

cellar. When I again came round the corner I could see out of my eyes through tiny slits, but I did not move. In the first place I couldn't because of my bruises, and, secondly, I did not want to.

Inside the cellar was delightfully damp, dark and cool. Outside the bees buzzed angrily. Another crash! The cat, emulating my example, projected herself through the window mid a shower of splintered glass. So there in the cellar we cowered all that long afternoon. At last I was back to the land, for the cellar had an earth floor.

Outside, the bees withdrew reluctantly, for they seemed intent on giving up their lives for the good of the cause. But I fared not forth for I feared an ambush. After what seemed a great many years darkness drew on and I knew the bees would be gone to their lives. I crawled up the steps, and discovering some money in my pockets, started across the fields for the railway.

As I stumbled across the fields with my eyes nearly closed from stings I came upon what seemed to me a lot of white stones, but which (by stepping on one) I discovered to be sheep. At the same time I discovered another thing. One of the sheep, I suppose

what they call a ram, was charging at me. A fence was nearby and I sprang for it. The top rail broke under me and left me draped over the second. Just then the ram struck me on the trousers, and I found myself on the corduroy highway, albeit on my head. And that is how I left the farm.

The second morning of my stay in the country found me safely back again in my rooms in the city. The doctor had just been here patching up the two broken ribs and the bruises which I sustained in my precipitous descent into the cellar. A pretty nurse read a book while James, the butler, with noiseless

tread, went about pulling down the shades that I might rest.

"James," I say, softly, as befits the quiet of the place.

"Yes, sir," answers James in his well modulated tones.

"James, bring me a good cigar."

"Yes, sir," and James melts noiselessly from sight to appear immediately with the desired weed.

"James," I ask as I thoughtfully turn the cigar over and over in my fingers, "were you ever in the country?"

"Yes, sir! Once, when I was a boy," he admits shamefacedly.

"As man to man, James, how did you like it?" I ask, still turning over the cigar in my fingers.

"Well, sir, it was this way. Through a mistaken kindness my Aunt, where I was staying, allowed me to have off my shoes and stockings, and I walked on a bee, sir!"

"James," I say, "put this cigar in your pocket with my compliments."

"Thank you, sir," says James as he fades from the room.

BLOOD ROOTS

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

The hepatica passed like the first faint breath
Of Spring on a hostile day;
But the breath was life and underneath
The Earth that was strewn with the forms of Death
Said, "Lo, I live away!"

And a great pulse-throb from her quickened heart
Surged warm through her members chill,
That up through the matted leaves did start
Buds white as the gone snow's counterpart,
Ten thousand on the hill.

Like the fingers of prayer tip-closed they stood,
Then opened to the sun;
And each bud offered in ardent mood
A heart in the sun's own image good—
Earth's tribute every one.

For the root of each was red as the comb
Of the cock that crowed anon,
As the squirrel frisked in the door of his home
And a robin whistled of joy to come
And by-gones all by-gone.

Ten thousand buds ecstatic spread
As Earth renewed her might,
And the root of each with sap was red,
With the sap that was blood each root was red;
But the hill was clothed in white.

SHALL WE ADOPT

(Continued from page 6.)

in the Island. Most of the banks there are branches of the leading Canadian banks, and Canadian capital is assisting in the development of its industries. The great iron ore resources of the Island are controlled by Canadian companies.

Another influence, and a potent one at that, which is arranged on the side favourable to the consummation of union between Canada and Newfoundland is, that being exercised by the Imperial Government. True, that influence was exerted as far back as 1867. But, largely due to the war, this influence is much more active and cordial than it was at that time.

Still another factor, although possibly a remote one, is the contemplated confederation of Canada and the West Indies. While this has been, on and off,

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a moot question for some years, it is understood that at the wish of the Imperial Government, it is to come before the forthcoming conference in London for consideration as a part of the great scheme for the organization of the Empire after the war. Now, the West Indies is one of Newfoundland's most important export markets for the product of its fisheries. Consequently with those islands a part of the Canadian Confederation, an additional incentive for Newfoundland coming in as well would be created.

