

its people and what was pleasant in connection with our work at the Exhibition. London is a large place and to see London is to do a big thing, a thing too big to be fully accomplished in the intervals of leisure which fell to our lot. A brief description of some of the incidents of "our life in London" might be interesting to your readers. We entered the metropolis about 8 p.m., alighted from the train and hailed a "cabby." "How far is it to Craven St.," we enquired, "A shilling each and 'tuppens' for the parcels sir," was the reply. This is a new way of measuring distance thought we; but it is 'Henglish' you know or rather the cockney cabman's method of doing it. "Turn around your machine then and get these trunks on top." "One, two—seven, anything else to go on top sir?" "Yes, two or three handbags but you won't charge for these, will you?" "Tuppens' each," politely responded cabby. This is not a time for disputing over pennies, so up they go and in we tumble. Cabby climbs to his box, cracks his whip and off we go, rumbling down the well paved street, dodging in and out amongst cabs, hansom, pedestrians and busses, a short turn and we are rattling through a comparatively deserted lane—another turn up an alley and out into another thoroughfare illuminated with gas lamps and cab lanterns to such an extent that we fancy the Queen's Jubilee is being celebrated in advance. On we go, down streets, up lanes and across squares until we begin to ask ourselves "Is Craven St. at Lands End or are we still in London." Just then Cabby pulls up and sings out "Here we are, what number please," "No. 10," is the response. "Alright, here you are." Then the politest man of the party steps out, advances to the door and pulls the bell-knob. Presently the door is opened by a middle-aged lady with a profusion of curls and a natural look of semi-recognition passes between she and our polite companion. As soon as he recovers from the shock produced by the sight of this ribbon and ringlet bedecked London boarding-house-keeper, he doffs his hat and tells her how when in Liverpool he learned that she kept a very respectable house and would be pleased to have a respectable party like ourselves stay with her for a while. "Oh, indeed! yes," she was very much flattered but very sorry, but really, she was quite full—not a spare bed in the house. At this unexpected news, his politeness seemed to abandon him, for, replacing his hat, he turned sharply away, returned to the cab and the door closed. Just then the only musician in the party struck up

"Out in the cold world, out in the street."

'Stop that noise,' roared out a little 'bobby' from across the street. Beg pardon! Mr. Police-

man, said our companion, but we are not drunk, we're a party of 'Colonials' looking for lodgings. Oh, well, drive down the street a piece and you will see 'Apartments to Let' stuck up in a window. By this time cabby was becoming impatient, and so we were all, so we tumbled out and made for the house with the sign in the window. The bell is rung as before, another smiling lady of about 45 summers opened to us. Can you accommodate a party of five, madam, asked our polite companion as he scrutinized this trim, neatly dressed matron. Oh, yes sir, my rooms are large, my beds are clean, and you can have your own table. Will you walk up stairs and examine the beds, gentlemen? Up we go, make a hurried survey of the rooms, returning dismiss the cabby, strike a bargain and are domiciled for the night.

"Morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds with a strange beauty. Earth received again its garment of a thousand dyes."

We tumbled out of bed, had breakfast and sailed out into the street bent upon seeing London. Reaching the Strand a bus draws up and the conductor sings out "Liverpool street, tuppens all the way." Let us get up some one suggests and up we get, seating ourselves upon the roof. The bus drives off and we prepare ourselves to take in the town. The scene is a novel one to most of us, and yet not so strange as one might expect. The streets are very much like the streets of some other cities we have seen. The shops are not any better, nor the display of goods in their windows any more attractive, but the thoroughfares are crowded with vehicles of strange and varied makes, thronged to such a degree that it seems almost impossible to proceed without colliding a dozen times in passing as many blocks, yet few collisions take place and no apparent fear is manifested by the drivers. Occasionally there is a jam which for a moment seems inextricable but they are soon cleared by a few waves of a policeman's hand and the normal condition of street traffic is restored. It is astonishing with what skill and dexterity those London busmen handle their lines. Without the least apparent effort they push on along their route arriving at their destination promptly on schedule time. Possessing manifest intelligence combined with long experience they ply their calling with apparent pleasure and drive in safety through crowded streets where a novice would endanger the lives and limbs of both man and beast. That they waste but little time may be gathered from the fact that their allotted task is to cover about 80 miles a day, but then their day only terminates at midnight. Off one bus into another we take in the prominent objects