

English voices again. Polite voices. Even a grimy faced stoker who came up for a breath of fresh air had a cheery "good morning" to give.

Early on the following morning, the 21st of September, we arrived off Sheerness, and it was good again to see the old familiar landmarks about Shoeburyness, which had been my home for the best part of a year not so long before.

Off Sheerness by a big flotilla of destroyers, while in the Medway were the usual old standbys, in the shape of "has beens" of the battleship and cruiser variety. We docked at Queensboro' at about six o'clock, and lost no time in getting through the customs, and squeezing into the first train for town.

The rest of my story is soon told, for after three busy days in London we embarked on the "Campania" at Liverpool on Saturday, September 24th.

After an uneventful voyage, on a very crowded vessel, we docked at New York early on the morning of the 1st of October, after having lain at anchor over night off quarantine.

And for the first time during our journey around the world, in civilized and uncivilized countries, we were subjected to the annoyances, utterly uncalled for rudeness, and in any other part of the world, absurd slowness and delay of the United States Customs officials. This, despite the fact that we had not a dutiable article between us. It took nearly two hours to get through this disgraceful ordeal, though we had only light baggage.

That night we left New York for Toronto, but not without more trouble over baggage in this alleged up-to-date country. Our baggage was not put aboard the train at the Grand Central Station, and we did not get it for over a week. Then it began to dribble into Toronto, and I assure you that the first thing to arrive was the hat box, with the little red ribbon at top.

By the narrow margin of twenty-four hours in most cases, we had on various occasions escaped a big strike of coolies and jirikisha men at Hong Kong, a pirate attack in the West River, the riots at Nan King, the big fire at Hankow, a hold up by bandits on the South Manchurian R.R. (when the line was cut, and a station burned), an avalanche at Lake Baikal, and lastly, an earthquake at Irkutsk.

Nor in all our travels by sea had we met with one storm.

C. S. WILKIE.