

with all nature. From every pore he radiated goodwill, enthusiasm and strength of character. Could I properly picture him as I saw him and felt him, you would better understand the characterization of him as Nature's Gentleman, Philosopher, Animal-Lover and Modern Evangelist. For that's what he is—that's what he is.

Jack Miner's life story is well worth repeating to the world. If ever a man was in perfect accord with the universe, possessed of absolute happiness in his surroundings and friends; if ever he got and gave the greatest good and happiness out of it, that man is Jack Miner—friend of man and bird and beast.

When he was four years of age, he moved with his father—an Englishman—and mother and nine brothers and sisters, from the old Buck-Eye state into the wooded wilderness some twenty-five miles south of the (then) village of Windsor.

"We carved our home out of the heart of the forests", he picturesquely told us, "Dad built a small hut out of rough-sawn logs. When I lay in bed of nights, I could see the stars an' the moon peepin' in at me through the chinks an' feel the rain on my face in wet weather. They were twelve inch planks an' every year for thirteen years, they shrunk an inch. Bit by bit, we wrested a livin' from th' soil an' outgrew poverty. Mother'd brought some shrubs an' bushes and soon the roses bloomed, an' look, boys, look what we got now."

I picture now, as I did at the moment, the broad, cultivated acres, the well-kept buildings, fences and out-houses, the miniature protection forests and hedges, the smooth, open lawns, the attractive gardens and shimmering artificial ponds. I see the hundreds of wild geese lazily swimming on the surface or, tail up, digging the muddy bottoms in search of delectable feed; I repeated to myself, "see what we got now, boys, see what we got now."

"As a bare-footed boy," he continued, "I hunted an' trapped an' shot, as my father did before me, roamin' the country round for miles till I knew every tree, every ditch an' pond, every trail, every stream.

"Schoolin'! We didn't have none—we didn't bother about it; till I was nearly thirty-three, I couldn't read nor write. But I learned Nature's secrets, the ways an' habits of the wild things in the forest an' the open—to talk with the rabbits an' the squirrels an' the foxes an' the wild ducks an' the robins, and I figger,

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



The domesticated gander standing sentinel over the "setting" goose. The gander is on duty twenty-four hours a day and in defence of his "Missus" will fight anything from his own kind to an elephant. In this particular case he is keeping Jack Miner himself at bay.

fellas, Nature's school ain't so bad after all.

"About that time, the wild geese, in small numbers, began to come to us. Dad had discovered in the course of his farmin' operations, that the clay made tiles; the tiles in heaps made holes in the ground an' the holes filled with water an' made pools. Then the geese, wingin' their way northwards, rested on the pools an' right then and there we formed an acquaintance which has ripened into mutual confidence an' understanding. The Almighty brought about that partnership in his own good way an' time. 'Genius', people says to me; 't was genius done it.' Nothin' of the kind. I got no genius; I got nothin' to boast of. Back of Jack Miner's been the powerful hand of the Unseen—that's what done it.

"I was out one mornin' early to shoot the geese an' lay for hours under an old blanket to get a shot. About daylight, along come two laborers to dig a ditch. I knew the geese were there for I heard 'em honk, but they took no notice of these men. I figger they knew they were attendin' to their own business an' wouldn't harm 'em nohow.

"I got my lesson then an' I've been studying it ever since. I made up my mind I'd shoot no more; that I'd be friends with 'em, welcome 'em an' help 'em on their way.

"So our fish pond grew. I dug it

out of the garden beside the house; I put drains down six feet to bring the water in from nearby springs; it would flow in warm and fresh an' the birds seemed to like it. Then I strewed corn all about the pond and on the shallow bottoms, I put cobs. I started in 1904 with seven geese an' next spring they come back with eleven. Each year they come in increasing numbers. Possibly there's three thousand out there now. I figger them birds is almost human—went back and told their friends about old Jack's duck pond an' that it was a safe and sure an' agreeable place to spend Easter in. P'raps they read an' told 'em of my Stay Back signs. That's why I put more of 'em over my land—and he pointed to one of many such notices scattered over the property. I jotted down the wording. It says:

STAY BACK

This is Private Property and These Geese are WILD. You have no Right to Scare them all Away so the Other Fellow can't see them.

Your friend,

JACK MINER.

"God gave man dominion over all the earth," he went on, "over everything that swims in the sea, walks on the land and flies in the air, an' if all men were kind to all animals, there'd be fewer wild ones. I notice the