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SECOND SECTION

## THE JAPANESE-BRITISH EXPOSITION

By G. K. STILES

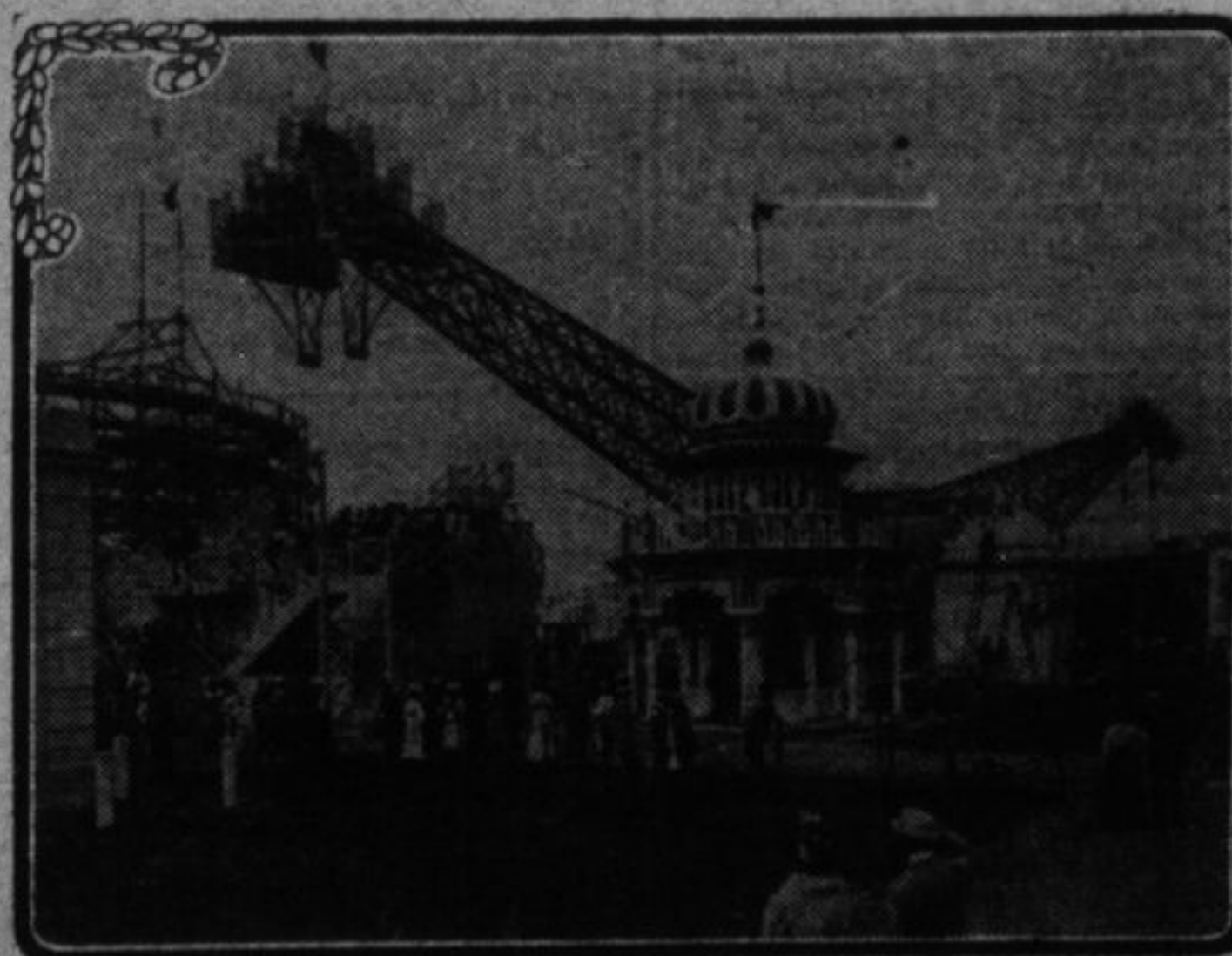


General View

Old Japanese Gardens



Prince Sadanaru Fushimi, in Charge of the Japanese Section of the Exposition



The Pip-Pip

Few, if any, of the many thousands of Americans visiting London this year will fail to take in the huge world's fair opened the last of May under the combined control of the Japanese and British imperial authorities. None of the previous great expositions have surpassed this, the latest one, in the amount of territory covered nor in the unmissable exhibits prepared for the international public.

