

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893.

MUCH TO CHARM PEOPLE.

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE BIG SHOW AT CHICAGO.

Comprehensive Views of the Gigantic Edifices and Some of their Contents—The Sunday Question—Impressions Which Follow Certain Nights.

CHICAGO, May 27.—George Eliot says somewhere, "there are three influences that usually carry their way in this wicked world, violence, obstinacy and money." We may, add to these the opinion of the multitude, and with all these four on its side, the movement for the opening of the Fair on Sundays is likely to succeed. For a short time, to keep up appearances perhaps—, a resistance will be made, but it is almost certain that resistance cannot be maintained.

I hope I shall not vex the religious susceptibilities of some of PROGRESS' readers by saying that a huge mistake is made by the prohibition of the harmless and edifying sights in Jackson Park to the public on the Christian Sunday.

This seems to be proven by the fact that the keepers of saloons and dives, and the managers of theatres, have taken sides with the sabbatarians in the matter. Every possible latitude is given in Chicago to Sunday dissipation. The afternoon in Jackson Park is not only free from questionable and depraving influences, but besides replete with educating and elevating forces and facilities. A vast crowd of working people will, unless the government people give in, be prevented from seeing at all those marvels, at their very doors, from lands they can never see, and representing interests they may never otherwise rise to the consideration of.

My own little notion is, that open air sermons by celebrated preachers, the rendition of oratorios, on the Sundays, at points in the enclosure would have stamped the privileges of the Sunday opening with a religious character, and been infinitely wiser than this deprivation which will not help christianity in its struggles with the real and powerful evils of the day.

I think I had reached the Administration building in my last letter. It is not easy to leave it, to one of artistic tastes, but more interest will be felt by many in some of the other great departments.

The Machinery hall is nearly three times as large as the English houses of parliament; and an annex to hold the vast display of coarser mechanical contrivances 500 feet long extends westward. Modern machinery must needs be a prosaic matter all through, and yet the gigantic edifice ought not to lack that suggestive embellishment which in other departments seemed to come more naturally. A writer in one of our magazines, calls the task of giving to this unimaginative mass a fitting and decorative exterior, by the apt expression "The

Marriage of Hepharstus and Aphrodite." A screen of open columns extends entirely round the building, hiding the great railway depot, like Central square. The corners are flanked by domed towers and at the middle of each long side are beautiful Corinthian porticoes surmounted by double lanterns, of three lessening stories, in the Mexican or Spanish manner.

The southern boundary of the central court continues in the Colossal Corinthian agricultural palace. The poetical idea of a temple of Ceres is here realized as a leading feature. The statue of the benignant goddess, surrounded by propitious assistants is the centre of this spherical enclosure. Vast buttresses, crowned with symbolical groups, emerge at intervals along the high walls, and between them exquisite bas-reliefs in panels keep up this great scroll depicting the triumphs and delights of nature. This exterior sculpture executed by Philip Martiny represents the labours, recreations, and festivities of husbandmen. The rude beam plow of the Georgians drawn by the tedious ox, contrasts with the wild struggles of restive horses under the curbs of herculean grooms.

Last but not least in our tour of inspection come the building of horticulture and transportation. There is I imagine no structure that will so please the ordinary average visitor as the transportation one. Its magnificent front studded with the silent yet speaking groups, its glowing colors, harmonized and focussed in the great golden gate, one mass of dazzling gilt, its situation upon the great pool, which repeats its splendours, its wonders within of rolling stock and models,—all will cause it to be an object of greatest attraction to most men and "many" women.

Flower lovers will experience a sensation on coming to the Horticultural allotment in tender and blossomy June. Imagine a frontage of 1000 feet, with a marble palace in the background, and a blue lake in front. Every corner and nook and post, and balustrade is radiant with blossoms and foliage, and with marvellous skill the whole space is worked into a fairy land of transporting and indescribable loveliness. The entrance to the hall is a triumphal arch, but its crowding trophies are all of a sweet and peaceful nature. A most charming allegorical group among others is one called the "sleep of the flowers." It has received much more notice than any other set of statues at the Exposition.

No doubt you will think this enough as regards these various receptacles for the well nigh immeasurable treasures of the world's products.

The jewels lie within the casket, yet the casket itself is worthy of the contents, and our hand is stayed a moment in appreciation and wonder ere we raise the lid. One other roof we will enter in this our first careless walk. It is a humbler one far

than those which so far have encompassed us, but the steady flow of the human tide sets to it, and the ebb crosses the flow, telling of some interest attached to it.

Far away over the sea on the desolate headlands of Spain, near Palos, stands the insignificant but world famous Monastery of La Rabida. At the narrow wicket in its white-washed walls, Columbus fainted from fatigue and worry. Within it he received succor from the gentle monks, and there he matured his plans for the future. The Prior de Marchena, a man of noble birth, gained for the discoverer the ear and patronage of the Queen. From Palos he set forth as "Admiral of the Seas," and on his return the monks gathered about their little altar and sang a Te Deum in thankfulness for his achievements.

