

are still in evidence, but today they stand high and dry and where once were ponds and rivulets are now fields of grain.

Besides the beaver and the otter, which provided the chief article of trade, the region teemed with game of all kinds. Harmon speaks of huge flocks of water fowl appearing in the spring and deer and moose being common all year round. The staple article of food, as elsewhere, was provided by the buffalo, whose herds every winter moved into this beautiful country of sheltered coulees and lush native vegetation to escape from the blizzards of the southern prairies.

Today, one hundred and fifty years later, the beaver and the buffalo are no more and all that is left of the traders' posts are cellar holes and a few chimney stones. Already whole new generations have grown up, who are entirely unaware of historic ruins lying practically in their back yards.

A suggestion has been made that the Highway Department or some other government agency erect suitable signs which would give some information on the historic sites nearby. Both of our sister provinces follow the practise of setting up name plates at all important river crossings. This idea could be adapted to include not only the name of the river but also something of its historic significance.

One of the pleasures incidental to motoring through a strange countryside is derived from having readily accessible information on points of interest along the way. This type of publicity would not only facilitate tourist traffic, but what is more im-

portant, would be a tangible evidence of enlightened pride the people of Saskatchewan take in their rich historic past.

Where location is favorable, the territory in the vicinity of a site could be developed into a small park which would also be sort of a miniature wildlife sanctuary. Surely a small monument or an artistically done but inexpensive sign, set in attractive natural surroundings, would be but a modest tribute to the courage and resourcefulness of men who blazed a trail through the wilderness, a full century before the first settler turned a furrow.

DANCING GROUND

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be one or two minutes they would begin a game of tag or make a running charge with lowered heads to take up positions similar to those of fighting roosters.

From a crouching position one pair was seen to exchange pecks at each other's heads. One of these birds soon wandered away and a few minutes later the bird who had been sitting quite still watching the car decided to join the party. He right wheeled, lowered his head and charged across the 100 feet on the run to the lone bird. We could almost imagine his yelling "look out here I come." But he pulled up two or three feet short of his opponent, crouched and began an out-glaring competition which was still in progress as we drove away.

We watched the performers for half an hour during which time eight of the eleven birds seen took part in the display.

THE VANDALISM OF MAN

IN the scheme of natural things, each species fits into the pattern of balance. Never departing from their general habits, the wild children of the world synchronize into a perfect machine of succeeding useful things. Man is the only thing that will permanently throw the scheme out of gear, causing chaos and often great loss.

All the organizations for the conservation of wildlife are spending millions of dollars trying to patch up the vandalism of man. It's an endless and, perhaps, will be ultimately a hopeless task.

It will then be viewed by the citizens of the world as a drab planet without the beauty and interest of things that live in the wild. Insecticides and poison will be the only protection against the ever increasing horde of insects that will ever threaten the very existence of man." —National Wildlife and Conservation Digest.