

have taken good care not to mislead them. But at another time Dr. Bliss said "bulletins were a concession to the public." Still, if they were merely meant to inform the public how the President was progressing, they need not have given daily accounts of pulse, temperature and respiration, of which the people at large cannot possibly have a real understanding. If the bulletins had stated the case simply and plainly there could have been no dispute about it, and it was an ominous sign that whilst the people were allured into confidence by official medical bulletins, the Secretary of State telegraphed to London: "The President's case is rather critical." In this country everybody thinks for himself and the belief in authorities is somewhat small; and in this case the trouble was not that the public did not understand the bulletins, but that they understood them too well. And so with professional men. Instead of bowing down before the expressed opinions of men ever so well known and ever so highly esteemed, they use their own judgement and express it, if they see fit and feel competent to do so.

Thus physicians and the public were more than surprised when, in the course of time, unmistakable symptoms of pyæmia began to appear. Dr. Bliss continued to declare, "The President is convalescent." Yet he was growing daily weaker and weaker; with suppurating wounds all over his body; with constant never-ceasing fever; too weak to speak except in a whisper; too weak to sit up; troubled day and night with a cough—and this man was declared to be "convalescent."

The future publication of the history of the whole case may enlighten us on this subject. But this much is sure to-day that, during a period of over eleven weeks of unheard-of excitement and anxiety produced by the sickness of the head of the nation, the public was treated to a series of official bulletins, which were contradictory in themselves and were not borne out by facts. Such a thing has never happened before. Monarchs in Europe have been sick, and daily bulletins have been issued but they stated to a sympathizing population the naked facts.

The results of the autopsy show that the physicians were mistaken in many particulars. As an illustration of how wrong it was for the doctor in charge to be so very positive in all his assertions, it is proper to mention that the ball was not found where it was so often asserted to be. The channel of twelve inches was found to be a pus channel. A large abscess in the region of the liver was never so much as suspected, as far as the bulletins show. The pyæmia, so often denied by Dr. Bliss, is clearly proved to have existed. And the location of the ball seems to indicate that, if it had been cut out soon after the wound had been inflicted, the President might have lived.—*The Hour.*

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

When in 1865 the New York Stock Exchange erected its building on Broad and New Streets, just out of Wall, the members thought that they had made ample provisions for the future. They had a five-story building, with a frontage on Broad Street of forty-five feet and a depth of eighty-eight feet, with a T on New Street eighty by sixty-eight feet. This building was divided into suitable rooms, the most important being the Board Room, which was fifty-three feet wide and seventy-four feet long. This seems a large enough room. There were in the Exchange then 100 members, and although the price of a seat in the Exchange was but \$3000, it was not expected that in sixteen years the membership would be nearly three times as great. But to-day there are 1,100 members of the Stock Exchange, and the price of a seat has risen steadily, until \$34,000 has been recently paid. This increase in membership, and consequent increase in resources, led the members to think of increasing their facilities for doing business. The old building was daily proving inadequate. Not only was it not large enough to accommodate the members, but it was not large enough to accommodate the hundreds of telephones, telegraph instruments, and "tickers" that have so multiplied within the last ten years.

It was decided to enlarge their quarters. A building committee, composed of Donald Mackay, President of the Stock Exchange, A. M. Ferris, Vice-President of the Stock Exchange Building Company, Howard Lapsley, and Frank Sturgis, took the matter in hand. The committee bought on Broad Street, adjoining the Stock Exchange Building, a lot twenty-four feet wide and eighty-six feet deep, and on New Street they bought a lot sixty-eight by seventy-two. This increased the frontage on Broad Street one-third, and doubled the New Street frontage. Then began the work of adding to the old building, and making of both new and old one symmetrical and convenient whole. It was a work requiring considerably more architectural skill than to build a new building. James Renwick was the architect to whom the work was given. An inspection of the building as it stands to-day, shows just how successful he has been. The old Broad Street front was taken down, the interior changed in many particulars, and now the Exchange has a building that is apparently very complete. Work was begun in June, 1880. To-day the painters are putting the finishing touches on the walls and woodwork of the interior. The Broad Street front is sixty-nine feet in width, and from the sidewalk to the top of the cornice of the fifth story the distance is 102 feet, and to the top of the French roof 120 feet. The front is of marble, elaborately carved in the French Renaissance style. The portico

of the first story has eight polished and carved red granite columns flanking the three windows and two doors. The key-stones to the windows and doors are richly carved, with the heads of Fortuna and Plutus in bas-relief surrounded by foliage, flowers and fruits. The portico projects four feet from the front, and bears in large letters the word "New York Stock Exchange," cut in the frieze. The central pediment has a very richly carved tympanum. The four stories above the first have each five windows, and in the central tympanum of the fifth story is a carved shield, with the monogram of the Exchange cut upon it. The work on the building has now cost \$275,000, and will reach nearer \$300,000 when everything is completed.

