

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By a REGISTER CONTRIBUTOR.

In spite of the comforts of our elegantly fitted railway coaches, travelling on the railway trains alone is superlatively monotonous. I am very much relieved indeed to learn that I am actually nearing the great Prairie City, and look out on the surrounding country with more interest than I thought it possible an hour ago to arouse.

The first thing that strikes me is the flatness of the country and the spindle-like character of the trees. There are no forest trees—no primeval or even colonial trees—everything is new, new. I cannot help speculating on possible disappointment in store for me, in the much praised parks and boulevards in this Queen City of the West. Can Western enterprise have accomplished the herculean task of transporting and transplanting trees worthy to be the pride of park and boulevard, or has Yankee invention been fertile enough to produce a tolerable substitute in this Prairie City?

Miles and miles outside of Chicago are streets laid out, trees planted, sidewalks laid, and new houses vacant. I do not wonder at the planting of trees; that is wise and provident; but there are more places than Toronto where the real estate man's prophecies are slow in the fulfilment.

We pass the cemeteries. It is apparent, even on this wintry day, they are carefully kept. I learn of the very sensible custom of funerals by train. The railway trains pass the cemeteries; stations are erected at their gates for the accommodation of the public, and trains run for their convenience—either special chartered trains, or scheduled trains.

It would never do to be in Chicago and not visit the World's Fair Building. It could not be. The enterprising, energetic citizen of this Queen City of the West simply would not allow you to pass over his new source of pride so slightly. It does not take long, indeed, to become invested with much the same feelings. In the midst of a city full of people and papers overflowing with World's Fair talk, and making weekly pilgrimages to the, for the moment, Mecca of America, the idea easily takes possession of one that there is nothing so thrillingly interesting as the Great Exposition that accentuates the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Discovery of America.

A very bleak, bitter day found me making my way as best I could over the slippery, treacherous roads around and through that portion of Jackson Park devoted to the World's Fair. Even now, under such unfavorable conditions, in such an unfinished state, what a dream of beauty it is! Perhaps one's mind runs ahead of one's sight, and clothes the present barrenness, and makes a complete picture from the suggestive materials.

However that may be, I find it all, architecture and surroundings, most satisfying, and all in harmony. I am content to forget the unsubstantial qualities of the pageant—it is all as real for me as it pretends to be. I am transported to old Venetian days, to Grecian temples and Roman baths. When the sky is blue, the grass green, the air warm, the lagoons dotted with the graceful, richly ornamented, splendidly fitted gondolas of the fourteenth century, with their picturesque gondoliers, it will be fairyland indeed, if the hurrying thousands of eager, thronging visitors will not weary one into forgetfulness of the beauty.

The puffing, busy little engines one meets here, there, and everywhere over the grounds, recall my thoughts to modern practical times, and are reminders of what modern science and skill are accomplishing here in such

short space of time, and earnest of the completion of the work.

To think that a few short months ago, this enchanting prospect was a desolate waste of sand-hills and marshy ponds. What a clever idea to turn into positive aids what the casual observer would have thought the insurmountable and unaccommodating disadvantages of a site whose sole good quality was extent.

I think not only will the World's Fair be an eloquent monument to the progress of architecture in the country—a school of models in itself for the training of architects; but also a triumph in landscape gardening. The omnipresent water guided by canals from one curving lagoon to another yet more capriciously curved; the basins, with the surrounding stately buildings, forming a larger and smaller court; the arrangement of flower beds, bridges, islands with dense shrubbery, the colonnade walks, the vista of the lake—all these are most skilfully and artistically planned. So if we do not see the natural beauties of a Park such as Fairmount Park, where the Great Centennial Exhibition was held, we have something so decidedly novel, and because it is so novel, attractive and fascinating, that we can afford to forget other beauties.

What a marvelous nation and people is this great American country! I think the material used to cover the rough timber frames of the buildings, to make the colossal statues, the elaborate ornamentations, was invented just for this occasion. The name "Staff" is new any way, though it may be but an improvement upon adobe. It is very simple and quickly made, and has the important qualities of toughness and lightness, and will take any tint or color desired. All the buildings at the present time of writing are in the original grayish white peculiar to "Staff," except the Transportation building, and appear like marble palaces. Staff is indeed wonderful—it has made possible this gigantic work. Now there are working some wonderful machines, in which the power used is compressed air, that will paint or tone surfaces, doing the work of an army of painters.

I could not attempt in any single letter a minute description of the principal buildings; it would become monotonous reading, especially without illustrations, but a little chat about what I saw, may not be uninteresting.

As every one knows, in spite of the large area reserved for the Great Exhibition, space is at a very high premium; so I was not a little surprised to see, almost as I entered from the north west corner, a pretty Moorish building with the ever-popular Puck on the height of the dome—silk hat and cane all complete; a short distance further on another circular building, not unlike a wheel house, whose port-hole windows and star decorations proclaimed the headquarters of the White Star line.

No prompter, no guide is necessary to tell one the uses of the new buildings—the different industries or sciences to be exhibited therein. The elaboration of the exterior of each building is in accord with the industry, or science, or art, to which the building is devoted. Each structure has unmistakable characteristics—the most careless observer must see at a glance for what each is intended. Especially is this true of the Fisheries' Building, where every variety in size and kind of fish is playfully treated in the details; of the Forestry Building, which pathetically tries to preserve its rustic nature amid so much that is artificial, the Hall of Mines and Mining, the Electrical Building, the Fine Art Museum, whose severely classic lines, simplicity and formal stately appearance are in keeping with the display expected to be contained

within its walls; the Transportation Building, where statues finished in bronze, effects of the inventors and improvers of ways and means of travelling are placed at intervals around the building, and allegorical figures of speed and locomotion decorate the walls. The great feature of this building is the Golden Doorway—a most imposing entrance.

