

of silk headgear, coats and sarongs. They, too, have come to pray, but in the meantime do not wear long faces, for life to them is not a burden. They are the most free of all the women of the east, and have no such restrictions placed on them as have the Chinese and Malays.

Of other attractions Rangoon has no lack. The harbor is always well filled with steamers from various countries taking away the rice, teak and oil which form Burmah's chief exports, and bringing in return materials for native consumption, the building of wharves, railways, engineering yards and the numerous adjuncts of western civilization. Along the river banks may be seen the huge timber yards and the "Hathis a pilin teak in the sludgy, squidgy creek," and the oil boats of the Burmah Oil Company loading up bulk oil to feed the fires in less favored lands, and the shallow paddle boats of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company steaming up, towing alongside two huge flats or scows, laden with goods for the hinterland. The business part of the town is common enough, but the residential portion is a pleasant spot. There are splendid public gardens, well laid out with rides and drives, while the artificial lakes cannot be surpassed anywhere in the east. To the toiler in the hot stifling city a few hours in the cool of the evening in such a place must be greatly appreciated. Curiosities are always greatly sought after, and certainly in Rangoon one could spend many rupees in a very few hours. Indian filigree work in silver and gold, Burmese work in silk, ivory and teak, and samples of native industries all prove very tempting; but, with a judicious forethought as to the prices and worth of the articles, we pass on.

The railway journeys taken in any country seldom give a proper idea of what the whole land may be like. Here this is not the case. For a distance of some three hundred and eighty miles the scenery on both sides of the railway is exactly the same. A low, flat, moist, plain, covered in patches with a scrubby growth, intersected by great stretches of rice fields which extend to the horizon, where, through a light, blue haze, the low ranges of hills glimmer fitfully. As we reach slightly higher ground harvesting operations of the most primitive sort are to be seen. The sickle appears to be the most up-to-date tool these farmers have. Stooks of grain, which look as if they had been blown together by a gentle typhoon, readily give way to the threshers. Here they are. Not the bustling, energetic crowd of sturdy yeomen that one can see on any Canadian farm at such a time, but a meek-eyed ox, in charge of a youth, armed with a light cane. Round the heap they go, tramping out the grain as did the Pharaohs five thousand years ago. What opportunities for implement makers after these natives have had some up-to-date instruction from the agricultural college, recently established at Mandalay, which town we will notice briefly.

Built on the Irrawaddy River, Mandalay has a most interesting history, the chief item of which is the fact that King Theebaw was captured there in 1885, thus ending a period of strife which had lasted for sixty years. The old town is peculiarly attractive. It is one mile square, on perfectly level ground, surrounded by a brick wall four feet thick, twenty feet high and backed by earthwork fifty feet thick. On the outer side and encircling the town is a moat some seventy yards wide, ensuring at the