

For the Canadian Bee Journal.

# THE O.B.K.A. COMMISSIONERS AT THE COLONIAL.

(Continued.)

Presenting ourselves at "Exhibition gate," over and outside of which floated the flags of "Greater Britain," we requested an interview with the Secretary of the Royal Commission. Entering his office, we were confronted by a genial looking middle-aged gentleman of medium height, in whose looks, or bearing, there was nothing overpowering. "Well gentlemen, what is your business?" he enquired. "We are here sir, with Ontario's contribution of honey," said our spokesman. Then Sir Cunliffe's countenance lighted up with pleasure, and giving each of us the "Knights' Grip," he welcomed us to London in the most hearty manner, remarking, at the same time, that they had almost despaired of our coming, that he was exceedingly glad to see us and hoped we brought something good with us. "That we have, Sir Cunliffe," said our spokesman, "something that will astonish the natives." "Then, make out passes for these gentlemen," said Sir C., turning to his secretary, "and afterwards conduct them to 'Old London,'" and Sir Cunliffe bowed and retired. Having secured our passes, we were shown to Old London and ushered into the room of Canada's High Commissioner. Here we were soon in close confab with Mr. Chipman—Sir Charles' private secretary, who was acting commissioner at the time. We found Mr. C. courteous and obliging but sharp and shrewd withal. After some conversation with this gentleman during which we unfolded our plans and made known our wants, he brought us over to the "honey house," and formally put us in possession of it, adding that he would be glad to assist us in securing what was necessary to put the place in shape to receive our exhibit. The building just handed over to us was one of a long row built along the "South promenade." It was a balloon frame, a hundred feet long by 25 feet wide, sheeted and shingled with corrugated iron, having three doors each ten feet wide opening on the promenade. It was without shelving or furniture of any kind, but pretty well filled with empty packing cases, stored there till our coming. To clear out these was our first work, our next to devise plans for staying and shelving. Up to the present, all was plain sailing, nothing that could create friction in the party had come up for consideration, and so the best of feeling prevailed. But here was something that called for an individual opinion in the expression of which each man manifested his individuality, and manifested, too, the truth of the old saying, that where there are "many men there are many minds" for each of us had

a notion of our own how best to do the thing, and none of these notions exactly fitted together. Of course, each man considered himself a "boss" in the business, and was unwilling to admit that he knew less of it than his colleagues. Discussion ensued, but discussion only confirmed each man in the correctness of his own views. Then the "Old Adam" began to show himself. One became talkative, another boisterous, a third preserved his dignity but remained determined and the fourth sulked and said nothing. The whole party began to tramp round like so many bears in a cage until finally the cooling down process began to show itself, when all came together, threw their "better judgments" into a heap, stirred them up, and out of the mass, a suitable and satisfactory plan was drawn. From the incident above related, we began to realize that four masters were too many to run a little business like this, so the mechanical man of the party was at once nominated for, and installed into the position of "Construction boss," or mechanical superintendent of the job. This arrangement gave the others some spare time, so we set out on a search for more convenient quarters—our home, up till this time, was some three miles from our work. In due time, we "fixed our location," then, like Arabs of old, we folded our tent, walked out and pitched it "a day's march nearer home." Perhaps the curiosity of your readers may demand to know what kind of quarters these were we took up and occupied during our four months' life in London. Well, if I am noted for anything it is my obliging disposition, so I do not mind telling them. Our new home was about 15 minutes' walk from the exhibits. Our rooms were spacious, airy, and well furnished. Our landlady was red-haired—as red-haired women are generally clever and sometimes cross, the colour of her hair created some misgivings in my mind, but when I discovered she was an excellent cook, I settled down into a state of peaceful satisfaction. Perhaps the curiosity of your readers extends still farther and they would like to know how we fared. Well, I do not mind indulging them so far as to tell them what our first day's rations were. For breakfast we had oatmeal porridge and raw onions; we dined on fried soles, stewed liver and boiled tomatoes, and slept on Canadian honey and hot rolls. Our bill of fare, thereafter, is a family secret that will go down into the grave with its members.

PEEK-A-BOO.

The "Union" in the U. S. claim to have lost none of the suits which they have thus far defended.