Yet it is not as a world's fair in the usual acceptance of that term that the latest exposition is most remarkable. Its chief charm and greatest novelty consist in the fact that for the first time the Occident has the chance to see the true inwardness of the strange and poetical semi-civilization of native Japan.

While held in London under the special care of the royal family and the favor of the British Empire, the exposition is admittedly mostly Japanese, both as to the number, the size and the interest of the exhibits. Also, it is certain that double the space and five times the money has been given by the Japanese towards creating for the Western World an opportunity to study the customs, the natives, the religions and the industries of the empire of the Mikado in a way never before possible, except to the comparatively few who could make the far journey to the wonderful island empire that lies out off the coast of Asia.

This exposition is the first genuine exhibit of the Orient, that magic land where things to the Western mind are almost always turned upside down or with the feet in the foreground. In extent and costliness the exposition, which, despite its name of Japanese-British, has already been called by the visiting public simply the Japanese exposition, may claim to rival any of its predecessors.

The space covered exceeds that of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in the early "nineties" and almost equals that of the largest of all—the St. Louis Fair. Approximately \$20,000,000 have been spent by the Japanese and British governments assisted by multitudes of private exhibitors from all over the world.

The railroad facilities are superb, there being accommodations for receiving and expediting 88,000 visitors an hour. Direct into the heart of the vast grounds run the lines of three steam railways, four underground tunnels, 14 surface electric lines and 26 omnibus lines 12 of which are electric buses.

The exposition will remain open un-

til the late fall and possibly until next year. The number of exhibitors is approximately 10,000, and the value of the exhibits is estimated at one billion dollars. So much for figures, which after all, can impart merely a bare frame work about which one may weave some sort of picture of the wonders of ancient and modern Japan.

It may seem paradoxical to state that one can learn more about Japanese art, history, industry, customs and religions by one week's study throughout the many acres devoted to things Japanese in the exposition than by three months in Japan itself. Yet many of the most noted scholars and travelers, versed in Japanese affairs, have stated this fact as true.

The sections of the show that are absolutely novel even to the most ardent of exposition visitors are those revealing the ancient gardens and architecture of Japan. Never before outside of the island empire have real specimens of Japanese garden creations been seen.

There are two big gardens of Japan at the exposition—the Garden of Peace and the Garden of the Floating Islands. Of this latter marvelous place it would be difficult to exaggerate either its beauty, or its subtle essence of the far east. It was designed, in Tokyo by a race of gardeners who for centuries have belonged absolutely to the Japanese imperial family. The tiniest of plants, the smallest bits of rock in this garden has been chosen for its specific use.

The floating islands are known as "The Master's Isle" and "The Guest's Isle," and the tale of the inland sea is named "The Windwept Isle," and by some curious mechanical contrivance a veritable hurricane of wind seems to sweep over the diminutive but perfect islands. The little semi-circular bridges, the arbors of cherry blossoms, the sacred shrines are placed on miniature hillsides. Then there are the torii and the Nara lanterns, and such creation has its symbolic meaning, and the whole gives an indescribable sensation of the oriental and the deep-living soul of ancient Japan.

This garden of old Japan is set within a good-sized lake, having an irregular coast-line and small pine-clad islets are scattered here and there after the famous scenery of the country of the Matsushimaka. On the right-hand side of the lake there is a faithful reproduction of the far-famed Miyajima, one of the jeweled spots of the wonderful inland sea of Japan, a sea some 300 miles in length and from ten to sixty miles in width, which all who have seen pro-

claim the most beautiful spot in the world. There is also an exact reproduction of the sacred temple of Kinkakuji (Kyoto), which few foreigners have ever seen in actuality and entrance to which by foreigners was prohibited with death by tortures until a comparatively few years back.

