

a floral formula for it as follows $P3+3, A3+3, C(3)^*$ The flowers are open in form with an upward slightly spreading perianth, red or orange in color with purplish dots in the center. These flowers are quite large and very showy.

The Liliaceae embraces several genera of which I will mention a few: *Allium textile* Nels. and Macbr.—Prairie Onion; *Disporum trachycarpum* S. Wats.—Fairy Bells; *Maianthemum canadense* Desf. var. *interius* Fern.—Two leaved Solomon's Seal; *Smilacina stellata* (L.) Desf.—Star-flowered Solomon's Seal; *Trillium cernuum* (L.)—Nodding Wake-robin; *Zygadenus elegans* Pursh—Smooth Camas. Most of these plants have the same botanical features as the Lily. There are a few exceptions, however, such as the genus *Disporum* where the fruit is a berry, and the leaves are broad and oval, or the genus *Maianthemum* with its flowers borne in a raceme.

The word lily is often loosely used in connection with plants which do

not belong to the genus *Lilium* nor even in the family Liliaceae. Thus the "Yellow Pond-lily" is *Nuphar variegatum* Engelm. (Nymphaeaceae); and the "Sand Lily" is *Mentzelia decapetala* (Pursh) Urban and Gilg. (Loasaceae).

Lilies favour a slightly moist soil, preferably with some sand in it, and so they are found in open woodlands across the province. Owing to the advance of settlement and ruthless picking lilies are rapidly disappearing, especially the Western Red Lily, which was chosen as Saskatchewan's floral emblem because many naturalists consider it one of our most beautiful wild flowers. Let us pledge ourselves, as citizens of a province abundant in wild flora and fauna, to preserve our wild lilies.

* It will be remembered from the previous article on the Crocus Anemone that symbols in the formula have the following significance: P (petals), A (stamens), C (carpels), and that - under a letter indicates that it is superior.

Nature's Schoolhouse

In each issue we offer a prize for the best original story on some nature observation. The story should contain less than 500 words. Place your name, age, address, grade and school on your story and send to The Editor of the Blue Jay, 2335 Athol Street, Regina. The winner has a choice of a *Peterson's Field Guide* (birds, or mammals or butterflies) OR a *Wherry's Flower Guide*. Entries for the next issue must be in by July 15, 1956.

This month the prize goes to Dale Brennan, Leross, Sask., for his story on "A Sharp-Tailed Grouse Dancing

Ground." He is 8 and in Grade 3.

Anne Matthews' story "A Day with the Deer" contains more than 500 words, so she is not eligible for a prize this time. (She has been a prizewinner before). We are printing her story because it is interesting and timely, and we know you'll enjoy it.

We would like students to write stories for their own section Nature's Schoolhouse but you will be interested in other parts of the **Blue Jay** too. We would like to hear from you; short items not suitable for your page might be included in Letters to the Editor.

A Day with the Deer

By ANNE MATTHEWS, Nipawin, Sask. — Age 16, Grade 10

This winter has been a most unforgettable one for me. The deer feeding program carried out by the Nipawin Branch of the Fish and Game League, the Department of Natural Resources, and the local sportsmen and farmers has enabled us to see sights that probably will never be seen again.

One of the most enjoyable trips I had this winter was on the eleventh

of March. We left town about eight o'clock. The morning was cool and clear. It was ideal picture-taking weather and pictures were what we were after.

Our destination was Azevedo's mill, seventy miles north-east of Nipawin. Driving up No. 35 highway, we continued on up the Flin Flon highway. As we drove, we noticed a great many lynx tracks in the snow. Near

the end of the highway we suddenly saw a moose in a gully beside the road. Cameras came out, but we were too late. The animal quickly disappeared from sight.

At the end of the highway we took to the bush. We were now on a narrow road, no room for passing. There were only a few turn-outs for meeting lumber trucks. Passing the first mill, we came upon a number of feeding stations with several deer at each. They were not the least bit afraid of the car, and only walked a short distance into the bush.

A few miles farther along we came out into a large opening with a few jackpines scattered about. From here we could see the Saskatchewan River, and downstream, the road across it. At the top of the river hill was a sign that read, "Stop, look, listen. One way traffic. Cross at your own risk." We stopped, shut off the car engine, but could hear no motor on the other side. The crossing was made safely and we got up the hill without having to back down.

In a slight clearing we sighted two moose standing in snow half-way up their bodies. We managed to get some pictures of them struggling through the deep snow.

Seven miles from the river cross-



—Photo by Anne

ing we came upon the Pas Lumber Company Warehouse. It is now deserted, but years ago this site was a small village. We saw deer quite often now. It was almost unbelievable that we had seen so many deer. As we neared Azevedo's Mill the feeding stations got closer together and there were up to a dozen deer at each.

When we got to the camp we found that Roy Lanz, president of our Fish and Game League branch, was already there. Roy was the organizer of the Nipawin feeding program.

We drove out on one of the skid roads to have dinner. Sitting quietly in the car, we saw deer everywhere. They were timid at first but soon overcame their fears and came closer. It was amusing to see how they kicked and pushed each other. We took several good coloured slides of these deer.

Don't think that these deer were not alert. At each click of the shutter, they would stop eating and stare straight at us. One buck, in particular, "Longneck" we named him, was continually watching us. Standing perfectly still, he would raise one front foot and stamp it hard on the ground. This was supposed to frighten us away. "Longneck" was always the first to raise his white flag and bound away and one of the last to return to the feed.

All too soon it was time to leave for home. The trip home was about the same. Deer were standing on the road at almost every turn. We saw no moose on the return trip but a lynx crossed the road ahead of the car. Because of his huge feet he trotted easily on top of the snow, sinking only a few inches. If only the deer had feet like those this winter! Back in settlement we saw a very dejected-looking Horned Lark huddled in the snow. This was our first migration record this spring. Reaching home was the end of a perfect and most memorable day.

A Sharp-Tailed Grouse Dancing Ground

By DALE BRENNAN, R.R. 1, Leross, Sask. — Age 8, Grade 3

Every morning when I go to school I see a place where Grouse dance. I can never get close enough to see all of them. When they dance they run up to each other and nod their heads and stamp their feet. They drag their

wings on the ground and stick their tails in the air and run along. They sound like a machine gun. Every day they had a guard and when he sees me he always gives a warning and they fly away. There are 9 altogether.