

party, mostly on crutches, to the office of "The Times" newspaper, where we met with a very cordial reception from the manager, Mr. Corbett, and Mrs. Corbett, who has so often very kindly entertained parties of our men. The boys were treated to "smokes" and sweets, and any who were able to get about were conducted over the building, taking the keenest interest and delight in watching the huge printing machines at their daily work. How we thrilled when an old retainer of the company told us stories of days gone by, days when on the present site of "The Times" stood the old Blackfriar's Monastery, with its underground passage running through to the Thames Embankment, and of "man holes" found in the walls, hinting at mysterious punishments. He also pointed out to us across a courtyard the old town house of Lord Northcliffe, once occupied by the family of Walters, who for generations were editors and proprietors of the world-famous newspaper.

But, to return to our story, London welcomed its new chief magistrate with its old traditional ceremonial and its warm-hearted enthusiasm. Everywhere there was evidence of the mighty task upon which we are engaged, of the universal effort to bring the great issue to a successful conclusion. It was this evidence which gave to the day its distinctive note and made the procession one of the finest and most imposing sights. It was known that the pageant was to be chiefly a military one. The usual picturesque civic features were retained, of course—a Lord Mayor's Show without them would be unthinkable—but, on the whole, it was representative of the fighting forces of the Empire. The streets presented an animated scene, for once again flags waved briskly in the breeze and children tooted toy horns or floated toy balloons, while our "wounded heroes" tossed sweets or threw kisses to the girls across the way. The policeman, glad now of the aid of the Special Constable, guarded the line of route, and kept a watchful eye on "Tommy's fun." The procession left the Guildhall headed by detachments of mounted city police and Canadian mounted troops. They were followed by men of different Royal Naval Services, a hearty welcome being given to the boys of the "War-sprite" and its gun crew. After these came the Royal Flying Corps cadets now in training. It was with somewhat mixed feelings that we gazed on the captured German aeroplane, carried on two lorries, seeing that it symbolized some of the worst horrors with which the enemy's name will be for all time associated. The ubiquitous Boy Scout provided a splash of color to relieve the predominating khaki. The contingent was headed by the King's Flag, and included a party of "All Clear" Air Raid Buglers. Proudly they blew the blast again and again to the huge delight of the crowd, who cheered these plucky

little chaps, whom London has taken to its heart. There now followed one of the most novel and attractive features of the procession—detachments of women, showing the part they are playing in the present struggle. They marched as members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, with a precision of which any regiment might be proud. They drove motor-cars with skill. They gave evidence as munition workers of the cheerful manner in which they help to turn out the vast stores of shells which are sent to the front. Yet it was for the women engaged in agriculture that the warmest reception was reserved. They formed a picture as effective as instructive. Bronzed and sturdy, they were cheered again and again. Another novelty followed almost immediately. These were the huge, lumbering beasts which had struck terror into the Germans' hearts, and about which we had read so much! TANKS—and of the most recent types, my neighbour informed me. They were indeed funny monsters, waddling along in a provoking, lazy way, with guns teasingly pointed at the crowd from front and rear, top and sides. The crowds laughed, but there was more than pleasure in their laugh—there was admiration for the splendid work the monsters had done. After these came a long array of guns, howitzers, trench mortars, and anti-aircraft guns cunningly painted to avoid detection in the field. It was a most instructive display, and it was interesting as well as amusing to hear the comments of the "boys" as they passed, for each was greeted by a nick-name, such as "Coal-Box," "Foot-Ball," "Pig," "Minnie-wafer," or "Pineapple." Succeeding these came detachments of troops from Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Newfoundland, headed by fine bands; men who had come thousands of miles in Britain's hour of need!

After these came two carriages full of Chelsea Pensioners, proud heroes of the past—and the military pageant was over. There remained the civic part—to our Canadian boys, a page from a fairy tale—sheriffs, aldermen, recorder, city marshal, and the Lord Mayor's servants in their gorgeous liveries. The retiring Lord Mayor in his carriage was followed by the new Lord Mayor in his state coach, attended by his Chaplain, Sword-Bearer, and Mace-Bearer. All were cordially greeted, but it was on the military part of the procession that the mind dwelt mostly—perhaps with a special smile for those waddling monsters, the tanks.

The procession past, we were ushered into a cosy room, where tables were daintily set for tea. Needless to say, the boys, who were waited on by kind-hearted, jolly girls, enjoyed this part of the programme to the full, and departed for home well content with the "Show" and cheering our friends for their genial hospitality.