Entering by the right-hand door, one passes into the Long room—a department devoted to telegraph desks, messengers' desks, and seats for subscribers. There has been no change made in the Long Room, which is forty feet wide by sixty-nine feet long. Parallel with this, and entered both from the street by the left-hand door and from the Long-room, is a large apartment, thirty-two feet wide and sixty-six feet long, elegantly finished in black walnut, elaborately frescoed, and which will be very carefully furnished for it to be the smoking and lounging room of the members of the board, and none but a member will be admitted to its pleasant precincts. The attractions of this room are two huge fire-places of yellow Echalou marble, carved in the most approved Renaissance style. From flourishing foliage drop coins, and over the head of Fortuna a bear and a bull rampant contend in battle.

Back of these two rooms runs at right angles a long passage to Wall Street. It is twenty-four feet wide here, and gives ample room for scores of telephones that hang in rows along the walls. From this passage many swinging doors open into the great Board Room, the room of the building. There is not such another in this city certainly. It is 140 feet long, fifty-four feet wide, and from the floor to the lofty panel of the iron ceiling is fifty-five feet. Two tiers of windows open upon New Street, and give abundant light. Under these windows run railings, behind which messengers wait in business hours. At each end of the room is another railing behind which subscribers can congregate, and communicate with the brokers upon the floor. On each side of the huge room rise ten great red granite pilasters, with marble bases and bronze capitals. These pillars are thirty-five feet high, and from the cornice over them the ceiling is grained for twenty feet, as far as the centre panel. The effect is good, for there is the appearance of strength and gracefulness combined. At each end of the room is a gallery, from which visitors can look down upon the conflicts between bull and bears in the arena below. The President's desk is on the east side of the room. The Board prefers to retain the old one which is massive, and dark with age. The walls and ceiling are painted in the richest and most elaborate style of Renaissance decoration. Blue and gold are the predominating colours, but by no means the only colours: for in painting the arabesques of flowers and foliage, and the fabulous beasts of the Renaissance, all the colours of the rainbow are used, and some not in the ordinary every-day rainbow.

Having paid his \$34,000 for a "seat" in the Exchange, the member finds that he has no seat. The floor of the Board Room is destitute of seats, save a few here and there around the walls. There is nothing to impede the course of the members in their struggle with fortune, save a row in the centre of six small iron posts seven feet in height, each bearing the name of some stock which is dealt in. For instance, one post bears on one side the name "Western Union"; on the other "Wabash Common." Then at different points on the walls are cards with the names of other stocks upon them. These are guides for the members. If one wishes to deal in Western Union, he sees on entering the room the card, and near he finds the men who are dealing. He hurries up to the group which may be idly talking at that moment, and shouts the figure that he will give for 100 shares. Instantly there is a commotion. Half a dozen men yell at him the figure that they will take; other join in bids. They shake their fists at each other; they reach after each other's hands; they crowd and push, and yell and vociferate. Such a scene in such a group the artist has depicted in the illustration upon page 221. He gives the action well, but he can not reproduce the noise. But multiply this group by ten, fifteen, or twenty, and then imagine the noise that goes up among the blue and gold and fruits and flowers of that gorgeous ceiling on a "lively day in the street." Visitors lean over from the galleries and wonder at the tumult below. They can not catch a word that is said, nor can they see a reason for the tumult. They see two men who are gesticulating in a throng grasp each other outstretched fingers, then suddenly subside, step back, mark upon a small pad, tuck the memoranda in their pockets, and then perhaps rush over to another group, and go through similar operations. That simply means that Mr. Bull has sold, say 200 shares of Wabash Common to Mr. Bear for 482, or whatever the price may be, and that each has made a memorandum of the transaction. At such a time the floor of that big room presents a remarkable sight. Crowded with struggling men, some with blanched faces as they see their fortunes slipping from them, a hoarse tumult of discordant cries goes up with a cloud of dust raised by the shuffling feet. The floor is white with bits of paper—torn memoranda or notes of

reference or instruction. Messenger boys, gray-coated and white-capped, dart hither and thither through the throng. Anxious messengers and subscribers hang over the railings endeavouring to catch the eyes of struggling brokers. There is nothing elsewhere like the scene.

