

The summers are usually hot, and the town unhealthy; still manifold precautions and sanitary measures have done much of late to diminish the amount of sickness. As it is, however, great numbers are invalided home from the vessels employed on this station, while others find rest in six feet of earth in the Happy Valley, where a Protestant cemetery is situated.

Warehouses and stores, for supplying every requisite and luxury of life, are numerous. The houses of business along the Queen's Road would do credit to many an European town, and the naval yard is complete with every requirement for refitting vessels employed on this part of the station.

On reaching the shore, a walk through the Chinese quarter is most interesting. The houses and shops are most curiously constructed, and just as strangely fitted up; not one, however small or poor, but has its domestic altar, its Joss, and other quaint and curious arrangements known only to these peculiarly strange people. Look where we will, there are evidences of the untiring industry and enterprise of these surprising sons of Shem. Up every alley, and in every street, we see crowds of little yellow faces, and stumble against the brokers or merchants hurrying on to their business, clad in the universal blue jean jumper and trousers, cotton socks, and shoes of worked silk, with thick wood soles; some with, and others without