

forest is possible as the slips uncover the rock and nothing can now take root.

This is so called land settlement and is in a line with what has occurred all over the Dominion. What a commentary on our intelligence! The old Maori knew better.

Yet in the north there are thousands of acres of mangrove flats that could have been brought into production without endangering our adjacent land and it is pleasing to see that at last the value of this class of land is being recognised and some splendid examples are to be seen of such reclaimed land on the eastern shores of the Kaipara Harbour.

If the Government were to have a survey made of all this class of land in the north, and get to work and reclaim it, and see to it that not another tree is cut down in the forest reserves, it would be conferring an everlasting benefit on the Dominion.

JACK MINER'S WATERFOWL COME HOME WANTED MORE JACK MINERS IN NEW ZEALAND

WITHIN a few short miles of Detroit and Windsor on the old Miner homestead of Kingsville, Ontario, this self-taught naturalist, in some magical way, has established and developed a bird sanctuary that is world-famous. A Mecca for birds of all kinds, it holds a special fascination for ducks and geese. Thousands and thousands of them return to it in the spring and fall of each year as they complete their annual pilgrimage from south to north and back south again, and, during their brief stay, consume all the corn the Miner acres have been able to produce for them. Possibly, these Jack Miner birds are responsible for the expression "A Little Bird Told Me." In any case, whether they have spread the word or not, the fame of his Kingsville sanctuary has spread in some miraculous way and many sanctuaries in Europe have been patterned after it.

His objects are twofold: First, by means of tagging ducks and geese, as he has been doing since 1904, to collect scientific data regarding their habits, etc., which he turns over to the Government and to the various universities. His second object has a more universal appeal: it is to promote a love for and understanding of wild life amongst adults and children, and to help conserve it for the enjoyment of generations to come. His books, his lectures and his radio work have already accomplished much, but much remains to be done, and one of his

The whole matter of soil conservation about which we hear so much, is bound up in fire prevention, reafforestation, and forest conservation.

Those Dismal Pines.

By re-afforestation one does not mean the planting of thousands of acres of pines. These are useful in their place, but a thorough study needs to be made of local condition where re-afforestation is carried out, so that areas of berry and fruit-producing trees can be planted. The lack of these means no birds, and no birds mean increase of insect pests. Even in the planted areas which I noticed, the scarcity of birds is very noticeable. It would pay those in charge to set to work and provide an insurance against the inevitable insect by providing for our feathered friends who will repay a hundred-fold any such provision.

most pressing problems is to perpetuate the work he has started.

Jack Miner is a poor man. He has already passed his allotted "three score years and ten." He has no money of his own with which his plans can be carried through. To solve this problem, he has had the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation incorporated in the State of Michigan and the Province of Ontario. He is giving his home and his sanctuary of thirty acres to the Foundation. Gifts are being solicited, and all moneys received will be held in trust, the interest to be used to maintain the bird sanctuary and to carry on his work.

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for anyone who will take it up?—and I believe there's a chance for me to do it."

But fate ruled otherwise. The Edward Adrian Wilson who in 1904 hoped to become New Zealand's nature artist, to save something from the wreck of our wild life, perished himself, at the age of forty in March, 1912, returning over the icefields from the South Pole. The bodies of Scott, Wilson and Bowers—three of the Polar party of five—were discovered together in November, 1912. Wilson's name lives in Antarctic records, and his artistry lives in many pictures of Antarctic and English birds and wild life, some in colour. But the niche he hoped to fill in New Zealand remained (and remains) tenantless.