

system does not prevail; to save the trouble of having to go to the luggage van every time we change carriages, a hint that a remuneration may be expected will generally make the guard attend to the safety and due transfer of impedimenta. The refreshment stations on this line are proverbially bad, with the exception of the one at Wigan. When landed on the London railway platform, we advise our friend to take a hansom cab and drive at once to the new "Monster" hotel, at Charing Cross. These large hotels, of which there are about four or five in London, are not dearer than the older and better known houses, and are far superior in accommodation, attendance and comfort. That at Charing Cross has the most magnificent site in London, and is also the most central, being situated at the confluence of the three main arteries of the great city, in Trafalgar Square. As to sight seeing, there is no occasion for us to make any suggestions. Before leaving Canada one gets well "posted up," in what is to be visited in the way of public buildings, picture galleries and national monuments. But there is one point on which we venture to make a suggestion, that is, the way in which to see not only the "sights" of London, but London itself. In order to do this, one entire day should be given to walking about the streets of the West End, another to the city east of Temple Bar, and a third might not unprofitably be devoted to the life of the lower class population in Lambeth, Whitechapel or Welborn. Of the latter regions the one which will strike a Canadian most forcibly is the "New Cut" Lambeth. He who would see the "New Cut" aright, should visit it on a Saturday night, and about nine of the clock, when the working class to whom the "New Cut" is at once a Regent street, a Burlington Arcade and a Covent Garden market, are congregated in fullest force to do their Sunday marketing. The "New Cut" is a long street extending from Blackfriars bridge to the Westminster bridge road; on either side of it are shops of a nondescript character, teeming with old furniture, pictures, *hic et hoc*, and nondescript articles of every kind from a Venetian cut glass goblet to a Peabody rifle. As the streets approach Lambeth, these shops alternate with low taverns, gin palaces and pawnbrokers, the vendors of all kinds of vegetables, crockery, furniture, and such refectations as eel soup, baked potatoes, and penny ices, no longer confine themselves to the streetshops, but seem to have overflowed into the street itself, where they sell their wares from stalls and costermonger's courts, amid a scene of clamour and overcrowding very strange to Canadian eyes. Slums of a like kind are rife about Holborn and the region of Hatton Gardens. There the ignorance, misery and vice of the metropolis seems concentrated, there the women are most squalid, there the street children are most neglected, there the gin palaces and pawnbrokers shops flourish most of all. We say the children look neglected; unhealthy or unhappy, they do not appear, —as a general rule, children seem to flourish in London. We have often observed when it might happen that a barrel organ, pest of more aristocratic regions, chanced to be heard in one of the courts of Leather lane, or Crown St. Soho, the troops of little ones who seemed to arise out of the very gutters — babies who could scarce

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