

through Fort Garry, ascended the Red River and journeyed to the East Coast via St. Paul and Chicago. He seized every opportunity to collect plants between Edmonton and St. Paul on his outward journey.

As a result of his botanical labors in 1857, 58 and 59, Mons Bourgeau sent a total of 819 species of plants to Sir William Hooker. Most of these species were represented by at least twelve specimens. In addition he collected many specimens of seeds, birds' eggs, molluscs and insects. Unfortunately space does not permit us to mention any details of his extensive collection of plants. However such names as *Arabis bourgovii* Rybd., *Homalobus bourgovii* (Gray) Rybd., *Lepidum bourgeauanum* Thellung and *Artemisia bourgeauana* Rybd., bear witness to the importance of his contributions to the early studies of our flora. *Oxytropis glabrata* (Hook) A. Nels. may well be one of the new species sent to Sir William Hooker among the collection of plants gathered by Mons Bourgeau.

We can get a glimpse of the character of the man from the following tribute from his leader, Captain Palliser, in 1858: "M. Bourgeau, who has made a magnificent collection of Alpine plants during his tour in the mountains, will return to London, via Pembina and St. Paul's, in order to fulfil his botanical engagements for 1860. I have to express my thanks to him for his most unceasing exertions, not only in his botanical labours, but for his zeal and care as manager of the provisions and stores of the Expedition, and his anxiety to assist me in every possible way."

## TRAGEDY!

By J. H. Grant, Harlan, Sask.

The month was May; the year was 1910, and the day was hot and dry. I was busy building a sod shack on my homestead which sat in the centre of a great rolling plain, and was designated by the numbers N.E. ¼; 19, 17, 19, West of the 3rd.

As the oxen and I moved slowly back and forth with sods or empty boat, I noticed several pairs of



The mansion I was building when I witnessed the lark tragedy.

Horned Larks. They were flying about the newly ploughed furrows, apparently gathering food for their hungry broods. These young were almost fully feathered. They had left the nest and were scattered here and there through the grass.

Presently one pair of birds began to behave in a peculiar manner. They would swoop to the ground, then, without alighting soar up and swoop again; all the time uttering strange cries. They were some distance from my trail but suddenly they were right about my head and shoulders fluttering and chirping — then away again to dive at the ground, as before. They repeated this performance several times.

I stopped the oxen and went to investigate. There on the spot at which the birds were diving, stretched a three-foot Garter Snake with a young lark in its mouth. Only the outstretched wings of the bird kept it from being summarily swallowed. The poor little creature was faintly peeping and struggling feebly.

One swish of my ox whip's bale-wire lash and the reptile's head was severed as neatly as Saladin's sash. The fledgling slipped from the open jaws, gave one tiny chirp and lay still.

The parent birds which had been hovering overhead came down. They seemed no whit afraid of me or the writhing body of the snake. They walked around the little one, eyeing it closely, then, as though coming to the conclusion that nothing more could be done for it, they rose together and flew off to resume their duties as providers for their remaining young.