

The buildings on the left bank claim our attention by the extreme variety of their sky-line. Great clustered domes and towers, Renaissance balustrades, feudal battlements, Gothic pinnacles with every form of finial and weather-vane, cut their silhouettes against the sky. These are the pavilions of the foreign powers, each characteristic of its own country. Several are direct copies of notable buildings, as, for instance, that of Belgium, which is a direct cast of the Hôtel-de-Ville at Oudenarde. The entire building, interior and exterior, was shipped in sections from Brussels to Paris and set up here by Belgians. In fact these buildings were all erected by native workmen, specially sent to Paris for the purpose. It was most interesting to study the different modes of construction; to see the Norwegians climb about on their lofty palace of native pine, without the aid of a stick of scaffolding, to watch the Russians in fur caps and belted blouses set up the great Muscovite towers, the Italians casting the numerous statues for the decoration of their niches.

It is but a step from these foreign pavilions to the Champ-de-Mars, which, as regards arrangement, remains much as it was in the last Exposition. Its lateral buildings have been reconstructed and the central dome has given place to one of the most unique features of the fair. The Château d'Eau and the Palais de l'Electricité here form a most extraordinary group. The former has for its principal motive a gigantic niche, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. From a grotto placed high in this niche a torrent of water leaps forth and is augmented by six smaller streams flowing from lesser niches. The water then falls over a series of terraces into a great basin beneath. Spouting jets enliven its descent; fantastic monsters, nymphs, and tritons disport themselves in the foam.

Behind the great grotto towers the gigantic mass of the Palais de l'Electricité. Its designer has conceived a fairy-like construction of the most surprising originality as new and modern as the element for which it stands. Its principal feature is a perforated crest running the entire length of the building. Its apex is surmounted by a group representing Electricity drawn by a horse and dragon relieved against the splendour of a huge sun. To give an idea of the height of this building, it may be said that the feet of the statue stand on about the same level as the top of the towers of Notre Dame!

As we return through the gardens of the Champ-de-Mars and pass under the

Eiffel Tower, a strange picture bursts upon us. Under the shadow of the Trocadéro, and dominated by its mass, an Oriental city is clustered, brilliant, dazzling white in the sunshine, its flat domes and minarets gleaming crisp against the sky. Here are grouped the Colonial buildings, both French and foreign, the two most conspicuous being those of Algeria and Tunis. Farther up the incline of the Trocadéro gardens stands the palace of Siberia, Asia, a most beautiful collection of buildings, rich, almost barbaric in detail, and brilliantly coloured. Under one of the great towers is the entrance to the exhibit of the trans-Siberian railway. An express train stands waiting, and we take our places in one of the luxurious coaches. Thus comfortably seated, we see, by means of a clever device, a panorama unfold itself; villages, towns, the steppes, rugged mountains succeed each other until finally the train stops. We alight and exit by a door opposite the one through which we entered and find ourselves in a Chinese station, in the Chinese section of the Exposition. A quaint corner it is too, this Chinese village with a bit of a palace, several most elaborate houses and gates, little bridges over tiny streams, all enlivened with gaudy reds, greens, and yellows. Thus for the first time has China come out of her shell and entered the lists of a European exhibition.

There is no "Midway," no one street upon which all attractions congregate, but they tempt the tired wanderer at every corner.

The "Village Suisse" is a true bit of the Alps, full of charming bits: little shops and market-stalls, roughly carved chalets with huge projecting eaves and shingled roofs; even the goats and cows browse in the little lanes. The other half is arranged as a true piece of Swiss landscape. The illusion is complete and it is hardly possible to realize that one is in the heart of Paris. It seems impossible that these towering masses of rock, these patches of grass with stunted pines, are but combinations of art and nature and not the *bona fide* thing.

Some of the most beautiful of this summer's sights are the night illuminations. Paris, of all places, knows best how to arrange her night fêtes. The bridges covered with festoons and pyramids of many-coloured lights, the trees hung with orange lanterns, the great buildings outlined like fairy palaces, the river a moving mass of quivering reflections, the sky illumined with bursts of rockets and iridescent balls of fire.