

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1893.

AS CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE BUILDINGS THAT SEEM TO BE PRINCELY PALACES.

Arrangement of the Grounds at the World's Fair—A Splendid Display—Points as to the Show from the Special Commissioner at the Chicago Show.

CHICAGO, May 6.—It is here at last.

With a lack of ostentation, a circumstance remarkable in sensation loving Americans, the World's Fair was opened on Monday May 1st. Beyond a Columbian March at the commencement, and later on some of Wagner's music, played by an orchestra of 600 pieces, there seems to have been little in addition to the usual speech-making and hurrahing. No large number of distinguished guests were present, the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, lineal descendants of Columbus alone serving to redeem the inauguration upon this point from actual insignificance.

The isolated position of Chicago, the bad weather, the unpropitious season, and the confusion and incompleteness of things generally in and about the grounds, all, no doubt, contributed to this state of things, and we may hope for greater things further on. A mighty throng however surrounded the officials and dignitaries, it being estimated that close upon 200,000 people stood together at one time.

I promised to furnish your readers with a short description of the buildings and grounds. I must do Chicago and the Fair directors and managers justice by saying that no one who has not walked the streets of the "White City" as the Exposition has been named, can form any idea of the grandeur, grace and extent of the buildings. It is worth the long journey to one who has not had the advantage of old world travel, merely to walk through the roads and highways of the grounds, and simply drink in the splendour and symmetry of those sumptuous towers, domes and palaces. I shall never forget my first sight of it all upon a misty afternoon in the Indian summer. One could only just see where the pale turquoise lake blended with the deeper sky and the black streak of a distant steamer was a relish to the dazzled eye. The great domes caught the sunlight, and ever one caught new glimpses of stately walls finished with exquisite friezes, long colonades of pillars, vistas of columns, great shadowy arches of entrances, the delicate colours lying with porcelain like texture behind the red and gold of the fading trees.

It may not be known to the readers of PROGRESS that these buildings are made entirely of lath and a species of plaster composition called "staff." Until one has actually touched the material, he cannot believe that he is not looking at princely palaces, in alabaster, terra cotta, fine stone, and precious marbles. And even when he has deceived himself, a few steps back restores the illusion, and he hugs it to his soul with delight. He is gazing at the marvels of Venice, and the Alhambra, reproduced by the enterprise of this new nation. I think it will be hard for any visitor to realize at all that all "these stones and buildings" constitute a mere "castle in the air," and that within a few weeks after the close of the exposition "there shall not be one stone left upon another."

The grounds, in arrangement, as they now exist, furnish a whole that is almost ideal. When the projectors took up Dr. Zarembo's enterprise they had a cyclopean task before them. A desolate chaotic marsh was their field of labour. But as the glories of the eternal city rose above such surroundings, and the triumphs of the Queen of the Adriatic were upon the waning dreary waters, the plucky executors saw this amazing consummation of their toils.

The advantages of unlimited space, level ground, and an unbounded water power and facility were theirs to begin with. The process of draining, cleansing, or laying out were carried out. The whole shore was scraped and shifted to a pebble. Water, of course, was carried in at the principal joints, forming elegant pools and fountain ponds, and a long clear stream winding through the entire space. Thus facilities for landscape gardening, that might not be surpassed, were provided. The absence of large trees is a serious drawback, but the imposing rows of tall columns, crowned with statues and winged figures, serve skillfully to supply in a measure this defect. The vastness of the buildings, too, seems to fill up, to the mind, the absent impressiveness of tall trees. An immense amount of shrubbery is introduced, and acacias and other palms of abnormal size, have been brought from Florida and Southern California. The water courses, where the steps do not go to them, are edged with shrubs, brought by the million, and simply settled by stones in position. They will leaf out this year in the water, and then die.