There is a Japanese tea-house by the sea, showing a waiting-room for guests with every detail exactly reproduced. The originals of these gardens were first created 2,000 years ago, in pre-historic Japan by Buddhist monks and it became with them almost an occult science. They essayed to express abstract ideas such as chastity, faith, piety, calm, content, etc., and varied them according to the character of the owners, whether poets, warriors, emperors, philosophers, etc. In these ancient gardens of a rapidly dying, if not already dead civilization, that of old Japan—there are expressed both a subtle understanding of some mood of nature and some rare oriental conception of a mood of the human heart.

It is not too much to say that nothing ever shown at any world's fair has equalled in beauty, interest, or in high character of conception the rare, quaint features of these gardens of old Japan.

But in addition to their gardens the Emperor of Japan had his courtiers and nobles spare no expense in setting forth every detail of Japanese life of the present and but little is lacking to show the ancient and modern history of the Japanese race. There are acres of industrial exhibits, of army and naval exhibits, of silk creation from the birth of the silk worms to the final manufacture of the Japanese silk.

But, of course, while Japanese art, industry and history are shown here as never before, yet the great aim of amusing the international public has

been looked after in an unsurpassable manner. The last word in monstrous mechanical devices for startling the sightseers has surely been said in the formation of the gigantic and grotesque flip-flap. It consists of two giant arms, having each at its upper end cars capable of holding 200 people. The 400 passengers are tossed far up into the air by high-powered machinery until not only the entire exposition, but the vast city of London is to be seen spread out in a great bird's eye view. The sensation of being tossed skyward in the clutches of these two gigantic steel arms is one that will shake the calm of the most phlegmatic individual.

Then there are small modern Japanese gardens where geisha girls, with tiny feet and the famed beauty of these Japanese women, serve tea and satsuma, and even strange Japanese cordials. Weird and fascinating oriental dances are given at night, and under the lights of thousands of Japanese lanterns and real Japanese trees and flowers brought all the way from Nippon, the sights are exactly the same as the fascinating shows for native individuals who have been granted a sojourn in the realms of the Mikado.

In the pleasure section there are dozens of novelties to furnish sensations for the fun-seeking public while the court of honor is quite as large as that at St. Louis and Chicago. Of course, there is a stadium and a lagoon and a great arena for automobile racing. In fact, to sum up the latest big exposition, it can be said that it has profited in many features by past experiences in other lands and places.

But the great charm of the place lies beyond question in its glimpses of old Japan, a place and race never to be renewed under the feet of modern civilization throughout the Mikado's realm.

The British exhibits are of course good, and vast sums have been spent on them. But the world, ever in search of the new, ever craving the novelties of life, has already set its seal of approval on the purely Japanese sections of the great show. And it is only fair to the British government represented by H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duke of Norfolk, premier duke of Great Britain, to state that every opportunity has been given the Japanese government to set before the Western world the wonderful mysteries of the soul of Japan, both ancient and modern.

**A FAMILIAR OBJECT.**

**A Curious Crucifix in the Black Forest.**

W. H. Wolff, in Strand Magazine.

Wayside crucifixes are familiar objects to travellers in Roman Catholic countries, and a remarkable one to be seen in the Black Forest is thus described:

"Above the cross is the familiar cock of St. Peter. The Saviour's body is surrounded by little angels fitting adoringly about. On the cross there are fixed a chalice, the vessel from which the gall and the wine were taken, a hammer and a mallet. Suspended from it are, on one side Judas' bag, on the other one of the lanterns borne by those who came into the garden. Lower down on the stem is a representation of Veronica's handkerchief, then come the soldiers' dice, the Marjole (image of the Virgin) in a yellow dress, and below that a ladder and a sword crossed; lower still is a twisted rope, a spiked club, a sheet of something painted red, a scourge, a fly, and a burning torch, a hand extending from a blue sleeve, and at the bottom is a fragment of a pillar—probably designed to indicate the destruction of Jerusalem. Behind the Saviour's body two spears are crossed."



They that touch pitch will be defiled. Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 2.

