

Wishing to test some of the national comestibles in the way of vegetables, we tried sea-kale, chicory, scarlet runners endives and Brussel sprouts. The cucumbers are long and smooth and of such delicious flavor that I can understand *Sairey Gamp's* ecstasy. On the whole the edibles of England, while more expensive than in Canada, are infinitely greater in variety and of better quality.

The Padre left us to paddle our own canoe in Liverpool and went to Keswick to attend the great annual convention.

My first impressions of England have not been entirely happy ones. Everywhere, I noticed flashily-dressed women who are avowedly and unblushingly disreputable. Their sidelong glints and encouraging smirks to all male-comers are their offers of sale—their allurements to sin. Occasionally one of these pleasant-mannered Delilals is attired in widow's weeds, but is by no means as mournful as she is dressed. This life with its vile wage must be a great temptation to kitchen drudges, who see only the fine clothes and not the sad *finale*.

The mendicant and criminal poor are painfully in evidence. Poverty-distorted children with extended hands dog your footsteps with appalling persistency. If you are heedless, they call you a "toff" which is the Liverpool equivalent for a "dude." Indeed, these young gamins do their best to fulfill their baptismal vow by using a great deal of "the vulgar tongue."

Bare-headed drabs, clad only in shawls and dragged skirts, reeled foul-mouthed and beer be-sodden from the low grogeries. The men looked positively oozy, and reminded you of a beer-soaked sponge that you have only to touch to make the fluid come out.

The saloons seem to be innumerable. Over their entrances are the words "Shade—" or "Vaults" and who shall say inappropriately? It is not the odour of sanctity that one gets whiffs of, in passing their foul and sloppy bars.