

of water to the west. The Spirit Guide was reputed to come in a ghostly white canoe on the night of the full moon, down that water from the Land of the Setting Sun. The Guide paddled down the rivers to the hills where the chiefs were sleeping, gathering the souls of the noble leaders and taking them on beyond the Sunset.

This was our Tamarack Swamp, known to only a few fishermen. It was spoiled for a while, as the farmer attempted to drain off the marsh and make it a pasture for cattle. The wasteland resisted his efforts, and did not drain dry. After he'd lost a couple head of cattle in the treacherous bogland where they tried to graze, the farmer reconsidered his plans and left the Swamp in its original wild state. He cuts a tamarack post or two in the wintertime when it is safe to penetrate the frozen depths of the tangles, but the rest of the year the Swamp is a wilderness where birds and animals and flowers thrive untouched. And at the end of the high hill, the Indian grave can still be seen. You may go there on a moonlit night and stare westward along the shimmering river, watching for the ghostly white canoe that never comes.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

"WILD WINTER"

Those who have read Kerry Wood's "The Sanctuary," will be pleased to know that his newest book, "Wild Winter," is just off the press. Like his other writings, this book reflects Mr. Wood's keen love of nature and his intimate knowledge of forest lore and of the plants and animals which abound near his home at Red Deer, Alberta.

This is a book which will be eagerly read by teen age boys who revel in adventure and in the hidden mysteries of nature which are revealed only to those who live with nature.

It is the story of a struggle, hardships and triumphs of a boy, who with scarcely any provisions, lives alone in the forest during the long cold winter, existing only on the meagre food that can be found about him.

The publishers are Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston 7. There is no doubt but that the book may be obtained by any of our larger book stores. The price is \$2.25.

Help Wanted

Mrs. Harold Bray, McLean, Sask.

When we pause to consider the concern we, as nature lovers, have for our feathered friends, especially during unseasonable storms, what appreciation do we get from the general public and farming folk (there are exceptions of course) in view of the fact that these very birds we have been feeding are very beneficial in checking the myriads of insects which could destroy much of their crop, particularly green aphids on oats, which are much relished by numerous small birds, such as Yellow Warblers, Chickadees, etc. Also as important are those birds who flock over our fields in spring and fall in search of weed seeds. Then there are those much despised birds, the crows, doing away with many grasshoppers during a plague year, and lastly, the hawks and owls who destroy many mice from our grain fields.

The farmer who does away with every vestige of tree and bush along his fence has no appreciation of the beneficial friends who might nest there. I hope that all will show their appreciation by protecting their nesting places, particularly old hollow trees for the woodpeckers and all birds who use such places. These trees should be left standing unless they are in such rotten condition that the wind could topple them.

JOHN BURROUGHS

PRECIOUS RESOURCES OF LIFE

"If I were to name the three most precious resources of life, I would say books, friends and nature; and the greatest of these is nature.

The born naturalist is one of the most lucky men in the world. Winter or summer, rain or shine, at home or abroad, walking or riding, his pleasures are always near at hand. The great book of nature is open before him and he has only to turn its leaves."