Out on a tiny peninsula, the brown roofs lying against the pale reaches of Lake Michigan, is an exact re-production of the old Franciscan Priory. There is the tiny chapel, with its narrow, dim windows—and above, the monks' cells, grimy, and dark. The room where the great Christopher slept, is now hung with portraits (supposed) of him; there are seventy, including busts and statues. The most important one, of course, is the picture by Lotto. In the chapel, are the famous parchments of the discovery written by the departed actors in it, themselves. Among them are the original letter of Ferdinand and Isabella, appointing Columbus to his distinguished office, the royal commands for equipments to the people of Palos, the bull of Pope Alexander VI., the letter conferring the coat-of-arms, the broken-down voyager's protest to the Council, persecuting him, his sad letters to his son, Diego, and his last will and testament.

This sanctuary is full of interest to Americans, and there is a weird and fascinating pathos about it to anyone. It gives one a distinctly uncanny feeling to pass through this relic—as it were—of the far irrevocable past. To an imaginative mind, the impression is a keen and severe one—that he will keep with him as long as any he receives, in his sojourn in the White City.

EARLY CLOSING IN MONCTON.

A Movement that Ought to be More Generally Observed. The time honored fashion of moving, for which the month of May is justly noted, was very generally observed this year in Moncton. Indeed, so rigorously has the custom been adhered to in some quarters, that it has almost seemed as if some of the citizens were engaged in a game of "Pass in the corner," or possessed by a sense of morbid yearning to exchange houses, and see whether their neighbor's domiciles were not better than their own.

RAIN CLOAKS.

Ladies will please bear in mind that we are the only firm who sell "HEPTONETTE" GUARANTEED RAIN CLOAKS

We hold the sole control and sale of these garments for the Maritime Provinces.

Every GENUINE "Heptonette" garment bears the following trade-mark—a woven label of white letters on a black ground, attached to the waist band

"HEPTONETTE"

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Why We Consider Heptonette Garments Best!

They are better cut and shaped than any other. They are much better sewn and finished. They are doubly proofed and fast colors. No rubber—and yet thoroughly rain-repellant. Free from odor. Porous, admitting of ventilation.

They are unrivalled in DURABILITY, STYLE and RAIN-RESISTING PROPERTIES.

When you ask for "Heptonette" look for the trade mark.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The Trade supplied at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

has not been at all an unusual occurrence for one truckman to move two families in the same day.

There is one movement, however, of a slightly different nature, which has been attracting even more attention than the migratory instincts of the citizens, and which, I regret to say, has been much less universal. It has been the subject of much discussion, and some of the debates over it have been very warm. It is known as the Early Closing Movement, and it is very important indeed, being one of those customs which some people consider would be more honored in the breach than in the observance; and the history of the trouble is thus—early in spring, most of the business men of Moncton recognized the truth of the wise law, they learned, oh so willingly, while at school! "That all work and no play, would make Jack a dull boy" and that to keep up his intellectual force, and his general health and spirits, he required some relaxation during the lovely summer evenings, so they decided to close their places of business at six o'clock in the evening for three nights in the week, leaving the other three, for belated shoppers, and those whose work really prevented them from getting out during the day. The dry goods men were the first to fall into line; they held a quiet little pow-wow amongst themselves, agreed upon their line of action, said very little about their decision to anybody, and quietly closed up at six, on the three appointed evenings of the week. Then the boot and shoe shops followed suit, made a note of their resolution in the daily papers and proceeded to carry it out. The grocers, bookstores, jewelers and milliners were thus left to share the honor of open-eyed vigilance between them, and as it was felt to be a pity that so good a rule should

not be universal, a committee was appointed to wait upon the proprietors of the non-union places of business, and endeavor to induce them to follow suit. I believe a meeting was finally called, and the matter thoroughly discussed, when it was ascertained that all the grocers were but one, were willing and anxious to close at six, but of course they wished the closing to be general, in order to avoid injuring their own business. It was finally decided to allow the one secessionist to have the evening glory to himself, and let all the others adopt the early closing movement. Since then, I believe, one or two other grocers have left it to be only justice to themselves to open their shops every evening in the week, but the others adhere to the rule, so do the jewelers, and the milliners did fall into line, but some of them grew weary, longed for the flesh pots of Egypt, and turned back, so the others were forced to do likewise, and now I am really uncertain whether they all keep open or only a few.

