

to the basins. When the tide begins to ebb the gates are closed, and so the vessels within float at sea level. Each dock exists for a specific object. In one place are berthed vessels that are in need of repairs. Further on is the Herculeum Dock, which was blasted out of the rock, and is used for the storage of paraffine. At Prince's Dock, liners are tethered for it is the "Landing Stage" at which ocean steamers arrive and depart. There is a dock for the life-boat service and one for the police; in others cargo boats are laden or landing. These docks are flanked by imposing warehouses, some of which cost as much as a million dollars. Into their capacious rooms, stevedores were carrying grain, tobacco, cotton and other merchandise.

The resinous odour of the squared pines that lay in huge straw-colored heaps in the Canada Dock, the largest of all the docks, was a sudden and subtle elixir. Just now the newspapers are complaining of a pest of ruthless mosquitoes, and claim that these tiny annoyers with their tremendous thirst, had a free passage to England in this very Canadian timber. My brain was bewildered by the maze of shipping that made a continuous scratch etching nine miles in length, against an ashen sky. I was glad to shut my eyes on the return trip and listen to the conversation of my neighbors in the coach.

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My varied peregrinations led me to St. James' Cemetery, which is a pocket sunk a great depth into the rock. It was at one time a stone-quarry and there are tiers of graves reaching up many feet in the rock. On the grave were wreaths of black beads, or of plaster-of-paris under glass cases—atrocities of taste intended to be highly decorative. On many of the slabs the inscriptions were indecipherable; on others the unprofessional muse and the "monumental liar" have been at work. Untroubled by the trammels of rhyme and metre, the epitaphs