

and narrow in places, but in good condition, and well made. Drinking troughs along the way reminded us that much of the transportation has been done by ox-teams, though we saw only two or three of these bringing out loads of hay.

We passed some beautiful orchards before we reached the heavily wooded country, and was interested to see that the space between the rows of trees was planted with buckwheat, now in bloom. This will be cut and left on the ground for a mulch. I wondered why the ground was not cultivated, but the cover-crop is in favor now, and appears to be successful, for the trees are well set with fruit.

At Chester we went to the Lovatt House, where travellers have been fed and sheltered for more than one hundred years. In the low ceilinged dining room, with its brown walls, and floor and great carved side-boards, we had a good meal of liver and onions (at least that's what I had). I knew I should eat fish in Chester, but I could not resist my two old friends.

The pictures on the walls are of royalty: King Edward the Seventh with Queen Alexandra and their eldest child, King Edward the Eighth in his young boyhood, and the present King and Queen. The lights above our heads came from lanterns. Under our feet were hooked mats whose patterns were growing dim with the heavy-footed years. We met people, at the next table, who were going over to an island near by, which they own now and have planted with potatoes, making an experiment of growing a red potato much favored in Jamaica.

We hurried through the meal to get out to see the bay, while the daylight held. It was all I had hoped, and more. Peace lay on the water, and on the islands which lead the eye step by step to the open sea. It was all so sweet and calm, it was hard to believe that this haven