

A Trial Is C
"There's a



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HOW LONDON WAKES T

Mr. Sims, in British War
Pictorial)

We awoke in the morning by
arliament when I leave the
of the roof beneath which my
st slumbers, and step out
waking world of London. As
of turf and tree, a little
the early morning light, meets
I think of the things of Clari
is so popular in the draw-
ing of my blood—

old, old story was told again
told in the morning."

Years early afoot are linger-
all the old story or to listen
their way to work.

"Old, old story" was an idyl of
peace. To-day the great
London is waking of the
of the toll of the war the grim
room of a tale to the women
as early as foot as the men.
awoke the young women who
lights of London in their care
of way to extinguish the
after five I meet brave
of the war, and the way
aking their way to the Tubes
Metropolitan stations.

are no motor-buses in Baker
and very little traffic. A
rambles by, a party of
pass me in a motor-car,
a milk-cart, and a cart hang
out before sunrise."

Earlier to six Moorgate Street
telling itself with a yawn, but
a station a pretty railway
reform, with roses in her
of the war, and her eyes
a way for early com-
ing for the Railway Bene-

violent in-
hole has be-
by the com-
bright smile
By Moor-
Square I ma-
the morning
on in the
the streets
few labour-
with their
the conven-
little group
the morning
bourhood and
with the lat-
Towards
manity begi-
It is made
middle-aged
artisan class
the morning
room of a
a dozen tale
already break
At seven
is a scene of
departure
of the war.
The old
and again
side of hun-
arrives from
of London
and from a
the morning
work. The
difference in-
nightly sta-
converge up-
hours of the
men in the
from the
of the com-
of the com-
Soon after