

Our trunks having received a cursory glance and green billious-looking labels, we resigned ourselves to the mercy of the cabman. I was fairly frightened till the Padre whispered "Codlin's your friend—not Short."

Being so advised, we went to a large Temperance Hotel. We had "a candle to light us to bed." How delightful! In Canada it is exotic: here it is indigenous: it is at home.



LIVERPOOL, JULY 23RD., 1898.

We were outrageously fleeced at the Temperance Hotel. The landlord was a rapacious Shylock. Conscience made no coward of him. We were glad to escape such a raving wolf and move our party of five into lodgings where we are now living *a l' Anglaise*.

For the rent of two bedrooms and a sitting room, with "attendance" we pay three guineas a week. We purchase our own food which the landlady cooks and serves, this with the care of the rooms, is what is meant by "attendance." Coal, gas, the washing of bed-linen and cleaning of boots are extras, indeed, the extras become the bill.