

SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION: ITS PATHETIC ASPECT.

has been enabled to visit the Chicago Exhibition, as one of the forty delegates sent over by the Government to examine and report upon the several departments affecting their respective trades. The official nomination was addressed to Simon, who was a tanner, and the letter fell into the hands of the anarchist, who also was in the leather business; he said nothing, but, as requested, came up to Paris, received his return ticket for Chicago and his personal expenses in full. He kept dark respecting his opinions till at work in the Exhibition and then commenced to rant against capitalists and employers and to frequent the society of anarchists. The Americans like his comrades, viewed him as eccentric, but being a Government official, his conduct was condoned. On returning to France, he boasted how he had done the Government; but those laugh best who laugh last. Simon has been arrested for wilfully retaining a letter not destined for him and defrauding the Government by the swindle. He will receive three years "hard labour" in which to reflect on his trip.

It is the high rent in Paris that kills and keeps the artizan in misery; it not only eats into his salary, but compels him to occupy attics unfit for any human being; yet they are the only cheap places he can rent, and what are those places? They are included in the statistics furnished by Dr. Mora; viz., there are 20,000 dwelling rooms where no fire can be made, and 10,000 without a window!

Exactly one century ago some French war ships, captured by the English, were brought into Plymouth; among the prisoners one was remarked for his good looks and splendid courage; he fell sick, took to his bed, and surprised the hospital doctor by giving birth to a son—it was a young woman in disguise, whose patriotism made her volunteer to crush the hereditary enemy. The "Plymouth brethren," as well as sisters, complimented the mother, who with her baby received every attention and sympathy.

Since the Minister of Justice has had his infant baptized "Olga," in honor of the Franco-Russian alliance, "Olga" promises to supersede "Marie." Already the French had exhausted the Greek and Roman vocabulary. Z.

SONGLESS.

Here in your hands, love,
Place I the lute;
Tell me, ah, tell me why
You should be mute.

You had a voice, love,
Sweet like the flute;
Sad is my heart to-night,
Your lips are mute!

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

The Grove, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

The STAR Almanac of Montreal for 1894 is so far advanced towards completion that the publishers are able to announce it to the trade for the 21st November. An enormous demand has grown up for the STAR Almanac, not only in Canada but in the United States and Great Britain.

How little our knowledge of mankind is derived from intentional accurate observation! Most of it has, unsought, found its way into the mind from the continual presentation of the objects to our unthinking view. It is a knowledge of sensation more than of reflection.—John Foster.

The most pathetic aspect of the Exhibition, at present writing, is that it is already a thing of the past! As all philosophers and moralists are continually reminding us, "passing away" is written on all material things. "Sic transit gloria mundi"—is an old, old story. But the "passing away" is generally gradual. Old historic ruins have crumbled away by slow degrees, so that those who admire the ruin never saw the building in its prime. Every autumn, the beauty and glory of the forest, over immense areas, falls before the approach of winter, carrying with it many a fairy vision of beauty that delighted the eye. But, in general, it is a gentle, "calm decay," preparing us by degrees for the inevitable end. The most pathetic element in the desolation wrought by war, lies in the suddenness with which the work of human skill and labour are laid low before the destroyer. A similar pathos attends the close of the greatest exposition the world has ever seen, and the vanishing of the ideal "White City." It may be more dramatically fitting that it should pass away thus abruptly, that no memories of gradual deterioration should becloud the undimmed lustre of its glory, that as a vision it should arise, and as a vision disappear! Still, it brings the transitoriness of human achievement so vividly before us that it can hardly fail to sadden any one who saw it in its glory. That those superb buildings, on which so much labour, ingenuity and skill have been expended, should be doomed to speedy destruction, that those magnificent collections of statuary, painting, bronzes, precious exhibits of all sorts, those archaeological and scientific treasures, brought at such trouble and expense from all quarters of the globe, should be disarranged and dispersed, never certainly to be all collected again, is reason enough to give a pathetic colouring to the memories of the Great Fair. And, indeed, there were few who did not feel this touch of pathos in advance—to whom it did not sometimes bring a strange sudden sadness in the midst of all the gorgeous vision of beauty, to remember that the whole fairy scene was destined to disappear, as certainly and almost as swiftly as an Almaschar vision. We all know the old story of the tears of Xerxes, as he reflected that the host he saw before him, would, in the course of a few years, have vanished from the earth. But here the destruction was to be the work of weeks, not years. No wonder, then, that the underlying feeling of sadness which generally accompanies the enjoyment of any transcendent beauty should here be felt in double force.

Yet, like every other "thing of beauty" it must, in the poet's sense, become "a joy forever." It has entered into the consciousness of many millions of people, and become a part of it—to remain so as long as life and memory last. It must, to a certain extent, influence the minds and taste of nearly all of those millions, and to that extent raise them intellectually and aesthetically. They will have a higher standard of comparison, to which to refer, even if unconsciously, and a higher ideal of beauty which in time may somewhat soften and refine the inevitable crudity of life, especially in new and rapidly settled regions, like the Western States and

Territories. The memories of the Columbian Exposition will be widely scattered seeds from which, in time, may spring an abundant harvest, and one cannot but wonder whether, in the New Era to which many are looking forward, with so much hope and interest—this ideal "White City," may not become a type and model for the cities of the future. Why should not art and beauty guide the building of our cities and the erection of our public buildings much more fully and efficiently than they have done in the past? Why might we not have great co-operative commercial palaces somewhat on the model of the great palace of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, or on that of the Agricultural Building? Why should not the public buildings be grouped together with reference to the beauty of the whole effect, while the residences might be grouped together also with regard to the picturesqueness of the general effect, while the less sightly though necessary accompaniments of our complex civilization might find a place in the background, as they do here. There is no reason why the new towns and cities of the future, at least, might not be built on some such general plan as that which has made an ideal city at Jackson Park. And in this connection, one is reminded that not one of the least pathetic aspects of the Exposition arises from the circumstance that the man to whom, most of all, was due the honor of the general conception, G. W. Root, died of pneumonia some months before the grand conception was actually realized—one of many instances of the apparent irony of fate!

But the pathos of human life was to be seen everywhere. One could scarcely turn one's eyes for a moment from the fascinating array of exhibits, to glance at the hurrying crowds, without encountering it. One saw it in the wistful, bewildered expression of the country-folk, who, with satchels and lunch-baskets, and perhaps a baby or two in tow, had come to spend a day at the big Fair. As the magnitude of the Exposition, and its almost infinite variety of exhibits and buildings dawned upon their overwhelmed minds—the utter hopelessness of the attempt to take it in, even cursorily, in a day, and the feeling that much of it was beyond their powers of appreciation or even comprehension, seemed to reduce them to a half-dazed condition of awe-struck admiration and amazement at this world of wonder and beauty, so much of which was closed to those who had not the key of knowledge wherewith to unlock its treasures. Especially was this noticeable at the Art Gallery, where one could not fail to notice the young country-lads, travelling satchels in hand, who hurried through the endless galleries, trying to take in an impression or two from the profusion of treasures around them, and grateful to get from any good-natured possessor of a catalogue, a crumb or two of information concerning any striking picture. The writer heard the feeling written on many faces articulately expressed by an elderly farmer, who remarked to his wife in a tone of helpless resignation, *apropos* of some exhibition in the "Midway"—probably the pointed gables of "Old Vienna"—"These things are for higher eddicated folks than us!" He recognized the inevitable limitation, and would not concern himself with things too high for him. Doubtless, for such simple folks, life has its compensations, though those who know something of what they miss, feel as if they had been in some