

and easy manner in which everybody moves around. Business takes on an easy gait, but is done fast enough. To rush would not be proper; therefore, people do not rush. This is very noticeable in the stores of Kingston—which are, by the way, of a very high class—yet there doesn't seem to be any great anxiety to sell goods. We wandered into one of the largest dry good stores of Kingston one afternoon, drawn by a nice display of neckties in the window. We rather expected a floor walker to buttonhole us and convey us to the counter where we could part with our shillings; but if the firm had a floor walker he was clever in eluding the store's patrons. We made bold to question a clerk who was busy calculating some problem with his sales book, and, without apparently diverting his train of thought I was directed to a certain place. After vainly trying to locate the object of my visit I left the store with the same money in my pocket as when I entered. This may be an isolated case; I give it only to show that there is not that same thirst for gold as is found in American and Canadian cities. We are not criticising this—we rather liked this independence. It is a pleasing thing to wander to and fro in a store without being everlastingly nagged at to buy. We prefer to browse for ourselves, yet I did want that necktie.

Kingston, the capital, is an interesting city. It is bravely rising from the severe earthquake of 1907. The newspaper reports gave no idea of the great damage and loss of that dreadful January day. The new Kingston is a monument to the enterprise of its citizens. Its main street has to-day a clean dressy appearance. The new buildings are of concrete construction and are artistically designed. The Government Buildings, Bank of Nova Scotia and Colonial Bank are illustrated elsewhere in *SUNSHINE*.

One thing that is particularly convenient in Kingston is the cheapness of transportation. A person can go in any direction within the city limits for sixpence, and there is always a "cabby" ready at any time. The waggon is provided with large gongs that are sounded at crossings.

The street car service is excellent and the officials competent and courteous. Canadian capital is largely responsible for Kingston's splendid street railway.

The streets are well kept, but very dusty. The streets run at right angles to the harbour. As

in all British towns it has its "King" and "Queen" streets—the former is the chief street of the city. The population of Kingston is in the neighbourhood of 50,000.

What tempers the heat of Kingston is the daily visit of a delightfully refreshing breeze from the sea, known as "the doctor." Were it not for this the city would be decidedly warm. Towards evening, when the sea breezes have done their duty, the mountain breezes take their turn, and between sea and mountain the weather is quite liveable.

Kingston is governed by a city council, comprising twelve elected members, including the mayor and vice-chairman. The latter is the member of the Legislative Council for the parish and is an ex-officio member, as is also the Custos of the parish.

There are many pleasant drives out of Kingston. One of the most interesting is to Hope Gardens, a distance of five and a half miles. It is also reached by the street railway. This is a government agricultural experiment station, and comprises 200 acres under cultivation. The minor part is a botanical garden and contains nurseries where experiments are carried on in growing cocoa, nutmegs, vanilla, sugar cane, bananas, etc. There is also a large assortment of ornamental foliage and flowering plants. There are other gardens under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, notably Castleton, nineteen miles from Kingston, which contain a large variety of tropical plants.

The negro is in his glory in Kingston. We noticed as we ascended the mountain country where the climate was cooler they were less vivacious. And such a courteous well-behaved lot of citizens are the Jamaican negroes.

We were told on board the steamer, that the Jamaican negroes of the male persuasion were lazy; that the women do the bulk of the work. While this may be true in some cases, we found, upon investigation, that the men are, as a class, not the lazy good-for-nothing chaps they are too often represented to be. The tourists rushing from place to place are astonished to see the negro women breaking stone by the roadside, carrying brick and mortar to the house builders and coaling steamers at the wharves. We found

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