

Many friends met us on the landing stage, or rather we were eagerly greeted by a fraternity of hotel agents, who vied with one another in soliciting our patronage. We at last confined our attention to two of the sleekest talkers, and eventually cast in our lot with the oilier of the pair, to the apparent chagrin of the other. But to shame our discrimination, we discovered a little later that they were cousins and represented a common Treasury.

The city of smoke and stone began to reveal itself to us. The old-fashioned smoke-begrimed buildings, the solidly paved streets, the bus with its peopled top and winding steps, together with the study of a slightly different type of face and accent, were all fresh to us. The personal appearance of the citizens disappointed us. Many were stunted and pale. We missed the familiar trimness where the clerk vies with his employer in dress. Here the women—owing no doubt to a difference in fashion—had a bedraggled, nay, a slovenly appearance. When we did pass one more presentable than her sisters, someone remarked "she must be an American visitor." The men moved with a free easy gait, wearing square-toed shoes and wide, windy-legged trousers. We did not persist in the error of mistaking these for representative Englishmen, however, for a traveller had informed us that "Liverpool is often the last stopping place of the ocean vagrant."

We secured lodgings at a hotel, and took our meals at a restaurant. The landlord informed us, on the first evening, that he could accommodate us for breakfast at nine pence apiece, till we had made arrangements elsewhere. We desired to know what he included in the bill of fare. "Oh," said he, "some people like bread and cheese to begin the day with." We quaked internally, for the salt air on our late passage had helped us cultivate appetites unsurpassed, if indeed ever equalled, by Siberian wolves.

"Still," he continued, "there are some people, who like a *lot*." We promptly assented. "Some," he concluded, "like ham and eggs, accompanied by a pot of tea with bread and jam." Our fears were allayed, and we enjoyed our meal as well as Canadians of Scotch tendencies can, without "porridge." Of course it was not to be expected that any Englishman—one of whom by the way was of our party, and whom for various reasons we had dubbed "Minister of the Interior"—after eating four or five meals a day, could rise the next morning with as keen an appetite as we Canadians, who had always lived on three. Yet "*mirabile dictu*" in a few days we found that the English custom suited us to a T.

Every sight and personal characteristic was new to us, and if not attractive, was to say the least, interesting. On returning from a walk one day I found several of my companions giving the results of some of their observations. The "beggar" was the point in hand. One had been at the station. "I noticed," he said, "that the guard had sometimes to be tipped for unlocking the carriage door, and others would tip him for locking them into a car, and thus securing them privacy. The porter always expected a fee if he touched hand to your luggage. There was a third and more interesting beggar. It was a sleek-coated mild-eyed collie, which kept walking up and down the platform with a tin box with a slot in it strapped to his neck, and a sign "For orphans" printed on it. He came to me wagging his tail, put his cold nose into my hand, as if to say, "Please do." To this meek mute one, who did it all for love, I contributed."

Another had had some experiences in the street. "I met another class of beggar—", he said. "He was a man who had a family of six, who three months previous had moved from another town, and had not yet found work. At every corner, again, I was assailed by several match sellers,