But I was anxious to see what ceremonies would attend the handing over of Germany's fine building to the Imperial Commissioner, and hastened, in spite of driving sleet and bitter wind, to the east side of the grounds to witness the event. The celebration is peculiarly German, and is given by the workmen; it always occurs just before the roof is entirely laid. When Herr Wermuth, the Commissioner, arrived six German workmen, the sturdiest there, brought from the building an enormous floral crown and placed it on a platform one hundred feet from the ground. Attached to this immense structure of flowers were numbers of handkerchiefs—souvenirs of the occasion, which were to be distributed among the workmen. The crown is hoisted to the top of the great southeast tower of "Das Deutsche Haus" amid the cheers and shouts of the spectators. Then Herr Neumann, Superintendent of the building work, advanced to the front of the platform but a moment before occupied by the floral crown, and holding up a glass of wine to the people's inspection, drained its contents and hurled the glass from him, to break into a thousand atoms. He then gave an address in humorous verse, with good wishes for everybody connected with the construction of the building, and drinking a second glass of wine, finished by calling for three cheers for the German Emperor, three cheers for the President of the United States, and cheers for Commissioner Wermuth and the Architects. The handkerchiefs were distributed—the German National hymn sung—the artisans finished their celebration of the event at a banquet provided by Herr Neumann, and Herr Wermuth gave his friends a dinner at his residence. The day being Emperor William's birthday, gave, I suppose, the extra enthusiasm required by such dreadfully depressing weather.

It was this same dreadful weather that drove me into the Horticultural Building, and helped me to remain there the rest of the day, though indeed I was so charmed with the exhibits already in place in the Hall that I needed no other inducement to remain inside. But this same dreadful weather is my excuse for not taking the formal entrance into the grounds and describing the general design and the effect of a view of this ambitious display, as taken from the formal place of entrance—the Administration Building.

Since I have brought you, then, to this Palace of the Flowers, I might first give you some little idea of the building, as well as its contents. What attracted my attention first was the graceful transparent dome, which seemed ethereal enough to be blown away like a bubble—an immense bubble it would be with a diameter of 180 feet. Two smaller glazed domes are at the base of the large central one, flanking the portal. The portal itself is a lofty triumphal arch adorned with statuary and profusely decorated. From the central dome, which is reserved for the tallest tropical plants, two parallel galleries branch out on opposite sides; each pair of galleries terminating in a two story pavilion. These pavilions will serve for collections and models illustrative of botany and horticulture, and for spacious and attractive restaurants overlooking the gardens. The glazed roofs and the domes are supported by skeleton iron columns. At the bases of these columns the Cobeia Scandens is planted, and already it has made great growth, its

foliage almost conceals the iron framework, and it is like a living green pillar mounting up, up, and, stretching over the arches, nearly meets, even now, overhead.

Immediately under the great dome is a magnificent collection of palms of all kinds, Australian tree ferns—a wonderful plant to me bare trunks growing about eighteen feet straight up, and bearing at the summit the most luxurious fern leaves—all kinds and sizes of India rubber plants, Norfolk Island pines, and giant bamboos, reaching to the top of the gallery, and numberless other plants—all forming a novel, fascinating pyramidal display. Occupying a prominent place is the Agave, or Century plant, and I stand in front of it and think I see the flower stock grow as I look, for this wonderful plant is making the last supreme effort of its life. The stored-up, carefully husbanded energy of a hundred years is giving the rapid growth of about three inches a day to the flower stock. A record of each day's progress is kept on exhibition with the plant. Another wonderful specimen of plant life is the dwarf pine from the Imperial Japanese gardens. It is but three feet high though three hundred years old, and is a marvelous proof and outcome of the skill of the Japanese people in floriculture or arboriculture. It is the pathetic in trees surely. The elkhorn is another peculiar plant. I scarce know how to describe the peculiar bulbous outer growth, with its dry, withered, stiff brown leaves. Every variety of cactus is on exhibition, from the smallest prickly ball to cacti sixty feet in height. There are plants from every country and every clime here already, though only a small number of the exhibits are in place. It is wonderful how such fine specimens could be so successfully transported.

I must not forget to mention the fine display of primroses—such varieties in color and foliage, and such quantities of the simple, delightful plant. There were exhibits from different parts of England, Scotland, Italy, and from Prussia, as well as many from nearer home—all in the height of bloom and in such healthy condition. I never saw before such an array of primroses. Perhaps the magnitude of the display was its greatest charm. M.

Everything.

Mr. W. H. Holabird, Gen'l Agent, Colorado Beach Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, as well as in my kennels and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could be expected of it."

Mrs. Lucy W. Drexel, of Philadelphia, has sent to the new memorial chapel at Georgetown College a splendid set of vestments, made to order in Lyons, France. They are made of the finest cloth of gold, heavily embroidered in bullion, and are of extraordinary richness and beauty. They will be used for the first time by Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of the blessing of the chapel, which takes place next month.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENERAL—My medical advisor and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 210 to 110 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALCOURT,
Wotton, P. Q., General Merchant.