

usually rented at so much a week, or paid for on the installment plan. Large, pendant ear-rings and a fringe are her absolute essentials. None of her class are good-looking; they are all vulgar and coarse: they are London's brown-bread. "Arriet is slatternly: she has half-closed, animal-like eyes and what Du Maurier describes as 'a frolicsome spirit of camaraderie.' She probably has her virtues but they do not lie on the surface. High-kicking and dancing, when she is not heavily *enceinte*, appear to be her favorite amusements. She gets drunk before dinner. Her price is no by means 'far above rubies.' She is considerably lower than the angels.

'Arry, like David's enemy grins like a dog and runs about the city. He sings too, and harmony is not his strongest point. To the strains of the detestable accordion, he dances with 'Arriet, but his performance in the saltatory way is neither light nor fantastic. He bashfully attitudinises before the camera on the beach. 'Arry rejoices in the day of his youth.

It is a queer conglomeration that goes to make up the sweltering swarm of this holiday. Among them you will find respectable mechanics and their families, who stretch themselves on the sands to enjoy the draughts of air from the life-bringing sea. They are quiet people, and if you talk with them, they are glad to tell you about their friends who have gone to Canada, and how they were going too, but their brother who settled at Barrie wrote of the many wolves in that district, so they decided it was safer to remain in England. They ask you about the buffaloes and "revolver fights," and you answer them in a "Big Injun" way, which if not entirely reliable, is at least exciting and original.

In the color-splashed throngs there are scores of swaggering "lads in red" busily engaged in "chawfing" 'Arriet; sea-flushed sailors too, with flapping breeches bandy-legs and rolling gait; bovine women whose faces