

LONDON TO PARIS.

IT does not seem necessary to offer any apology for the appearance in this issue of an account of the experience of two Queen's students (the writer being one) while in France during the early part of July. If the article is of sufficient general interest to be read at all, the writer will feel that he is amply repaid for his trouble.

At the outset, I might say that the 27th of June found a fellow student who is well known about Queen's, and myself in the heart of London, the world's great metropolis. But as it is not my intention to give any description of this great Babylon, I shall pass on to outline a few sketches of our experiences for the next ten days; and as diary notes are the chief source of information, the reader need not look for any style or finish but merely a few "notes by the way."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 27th, we left London (on our bicycles) and arrived at Newhaven at 10 o'clock in time to catch the boat crossing the channel to Dieppe. We did not have long to wait, as our boat left about 10:30, but we were glad to have that half hour to discuss the value of the francs and centimes which we got at the ticket office in exchange for English money. Soon we were on the boat and plying our way across the English channel. I dare not say anything about sea sickness for fear that it might cause a distaste for anything subsequent which I have to say. But we were not sick! We had hardly time for it for the first thing we knew we were in Dieppe, in France. Needless to say we lost no time in getting ashore to experience the sensation of standing upon French soil. But it didn't seem to be different from

any other soil and for a moment or two it seemed to us that we were still in England. But we did not long entertain this idea. Looking around us we saw unmistakeable evidences that we were in France. (The town (of Dieppe) in itself had a French appearance, if you know what that is in French.) The quick and lively movements of the people with their dark complexions and eyes, the hustle and bustle in this direction and in that, together with the general confusion of tongues, although but one language, told us that we were in a typical French town, and a beautiful town of which the reader may get a fair impression from the accompanying illustration. But we did not stay long in this place as we were anxious to push on to Paris. Not to weary the reader with too many details I may say that we left Dieppe about 7 o'clock and arrived in Rouen in time for lunch. I need not have said in time for lunch, for had we arrived at midnight it would have been in time, so wondrously accommodating are the French people in the hotels and cafés. Well after having something to eat—we didn't know much French but one does not need a very large vocabulary to get something to satisfy his inner wants—we set about seeing something of this famous old town, of which we had read so much in history, and as we did so one could not help being reminded of the opening paragraph in Marie Corelli's, *Master Christian*, where she says: "The sun was sinking and from the many quaint and beautiful gray towers which crown the ancient city of Rouen the sacred chime pealed forth melodiously. . . . Market women returning to their cottage homes, after a long day's chaffer-