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him to use the treadle, there being no power. The typesetting was much easier, but, being a little handicapped by the loss of one limb, I had to sit down all the time. The paper was published after a hard and strenuous time, but we have been very thankful since that we published the Souvenir.

As the voyage wore on, a crowd sitting around the deck attracted my attention. At last I grew curious, and drew nearer. One man was calling out a lot of fancy names, which I afterwards learned represented numbers. "Click-erty-click" (66), "Top of the house" (90), "Legs" (11), "Kelley's eye" (1), and thus he went on. It was all a puzzle to me, so I asked a boy standing by what it all meant, and he told me that they were playing a game called "House." Any military man will explain to the reader the ins and outs of this very exciting pastime.

"Land on the starboard bow!" The magic words rang out, and the patients rushed to the side to get their first glimpse of "Canada's fair domain." The excitement grew more intense the nearer we got to the land. Coming into Halifax Harbor, we could see the remains of the hospital ship that went on the rocks during the spring of 1918.

We landed safely, and our memorable trip was over, but the greatest blow of all was yet to come. One morning, at the end of June, the papers published particulars of one of the greatest crimes in history. The Huns had other hospital ship. The "Llandovery Castle" had been torpedoed off the Irish Coast, all of the Sisters perishing and most of the staff and crew.

The people of the Old Land are clamoring for justice. What the end will be is yet to be known. The staff and the crew of that boat did their duty, and now rest in the deep with the "Silent Navy" watching over their last trysting place.

What shall we do with the murderers?