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galloped along like mad, hurling spurts of dry sand ahead and behind. I pussy-footed to cross a tidal runnel when I was astonished to see a whole acre, or more of clams sitting up above the sand in various positions. As I advanced, and the tremors of the sand should have warned them of my approach, not a single one started to slowly dig in. I picked one up. The foot extended sluggishly so I opened it. Quite dead! So, indeed, was every one of the many thousands which made up the colony. It seemed that the unusual weather, which approached zero, had instantly nipped each and every clam as it worked close

ous. One of several feet deep and over an acre in extent tells us that the red man ate of the clam generously. Next to the oyster they are the most valuable shell fish the white man has, and you can't exhaust them. By the way this clam is one of those chaps who wears his skeleton outside. We call it his shell. He has a siphon four inches long which he sticks up through the sand like a marine periscope. Odd that the clam should be found close along the shore and in a hundred fathoms of water also. There is an old saying: "happy as a clam!" If this came from the idea that it "was a long time between drinks" (when tide was out) we will have to coin another, as the only part of the continent that is not bone dry are the clam banks.

We think they spawn in May; poor little chaps they are when hatched out by the temperature of the water. They swim around until they are such great big chaps that fifty of them could sit side by side on an inch line. Then they seem to grow faster, as a pint of young clams would grow into four quarts in eight weeks. This is after he got so heavy he could not swim any more. Do not think that man alone preys on them. The great walrus digs them up in huge mouthfuls; the Arctic lives on them at times; gulls, cormorants, crows, crabs, fish, when they can get them. You chaps who are fond of ducks should see the surf ducks swallowing whole mussels and clams as big as a jackknife. Down it goes at one swallow and the bird is already looking for the next. Luckily Mother Nature gave them so acid a digestive juice that these shells, which a man cannot crack save with a good big stone, dissolve in the juices of the stomach in a few hours. Starfish, sculpin, all make a meal on the humble clam. So the two million bushels we use as food along the whole Atlantic coast must be small in comparison with the needs of nature.

Pardon me, if I have been too diffuse, but there are pages yet to be told about "Mya" the clam, but if ever you come to this wonderful coast, build you a great fire and heat many stones in it. Rake off your fire, lay fresh seaweed upon the hot stones—now a layer of clams, another layer of seaweed, more clams, more seaweed; run around to get an appetite, and the steamed clams eaten from the shells, with a bit of seasoning and that hunger sauce, will make you long remember your clam-bake night.

Why Blossoms Fall

Dear Mother Earth, her children trees
Clads well in robes of white
That they may rest in perfect peace
Through all the winter night.

When spring, the morning, softly dawns,
She calls each sleeping one,
Who wakens slowly, sighs, and yawns,
Till day is well begun.

Soon April brings a shower bath,
And May fresh garments clean;
Bright trimmings gay each maiden hath,
The lads wear sober green.

The sister-winds their playmates are,
The gentle South and West,
And quickly come they from afar,
To help them all get drest.

Each garment new is soon unrolled,
And smoothed well in its place,
Till not a crease or crumpled fold
Can anybody trace.

And then they hum a tuneful song
And play at in-and-out,
Until their brothers come along
And join them with a shout.

The brothers, North and East are rough,
And play with such wild glee,
They tear the pretty trimming stuff
Off every maiden tree.

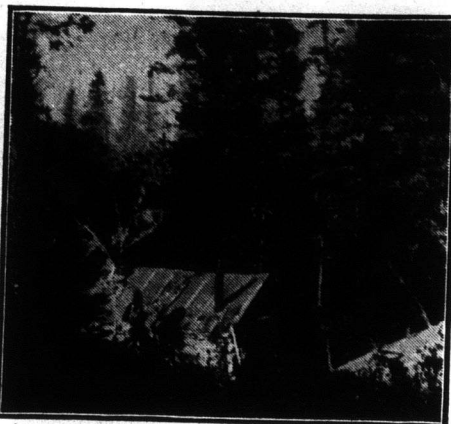
So this is why the blossoms fall
And leaves oft times look creased;
The boisterous brothers do it all
The merry North and East.

Alma Frances McCollum.

As A Little Child

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

—Tennyson



Fisherman's shanty in Nova Scotia. In the Spruce Woods.

below the exposed sand when the tide was out. Then the good old sun got up and warmed that flat and melted off the frozen part. The next tide washed it away and left the clam colony in its natural position, exposed to my eyes. I pictured it and marvelled at it. I think I am the only person favored with this odd sight; as I have never before heard any explanation of just how clams do live below the sands.

These soft shelled clams are very slow diggers when exposed, but the razor shell is not, he is about four inches long and as narrow as a razor handle. We were engaged in a study of these odd things when I heard one grunt. I put my head close down to the steamer rug it was on when lo! and behold! out came its inch-long foot and it tried to bury itself in the wool.

"Let me take it down to the sand and watch it dig," volunteered Laddie. So off we set. We placed the long thin yellow shelled thing in shallow salt water pool and it lay inert. Within a minute the long flesh foot wriggled out of one end of the shell and dug down into the sand. It was then as narrow as a dew worm, but no sooner was it well buried than it pumped water into the foot and this bulged the lower end which was curved



The Nova Scotia clam boy. Laddie getting a mess for lunch.

round a bit, making an actual foot to draw against. This made the entire four-inch shell stand erect on the sand. Evidently the foot was again extended. Again inflated; and down Mr. Razor Shell went almost an inch. Within a few minutes he was in his dark sandy home.

Many the man, hunter, prospector, trapper, who has been obliged to live on these succulent shell fish for many days until he found other food—as the stomach will rebel and expel raw shell fish food after a few days.

"Come down with me till I kill off some of my live stock," is a common saying of the "beachcomber" of the western shores of the continent. Luckily we are spared this semi-gipsy of the shore along Nova Scotian coasts.

The "Kitchenmiddens"—shell heaps left by dead and gone tribes—are enorm-