



A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

DANDELION GOLD.

BY ELIZA EDMUNDS HEWITT.

Millie and Frank were happy,
And as rich as they could be;
For they were laden with treasure,
As any one might see.

They had gathered in the meadow
The dandelion gold,
And now were bringing homeward
As much as their hands could hold.

They played it was fairy money
The fairies had dropped last night,
And left in the grass for children
To find in the sunshine bright.

"What can you buy, Frank and Millie,
With the dandelion gold?"
"Oh, plenty of health's red roses,
And joy for the heart to hold."

A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

"A travelling restaurant! Who ever heard of such a thing? What is it? A thing that walks or rides? How can a restaurant travel?"

"Did you ever hear of a dining-saloon on a steamboat or a dining-room car? Why not, then, have a travelling restaurant? But if any of the readers of this paper wish to know what a travelling restaurant is, let them study the picture.

No matter now about the distant pagoda

in the background or the part of a temple to the right; the restaurant is in the foreground of the picture. Not only may the restaurant, but the proprietor and one of his customers, be seen. The man with the broad-brimmed hat is the restaurant-keeper, the other is the customer, and in front of the two is the restaurant or eating-saloon. This last is not only a table, dishes, cooking utensils and furnace, but contains also a supply of provisions and fuel. It is a complete outfit, and is now seen in active operation.

The round basket at the right is the provision store. In that are kept not only the provisions, but spare dishes and whatever else may be needed. Within the square box on the other side may be seen another similar basket, also used as a store-room, either for provisions or dishes, or, more likely, for fuel. Above it is the furnace, with a place for stowing away a spare cooking utensil or two. In pots or other vessels placed on this furnace the food is cooked. The pole between the two boxes or baskets is used for carrying them. They are slung by means of the ropes fastened to the ends of the pole over the owner's back, and thus he can carry his whole restaurant wherever he wishes to go. Those round baskets are usually composed of several flat ones, set one directly over the other, the bottom of the top one fitting into the top of the one below.

These men go about the streets and travel from village to village, usually trying to be at the market-towns on market-

days, doing what restaurant-keepers do—provide people with meals. They are ready at almost any time to get up a good warm meal of food in a few minutes. All the hungry man needs to do when meeting one of these is to ask for what he wants. In a moment the pole is dropped as the basket and box are set on the ground, and at once the cook begins fanning the fire in the furnace, adding more charcoal. If the fire be out, with a flint, steel and tinder-box, and soft paper, the man soon has a fire started, and then he fans it to a brighter, stronger heat; or, as likely, with a hollow bamboo, one end in his mouth, the other in the fire, he blows until there is heat enough; then he begins cooking. The hot charcoal fire soon does the work, while the customer and the cook look on, the latter either finishing his preparations, or blowing the fire now and again to emphasize his talk to the waiting customer. When the food is ready, the two men change places, the cook looking on while the other works—at eating. Of course, if another customer comes, he is served as soon as possible, the owner taking the longer time to rest when no customer is waiting.

The man eating is doing it as fast as he can. He has his dish or bowl close to his mouth, and with his chopsticks is shovelling in the food as rapidly as his mouth will take it. That is the way Chinese frequently, if not usually, eat. They do not, as many suppose, eat rice by picking up one grain at a time; instead, after placing the bowl close to the lips, they shovel in the rice with the chopsticks as fast as they can. They do, however, pick up other articles of food piece by piece; this they can do with great skill. They can even pick the bones out of fish with the chopsticks, and can take up with these (to us) clumsy implements the smallest particle of food.

Nearly everything eatable goes to make up a Chinaman's diet. He cares less about what he eats than how to get it. Food with that people is scarce, and money to buy it is still more difficult to get, so they must eat anything they can; little goes to waste in China.

The wives, mothers, daughters and sisters do not eat with the men; they are not considered good enough. They must wait until husbands, fathers, brothers and sons have finished, or at least eat away from them. When the Chinese sit down to eat they do not wait to ask a blessing, but begin eating at once. The Christian Chinese seek God's blessing first, but the others do not. They are heathens and without God. Like the brutes, they think only of the food, and not of Him who gives food and the ability to enjoy it. Did you ever see Canadians who acted like Chinese at the table?