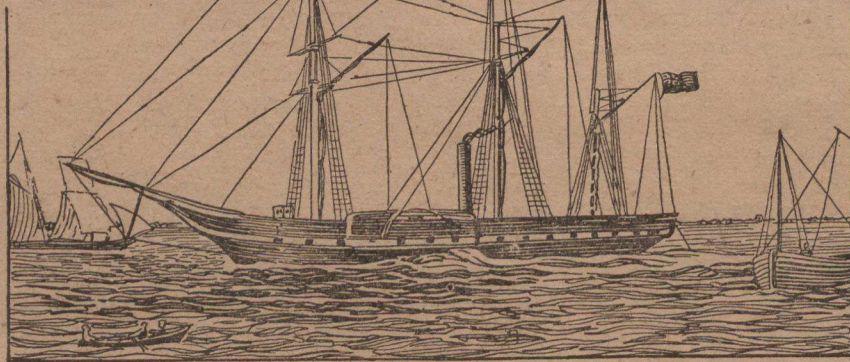
The forthcoming conference in London, although it will probably be largely tentative in character, promises to be of such import to Canada as well as to the Empire as a whole that the people of this country will await with much interest the result of its deliberations.

When Canadian Steamships Began

RECORD has it that a regular ferry between Quebec and a town on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, known as Levis, was established in 1722, when a ten years' contract for the same was given to a resident of the city named Sieur Lamouillier. But how the boats were propelled, whether by wind, man, horse or other power is not known. Paddle wheels worked by hand and foot power for driving boats through the water, were used long before steam engines were even thought of. As early as 1777, Hon. Henry Cauldwell, seigneur of Lauzon, and a prominent resident of Quebec at the time, applied to the Lords of Trade in England for the privilege of running a ferry service between Quebec and Levis, but his application was refused, as it was thought to be too important a monopoly to give one individual.

Before the introduction of steam navigation, even in the early period of the nineteenth century, batteaux, or schooners, took as much as two and three weeks, and even longer, to sail the distance of one hundred and eighty miles to Montreal when contrary winds were encountered. To overcome the strong current at what is known as the "Richelieu" rapids, some short distance up the river, the captains brought their craft as near the land as possible, when men with ropes were obliged to walk ashore and, by pulling, thus aid the oarsmen in their arduous task.

The vessels were usually brought to anchor at a convenient place at some village while en route and the passengers passed the night there. Many carried small tents, which they pitched at a suitable spot, with "beaudets," or folding beds, on which to



The "Royal William" was the first vessel that ever crossed an ocean under steam alone; was the first steamer built to foster inter-colonial trade in Canada; was the first Canadian steamer specially designed for work at sea; was the first sea-going steamer to enter a port in the United States under the British flag; was the first steam transport in Portugal; was the first steam man-of-war in Spain; was the first naval steamer that ever fired a shot in action.

By GEORGE GALE

sleep, and mosquito nets, as well as a supply of provisions. Others took advantage of what the "Maison de Poste" could afford in the way of bed and board while ashore. Owing to the slowness of travelling by water, many Quebecers made the journey to the sister city on foot, reaching their destination in eight or ten days. The Montreal boys who attended the Seminary in Quebec long since were obliged to walk the distance between Quebec and Montreal on many occasions, in order to spend the vacations with their families, in consequence of the slow navigation. They found little difficulty in covering the distance, as they were always made welcome by the hospitable French-Canadian farmers, who not only provided them with sleeping accom-

modation, but with meals as well when necessary. It was nothing unusual in the early days of the English occupation of Canada, and even down to the past century, for British Tommies to walk to Montreal, if satisfactory arrangements could not be made with the habitants or farmers to convey them via the St. Lawrence in batteaux or canoes.

The "Accommodation," the first steamer in Canada, was launched in Montreal in 1809, and was built for John Molson. She was eighty-five feet over all and sixteen feet beam. Her engine was six horse power, and she was launched broadside on, behind the old Molson brewery in Montreal. She was fitted up for twenty passengers, but only ten went on her maiden trip. The fare was \$8 down to Quebec and \$10 back. She was sixty-six hours on the passage to Quebec, of which she was

at anchor thirty. As it was found that ox teams were required to tow her up the St. Mary's current, below Montreal, Mr. Molson ordered an engine of thirty horse power and put it into the "Swiftsure" in 1811.

THIS steamer was twice the size of the "Accommodation." She was one hundred and forty feet in length and twenty-four feet beam, with cabin space for forty-five and steerage room for one hundred and fifty persons. The Quebec Gazette had the following to say about the "Swiftsure": "The steamboat arrived here from Montreal on Sunday. She started from Montreal at five o'clock on Saturday morning, and anchored at Three Rivers, which she left on Sunday morning at five o'clock, and arrived at the King's wharf, Quebec, at half-past two, being