

Our Farewell to Japan.

At last the fateful hour had come. We had said good-bye to the queer land, so restless itself with earthquakes and typhoons and volcanoes, so creative of rest, not to say languor in all who tread its lotus-bearing bosom, the land so mysteriously mixed up with the sunrise. For a few more hours we shall look upon the crumpled hills, and pass, perhaps, not a few of its great junks, like Noah's arks, rigged with the quilted window-blinds, dear to the aesthetic lodginghouse-keeper, and then our world for the next fortnight will be a world of waters, and moving upon the face of them the stately China, the greyhound of the Pacific. We have hardly had time to notice much about her at present, beyond that she is the younger sister of the Alaska and Arizona, erst the greyhounds of the Atlantic, square-rigged on her fore and mainmasts, and fore and aft on her others, with a full equipment of decks, hold, orlop, main, spar, promenade, pilothouse, with a saloon 30 feet long by 47 feet wide, and ten feet high, with a huge air-well in the centre eight feet higher, going right up to the roof of the social hall (30 feet by 18). There is a smoking room almost as large provided for our amusement, and if we become intimate with the captain, we shall find his cabin taking up the same space above the smoking-room and furnished like a drawing-room. She is Scotch built, but with her original plan modified to introduce the latest American ideas of luxury afloat, Mr. George Gould, the chairman of the American company to which she belongs, having made it his special care that no consideration should be given to cargo space, which conflicted with the utmost comfort of the passengers.

Our cabins are most luxurious, eleven feet wide and ten feet high, and furnished with a double berth below—like a bed, a berth above and a sofa opposite; and each cabin has a tap of fresh water. The berths are supplied with the most comfortable bedding that can be bought, and not one vibration can be felt from the enormous engines with their six double-ended boilers, which can drive her at the rate of eighteen knots an hour if need be, as they did on the historical trip from Hong Kong to Yokohama, which she accomplished in three days and twenty-one hours. From England to Suez, Suez to Singapore, Hong Kong to Yokohama, and Yokohama to San Francisco, they have given her the record for the fastest trip.

I go up to the beautiful promenade deck forty feet wide—without an obstacle—in front of the captain's cabin, and turn my thoughts on that fast receding land of wonders, which has been my home for a winter, a spring and a summer. What on the whole are my impressions of Japan? These you will gather from the series of illustrated articles to be published in this paper, to which this is a prelude. For now that the launching of the magnificent new C.P.R. steamers from Vancouver to Japan and China promises to be the Queen's highway for all the mail, passenger and light freight traffic to the Far East through Canada, Canadians will be taking unusual interest in these countries. Of China I shall have to speak anon. The remainder of this article I shall devote to the task of writing a few introductory words about Japan. As a great French writer remarked in the leading French *Review* the other day, in order to understand the Japanese you must consider them as children. They are mere children, as children delightful and intelligent and precocious; but as adults, by the western standards, ludicrous failures. They are never so fascinating as in their actual childhood, like the gaily-dressed little dots toddling about in No. 1 in the broad



Isezaki Cho, the theatre street of Yokohama. In the background will be seen one of the theatres, with its extraordinary rows of signboards, giving blood-curdling and wildly exaggerated pictures of the play in all the colours of the rainbow, blood predominating.

No. 2 is one of the shows of performing monkeys, so common in Japan, though the Japanese, out of common self-respect, ought to abolish them, for nothing more life-like can be imagined than their impersonations of the mannikins around them. In our engraving the monkey is playing the part of an old beggar woman. Her tale of woe has reduced the showman to tears. In the back-



ground his daughter is tum-tuming on a drum, and a group of Jinrikisha coolies are taking in everything with absorbing interest.

