SEEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Notable Specimens of Architecture on the Grounds at the Great Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

The Mines and Mining Building is 700 feet long by 350 feet wide, and the architect is S. S. Beman, of Chicago. Its architecture has its inspiration in early Italian renaissance, with which sufficient liberty is taken to invest the building with the animation that should characterize a great general Exposition. There is a decided French spirit pervading the exterior design, but it is kept well subordinated. In plan it is simple and straightforward, embracing on the ground floor spacious vestibules, restaurants, toilet-rooms, etc. On each of the four sides of the building are placed the entrances, those of the north and south fronts being the most spacious and prominent. To the right and left of each entrance, inside, start broad flights of easy stairs leading to the galleries. The galleries are 60 feet wide and 25 feet high from the ground floor, and are lighted on the sides by large windows, and from above by a high clear-story extending around the building.

The main fronts look southward on the great Central Court, and northward on the western and middle lakes and an island gorgeous with flowers. These principal fronts display enormous arched entrances, richly embellished with sculptural decorations emblematic of mining and its allied industries. At each end of these fronts are large square pavilions, surmounted by low domes, which mark the four corners of the building, and are lighted by large arched windows extending through the galleries.

Between the main entrance and the pavilions are richly decorated arcades, forming an open loggia on the ground floor, and a deeply recessed promenade on the gallery floor level, which commands a fine view of the lakes and islands to the northward and the great Central Court on the south. These covered promenades are each 25 feet wide and 220 feet long, and from them is had access to the building at numerous points. These loggias on the first floor are faced with marbles of different kinds and hues, which will be considered part of the Mining Exhibit, and so utilized as to have marketable value at the close of the Exposition. The loggia ceilings will be heavily coffered, and richly decorated in plaster and color. The ornamentation is massed at the prominent points of the facade. The exterior presents a massive, though graceful, appearance.

Immediately south of the entrance to Jackson Park from the Midway Plaisance, and facing east on the lagoon, is the Horticultural Building. In front is a flower terrace for outside exhibits, including tanks for Nymphæa and the Victoria Regia. The front of the terrace, with its low parapet between large vases, borders the water, and at its center forms a boat landing.

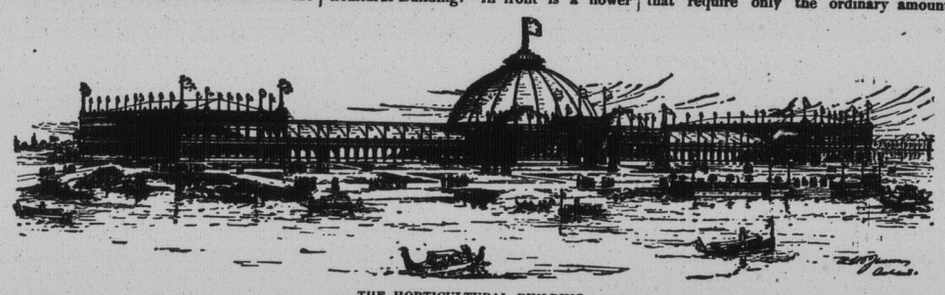
The building is 1,000 feet long, with an extreme width of 250 feet. The plan is a central pavillion, with two end pavillions, each connected with the central one by front and rear curtains, forming two interior courts, each 88 by 270 feet. These courts are beautifully decorated in color and planted with ornamental shrubs and flowers. The center of the pavillion is roofed by a crystal dome 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which are exhibited the tallest palms, bamboos, and tree ferns that can be procured. There are galleries in each of the pavillions. The galleries of the end pavillions are designed for cafes, the situation and the surroundings being particularly adapted to recreation and refreshment. These cafes are surrounded by an arcade on three sides from which charming views of the grounds can be obtained.

In this building are exhibited all the varieties of flowers, plants, vines, seeds, horticural implements, etc. Those exhibits requiring sunshine and light are shown in the rear curtains, where the roof is entirely of glass and not too far removed from the plants. The front curtains and space under the galleries are designed for exhibits that require only the ordinary amount of light. Ample provision is made for the heating of such parts of the building as may require it, by the latest and most approved methods.

The exterior of the building is in "staff," tinted in a soft warm buff, color being reserved for the interior and the courts.

The cost of this building was about $300,000. W. L. B. Jenny, of Chicago, is the architect.

THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

BITS FROM BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

The Editor's Travels and Ruminations on Men and Matters.

