

some trouble to get hotel accommodation, so Mr. Chute and I decided to take a river steamer and pay a visit to Canton, a most wonderful city, about eighty miles from Hong Kong. We went up the river one night, spent the next day in Canton, and came back the next night, so that really saved us two days at the hotel. Canton is the most Oriental City I've ever seen. I scarcely know how to describe it. One could write pages about it, and there would still be more to tell. Our first business was to secure a guide, for no foreigner would think of trying to find his way about alone. A fine, tall Chinaman came on board and talked to us in good English. He said that he would provide us with sedan chairs and bearers and show us the city for about \$4. So we agreed, and off we started. First, we were rowed ashore in a queer little boat that seemed like a pinch bug, with its horns out in front. The boats are rowed by women. It is said that hundreds of thousands of people are born, live and die on the river boats at Canton, for the city has a population of between two and three millions. Just try to imagine a third of the population of Canada all living in one city. Guess some would have to live on boats. Canton gives a glimpse of China's millions as no other place can. Just as we were landing we saw a strange looking boat coming up the river; it was heavily laden with fresh vegetables, and propelled along by a big stern paddle wheel, that twelve men were treading.

We found our chairs and bearers waiting at the landing, and off we started. First, through the foreign quarter, for quite a number of English and French merchants and other business men live at Canton. There were splendid offices and buildings, and beautiful homes and gardens, and then we crossed a bridge right into the Chinese city. I remember

noticing a Chinaman on the bridge with a packet of "Lux," and a packet of "Sun Maid raisins" in his hand. Soon we turned down a very narrow, dirty street, on the bank of a filthy, dirty canal. The canal was full of boats; the boats were full of people. When we came back the tide had gone out and the boats were sitting in the mud. On we went in our chairs, twisting and turning down one narrow street into another. Our bearers had to keep calling out to let folks know we were coming, for in most places the streets were too narrow for two chairs to pass, and the people had to go in single file. There were all kinds of shops, most of them very small.

Our first stop was at the shop where jewelry is made, and decorated with feathers from the king-fishers. An old man was busy making a silver brooch, and carefully inlaying tiny bits of blue-jay feather, until the whole looked like a wonderful piece of enamel. The men who do this work very soon lose their eyesight. As we went along we saw shop after shop filled with heavy black wood carved furniture. Some of the carving was marvellous, and often it was inlaid with marble, or with mother-of-pearl. We asked the guide if there would be sale for so many, many beds, tables, chairs, etc., and he laughed and said, "Oh, yes, there are many wealthy Chinese to buy, and now it is also being sent to America."

Next we visited the silk shops; saw them weaving silk on hand looms, saw them spinning the silk threads, and saw the most wonderful soft shiny silks of all colors for sale. After the silks came the ivory, amber and jade stores. And in every shop we saw the men at work making their carved beads, bracelets, brooches, pendants, etc. We bought a few little trinkets, but as you may know, we couldn't invest much in silks, ivory, etc.