The end of the grounds nearest Chicago, is filled with the various States buildings, all of them handsome, and some very charming. Massachusetts, has a large old colonial mansion, Ohio a picturesque colonaded structure, and Dakota a huge

log house. The Illinois building is quite colossal, vying with the structures for exhibits. To the westward lies the Fine Arts palace, the most correctly classic of all the buildings. It may be described as a renaissance development of pure Greek forms. It is in all respects formal and stately, and free from any caprice or lightness of detail and adornment. It presents over 100,000 square feet of hanging space. The light is admitted entirely from the roof, and clearstories, and the architect relieved the bareness of the lower curtain walls, with a colonade of Ionic character, eight feet from the wall, consisting of 27 feet high columns.

Some of the special external features have been copied from the Uffizi Palace at Florence, and the Erectheum. The fisheries pavilion comes next following the central line of edifices, and follows the principles of Southern Romanesque in style. It consists of two divisions the aquarial, and the angling. It is notable for its original, and beautiful decorations. Fishes in all forms, snakes, shells, shell fish, seaweeds, are grouped in capital, prize, entablature, corbel and gargoyles.

Visitors to the aquaria will walk under the salt water, and see around and above them the wonders of the great deep. No doubt there will be "repetitions of Mrs. Brown's experience at Brighton," as far more excruciating horrors of the submarine world will here be displayed, than are to be beheld at that famous aquarium. Crossing the intervening bridge we arrive at the W. S. government's quarters. The length of the vast, uninterrupted hall is 420 feet and its dome rises 80 feet, and is surmounted by a lantern.

The departments of war, agriculture, and the interior, will here find a home, and here will be located the National museum.

We now have before us the stupendous Palace of Manufacturers and Liberal Arts. The space enclosed under one overspreading roof is upwards of thirty acres. The dimensions are 1687 by 787 feet. The aisles thus encircled comprise a space far greater than the famous Roman Colosseum. The extreme height is 210 feet. The glazed roof is supported by iron trusses arched, of a span of 387 feet and 50 feet apart. The observer gasps as he first enters, and his head rings with the bewildering effects of those tremendous lines and curves, and the flutter of a thousand echoes. Above his head, men in white working dress creep, appearing like white mice, while here and there painting some point of difficulty, hangs a tiny figure from a line, as a spider drops from his web. Twenty feet serve to render all speech indistinct. Of course this vast interior is bare and plain, but the bunting and exhibits will cause it to present a grand and marvellous appearance. The entrance portal is extremely dignified and striking, its arched portals glowing with gold, and embellished with large allegorical paintings, by leading American artists.

We have now before us the main court, with the electricity and mines buildings upon one side and the agricultural and machinery on the other. Looking out to the lake, one gets an entrancing view of the peristyle of Mr. Atwood, with the statue of the Republic in front. On the other hand the Macmonnies fountain catches the eye as its snowy figures loom against the red lined colonades of the Administration building. Everything here is so rich, so superb, so grand that the beholder draws his breath with delight and enthusiasm. Every platform, and cornice, and pinnacle is alive with exquisite statuary and symbolical groups, and the white splendours are mirrored in the pellucid waters of the basin. The Administration building is much criticized, but I was thankful to be able to enjoy its merits. It was chiefly valuable to me for its wealth of statuary.

I hope later on to give a detailed description of the figures disposed at every point here, they being well worthy of careful examination. NOEL PILGRIM.

All Right, But Mixed.

The editor of an English weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for these respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them safely over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grass-hoppers. The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the twins, read, in reply to his query, "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests after jumping about in the flames a few minutes will speedily be settled." While No. 2, plagued with grass-hoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil, and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

Mr. Glaisher, the aeronaut, asserts, after long and patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and that in the first and last weeks of the moon's age, the rainfall is less than the average. The records kept by Mr. Glaisher also indicate four o'clock in the afternoon as the rainiest hour in the day.

MONCTON'S CRUEL WAYS.

HOW ANIMALS ARE ILL-TREATED AND NOBODY IS PUNISHED.

