

A funeral in Manila is a matter which is bound to attract the attention of the Australian, owing to the fact that it is so different to the practice prevailing amongst us. Instead of black the hearse is a rich cream or white, the plumes are white also, the horses are white, the driver is dressed in white; beside each horse—and there are generally four and often six—walks an attendant dressed in white; there is no other part in the procession; there is no sign of the mourners, there is no officiating priest or clergyman. These meet the hearse with the coffin and pall bearers at the graveside. When the simple but expressive service is almost concluded, at the words, "dust to dust and ashes to ashes," the widow or husband as the case may be, breaks a bottle of musk over the coffin. There are advantages in such a custom. Along with the old there is a large amount of the new in Manila. Cousin Jonathan is making things "hum" in his new territory; the break-water which protects the shipping from the waters of Manila Bay is both valuable and artistic; the wharves which are being constructed, when complete will make Manila one of the most desirable ports in the East to call at; the protecting banks to the river and the paved canals are as interesting as they are valuable. Railway construction is being proceeded with at a rapid rate, and soon the Island of Luzon will be under the dominion of the iron horse. The electric street car service is all that one could desire. In the Escolta, the principal business street, some of the finest American shops which could be found anywhere are to be found replete with the world's comforts and necessaries. In the side streets will be found all the interesting sights and commodities which are to be found in an Oriental city. There is a jumbling up of things strangely incongruous; looking through a shop containing beautiful and costly silk-ware, just at the back door could be seen a blacksmith carrying on his trade. Every nationality is to be found in those narrow thoroughfares, where one man could block the way with outstretched hands, and things fearfully made and wonderful are offered for sale in the way of things to eat and wear.

There are 25,000 American soldiers maintained in Manila, which means more than can be stated in a sentence. It means a big bill for food supply on the part of Cousin Jonathan, and it is most interesting to know that a lot of the money so expended is going to Australia. Wherever one goes in Manila for food, be it home, hotel, or cafe, he can be almost certain that he is eating Australian beef, mutton, pork, or butter. Through the courtesy of the manager of the cold storage works I was shown all over the company's extensive and up-to-date plant. It is on a scale about equal to the Q.M.E. works at Pinaketa, Brisbane, and most beautifully situated, facing as it does an open park, with walks, drives, and flower-beds. The output of ice from these works is simply enormous; 10,000 gallons of water, first boiled, and then frozen every 24 hours; but even 100,000 lbs. of ice per diem are not sufficient for the demand of this Philippine Venice, and the ice carts have sometimes to go away unsatisfied. But it was with an unmistakable glow of pride that I looked into the enormous ice galleries and there saw the miles of frozen beef, mutton, and pork from Australia. What a splendid opportunity is this for our pastoralists. Given fair seasons, and in her stock alone, Australia should find her richest gold mine. Manila has a population of over 300,000, but



CARABO OR BULLOCK CARTS, WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE PICTURESQUE STREETS.

that is only a part of the hungry multitude that has need of our food stuffs.

Judging from the conversation of men in the streets and on the boats, the

gross. The recent Philippine chief, Aguinaldo, has received a sop in the way of a high position in the Army service; he is credited with possessing one of

opinion is that it is mistaken kindness, and a policy that will ultimately have to be forsaken. The Philippines understood the policy of the Spaniard, but they regard the American policy as one of weakness.

Possibly some of the most interesting car rides in the world are to be had in the suburbs of Manila. While many of the native houses are mere shacks, many others are most artistically built, and present a most pleasing appearance, with their high verandas and many colored mat walls and lattices. In some of these areas during the rainy season the whole place is turned into an enormous lagoon, and parents and children may be seen leaving their homes and walking knee or waist deep in water to the places they wish to go.

Before American occupancy Manila was described as a city of saloons and bars, with indescribably dirty streets. Many changes have come, but the bars remain, and in one night one of my fellow-passengers in company with a policeman and a guide, counted 700 women of high-class life in houses of ill-fame. So Uncle Sam has a lot of cleaning work to be done in his newly-acquired Venice.



A PASSENGER CONVEYANCE BY THE PHILIPPINE OVERLAND ROUTE.

United States has no easy task in bringing the Philippine group under pacific rule, and conducting its national and civic life along the lines of modern progress. The recent Philippine chief, and many of his followers have received and are receiving a considerable amount of spoon feeding. But the general



FRUIT, VEGETABLE, AND CIGAR PEDDLERS.