

at the flags for he knew they were the dead line, the danger limit, beyond which he'd better not go. Wonderful, you say. Yes, wonderful beyond comprehension. Pshaw, people don't know unless they studies, how intelligent animals are. At first I couldn't walk among 'em without scaring 'em away, though they'd circle overhead an' come back, but now, anybody can go among 'em on this place; they know there's no danger; they know they're safe.

"Then I began to tag 'em. Put a metal label on their foot with my name an' address on one side so that whoever shot 'em or found 'em could write an' tell me about it. I've had letters from all over the continent, Hudson Bay, Baffin's Island, James Bay an' practically every State in the Union. Last time I tagged 109. Fifty-seven flew back to stay with me again this year — I figger they liked the boarding-house — forty were shot up in Hudson Bay, one at Baffin's Land an' the other eleven are likely out there in the pond today. Ninety-nine per cent. of the geese are what are known as 'Canada Geese'; the others Blue Snows, Brants an' Hitchins. I figger most of 'em will keep on comin' back after Jack has passed away, for th' average goose will live, at least, fifty years.

"As far as ducks are concerned, I tagged 422 an' of these, 163 came back. The ducks come mostly in the fall. While some come in the spring, it's generally at night time; in the day they're driven away by the geese. Labels have come in from many points but mostly from Western Canada, Alberta, Saskatchewan an' Manitoba, an' say, fellas," he continued, opening his broad arms, "one day I was

settin' out on a stump thinkin' when an idea suddenly came to me from the Almighty. The idea told me to stamp on the other side of the metal tag, a verse from the Holy Scriptures an' scatter the Word of God far an' wide. An' I did it, fellas, I did it.

"You know, boys, I like birds but I like boys better. If we only knew how to handle 'em. That's why I got this ball park out here for them to play on. Some times we have dozens of 'em of a Saturday or holiday. I don't go to ball games an' I don't want them to go. I dislike the language of the city games. I figger the umpire knows all about where his ancestors have gone or should go, 'thout the spectators tellin' 'im. Boys and birds brought up right is God's best creatures. Look after the boys, fellas, look after the boys.

"I'm goin' to give up active work on the farm an' the tile an' brick business. I'm goin' to hand it over to my boys; one of 'em's away on his weddin' trip right now. I want to keep 'em at home, independent an' happy. When I was a lad, the other boys use' to come along an' tempt me off the farm. 'What do you want to stay there for, Jack,' they'd say, 'when you can make eight dollars a month workin' for somebody else. Come on with us.' But I'd a good home an' a good mother an' just naturally stayed, an' later on, praise God, I got a good wife. Never a man so good, fellas, but a good girl 'll make him better.

"There isn't money enough in the world to induce me to sell my home. I helped carve it out of the wilderness with my own hands, put patience an' love into the plantin' of each tree an' shrub an' the buildin' of each

shed an' house an' fence an' pond. Boys, I love my home. I'm goin' to set aside a hundred acres for the birds an' give all my time to 'em, an' as for money, well, I figger as the bankers have carried me all my life, when the Almighty thinks it's time to call me Home, I'll ask 'em to be my pall-bearers an' carry me to the end. But I'm goin' to live for a hundred years — or die in the attempt."

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It was a great day that visit to Jack Miner's, and I think we all left there feeling better in mind and body for contact with such a man. We were uplifted, exhilarated—fired with his spirit and enthusiasm. And, so they tell me, it is with all who meet him—they want to see him and talk with him again. Simple, self-sacrificing, religious, honest, straight-forward and sympathetic — practising what he preaches — he is setting an example in that community which is spreading far and wide.

"Make a better mouse-trap than other men and the world will beat a track to your door," applies truly in this case. The track that is being worn to Jack Miner's is getting broad and smooth. His fame is spreading to the four corners of the continent, and invitations to lecture in this and that place are coming from many points. And he's welcoming them and accepting them. If ever he comes to your town or city, don't fail to hear him for if you do, you'll have missed a rare pleasure.

It's a great work you're doing, Jack Miner, a great work. More power to you, more power. May your shadow never grow less.

Sanctuaries

By Peter McArthur, in the "Toronto Globe"

A WOODLOT that is sufficiently protected to serve as a bird sanctuary is a beauty spot where wild flowers and wild fruits will flourish. Moreover it would be growing valuable timber for future generations, and during the war we found our supplies of fuel of great importance. Strikes and industrial wars may make them even more valuable in the future. Even in western Ontario there is much land that would be better if planted to trees than going on as weedy pasture. One might go on to a great length showing why what is left of our woodlots should be preserved, and, where the cattle have been allowed to run in them, why they should be fenced in and replanted with young trees to give them a proper start. But I do not think any better argument can be found for

this reforestation than that it will provide farmers with innumerable helpers in the strenuous business of keeping down insect pests. Every once in a while the entomologists issue a warning that, unless insects are kept in check, food production will rapidly become unprofitable, if not impossible. Some of the most eminent of them do not hesitate to assert that unless the insects are fought methodically and strenuously they will render the earth uninhabitable for human beings. We have already developed all kinds of sprays and poisons as the munitions for this war, but I am inclined to think that the natural method is the best. Start a back-to-the-land movement for our native insectivorous birds by providing the necessary nesting places and hiding places for them, and protecting them from enemies. If it were possible to start the opposite of a sanctuary for house sparrows and cowbirds I wouldn't mind having one blazing in every township, but I hardly see how it could be managed. How would it do to start to work with a slogan: "Bird sanctuaries instead of bug sanctuaries."?