

firms, hurry about as their orders require. And away to the right an uninterrupted stream of craft propelled by a single oarsman at the stern, or by a number with long poles on either side, and punted towards the mouth of the River, up which they are taken, their contents put into stores to be redistributed at some future time.

The stage at Singapore for the landing of passengers, though small,

the shipping and commercial houses, which are so connected, have built up the solid trade which is so prominent a feature of the Hub.

But while we look at these offices, a motley crowd are gazing at us. A single constable in khaki, with his native subordinate, keeps his eye on the new arrival. The wily Chinese 'Ricksha' puller spots us for his own, thinking in his own hideous dialect—



Bungalow and Coconut Trees.

is an excellent one, and, being centrally located, affords a good starting point to the visitor who may wish to spend the day about town. Directly opposite the pier is the most handsome building the city can boast of, The Hongkong Shanghai Bank, contrasted with which the offices of the principle business firms on the left appear dingy indeed. But, nevertheless, in these same dusty looking places,

grinning and gesticulation free,—that there are big profits in store. A Kling or Malay gharry (cab) driver salaams and offers his vehicle for use, but the pony is wicked looking, or may be a wreck of his former self, so we leave it and take a humble 'Ricksha,' which, going more slowly, affords time to note what is going on about us.

The European stores or shops are few, but have an extensive custom.

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