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Old John Chinaman



John Chinaman is a peculiar person; a rare, old individual. Representing as he does, almost one-third of the whole world's family, and decidedly the elder brother, he is entitled to much consideration and no little respect. The halo of antiquity radiates above his philosophy; the long life of his race stamps his views practically as axioms. The shanes, homes, launts, and marts of his native land divulge his ideas as to religion, domesticity, pleasure and business.

To an American his religion seems an admixture of superstition and philosophy, and the philosophy predominates. His home is a blending of love and common sense, and common sense predominates. His habits speak his love of nature, and his marts mark him as the greatest merchant in the world. He is the shrewdest bargainer of all, for the reason that with him time is not money. He reasons thus: Time goes on whether men buy or sell, or do neither, but men buy or sell at intervals. Such intervals mark John Chinaman's time of doing business. A Chinese banker of Hong Kong will spend numerous hours and walk many blocks, if necessary, before he will pay for his trousers five cents more than he knows them to be worth.

To judge China and old Chinaman by his representatives in America would be like judging the United States and Uncle Sam by the personnel of a "Wild West" show in Europe. Most of the Chinese in America are laundrymen, or make their money in stores patronized and sustained by laundrymen. And the funny part of it is there are no laundries in China. Everybody knows how to wash in China, and everybody knows how to cook. All families of any consequence, however, maintain servants who perform these duties.

The Chinese who come to America are almost all from one section of the country, which occupies the relative position and space of Florida in the United States. And all the Chinese in America could be dropped down into the city of Canton without the increase being noticeable. A greater number than all the Chinese in America live on the river in Canton alone.

terry. The bare or soft-clad feet of the shifting stream of humanity give out little sound as they glide and slip over the century-worn stones leading to the ancient home of the monks. Many are bareheaded, are clad in the flimsiest of filmy fabrics, and wear no socks, but a pair of light rubber slippers. They are sensible. We are sweating. The tacks in the heels of our burning "civics" cause us to slip and slide like beginners on roller skates; the flagstones are so smooth and slippery.

As we draw near the monastery a drone begins to make itself heard. It is the drone of human voices, and each step we take brings it more noisily to our ears. There is no other sound like that made by a multitude of Chinese when engaged in any kind of business. John Chinaman's voice tones up the crowd from a general rant to staccato shriek, but in spoken exchange of thought they become subdued, monotonous murmur. The drone from Hoi Tong's multitude is not caused by religious discussion. John Chinaman doesn't go in much for religious argument. He puts up his temples and uses their grounds as a loading place. He supports the monks by contributions paid collectors, and lets the women pray before the idols. He considers his duty completed with the erection of the temple and doesn't bother about keeping it in repair. "When it is gone," he figures, "let some other fellow put up another one."

As we pass under the strangely roofed portal of Hoi Tong, our attention is called to the monster Buddha, has at each side. Their chief claim to attention is, that sitting, they are each twenty three feet high. Had we seen them first we would have marvelled greatly; but Buddha is so common in China one ceases to marvel. More interesting is the sight that greets our eyes in the great open court beyond. Here are groups of hundreds and hundreds, to say nothing of knots of ten and blocks of five. The individual is rare, unless it be some sleeping cooer or unpoised beggar. What are they all here for, and what are they doing? Let's go slow and see.

Here are two men playing Chinese checkers in the shade. On this side is a whole bunch, apparently doing nothing. Over there is a story-teller,

hollow, semi-spherical piece, with a flat, four-inch flare around the top, which supports it above the square brick oven beneath. The bowl and oven were devised to cook 1,000 rations of rice at a cooking. Famine, stark famine, caused its making, and because of their remembrance of how the monks fed the poor at that time the present day inhabitants of Canton and Ho-Nam, contribute freely to the support of shaven-head monks who still linger in the shadow of Hoi Tong's departed glory. For, with the enlightenment of Southern China in recent years, many monasteries, and temples have been allowed to fall in to decay, and their walls are more colored than reversed. Christian missionaries have made the Chinese to see the fallacy of their former superstitions and forms of idol worship to the point that few temples are building in China. And a hundred temples to Buddha have gone to decay for every church built to Christ.

In the gardens beyond the walls of the Hoi Tong monastery are the tombs of the first Monk and his immediate associates in the founding of

the institution. Passing but through the last tortuous turning of the last long corridor, past dam cells, long locked, a vision of peaceful loveliness, bathed in green, greets the gaze. In these gardens we find that strangely dappled tree, grafted and grown into the perfect shape of a fan, whose dotted green leaves are made up of the tiny green leaves of the aged pigmy itself. Here also are strange, and rare flowers and plants, trained into shapes of Buddha, with Buddha's carved and painted head, surmounting each. Seminary ponds of stagnant water are indicated by a profusion of water-lilies, and snake-like willows dangle hard by the edge.

