

## NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.—I.



SHORT journey from Hamilton! The Chicago Express leaves at 4.10 p.m. and arrives at 8 a.m.; a night's rest in a sleeper, and you awake in Chicago.

On board were some Frenchmen—good-looking fellows, full of life and vivacity; only one of whom could speak English. The others speak French so fast it is almost impossible to catch the words. One is an artist, and interests the others with his sketch-book, adding an additional outline wherever he sees an interesting subject.

The great tunnel at Port Huron is so dark that you can see nothing, and so one can give no items of observation, save that in its dark recesses several officers of customs make us open our valises, and bid us attend at the baggage room on the American side, to open our trunks. Finding the writer was commissioned by the Minister of Agriculture of our Dominion, the officials at once gave way, out of courtesy, and he was passed without question.

The ride through Michigan was rather monotonous—an ordinary farming country, with little to indicate that the farmers were very prosperous. As we neared Chicago, the proximity of a large city was evidenced by the hundreds of

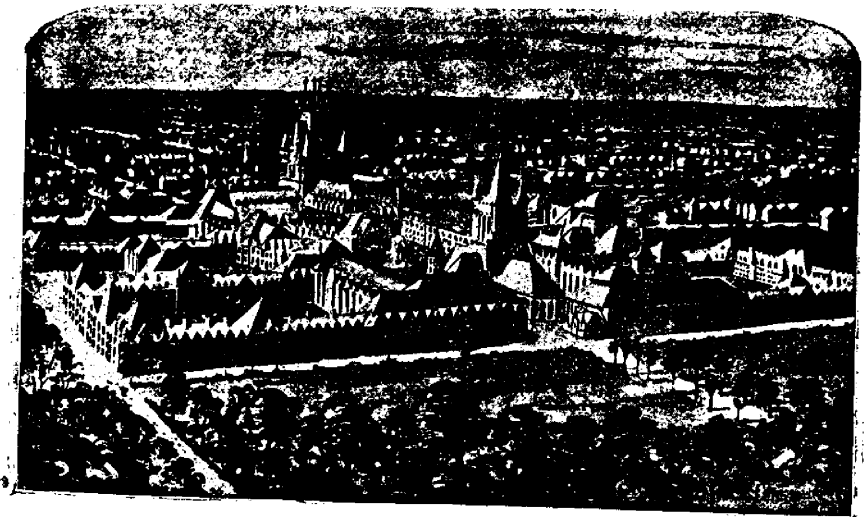


FIG. 531.—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF UNIVERSITY.