as rare as, say, the Evening Grosbeak among birds; in the neighborhood of Peterborough, however, it is of fairly general occurrence,