Some Sample Instances of Brutal Usage of Horses—An Energetic Agent of the S. P. C. A. Seems Needed—What Happens When the Scott Act is to the Front.

Moncton is popularly supposed to have an agent of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals residing within its limits, as every town of its size should have but like many other popular suppositions this one lacks proof positive, because if there is any law in this town for the protection of animals it is like the Scott Act, so badly enforced as to be worse than useless. If it even went one step further and resembled the famous legislative failure in being enforced once in a while, one could overlook a multitude of sins of omission; but it does not, and I think I am safe in saying that there is not another city in the dominion containing a population of nine thousand, ten churches and every variety of christians except Quakers and Plymouth Brethren, where animals may be treated so badly, and with such perfect immunity from any kind of punishment. The rich and prosperous "prominent citizen" who is also a leading light in one of the above mentioned churches may openly flog his horse in so brutal a manner that the animal actually falls to the earth from exhaustion, under the savage blows, and is flogged into a standing posture again by the human brute who owns it, but as Mr. So and So had chosen his own back yard for the exhibition it was not considered etiquette to interfere though the man in question was well known to abuse his horse quite as frequently on the public streets, as in the refined security of his own domain. And though one newspaper man had the courage to hold the offender fearlessly up to the public execration through the columns of his paper, the citizen was too influential to be interfered with, so nobody pretended to be aware of his little eccentricity.

The countryman comes in to town seated on the top of a load of wood which would tax the strength of two well fed horses, especially in the spring when there is more bare ground than snow, and between the shafts staggers one wretched, raw-boned horse which seems only anxious to "lean up against some fence and think." This man passes through the principal thoroughfares in perfect security, because no one would think of hurting his feelings by making any comment, far less putting him to the inconvenience of a prosecution.

I have seen two Frenchmen driving down Main street on a bob-sled from which the load had evidently been recently discharged, drawn by a horse whose leg was bent at an angle of about 40 degrees in the wrong direction, swollen to nearly twice its natural size, and a mass of bleeding sores from some terrible accident which had doubtless happened weeks before, and had made the wretched animal useless for life, but his heartless owners had not even the humanity to shoot him and put an end to his suffering; as long as he could hobble, they kept him alive to profit by his agony.

I stood and looked at that horse in helpless indignation. I knew that there was no French settlement within three miles of Moncton, and so the poor brute would certainly travel at least six miles during the day, while there was no reason why it might not have come all the way from Cocagne, which is eighteen miles from Moncton. I knew that in any city of the United States I would only have to speak to the nearest policeman and have those Acadian gentlemen promptly arrested, but I realized bitterly that I was not in the United States. I was in beautiful, free, well-governed Canada, and in a city noted for its almost aggressive piety, so I must smother my indignation and pass on, for to make any complaint would not only be perfectly useless, but would expose me to certain ridicule, and probable impertinence, besides gaining a few extra blows for the helpless cause of complaint.

It is a common occurrence in Moncton, to see a crowd gathered on one of the streets, around some miserable horse, that has fallen down in the mud, unable to take another step, and lies breathing heavily, its patient eyes closed, and its weary body indifferent at last to its owner's vigorous exhortations to be up and doing. Twice, during the present spring, have I witnessed such a scene. In one case, the horse was simply covered with sores, and in the other, nothing but the extreme toughness of his skin prevented his bones from coming out boldly into the light of day, and protesting against their surroundings. In one case, the bystanders lifted the sufferer to his feet, and in the other, the owner resigned himself to circumstances, and seeing that the animal did not make the slightest effort to rise, and seemed too weak to struggle, but lay perfectly inert, and presented every appearance of breathing its last within a few minutes, he allowed it to enjoy its well-earned rest, for nearly half an hour, while the small boys amused themselves by pelting it with mud, and even stones; and the passers-by paused for

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a moment to see what the matter was, and then went on, quite undisturbed by what was so common a sight. After awhile, the horse struggled stiffly to its feet, the driver replaced the harness, which he had removed in case of possible damage, and the entire outfit rattled and staggered mournfully out of sight.