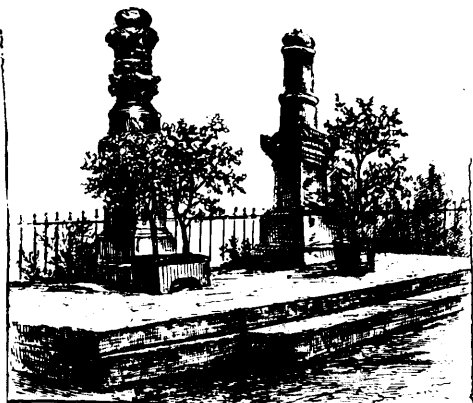
No. 3 represents the human watercart, still in use even in Semi-Europeanised towns like Yokohama. When ready to discharge his water he pulls a spigot out of the bottom with a jerk.



No. 4 gives a New Year's dragon dance. New Year's week is a prolonged holiday and debauch with the Japanese, and the streets are full of little bands of character dancers, one of the favourite subjects being the dancing dragon, counterfeited by a man with a huge round cardboard dragon's head, terminating in a horse-hair mane and a green or scarlet cloth to envelope the head and shoulders of the actor. He is accompanied by a drummer, a fifer, and a triangle player.



No. 5 gives the tomb of Will Adams, the English pilot,



cast away in Japan about 1600, who became the father of the Japanese navy under Iyeyasu, the greatest of the Shoguns, and, after his death in 1620, became deified as English Anjin. There is a festival in his honour every year at Tokyo.

No 6 gives a group of what the pigeon-English-speaking Japanese call religious people, i.e., beggars for a Temple.



Just as I was in the act of kodaking him he discovered it, and, quick as lightning, clapped his hand over his face to avert the evil omen.
DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Enlightening "Sir Joseph."

LONDON, October 16.—Mr. Robert P. Porter, the head of the United States Census Bureau, spoke to-day to a London journalist on the McKinley Bill and kindred subjects. Speaking of the question of reciprocity with Canada, he said: "Canada is a bumptious and at times irritating little neighbour of ours, who wants to secure in return for a market of five or six million people one of sixty-four million. What Canada does or does not is a matter over which the American people don't spend many sleepless nights. To assume that the McKinley Bill was intended as an indication of unfriendliness to Canada is grotesque. On equal terms reciprocity with Canada is out of the question. The only way to secure the home market of sixty-four million is to become part of the Union."

Thank you, "Sir Joseph" Porter. You don't understand Canadians, *not much*, as they say in your language. So the object of the McKinley Bill is to make Canadians understand that unless they put their tails between their legs and crawl into the Union, on what terms they can get, they are to be starved into submission. No, thank you, "Sir Joseph" Porter, Canadians are *not built that way*, to use your language once more. We are "a bumptious and at times irritating little neighbour" are we? Why don't you say an irritating "few" country. This adjective would convey the circumstances better, and I don't suppose that you care any more about the Queen's English than about arithmetic, which, judging from your efforts in the census line, can't be much. We confess humbly that our population does not contain eight or ten million Africans, besides the sweepings of Europe. But, after all, it is no crime to have a smaller population, and we would rather have our six millions descended from the two greatest nations of modern history—Great Britain and France—than thirty millions mixed. If your sixty-four millions were Anglo-Saxons, with copious re-infusions of the original German stock, we might have ethnical reasons for wishing to join you. But when we reflect that we are a nation of pure Anglo-French descent, the heirs of men who chose to face climatic severities (duly exaggerated by certain parties for interested reasons), because they wished to take part in building up a nation and an empire under the old flag, we are at a loss to understand how you can imagine us willing to transfer the fabric built up with such pains and such cost to a new foundation which may prove of quicksand.

You may not have noticed, "Sir Joseph," that the same evening journals which announced your *Bull* (I mean in the Papal sense not the Irish), announced that the vessels of the great Canadian Mercantile Marine, trading with the West Indies, were filled to overflowing with West Indian orders, and that European maltsters will buy all the barley Canada produces at a figure equal or superior to what you have been in the habit of paying. And while I am finishing the interview, "Sir Joseph," would it be an embarrassing question if I asked if the British correspondent, into whose long and admiring ears you poured your heroics, was acquiring information for the *Daily News* or T. P. O'Connor's *Star*, or some other paper of the same Anglophile leanings.

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