Formerly there was another element added to the confusion. A broker being wanted by a subscriber, a messenger walked through the room, calling his name in a tremendous voice. The effect was curious, this monotonous, steadily repeated cry arising amidst the tumult of the brokers. Now this is done away with. In front of each visitors' gallery are series of disks of iron painted black. They are on hinges, and when they fall on their hinges they disclose under them numbers in white that may be read the length of the room. To each broker is assigned a number; this number corresponds to his name. The disks are worked by electricity, by an operator outside of the room. Say that President Mackay's number is 10. A messenger wishes to communicate with him. He goes to the operator of the disks and makes known his wishes. The operator touches a button, and in the Board Room a falling disk reveals a big white 10 on a black ground. President Mackay sees it and knows that he is wanted at the railing. This simple arrangement will do away with much of the noise of the room.

There is nothing above the Board Room but the roof. It occupies all of the New Street frontage. The remaining stories of the building are in the Broad Street Building proper. On the second floor is the Government Room, a fine large apartment, forty by seventy feet, hung with crimson cloth, amphitheatrical in arrangement, furnished with massive leather-cushioned chairs, where government bonds are sold. Besides this, there are the President's and Secretary's rooms. The three other stories are divided each into six committee rooms. The halls and rooms are finished in ash, frescoed finely and well lighted. In the basement are safe-deposit vaults, rooms for messenger boys, and complete steam and ventilating apparatus.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR front page this week is devoted to a sketch of the late President Garfield, taken on the spot immediately after his death. The face was so changed by his long illness that it is said that many who had not seen him since he was shot were unable to recognize the features upon which they looked.

THE visit of the Troy Citizens Corps, to our city was cut short by the unhappy event which plunged the country in mourning and made it impossible for loyal citizens of the States to participate in any festivities whatever. The visitors arrived on the evening of the 19th, and were met at the Station by a large concourse of people, who, with a guard of honor of the 6th escorted them to the Windsor Hotel. On the way a halt was made at Victoria Square to witness the illumination of the fountain, and the hotel was reached after a march which was a triumphal procession. When they reached the hotel, the visitors halted in the grand hall and formed square, when Mr. Swett, the manager of the hotel, came forward, and in a few words announced the President's death. This announcement is the subject of our illustration on another page. Its effect upon the proposed festivities was of course very marked. The ranks broke up shortly after, and a meeting was held to decide upon their future course. The meeting decided unanimously that they must forego their anticipated pleasure and return by the first train home to share in the general mourning of their country. While all were sorry to lose them, there was no man who did not respect their decision, and so after many expressions of good will on either side the strangers departed by the early train on the morning of the 20th.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.—Last Thursday the buildings of the Halifax Exhibition were informally opened to the public, but as usual on such occasions, the space was but partially filled, and to-day (Monday) will see the first real commencement of the Exhibition, as by this time all is in place. The main building is this year utilized for industrial products, in place of being devoted, as last year, to the horticultural exhibits. It is, though detracting a little from the beautiful appearance of the building is on the whole a far more satisfactory arrangement. On the whole the exhibits are not so numerous as was expected. There are various reasons for this. The late day at which the prize list was issued and the want of sufficient advertising, together with want of confidence in the energy and ability of the gentlemen managing the Exhibition were among those reasons, but the greatest cause of all is the tremendous rush of business at all the manufacturing. Our illustration gives a general view of the main building and grounds.

A FURTHER instalment of our artist's sketches of the Montreal Exhibition appear on another page. The central illustration represents the Firemen's procession on the night of Sept. 22nd, passing up St. James street. Round about the central drawing are several incidents upon the ground—the arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor, the horse-racing, etc. In the left hand upper corner may be seen a mounted official's method of keeping back the crowd, which, on this occasion, proved highly effective, while the figure on the right, with the bouquet in his hand, is too well known in our streets not to be easily recognized.