The March number of Butler's Journal fully sustains the reputation of that free and independent fulminator. The editor, Martin Butler, gives a further account of his travels and the people he met. Some extracts from his diary are appended:

The Motive of the Journey.

On Tuesday, February 20th, I determined on taking another trip to the country, to see old friends, and eke out, if possible, a small addition to the scanty revenue received from the Journal.

When Martin goes peddling at this season he hauls his own sled, "The Penniac Prancer." This will account for the following adventure:

A Battle with the Elements.

I pushed on, but the elements were against me, for I had hardly got a mile when it began to snow, and blow a hurricane. My big overcoat, that I bought from Sammy Owen, and the patent ear protectors which I got from Parson Vickery, now stood me in good stead, and although I am an uncompromising free trader, I was strongly predisposed in favor of "protection" in this case. But I kept on undaunted, despite the fury of the elements, knowing that it would be useless to apply for shelter until I reached the well known hostelry of Mrs. A. McClary, a distance of four miles; and drawing up to the house more dead than alive, I entered, while Harry at once proceeded to relieve me of my overcoat and went and hauled my sled into the shed.

Editor Butler was more fortunate the next day, for he got a ride with Charles Arnold. Accident still attended him, however, and this is how it happened:

Something to Warm Him Up.

In my ride a slight accident occurred. The sled being hitched behind, and the road icy in some places, it slewed to one side, and coming in contact with a telegraph post upset, snapping the tongue and upsetting the load, but doing no further damage, and when we arrived at Pete's we patched it up, and at the earnest solicitation of my friend I took "something to warm me up" and then proceeded on my way.

Martin Meets Strange Company.

On Monday I again set out and after taking dinner with Mr. Ed Slipp, I proceed to "Kellibill," at the foot of which I met two young toughs: Jud Foster and "Pecks Bad Boyle," with a whole herd of bulls and cows, destined for the shambles, and to be offered up as a sacrifice to the stomachs of the celestials.

The Editor in Hard Luck.

I then cross the river, climbing up Gunter's hill, and reach Mr. Moore's at nightfall. I would have been quite welcome to have stopped had not the lady of the house been out visiting, and Mr. Moore and Dow were getting ready to go after her. So I pushed along and turned down about a half a mile to the house of Geo. Slipp. The people there were out visiting too, and retracing my steps I made for the house of Mr. A. McNally, but got stuck in a show drift, where I wallowed around for about an hour, and at last extracating myself by a herculenean effort I got on a better road and soon saw the welcome light in Councillor Mac's window.

He Meets Young Philistines.

I hurry along, being anxious to get home in time for Journal week, and just at the watering trough in Lower Queensbury I fall in with a lot of school boys who begged hard for a chew of tobacco. As it happened I had two pieces of chewing in my back breeches pocket, and handed one around, but this was not enough, and I passed around the other and they filled their mouths; their cheeks sticking out like balloons. Tobacco must be scarce in that part of the country. At the little store I got a boy to fill my pipe, giving him my knife. The tobacco he returned but I forgot to ask him for the knife, and he took good care not to remember. I stopped with Mr. Will McKeen's family, and the little boy, Cecil, went up in the morning to see if he could get the knife for me, but the young Frenchman would not give it up.

Among Martin's ruminations on men, matters and morals, are the following bits of philosophy:

A Curious Fact.

It is no trouble to put 35 cents in a letter and mail it to our address: Fredericton, N. B. Stamps will do as well as cash, and it is a curious fact that with over $20 of outstanding indebtness, we do not receive stamps enough through the mail to keep us agoing.

Got no Tickets to the Show.

The representation of the editor of the Journal, together with several of the notables of the city, at the Snowflake Minstrel's exhibition in the City Hall some time ago, was a harmless bit of pleasantry at which we are not in the least inclined to take offence; but we notice that these gentlemen were not as ready at "taking us in" as they were at "taking us off," as the customary complimentary ticket to editors in this case was conspicuous by its absence.

Exhibition by Fredericton Girls.

It seems that the girls in the house across the street are in the habit of giving magic lantern exhibitions nightly, judging from the pictures thrown on the curtains, as viewed from the window of the Journaloffice.

Pernicious Pitts.

The bullet-headed editor of the Reporter gets a severe but well merited castigation in the Fredericton Globe of Saturday last. Pitts, we suppose, is the best hated man in the province.

Gives Himself a Notice.

At the examination in the Normal school recently, one of the lady students being asked who was the greatest living poet? promptly responded, Martin Butler. That young lady's head is level.

How the Ocean Became Salt.