Now these are but a few cases, and I have dealt only with horses as the victims of cruelty, because no one seems to take into account such trifles as the ill-treatment of dogs, cats, or birds. When merry winter comes with icy breath the hundred and ten pound boy latches the fifteen pound dog to his hands, arms himself with a stout stick, invites a chum of his own size to "pile on my team and have a ride," and hilariously races that wretched quadruped up and down the more quiet streets, and sometimes the principal ones, from the time school is out until tea time—and nobody says anything; if the dog dies nobody is the wiser, or cares in the least. Of course everyone expects to see cats ill-treated, they even expect it themselves, and they are seldom disappointed, while other animals suffer in greater or less degree, generally greater.

I believe there was once a fairly energetic agent of the S. P. C. A. in Moncton, but he found it so impossible to obtain any convictions, even when he laid information against offenders, that he gave up the office in disgust and for some years no one cared to take the trouble of trying to lighten the sorrows of the creatures who were powerless to make any complaint. At length the office was given, at his own request, to a gentleman who was convinced that he could succeed in enforcing the law against abuse of dumb creatures, but he found the same difficulty in bringing the offenders to justice, and his removal from the city shortly after his appointment ended the unequal struggle. I understood about a year ago that another agent had been appointed, but if it was the case, he has not allowed the duties of his office to weigh very heavily upon him, as I have not heard of even one prosecution since his reign began, though two conspicuous examples of cruelty are to be seen every day on Main street, one in the shape of the horse which draws the delivery wagon bearing the name of a well known butcher in the city market, and the other, of the wretched beast drawing another delivery wagon not bearing any name, and evidently belonging to some shop, while the horse of one man who does trucking, is still another example of how thin and weak a horse may be, and yet live—and work. All these horses are mere skin and bone and seem so weak that when they do stop for a moment, they simply pant for breath.

Now the moral of this "over true tale" is just here at the end, and it is this—that there seems to be a goodly amount of misdirected energy running to waste in Moncton, energy which, like Niagara Falls may be very sublime in its present state, but still not especially useful, and which, like the celebrated Falls again, would turn a good many mills if properly harnessed. Some weeks ago, a number of gentlemen gave a dinner to the local representative of one of Canada's most prominent and influential institutions, the Bank of Montreal,

on the eve of his departure from the city. The dinner was given at one of our leading hotels, and the menu included, as menus frequently do on such occasions, an extensive and varied wine list. Strange as it may seem to the denizens of larger cities that private dinner resulted in the proprietor of the hotel being summoned for selling liquor in violation of the Scott Act, and a number of the guests who were present, as well as many who were not, being subpoenaed as witnesses. It is doubtless very praiseworthy for these disinterested folks to work so hard for the enforcement of a perfectly useless law, but at the same time, if they are so anxious to find an outlet for their love of God, and hatred of each other that they must labor to right some wrong, let them expend their superfluous energy in forming a mission to redress the wrongs of the brute creation in some small degree while they let the Scott Act rest. Heaven knows the field is wide here, and the laborers are few, and there is a reasonable prospect of some good resulting from the work, while the Scott Act has so far bred only dissension and strife. One word more. Not long since one of my admirers told me that I abused Moncton in my writings, and she thought it very bad taste considering that I got my living here. I wish to place it distinctly on record that I do not get my living here. I never expect to do so, and if I did I would be doomed to a most bitter disappointment because literary work, even of so modest a type as mine, is a thing that has no marketable value in the railway town, and should I try to turn mine into shekels I should speedily realize that home productions were at a discount and free trade with other cities my only safeguard from starvation. Under these circumstances I feel quite as free to criticize Moncton as I should either St. John, Halifax or Pains Junction.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

XAVIER SEES PITTS.

The Views of the Great Man on the Danger to the School System.

