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The Eve of The Jubilee



S the train steamed softly into London you caught your first sight of the Jubilee decorations. Coming direct from the freshness of a bright Canadian city, gray old London, with the soft blue mists of June enveloping her, and her flags and bunting gaily flying, gave a splendid picture to the eye tired of sad ocean reaches and the monotony of the mournful sea. A sort of breathlessness seized one at sight of the tall towers of Westminster looming through the soft blue vapours; at glimpses up long vistas of streets already decorated with tall Venetian masts and crimson draperies; at Father Thames shining in the June sunlight, with slow-moving barges sailing evenly upon his broad breast, One felt the nearness of the Jubilee, the importance