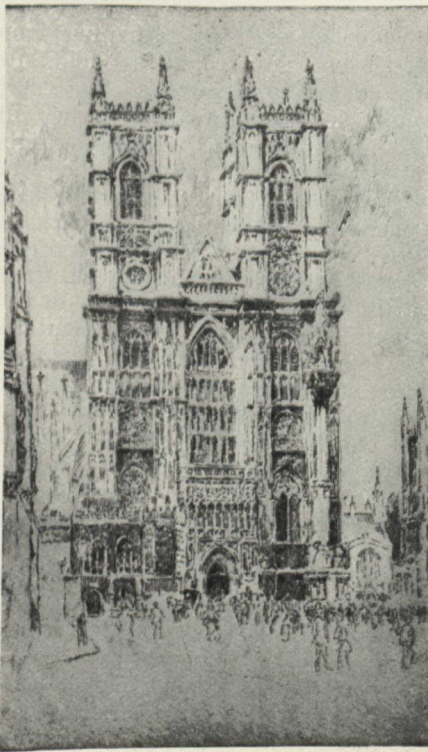


Chapel, in reverence—not to the man whose name is thus commemorated, but to the man who designed the commemoration — has indeed been travelling blindfolded. The Horse Guards, Whitehall, Lincoln's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn Fields—these are items in a catalogue of indispensables. One must not overlook even the Old Curiosity Shop, which is part of another London—the City of Dickens—and the dozen and one corners of the great city which have had their place in standard fiction. But these things, the monuments and the sanctified localities, are no more London than the city hall tower in Toronto is Toronto.

But take, for instance, what we might choose to call "The Jollies" Theatre. Some night your evil genius may lead you to that famous home of alleged humour. It is worth

purchasing a ticket, and even enduring the unpleasant sensation of being shut in an absolutely air-tight cellar—for the ventilation of the theatre is not at all—to see what passes for an evening's entertainment on the part of the lower middle-class Londoner. The strumming of two double-concert grand pianos in unison takes the place of an orchestra. An alleged humourist dominates the stage. The doings are frightfully "funny," but nothing more. Slapstick trick fellows clumsy joke until it is time for the clerk and his wife or the little broker's assistant and his fiancée to escape from the mausoleum in time for the suburban tube. The place is filled with clerks—row after row of bad complexions and misfitting English collars, sandwiched in between fresh-faced young women with jarring colours in their dresses, and poor teeth. These are the people of one London, a depressing London. In a year of two you may meet some of these clerks in Canada, revived with the freer air of the New World, earning better salaries, eating better food, sleeping in more wholesome quarters, and dreaming bigger dreams than they ever dreamed in England. But their places "at home" are always filled.

Close by the Billingsgate Fish Market is a public house called the *Bell*. Visit it. Sit in the little room at the far end of the bar from the door, and observe the men who enter—particularly at noon. The proprietor of the *Bell* is a short, rotund man with a red beard and kindly blue eyes. Besides owning the *Bell*, he does an enormous business in the fish market. His wife, a heavy woman with a shrewd eye but a kindly mouth, looks after the house while the husband is absent in the market. The daughter, a pretty, fresh-faced girl of nineteen, with far more refinement of manner than the average ribbon-counter girl in a Canadian departmental store, waits on the bar. For some reason



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