Three hundred years ago the Monastery of Hoi Tong was founded, but it is a safe prediction that in less time than that it will be given over to railroad yards, for they are displacing the flower-boat people over in Canton to make "made ground" for that purpose. There are no tin canneries or bellies in Canton's "made ground." The cans and bottles are not in fact, nothing is thrown away in China. Everything is utilized to its fullest extent.

There are no "burnt offerings" before the altars of China; they are all excellently cooked, and eventually eaten. The only offering John Chinaman really burns are paper and punk. Outside the front door of every business house and store in China, and before many dwelling-houses, is built a low, small shrine for the burning of incense and paper prayers. It is a handy arrangement, and saves Old John the bother and worry, to say nothing of the time of going to church.

His Home Life.
A favorite subject for argument among all Chinese is: "How many doors should a house have?" Many are the answers, and all regulated upon the means of the householder. By common consensus of opinion the maximum number of doors a house should have is placed at 105, though some pleading for exigency of twins, contend for 108, the point in dispute being whether or not twins are entitled to privacy.

Privacy is the rarest thing in China. There are too many people there. Privacy is the goal of the rich; and rich, wherewith to procure privacy, are ever sought after. It is next to impossible to be alone for an appreciable length of time in China. Earth there teems with inhabitants. There is always somebody waiting for the place in which you ate. Only to the rich is insured anything like privacy. It is easier to stir up a crowd in an apparently deserted rice field in China on short notice than to collect the rubble around a police patrol box in America by the arrest of a well-dressed woman for drunkenness.

The reason for the 105 doors is that old John Chinaman believes that a family requiring more than that number to a house is too big a family. There ought to be two houses. Surely by that time the eldest son should be self-supporting. And there is a limit to progeny, however many wives old John may take.

China is the one country in the world where education, such as it is, counts; or in lieu of education, natural intelligence systematically applied. Let us, then, suppose a hypothetical case. A man, living in the village of Cheung Sah, in the province of Kwangtung, has a son or marriagable age. The father enlists the services of a comprador, or "go-between," whom both sides pay, to secure a bride for his hopeful heir; though sometimes it is arranged through the parents. The boy and girl do not see each other before marriage. On the eve of marriage the father sends make-believe slaves, hired for the occasion, to kidnap the bride. It is usually a good natured capture, as the bride is, by custom, waiting at the loom in her father's house. She is arrayed in her best, and, by her father's instructions, the "slaves" find her demurely passive. She makes no outcry when seized.

The marriage feast continues never less than two days. They give money for the wedding present in Cheung Sah. They don't send it in advance. They wait and see, calculating in about to a neat how much of an outlay the groom's father has made—and then each man, according to his means does his part towards reimbursement. The money is wrapped in red paper, the amount is not marked, there are no cards attached; and the bride, who receives it at the door, mixes it in with all the others, and once there, shuffled, its donor might be anybody. Isn't that common sense?

By-and-by the young groom gets into business. He is successful. He goes to Canton or some other city. If the wife that was "picked" for him proves congenial he may learn to love her. When such is the case John Chinaman seldom marries the second time. But if she turn out an invalid, or shrew, he is at liberty to choose one or more succeeding wives. The first wife, however, remains those of all his children. With their word is law. The only one to whom she is ever called upon to be submissive is old John, himself.

Having become a successful city merchant the former young man of Cheung Sah aspires to a country seat on a villa. Then is where the argument of the 105 doors begins to enter in. First of all there must be the great front door, or gate, in the villa's encompassing wall.

All household establishments in China are practically forts, and there is only one main entrance. Next comes the main door of the house proper, which almost invariably opens into a vestibule opening upon a court. There must be an exclusive room for old John. There must be an exclusive room for his first wife. The oldest son is entitled to the best privileges. In these three instances the exclusive rooms open onto the court and lead back into suites. Each succeeding son must have an exclusive room, and may not tap at his father's door though always free to seek his mother. The younger brother, half or full, may always approach the door of the oldest son. The great court is the common meeting place for all. The plural wives and necessary household servants go to render the 105 doors encompassing wall.

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.
Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.
Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when present in the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating, smoking, drinking or after eating onions, and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal sweetens the breath and improves the complexion; it whitens the teeth, and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

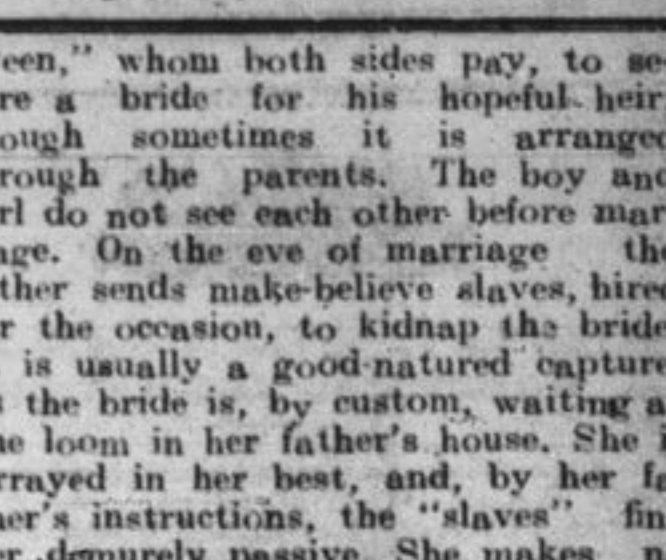
It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and pure stool, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

