

took the precaution of testing the half-crown he tendered by ringing it on the counter.

"Shouldn't be surprised if we was to 'ave an 'eavy shower of rain in a few minutes," remarked Bindle loudly a few minutes later, as he rejoined Tippitt, who was engaged in watering the horses.

Tippitt looked at Bindle, his cigarette wagging. Then turning his eyes up to the cloudless sky in surprise, he finally reached the same conclusion as the young woman at the oil-shop.

"Now up you get, Tippy," admonished Bindle, "an' there's another drink for you at The Green Lion." Bindle knew his London.

As the pantehnicon rumbled heavily along by the side of Wimbledon Common, Bindle whistled softly to himself the refrain of "The End of a Happy Day."

Whilst Tippitt was enjoying his fourth pint that morning at The Green Lion, Bindle borrowed a large watering-can, which was handed up to him on the roof of the pantehnicon by a surprised barman. Bindle emptied the contents of one of the packets of lamp-black into the can, and started to stir it vigorously with a piece of twig he had picked up from the side of the Common. When the water had reluctantly absorbed the lamp-black to Bindle's entire satisfaction, he called out loudly:

"I knew we was goin' to 'ave a shower," and he proceeded to water the top of the pantehnicon. "Now I must put this 'ere tarpaulin