After I leave dat micmac place and de C. P. R., I dont stoppe biffore I come to Fredericton to see Mister Pitts to axe him for some of his orangeman to smash up dat C. P. R. company. I see on de gazette dat Mister Pitts she make justice to all and speciale privilege to nobody. So I tole Mister Pitts dat I got big complainte to make to him, and I tole her wat I wrote you. Mister Pitts she simpatee wid me, but she say deres no Irishman, no religionne in dat complainte, and de orangeman she dont bodder with anything else. So I axe Mister Pitts how dat de dat de Irishman and de religionne is two bad tings, but she say to me, "My dere fallow, you dont know dese Irish, dere much worse dan de C. P. R. company. De history she say dat dese Irish she come to Canada because she can't stop in dere own country; dey knock at our doorse in de name of dere Lolie Pat, an we give dem hospitalay, an de first tinge we knowse deres a nun in Bawtoorse. My dear Xavier deres lots of orangeman dat don't knowse howe to write an never will, dat gomme up and looke for dere gun wen dey here of dat. An looke wat dey do: I'm dere boss here, so dey delects me wid dere odder fallows, and Blairst she's got to git oute of de capitale of Noo-Broonswigiee,

because I can't stop de furay of de orangeman. I tole you Xavier, we gonto fight dose Irish."

"Wat for you make de fanatic like dat?" says me. "Don't the nun taught good, fuss class?"

"Yes," says Pitts, "de nun taught fuss class, but he got a croosefixe on his breast!" "You must be de devil," says me, "for its onlay the devil dats scared of de croosefixe."

"Well," says Pitts, "de cross is catolique and we don't like to see it, an it's agoinst de school law to show it, an if you don't beleave dat, you just axe Bill Lamont or Curnelle Hewitson, dey knowse all about it."

"Well," I says, "deres a cross on old Bishop Medley's church dat everybody can see."

"Ah! yes," says Pitts, "but dat church was built biffore de scool law, an we gonto change de scool law an make dem an you too take down your crosses, an put roosters or anything in dere place."

"Its no use tawking to you," says me, "you can't make orange Pitts taste good. Your cheek is just as bigue as Mike's woodpile in front of our back window."

So I'm more glad to leave Pitts, dan dat Micmacdon junction. There dat Gladstone, she make the home rool, well I wish she make de rool for take all Pitts orangeman home, and dat de government take off de bounty up pig iron an put him on dose of dem dat want for go way: Dats de kind of proctushun for nashional polisy we wante in disse contry. XAVIER.

A Nation of Shopkeepers.

The English were called "A nation of shopkeepers" by Napoleon I.; although he was not, as is generally supposed, the originator of the term. The first to use the expression in connection with the English appears to have been Adam Smith, who in his "Wealth of Nations" makes use of it; and it is more than probable that Napoleon borrowed the phrase from this source. Adam Smith was born at Kirkcaldy in 1723, and in 1766 his famous work entitled "Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" made its appearance. In this work the author, referring to the English, says: "To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. It is, however, a project, altogether unfit for a nation whose government is influenced by shopkeepers." Barere, on the 18th of June, 1794, in a speech to the French convention, in which he asserted that Howe had been defeated in the famous battle of June 1st, said: "Let Pitt, then, boast of his victory to his nation of shopkeepers." In May, 1817, Napoleon I. is reported to have said to Barry O'Meara: "You were offended with me for having called you a nation of shopkeepers. I meant that you were a nation of merchants, and that all your great riches arose from commerce. Moreover, no man of sense ought to be ashamed of being called a shopkeeper."—Tit Bits.

A Pean of Joy.

Blow d' horn en call d' people, Fetch d' barnjo en d' bones; Ring d' bell frum out d' steeple, Yell en shout in glory tones! "Whad's d' mattach?" Lawd a mitey, Doan' yo' know whad's raised d' roof, Aint yo' heard about d' Rigby? It an d' only Waterproof.