

rest and retirement. It was just outside the grounds of St. Cross that I first heard the notes of the cuckoo, and I can only say that the cuckoo clock imitation is excellent.

WINCHESTER, SALISBURY AND BATH.

From Winchester I went to Salisbury, and from thence to the Cathedral City of Wells. The City of Wells derives its name from the existence of three springs, or wells, in the garden of the Bishop's Palace. Here I had my first experience of an old English inn. I staid at the Swan, and when I tell you that it has been an inn since the reign of King Edward III. (1327-1377), you will agree with me that it has been long enough at the business to understand it. The Inns and Hotels in England are as a rule comparatively small, home-like and comfortable. The attendance is good, and the table comparatively plain. You do not have a bill of fare as long as your arm, nor are you tempted to ruin your digestion, as you are in Hotels this side the water. I stopped at the York House Hotel, Bath—the Grosvenor Chester; The Queen's, Coventry, The Warwick Arms, Warwick and the Mitre Oxford, all well-known places, and found them very similar in this respect. Soup, fish, and joint, an entree, dessert and cheese was the general rule. Two questions were generally asked, what will you have to drink, and will you have some gooseberry tart? To the first question I did not object, as one must drink something, if it is only aerated water, for unadulterated water is something the average Englishman rarely uses, except in his bath tub. But I did rebel against the inevitable gooseberry tart, from which the only variation allowed was gooseberry fool. In hotels and private houses, alike, there was no escaping the ubiquitous gooseberry, and I came at last to hate the sight or sound of a gooseberry. The English bent us in meats, and we beat them in sweets. I know Canadians are loath to admit that their beef and mutton are not the best in the world. But in this they must take second place with England. If the meat is not better in England then it must be in the cooking. It is said that God sends the victuals, and the Devil sends the cooks; if this be so, then all I can say is that the Devil is very kind to us Canadians, and I hope in this case it is not an instance of the Devil being good to his own. Hotel charges average from \$4 to \$5 per day, and good meals can be got at restaurants in London from \$1 upwards. Of course, luncheon and breakfast are somewhat cheaper, and if one studies economy, there are places where these meals could be supplied for \$1.25. In England you can live as dearly or as cheaply as you please, and you will find places suited to all tastes, and to all purses. In London the best and probably cheapest way of living is to get a room, and breakfast, which you can get for four shillings a day and upwards in central locations, and to lunch and dine where it may best suit your convenience.

From Wells to Bath is not far, and the names are often conjoined, as in the name of the Diocese Bath and Wells. Bath