ARMY SIGNALLING AT ALDERSHOT.—In a military camp we are always "making believe" to be in the presence of the enemy; and the maxim that practice makes perfect is habitually acted upon. The manual exercises, musketry drill, sentry posting, marchings and counter-marchings, and other purely military evolutions are all interesting enough in their way, but signalling (perhaps because of the modicum of scientific mystery which it possesses) is especially attractive to spectators. In the old fashioned system of flag signalling the motions of the flag correspond to a code of brief military phrases, and as the flag is discernible at a greater distance than its manipulator, it may be easily understood how Tommy Atkins, jun., with the aid of a stick and a coloured kerchief occasionally contrives to have some stirring fun, for which, however, he has to pay rather dearly if caught by the orderly sergeant. In heliograph signalling, when a couple of men have been sent off a distance of several miles on a blazing hot day, the temptation to have a nap instead of working the mirror is sometimes irresistible, it being known that the officers at the other end will in all likelihood think that a cloud is interfering with the operation. Officers and gentlemen are always polite to ladies and contemptuous of eads, so that it is not surprising that they should address them in very different ways when they happen to stroll across the line of sight, as shown in two of our sketches.

THE DOY "LITTLE WESTERN."—The accompanying illustrations of the American dory boat "Little Western" which recently made the passage from London to Halifax in seventy-eight days, will be of interest to our readers. The crew consists of but two men, their names being Geo. P. Thomas, of Halifax, and Fred. Norman, of Norway, both naturalized Americans. The "L. W." is of the following dimensions:—16 feet long; 23 feet keel; 6 feet beam; 2 feet 6 in. deep from deck. She is a centre-board sloop, built of pitch pine and cedar at Gloucester, Mass., a year ago last May. Since leaving London, she has experienced a succession of westerly gales, lost drogue, cable, square-sail yard, fore hatch, and others articles too numerous to mention. Has been in collision with the steamer "Surry" (which wanted to pick them up) and smashed the tiny craft's mast. They were given a new one, and also provisions from the "Surry." They told the captain of the "Surry" that they would reach New York if they had to paddle the craft. Had the main boom carried away three times in gales, split sails and lost her jib-boom. Ran into a Norwegian barque and broke the stem; only had pen-knife, saw and nippers to work with; notwithstanding all this we managed to fix it and proceed on our voyage. Their craft leaked at the rate of four inches per hour for over a month, and they were compelled to keep pumping all the time. On Sunday night last, while being short of bread, and becoming found it necessary to put into Point Michéau, Cape Breton. Set sail Monday for Halifax: thick fog came on and wanting to fill with water, put into Liscomb next morning. Left there next day and put into Maria Joseph, Wednesday, 2 p.m., and arrived in Halifax harbor at 11 this morning.

The "Little Western" had fine weather from the Banks to Cape Breton. The two men were wet all the time; kept the same clothes on since they left London without changing. Their feet and hands are sore and they are now pretty well used to the hard-ships of tempestuous weather. The "Little Western" left New York a year ago last June for London and is now bound home on her return voyage.

BURNING OF EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AT KANSAS CITY, MO.—A fire broke out on the afternoon of the 14th instant, at the grounds of the Exposition Association at Kansas City, Mo., which precipitated a panic, destroyed a large amount of property, and, strange to say, left fully 20,000 people unscorched. The flames started in the west end of the main hall, a large wooden structure covering over half an acre. The hall was densely crowded, and at once a panic seized upon the multitude. All efforts to quiet the excited and terror-stricken people were of no avail, and in their confusion they rushed hither and thither, trampling each other down, while shrieks and groans filled the air. A strong wind was blowing, and the fire spread with wonderful rapidity, quickly communicating to the surrounding buildings. In an almost incredibly short space of time the main building, with all its contents, was an unsightly heap of ashes. The flames leaped across the avenue to Newspaper Row, quickly swallowing up the buildings of the Times, Journal and Mail, the secretary's office and a number of refreshment stands in that vicinity. They next attacked the grand stand, in which no less than twelve thousand people were seated at the time watching the races. Corbin's Bashaw had just won the second heat in 2:25 race in 2:19, when the alarm reached that point, and, quicker than it can be told, a rush was made for the track. As the fire was coming from the west, and the flames and smoke were blowing directly upon it, the jockeys had no time to remove their horses from the track by the usual way, and fences were quickly broken down, and horses, jockeys and struggling men, women and children rushed, a huge mass, towards the eastern part of the grounds. There were no facilities for extinguishing the fire at hand, and it did not stop until there was no more material for it to feed upon. The Fire Department went to the grounds, but could not reach there in time to be of any service.