Curiously enough the book stores of which there are only three, and which one would imagine might safely have been amongst the very first to form a little early closing league of their own, without the least danger of losing a cent, as their business is so entirely separate from all others—are the only ones whose proprietors seem to be unanimous in their determination to keep open until ten o'clock every night in the week. But this unanimity is merely on the surface, the real reason for it being that although two of the proprietors are most anxious to close, the third takes the rather extraordinary ground that he does not feel justified in closing his place of business unless all the other business men in Moncton do the same. Now this seems a very odd view to take of the case when one considers that both the dry goods and shoe men have

been able to close without any detriment to their business, and it is very hard to see how the refusal of a milliner or grocer to close his or her shop can affect a stationer. Already a great difference is to be seen in the amount of shopping done in the evening, people are getting out of the way of going down town after tea to buy anything except candy, fruit or ice-cream, and it is scarcely likely that any one bookseller would either make, or lose the difference of one dollar, by the closing or keeping open of his shop after six o'clock; while he does lose an enormous amount of health, strength and enjoyment, viz., by prolonging his hours of work, after six in the evening. Besides this, it does not seem at all fair, that others, who appreciate the value of a little relaxation from toil, should be compelled to spend all the lovely summer evenings in their close shops instead of taking a little pleasure out of doors, all because every "butcher, and baker and candlestick maker" in the town does not see fit to close his place of business too. The candy, and fruit shops, and the restaurants, do not count in the closing movement, because, their business is such, that they cannot very well close early, but, speaking from the standpoint of a disinterested observer, it does seem to me a great pity that so good a rule should not be universally adopted, and the business men work together for the common good, as they do in larger cities, instead of acting as if health, strength and even life itself, were not worthy of the least consideration, in comparison with the breathless chase of the too-mighty dollar.

The only Greek woman at the Woman's Congress is Mrs. Calleroe Parren, who left her home for Chicago on one day's notice at a special request from the Queen of Greece.

"KIND PEOPLE"

We have worked hard for the children's trade in this city; so hard, that today we clothe thousands of little fellows.

If we get that boy when he's young, we expect to keep him in our clothes all his life.

Our business grows on that basis,—just one fact brings you back, and that's the perfect satisfaction your derive from wearing our good clothes.

We get the youth to come here once and he comes here right along.

We have you come in here every day—you, "the new customer," we mean, and say: "you advertise such great things we thought we'd give you a call."

It isn't what we do, but it's the good, perfect, honest way we use you that brings you to us, and that keeps you with us.

ONE PERSON

tells the other, is another way that helps us. "You'd better go to the OAK HALL; they carry the right stock and they're square" is the way our friends speak of us.

Where else can you see every piece of goods marked in plain figures? Where else is it one price to everybody? Where else can you go in an ordinary, every-day man and come out looking Sunday-wise? Where else can you bring back what you don't want and get your money?

Your money back in the right way; the way you like to have it returned to you—not as a gift from us, but simply as money lent to us that we return.

Then there's the other way that makes you feel mean—but you don't go back there again.

That's how it is when you buy clothes from us and ask—"Will it wear?" and we say, "It will wear—that you can get your money back if it don't."



All sorts of Sailor Suits for all sorts of boys.

It's about the simplest dressing suit we know of. You slip it on and the boy is dressed.

They're used for every day and Sunday as well. Navy Blue Serge (the cloth is not easily soiled) and the good sorts keep their colors better than other stuff.

Cheap Serge \$1.00 to \$1.60. Better suits \$2.15 to \$3.40. Trimmed with white, black or gold braid. Cord and whistle attached to every suit.

Tam O'Shanters from 35c. to 65c.

By keeping the very best of Boys' and Men's clothing and other wearables, and by giving you your money back if you want it, we have made almost as good a store as there can be. We're on the look out for a better way if there is one; but we rather think we've hit it.

You know those nice big bows we had? We've more of them, only different patterns. Then we've a bigger bow than the first big one—the very



latest. They come Black, White, and all the other mixtures. 25c. to 50c.

We sell a great many more of all sorts of ties than we did. We've got to keeping just what you want which we didn't before. New washing Ties that a bath don't destroy, nor the colors run or fade out. 25c.

If we can't show you a Tie you like, who can?

We haven't said anything about boys bigger than 6 years old.

What can we say, more, than that we have the sort of suits worn by boys from 6 to 10 years, in fact suits to fit every sort of a boy or man.

We have what's called the stouts and slims of Boy's clothing. We'd like to see the boy we couldn't fit—or man either.

Here's a plum—a boy's three-piece suit, 10 to 15 years, Blue Serge \$2.95; from that to \$7.

Kilt Suits for boys 2 1-2 to 5 years. Blue Serge \$2.90 to \$5.50. Plaid Tweeds, light mixtures, \$3.25 to \$4.50.

Two-piece suits, those pleated suits for boys 3 to 10 years, \$2 to \$6—all sorts.

Little Boys' Collars and Windsor Ties and Stockings.



Which of the half dozen clothing stores is going to sell you that suit and overcoat? All of them want to.

One sort of merchant wants your money and will hold it fast when he gets it; ask a good deal and will come down if you squeeze him hard. Of course you don't go to him more than once. No matter, he's making money for the present.

Another sort of a merchant makes your first experience so agreeable that you're bound to come again. The future is better than the present because there is more of it.

That's the way we want to sell you your clothes—and we want to very much. We have the very best of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Furnishings—so good that there's not one chance in a thousand that you'd come back for you money—though you are perfectly welcome to, of course.

You see, we mean to sell you your wearables this time, next time, every time.