

and had a meal of bread and bully beef with the odour of CAT for relish. The next night it was the same, and for several nights hand-running.

Finally one night there was no kitten. Snuffy was not very much impressed by the absence, although, having grown used to the kitten's presence when he dined, he missed it.

It was a wonderful night out when Snuffy emerged from the gun pit and started towards his home behind the cook-house. The air was frosty and there was just that trace of haze so characteristic of the Belgian winter. Overhead a full moon shone down through the mist which diffused and softened even its pale rays until they seemed to melt into the sleeping earth. One thousand yards away were the first line trenches, but right there in the very lap of the war zone was a scene of ideal peace.

Following the foot path to the cook-house Snuffy almost ran into the kitten as he rounded a turn. At almost the same moment a dark object projected itself from the side of the path and seized the kitten, which rolled over with a frightened little squeal.

Judged purely with reference to primitive racial instincts, Snuffy's immediate action is unaccountable. There are two things, however, which possibly influenced his actions. He had rather begun to look upon the kitten as a part of his midnight meal and perhaps in some way responsible for it. Besides, and this is probably the most potent influence, the dark object which had projected itself upon the kitten was no other than the member of his own species, who on a former occasion, of unhappy memory, had chewed off Snuffy's ear.

In an instant he was on his enemy, who was forced to relinquish his hold on the kitten and fight for his life. Over and over, round and round, with tooth and claw, and all the venom and energy of their rodent nature they fought a fight to a finish.

Snuffy was losing. There was no doubt of that. He was older and youth will be served.

As the battle progressed the combatants worked off the path towards a shell hole a few feet away. Blind with fury the rats were on the edge of the hole, actually on the point of rolling in, when, sud-

denly, a shot rang out on the frosty air. Snuffy felt his adversary convulsed, and found himself rolling unhurt, into the shell hole.

There was a sound of running feet on the frozen ground. There were some empty cartridge cases, for eighteen pounders, in the shell hole and Snuffy crawled into one of them.

The Gunner, who had fired the shot, approached the shell hole and investigated the dead rat with his foot, and turned away.

"Who's on guard?" shouted the Orderly Officer, emerging from the telephone in pit, alarmed by the shot.

"Kelly, Sir."

"Who fired, Kelly?"

"I did, Sir."

"What were you shooting at?"

"Rats, Sir."

The officer returned to the telephone in pit. Snuffy crawled out of the cartridge case, and, mangled and bleeding, with his other ear gone, made his way to his little home behind the cook-house.

