

tion but for the perpetuation of its kind, and thereby refutes the contention that it is a "wolf plant in sheep's clothing."

In the regions where the pitcher-plant thrives you will also come upon the little sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) whose flower opens only in the sunshine and whose ray-like leaves give off drops of a clear, sticky fluid which glitter like dewdrops. The entire plant is reddish in color, and only a few inches tall.

The pitcher-plant and the sundew, although very unlike each other in appearance, have one characteristic in common, and that is the ability to catch insects. Any little insect that comes in contact with the sticky dewdrops of the sundew is promptly clutched by the ray-like leaves. Another flower which has the power to ensnare insects is the butterwort (*Pinguicula caudata*.) This violet colored flower has soft, fleshy, broad leaves of a yellowish-green, quite greasy to the touch. Small insects alighting on them stick to the leaves as they would to flypaper. It grows on the North Shore of Lake Superior, in crevices in the rock just below Father Baraga's granite cross erected near the mouth of the Cross River, and in a few other sheltered rocky spots protected from buffeting winds and eager hands alike.

#### Executive Meeting (from Page 6)

Alberta and Manitoba, and maybe even for local societies in Saskatchewan.

The question of enlarging our membership and strengthening our organization was still left open for further discussion. Should we join with Natural History Societies in Manitoba and Alberta? This would mean that the Blue Jay would then be published by the Natural History Societies of the Prairie Provinces. One member from British Columbia has asked: "Why not include British Columbia too?" This question will require much study, so please send in your ideas.

The first executive meeting also discussed the desirability of having membership cards. Do you want membership cards, or are you willing to continue to use the Blue Jay as the symbol of your membership in the society?

## Dirt Hills in Winter

Dorothy Durr, Bromhead, Sask.

Along the line of snowy hills  
The frozen prairie lies,  
And all along the silver plain  
The wind, a spectre, sighs.

Small paths upon the virgin white  
Are tracks where rabbits run.  
They sit in frozen form all day,  
But moonlight nights are fun.

A trodden yard beside a slough,  
A pilfered stack of hay  
Show where White-tailed Deer have  
been  
By night, and too, by day.

Once when land settlement was new,  
These hills were filled with life  
Homesteaders all a new life sought  
Whose hearts with hope were rife.

These hills are left to nature now,  
A hunter's paradise  
Across whose silent, frosty cold,  
The wind, a spectre sighs.

## Friendly Birds

By Vernier Rondeau, D.D.S., Rouleau

Last summer, we became intimately acquainted with a pair of Arkansas Kingbirds. In the thirty-five years that I have resided at Rouleau I never had birds to nest so close to our door. It was very interesting to see the pair raising their family of four. I used to imitate the plaintive notes of the father bird and he could not figure out where that other bird was. Those birds certainly destroyed a lot of moths.

Some time ago I decided to send one of my bird houses to Queen Elizabeth's children. It is a Wren house and I hope that it will be hung and that wrens will occupy it.

These last few years I have sent to the Department of Resources and Development at Ottawa for copies of "Bird Houses and their Occupants" and "Attracting Birds with Food and Water". These I have passed on to my young patients, to Normalites, etc. I have also made bird houses which I donated to school, to encourage children and others to build bird houses and to attract birds.