

The Chinese never depart in the least from their national dress, which is, indeed, impossible to improve on for a tropical climate, whether as regards comfort or appearance. The loosely hanging trousers and neat white half-shirt, half-jacket are exactly what a dress should be in these latitudes.

Continuing the walk along the Queen's Road, hundreds of small shops are passed where are seen the most marvellous and miscellaneous collection of "curios" possible. The shopkeepers are, as a rule, very good-natured, and will show one everything they have, not appearing to trouble whether a purchase is made or not. They always ask for their goods about twice as much as they are willing to take. If you buy a few things from them, they will invariably speak to you afterwards every time you pass the shop, asking you to walk in and sit down to rest, or to take a cup of tea or some chow-chow; and you wonder how they manage to get a living where so many sell the same kind of article.

Farther on are to be seen carpenters busy at packing-cases, cabinet-makers hammering away at camphor-wood chests, brass-workers clattering away making bowls or gongs; while at every step are met sellers of water, vegetables, fish, soup, fruit, &c., with as many cries, and just as unintelligible, as those of London. Others carry a portable cooking apparatus on a pole, balanced by a table at the other end, and