

a rather down-hearted moment—down-hearted, probably, because of certain fears as to where one would lay one's head that night in this overcrowded, tumultuous London. I thought I had seen crowds and knew all about them. Had one not experienced Chicago Day at the greatest fair of the world? Was not one packed with other sardines in a row at the inauguration at Washington? And did not one know what a London crowd looked like? "Rather," I would have answered had anyone addressed these interesting queries to me a couple of weeks ago in Toronto. But here was a five and a half million crowd augmented by three millions more. The big town is literally packed. With difficulty does the traffic make any headway, and yet it is marvellous to see the way the streets are managed. The "bobby" lifts his imperial hand, and busses, cabs, drays, hand-waggons, bicycles, fall back as it were on their haunches, and the crowd surges across the narrow streets; then onward rushes the stream of traffic, and the wooden