

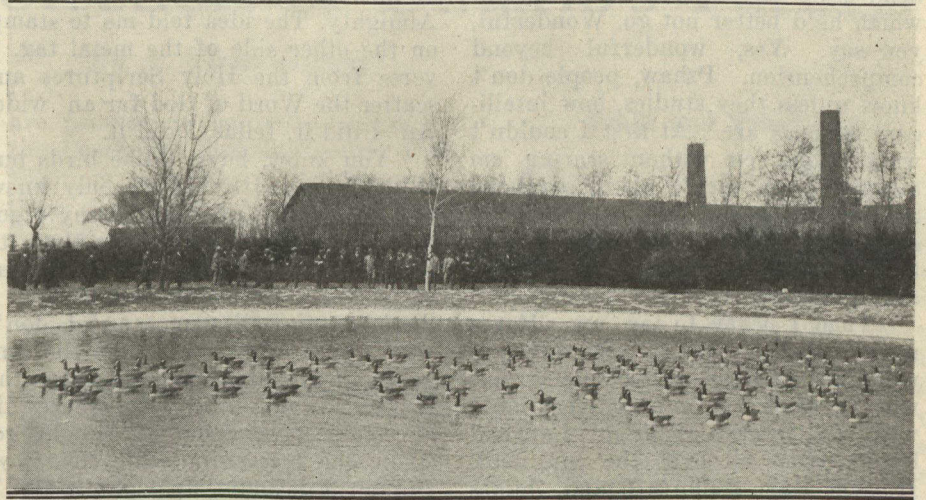
great increase since the Migratory Bird Treaty went into force in 1918—that was a fine thing. When you kill one bird you're depletin' bird life; you're takin' a mate away from some other bird an' wipin' out an unborn family, an' when Canada and the United States got together an' framed up that bird act, they did the very finest kind of thing possible to save wild life. More power to 'em I say, more power to 'em.

"Then my neighbors helped me—eighty-five per cent, of 'em—by petitionin' the government to make my place a bird sanctuary to the extent of two miles on either side, an' the township offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for information which would lead to the arrest of any man who shot a wild goose. Did you ever notice, fellas, that when you begin to work for others an' things go right, you get all kinds of encouragement an' help. You find everybody workin' for you and with you.

"The Ontario Government made me an annual feeding grant of \$400 an' the Dominion a similar grant of \$300. Last year I fed 2,000 bushels of corn on the cob to my friends—an' say, boys, they just fattened an' thrived on it.

"Intelligent, did you ask? Intelligent? Yes, almost human. They know when to come and when to go, when to feed an' when to starve—for starve they do for a day or so before they light out for home. This an' the continued honking tells me when they're ready to move. They line up in families—mostly six to nine—in military squads or platoons, honk awhile, beat the water with their wings to raise themselves, run along the top paddlin' with their feet an' are gone, an' then the next family

On Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary, Kingsville, Ont.



No fear of molestation or sudden death here, semi-tame and approachable, the geese permit themselves to be photographed and visited by a number of Jack Miner's friends.



JACK MINER LOOKS ALOFT
Searching the skies for more feathered guests winging their ways to his far-famed Sanctuary.

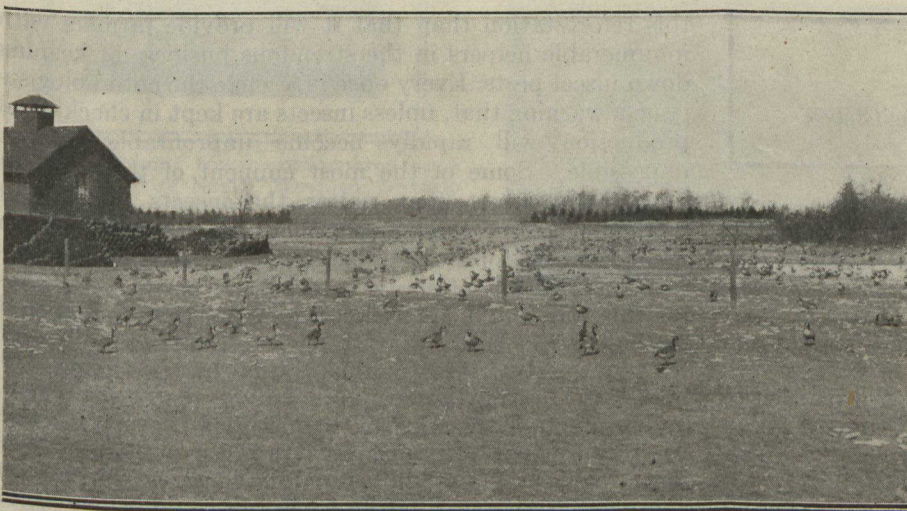
and the next one. Up in the sky they form up in a V with an old gander leadin' 'em an' after circling round for awhile to take their bearin's an' sense the breeze an' sort of say good-bye, away they head for the north, with the leader repeatin' his cheerin' honk. An' he's true to his life-mate. If he's made a widower, he never mates again. Say, fellas, I wish I was as intelligent as those geese. Did you ever see an old mother goose settin' on her eggs with the gander on guard over the nest. He's on duty for twenty-four hours a day an' he'll fight anythin' from a field-mouse to a horse in defense of his own.

"An' that brings up the wonderfulness of nature or the human intelligence of the goose. That old settin' goose I showed you this morning lays her eggs an' hatches 'em, a month earlier than the wild geese. Mind you, she was originally wild but arrived here with a broken wing so that I clipped 'em an' her mate's too. They been here some years now—they had to stay.

"Wild geese breed only in the cold climate of the north an' as this old lady wanted to do her duty, she just naturally shifted her breeding time one month ahead so that her eggs would be hatched out in fairly cool weather. Can you beat that, boys, can you beat it? They come back here regular, not only to the same church but to the same pew.

"After the geese first began to visit here an' before the Government made it a sanctuary, my neighbor on the left use'd to shoot at 'em as they flew over his place. I put up a line of white flags between my farm an' his an' old Mr. Goose sensed right away what they were for. He'd stop short

On Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary, Kingsville, Ont.



The "Old Orchard Beach" of the wild geese and ducks. Here "Nature reigns supreme" and even man is without villainess.