

pany with my brother, canvassed eagerly for Colonel Knox at the Tyrone election. He felt called upon to tell me some home truths, the bitterness of which he qualified with nods and smiles. "We bate your Colonel Knox, mem, in spite of you and your brother. Thank God for the ballot, mem, we can vote according to our own consciences, mem, not as we're told as it used to be, mem. You and your party think you have all the sense and learning and religion in Ireland, mem. All your religion is in your song, 'We'll kick the Pope before us.' All your learning, mem, is to hold up King William a decent man and abuse King James at the Orange meetings in Scrabba where your brother speaks. You and your kind need to know nothing but what happened in '98 and only one side of that. What happens in '81, mem, you hold your noses too high to notice." In this manner my tipsy friend ran on until the train stopped at Lisburn, when he left with a parting benediction. "God bless you, mem, you're better natured than I thought you were. May you go to heaven and that's where your brother won't go in a hurry."

I had to go to Liverpool to catch the ship and so had to forego seeing many things in Belfast which I had hoped to see. It was with some gladness I saw the ship "Ontario" again. Having arrived before the other cabin passengers I took the opportunity of going over the steerage with Mr. Duffin, the excellent chief steward. The quarters for steerage passengers were on the same deck as the saloon, as lofty and as well ventilated. The berths were arranged in groups with an enclosed state room to each. Single men by themselves, families by themselves, single women by themselves and foreigners by themselves, every division having their own conveniences for cleanliness and comfort. I am sure the arrangements for steerage passengers on the "Ontario" would have gladdened the heart of Miss Charlotte O'Brien.

I speak for myself, and I know I speak the sentiments of all the cabin passengers, when I say that nothing