Professor Edward Hull, in a lecture to the Victoria Institute, London, explained that throughout all geological time the ocean had been receiving continual supplies from rivers bringing down not only sediments but salts and carbonates, together with free silica, in solution. The sediment was deposited over the ocean floor, and generally not far from the lands, while the dissolved ingredients were carried by the currents into all parts. Meanwhile the ocean surface was constantly giving off, particularly over the equatorial regions, enormous quantities of vapour, which were carried into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and were precipitated in the form of rain and snow over the lands. Part, of course, fell on the sea again, but the greater quantity fell on the land surfaces, and was returned to the ocean in streams charged with fresh salts and carbonates. The consequence of that process must clearly be that the saline ingredients had been increasing in the oceanic waters from the earliest periods down to the present day.

A Hindoo journal says of dancing: "We do not think our countrymen would care very much for hopping, and, least of all, they would allow their wives and daughters to be caught by their waists and danced about by strangers. The floor is so alluring and, withal, so smooth that one is easily apt to slip, and slipping to the Hindoo is eternal damnation."

THE QUEEN'S TRANSIENT GUESTS.

How They are Entertained at Windsor and What is Expected.

During the Queen's residence at Windsor "dine and sleep" guests arrive at the Castle nearly every night, says the Pall Mall Budget. The Ministers, some members of the Corps Diplomatique, the Leaders of the Opposition, and a selection of the class described by Lord Beaconsfield as "the high nobility," make up the company, with a few military and naval magnates, two or three literary and artistic celebrities, and nearly all the Royal family in rotation.

On arriving at the visitors' entrance to the Castle, the guests are conducted to their various rooms, which are sure to be most comfortable and warm; and, unless they have a friend among the household in waiting, or are sent for by the Queen or by any member of the Royal family, there is an interval of nearly two hours before it is time to dress for dinner. Guests are expected to assemble in the corridor at half-past eight, all in full dress, which is indispensable for the Queen's dinner party. At a quarter to nine the Queen and those members of the Royal family who are staying at the Castle enter the corridor, bow to the company, and proceed at once into the Oak Room, where dinner is always served, unless there are more than eighteen persons at table, which now rarely happens. The Oak Room, which adjoins the corridor, looks out on the Quadrangle. One side is hung with Gobelin tapestry, which was presented to the Queen by Louis Philippe. The sideboards are covered with magnificent plate, and the table always presents a very fine appearance. Besides the servants who wait, clerks of the kitchen and cellarmen, all in their full dress, are also in the room.

The dinner is always very good, and the wines of unsurpassable excellence. Champagne, claret, and Madeira are usually drunk, but Rhine wine (of which the Queen has a splendid stock) is often produced. Imperial Tokay was Prince Albert's favourite dessert wine, but it is seldom seen now. The men remain for only a short time at table after the Queen and ladies have retired. After dinner the company reassembles in the corridor, which is now lighted by electricity, and is upwards of five hundred feet in length. The Queen makes it a rule to speak for a few minutes to each person after dinner; and, having gone round the circle, her Majesty then retires to her own apartments; the company adjourns to one of the drawing-rooms, and they finish the evening with music and whist. There is now an excellent billiard-room in the Castle, and a most comfortable smoking-room. In the morning the guests either breakfast in their own rooms or at one of the household tables, and official visitors return to London by the 10.30 train (sometimes by the 9.5, which was Lord Beaconsfield's favourite train); but other guests may wish to visit the library, or the gardens at Frogmore, in which case the departure is deferred until one o'clock.

In Memoriam.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ANGUS McDONALD.

Beloved son of Sarah and Michael McDonald, who died February 24th, 1893, aged 29 years. The deceased young man leaves his parents, three brothers, and four sisters, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Another of our flock is gone,
Another voice is still;
A place is vacant in our home,
That never can be filled.

The Lord, He only lent us here
To tread upon the soil;
And then He meant to send for us,
To end our strife and toil.

He took from us,
The gayest and the best;
He took him from this world of care
To dwell among the blest.

But Oh! we miss our brother;
He was cheerful, young and gay
But then the Lord, He sent for him
And took him straight away.

His parents, they are left to weep,
All for their son so dear,
But then the Lord will comfort them
And He their hearts will cheer.

Little did poor Angus know
The day his nephew died,
How quickly he'd be called for,
And laid down by his side.

But now, the both of them have gone
Their toil and trouble o'er;
And here, upon this wicked earth,
We'll hear their voice no more.

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