In the Book of Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha to the Holy Scriptures are the words, "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith." In Shakespeare's time the Apocrypha was widely read, and many of its words of wisdom had become incorporated into the common speech of the day. The proverb in question seems to have been a favorite one. Dogberry uses it and Sir John Flangstaff gives it its application. "This pitch," says Sir John, "has ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest."

Pitch as a symbolical of sin has evidently been chosen on account of its color. White from remotest times has been the emblem of purity; black that of sin.

"Black is the badge of hell. The hue of dungeons, and the suit of night."

It is now in "the blackest news." A day of great loss on the stock market has remained in the memory of man as Black Friday. Pitch, the substance of blackness, has been appropriately chosen to call to the mind evil. Is it possible to associate with evil, to touch pitch and escape defilement? Can a man mingle sympathetically with evil companions and keep his character above reproach? Shakespeare evidently did not think so. He uses that strange moraliser Falstaff to express his thoughts on the ques-

tion: "It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant character is caught as men take disease, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company."

It would clearly be well to avoid evil companions. However, the man who determines to associate only with the righteous will be an exceedingly lonely man or one lacking in discernment. As society is at present constituted every one has to come daily into contact with individuals who make little or no attempt to conceal their proneness to indulge in sin. Moral pitch is everywhere. It is to be found in our libraries. There are thousands of books that have a pernicious effect on the ordinary reader. The young mind, or the mind of the mature man or woman who lacks moral strength, is seriously injured by perusing literature that glazes over evil, analyzes the motives of depraved characters, and sugar-coats vice. There is much pitch on the bookshelves, and few who touch it escape being defiled to a greater or lesser degree. The beauty of Shakespeare's work is its ethical value. He never makes vice attractive, never triumphant. The glutton, the drunkard, the libertine on his page is never a subject for admiration. In the world of books it is easy to avoid the pitch; there are sufficient authors of high moral tone combined with artistic refinement to occupy any man's leisure moments through a lifetime. He has

no need to resort to books of either bad or doubtful morals for amusement and instruction.

Stepping out of the library and into the world of men, it is not so easy to pick and to choose. In business life there are the tricks of the trade. For money, practices are resorted to that are little better than stealing. The whole business world is honeycombed with unrighteousness of this sort. Recent factory laws and pure food acts prove it. The upright man cannot flee from the business world lest he be defiled, but it is not necessary to worship its idols. Although living among the Philistines he can still adore Jehovah. But he cannot be too watchful. The temptations were often seduced by the heathen among whom they sojourned, and the golden calf has ever had its attractions.

If a man enters political life he is bound to come in contact with evil in high places. Even business has not been without men of exceedingly doubtful character. Here again a man may be with them, but not of them. By his example he can have an elevating influence on his comrades in statecraft and on his nation. The Asquiths, the Talifs, the Lauriers are chosen to the highest offices because they have not allowed the pitch of public life to defile them.

In society there is sham, flattery, extravagance—pitch of many degrees of blackness. Would it be wise to shun society, to flee from public life, to avoid the world of business? The Simeon the Stylite on his pillar was not a very admirable creature. The hermits of the world are little better than snakes. There is pitch everywhere, but it is not necessary to let it defile. Indeed it can even be turned to good use. Pitch when properly applied can help make the hull of a ship sound or a water-cask tight. So a wise man may take the evil of life and turn it to good use.

**Twelve Minutes Saved.**

Washington Star.

"Experience," said Mark Twain in the smoking room of the Bermudian, "makes us wise, but it also makes us hard."

"Consider the old, experienced man in the busy restaurant. He took a seat, looked around him, and pointing to a well-dressed gentleman who had not yet been served, he said to the waiter:

"'Waiter, how long has that gentleman been here?'

"'About twelve minutes, sir,' the waiter answered.

"'What's his order?'

"'Port-wine and French fried, sir, with mince pie and coffee to come.'

"The old man, hardened by experience, slipped a quarter in the waiter's hand.

"'Waiter,' he said, 'I'm in a hurry. Put on another parterhouse and bring me his.'

**A Wise Bullet.**

Chicago Journal Item.

Cooper drew his revolver and fired two shots. One of the bullets took effect in the forehead of the assailant and he dropped to the cement walk. The other fell.

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