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months and Halifax in the winter, when the navigation of the St. Lawrence is closed. The ships of these fleets are hardly as large as the latest built of the Union or Castle Company, but they are fine vessels, of exceptional strength, and heavily engined. The different conditions of the passenger trade between England and South Africa and between England and Canada have occasioned a difference in the finishing of the ships. The South African liners, passing over a tropical sea and seldom encountering stormy weather, keep their decks neater, and spread awnings as a protection from the sun. Their saloons are larger, for the majority of their passengers travel either first or second class. The steamers of the Dominion and Allan lines have accommodation for six hundred to a thousand teenage passengers, as the emigrants to America are chiefly of the labouring class, who pay a very small fare, and are satisfied with rough quarters and food. The intermediate accommodation in these ships even is very little better than that of the third class in the fleets of the Union and Castle companies. Their principal saloons are smaller than those of the steamers with which I am comparing them, and are not equal in style and finish, though the tables are about the same. The *Labrador*, the latest built ship of the Dominion fleet, has a much smaller saloon than the *Vancouver*,—capable of seating only fifty-four persons,—as the Company has been guided in her construction by the experience of a quarter of a century, and knows that greater accommodation for passengers of this class will never be needed in the winter, while in summer second tables can be set if required. These ships have fairly good promenade decks, but there is very little brasswork about and awnings are seldom spread, for the North Atlantic is rough and stormy as a rule, and the passengers remain in the saloons and the smoking rooms, which in winter are kept warm and cosy by means of heated pipes.

Sixteen hours steaming took us to Lough Foyle, where we anchored off the village of Moville in order to take in the mails and the Irish contingent of passengers coming down from Londonderry to meet us. The steamer was timed to remain here ten hours. The hills in their autumn dress, dotted over with stacks of oats and barley, and divided into plots of various sizes and shapes, looked very pretty from the deck. We were so close that with an ordinary field glass we could see parties of men digging potatoes in the fields.

Moville had an evil reputation with the passengers on board, some of whom had visited

it once, and declared they would never do so again. They described its people as perfect land sharks and its jarvies as the greatest pests in all the world. The Madeira beggars, they said, were pleasant to deal with compared with the Moville jaunting car drivers, and they strongly advised those of us who were strangers to the place to be satisfied with a look at it from our secure position. But I had never been on Irish soil, and now that an opportunity offered of seeing an Irish village, with a whole morning to spare, I could not resist the temptation to go ashore. Several others were of the same mind, and as a boat with three very civil and respectable looking men in her was waiting alongside, we prepared to go down the gangway. "I will just take a stroll about the place," said I, "and see what it is like." "I'll bet you a sovereign to a sixpence that you don't stroll a hundred yards from the landing place," replied one of the experienced in Moville ways. I did not close with the offer, but I felt sure that if I chose to do so I should win. Alas for my confidence in myself, I should certainly have lost.

At the landing place a number of car drivers were waiting to receive us. We had scarcely put our feet on shore when they began to pester us in every variety of tone, and soon the din became almost deafening. The streets of the village were only a few paces distant, but to get over those few paces was soon seen to be impossible. It had rained heavily the night before, the roads were sloughs of mud, and if left to ourselves not one of the party but would have been glad of the convenience of a vehicle. But to be forced to take one was another matter. I and some others turned towards the boat, with the intention of at once returning on board, but the boatmen had disappeared. I was standing on a narrow ridge of comparatively dry ground, which appeared to lead up to the village, and on each side was a perfect quagmire. The position strategically was a bad one. The jarvies realised it at once, and before I could move away one jaunting car was across the ridge in front and another behind. "You might get rid of a limpet," said a driver at a little distance, "but you won't get rid of them till they see you on the outside of a car." Advance and retreat were alike cut off. I looked round and saw that all who had come ashore except myself had been obliged to submit, and were being driven off through the mud, so I got on the car in front, and asked to be taken to the end of the street, perhaps fifty steps away.

On the car I had at least relief from the noisy pestering I had undergone, and there-