Shipyard Days in Old Quebec

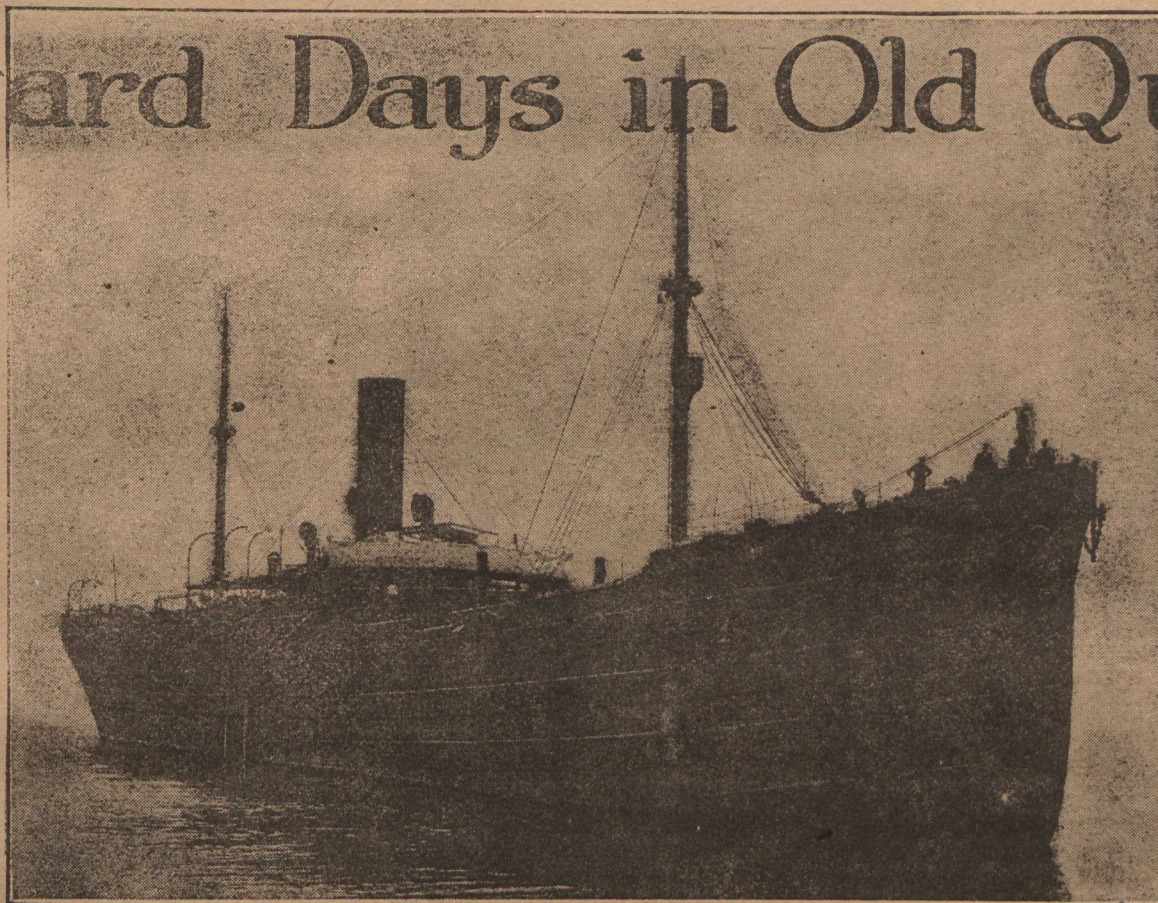
BY

GEORGE GALE

It will, no doubt, be an agreeable surprise to many Quebecers to know that the shipbuilding industry has once more been revived at the Island of Orleans after a lapse of many years, and that two wooden vessels are presently under construction there, side by side. A small party of patriotic business men, all but one of them strangers to Quebec, determined to try the experiment of building ships in this locality and thus, in a small measure at least, perform their "bit" in responding to the appeal of the Premier of Great Britain for ships and still more ships, besides bringing Quebec into line with the other old shipbuilding centres of the Dominion, where thousands are employed in rush ship work to-day.

The gentlemen in question, who deserve to be congratulated for their spirit of enterprise in organizing the Quebec Shipbuilding and Repair Co., are Messrs. James Playfair, of Midland, Ont.; J. A. (Major) Gillis, of Braeside, Ont.; R. A. Carter and G. A. Wood, of Montreal, and M. P. Connolly, of Quebec. They have leased for a term of years a portion of the spacious property known as the "Maritime Shipyard," situated at a convenient distance of the ferry landing at St. Laurent, where there is a fully equipped modern shipyard and repair plant. Mr. D. McLaughlin, a veteran though still active shipbuilder from St. John, N.B., who constructed many a wooden flyer in the olden days in the yards of the Maritime Provinces, is in charge of the work, and has, as assistants, several trained men from his own province. The bulk of the labour, however, is being performed by the inhabitants of the Island.

In all there are fully one hundred men employed at the Maritime Yard with the prospect of many more in the near future. The vessels under construction are to be schooner rigged, of the two-deck type, with four masts and auxiliary power, and to have a dead weight capacity of 2,100 tons. Their length over all will be 223 feet, beam 42 feet, and depth of hold 20 feet. They are being built in accordance with the requirements of Lloyd's register of shipping and will be classed A1 for fifteen years.



Ten years ago the Kosmos Liner Sesostri went ashore at Ocos, Guatemala. Since the shipbuilding revival the B. C. Salvage Co., of Victoria has resurrected this useful hulk. She is here seen coming into Victoria harbour ready once more for Canada's carrying business.

WHAT Canada can do, is now beginning to do as never before in modern times, to build ships for Canada, is hereby illustrated by what this country used to do in the good old days of shipyards in Old Quebec. The writer tells the story in a simple off-hand style, in a way to interest any man, boy or woman. A country with such a splendid shipbuilding story in the past, can't possibly be found wanting in shipyards for the future.

The wood being used in the construction of the vessels is all Canadian, and includes oak, rock elm, birch, black spruce and Douglas fir, the latter for the masts.

Who would have thought that the shipbuilding industry, so long in obscurity as to be almost forgotten, especially by the younger generation, would be revived, after the lapse of so many years, and wooden vessels have a new lease of life? As a consequence, many ancient and abandoned shipyards from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where the whirr of the saw, the blow of the maul, and the ring of the mallet from the busy workers, once familiar sounds,

converted into coal hulks and barges, have been overhauled, re-rigged with tall spars and sent to sea once more.

THE majority of the ships are sailing under the schooner rig with three or more masts. The ordinary seafaring men cannot understand this, as they still love the square rigged craft, but the older Jack Tars, who can remember the days before the Geordie brig rig vanished from the sea, consider this is the best suited for small vessels. The brig, they say, was the handiest and most satisfactory of all sailing craft. Although not so speedy, they were found to be able to ride the waves satisfactorily and are much cheaper to handle as to crew, and in many other ways, than the full rigged ship, with its immense spread of canvas of royals, skysails, studding sails and stay sails. Quebecers have always been very much interested in the wooden ship industry, which, at one time, directly and indirectly, gave the majority of our population the means of a livelihood.

Almost from the dawn of the past century, for a period of over sixty years at least, when the depression was first noticed, building ships was the most important industry in Quebec, providing employment for thousands of persons and at a season when work was most required, during the fall and winter months. Not only the ordinary carpenters,