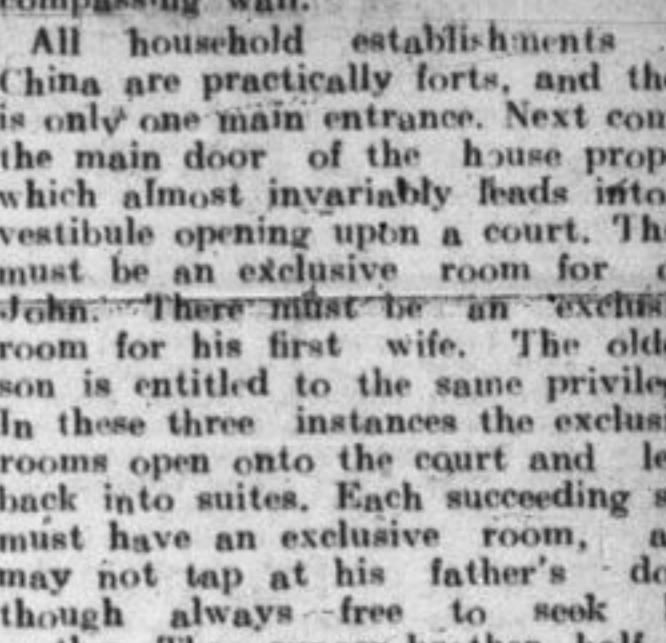
A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

CHINESE PORTERS ON THE PIER

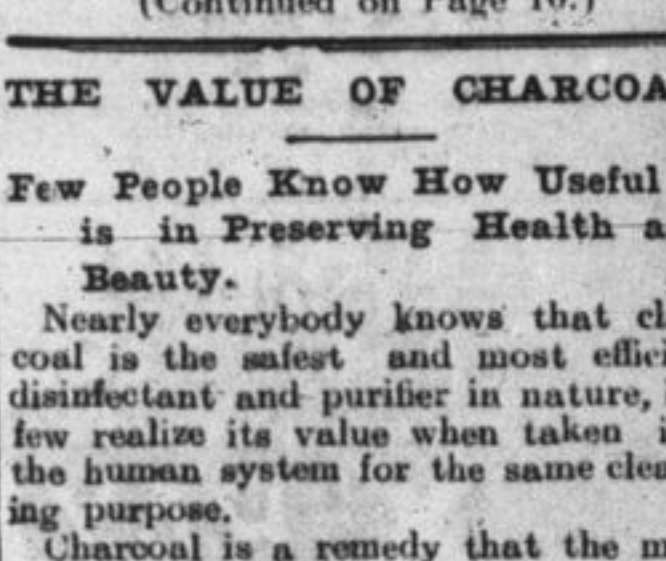


Street scene in Hong Kong showing a busy thoroughfare with buildings and people.

CHINESE MERCHANT WIFE AND JOY



JAPANESE PEOPLE



CHINESE MERCHANTS IN CLUB GARDEN

His Religion.
Across the river from Canton is the Hoi Tong Monastery of Ho-Nam. There are several names for the Canton river, but the Cantonese usually call it the Pearl. Thousands upon thousands of sampan ferry boats ply day and night between Canton and Ho-Nam, and, though the river is not more than a third of a mile across, so great is the jam of river craft that it often takes an hour to thread a message from one side through them.

Safely arrived on the Ho-Nam side, our sampan draws into a little slip of blind canal, with steps leading down to it. Here are to be seen bathing boys, mothers washing miniature pictures of themselves and the kind of buffaloes one sees in magazines of Manila. The water buffaloes nose deep in the slimy slip of water. They are ridding themselves of grubs and flies, as the fox rid himself of fleas.

During the noon hour Ho-Nam disports itself. Porters lay aside their shoulder poles and vokes, beggars cease begging, and multitudes betake themselves to the Hoi Tong Monastery.

Special Sale
FRS
at 7:30
MONDAY
Received from one of the Fur manufacturers in
ALASKA
ABLE RUFFS
about one-third off regular price as follows:
Ruffs, regular \$15.00, special price to-night and Monday \$10.50
Ruffs, regular \$16.75, special price to-night and Monday \$12.50
Ruffs, regular \$18.75, special price to-night and Monday \$14.75

just now come and see one or more placed aside

SPECIALS!
to-night
Good Black Cashmere less felt, an exceptionally regular. To-night at **18c. Pair**

Combination Suits, 30c. and 95c. Your choice **39c. Each**

English-Made Un-ts, sizes for young girls were imported to sell this small stock balance a great bargain. Yours **25c. Each**

7:30.

LAW & SON

Shoe Store