



A FAIR picture on a fair day: This we say without punning intent, as we walk down the broad curving avenue that constitutes the main thoroughfare of that busy, bright little city of a season—the Industrial Exhibition. The sun is shining in mellow warmth of early September. A light breeze stirs the young maples upon the boulevards, and the dancing leaves send a fantasy of yellow fleckings upon the grass beneath. White and blue of sky above, and blue and white of water beyond, environ the blithe little world, all full of color and sound.

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Sound! The air is full of it. The click of the turnstiles begin it, as the people throng through the gateways; the popcorn men, fruit sellers, restaurateurs, continue it along the avenues. The band stand covers it with gay waltz notes. The Main Building sends out a harmonious hum. The piano pavilion emits a medley of musical clamor. Punch adds his penetrating squeak from some near point. From dog show, poultry shed, cattle stalls, come far-off sounds to swell the charms,—and beneath it all is the happy hum of fifty, eighty, or a hundred thousand people.

Color! Sound! Yes, and odors also,—a thousand essences mingled. From the perfume, freely sprayed by exhibiting druggists, to the grateful odors of the sausage vendors' stall, from soaps and spices to the tea and coffee stands,—all blended into a pleasant suggestiveness by the fresh puff of lake breeze.

There is no fear of overpowering odors, overwhelming sound, or crush of colors. The pure air puffs in and out and over the pretty scene, moderating both odor and noise to an attractive degree, while such gracious sweeps of sky and water is frame for a rainbow wealth of color.

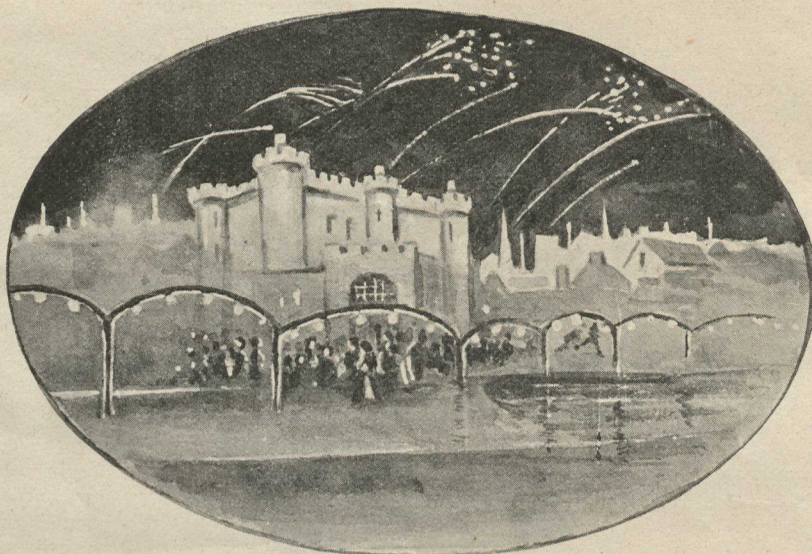
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We wander up and down the avenue in the fair morning sunlight, enjoying the picturesque touches of sight and sound;—the balloon man, with his sheaf of airy, floating balls; the squaw sitting blinking in the sun, with her glistening bead work spread about her, and answering her customers in distressingly good English; the sausage man, in his white apron, who, as we pause a moment before his stand, claps a fragrant morsel between the halves of a white roll and thrusts it into our hands. Not knowing what else to do, we calmly dispose of it in the customary way, and find it very good. Here is a phenom-



Selling Bead Work.

Still the turnstiles click at the entrance gates, and still the people throng in happy crowds down the avenue. It is noontime now, and the Exhibition is in full swing. The traction engines clatter up and down their limited roadway. Knives flash and wheels whirr in the Machinery Hall. Bands of music are located in many corners. The grassy inclines are dotted with picnic parties. The



"Good Night."

restaurants are doing a rushing trade. Dinner bells are ringing; vendors calling; flags are fluttering;—all the merry, rushing, gay little city of a day is at its prime.

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An afternoon with the live, dumb creatures.

The cat and dog shows first. What a clamor of barking overtakes us as we approach the pavilion! Such splendid St. Bernards and magnificent mastiffs; such picturesque retrievers, slender hounds and dainty King Charlies; such snub-nosed, contemptuous pugs and silken, flossy poodles. We hold our ears concernedly; but make the rounds with delight.

And then the cats. 'Tis a new thing, this Canadian interest in our household pets; and the grace of these well-bred creatures is surely educative to many.

Smooth-furred yellow tabbies curl in motherly content within their cages; beautiful Maltese look out from their inscrutable blue-grey eyes. A magnificent black fellow—

enally tall young fellow, the undeveloped intention of a giant. A staring red lettering across his back makes him an ambling advertisement. Here is a dwarf, a stub of a man, who, being a visitor, looks up with conscious superiority at the giant. They have met incidentally amid the throng, and their interested survey of each other is one of the fleeting oddities of the Fair.

a very Mephistopheles—gleams greenly at us; while the Manx cats sit rabbit-like upon their tail-less haunches.

But prettiest and most interesting of all are the Persian pussies. Very aristocratic and of long pedigree are they; with tasselled ears, soft neck, ruff, and feathery tails, they sit in serene content, all-indifferent to the admiring crowd. There is Silver Cupid, all silky, silvery grey; Frills and Dandy; Shah and Lord Buff, two splendid fellows.

But chiefest of the Persian pets is Mr. Gladstone, a solemn, shaggy old fellow, who looks out upon the world from a face ludicrously like the massive countenance we know so well.

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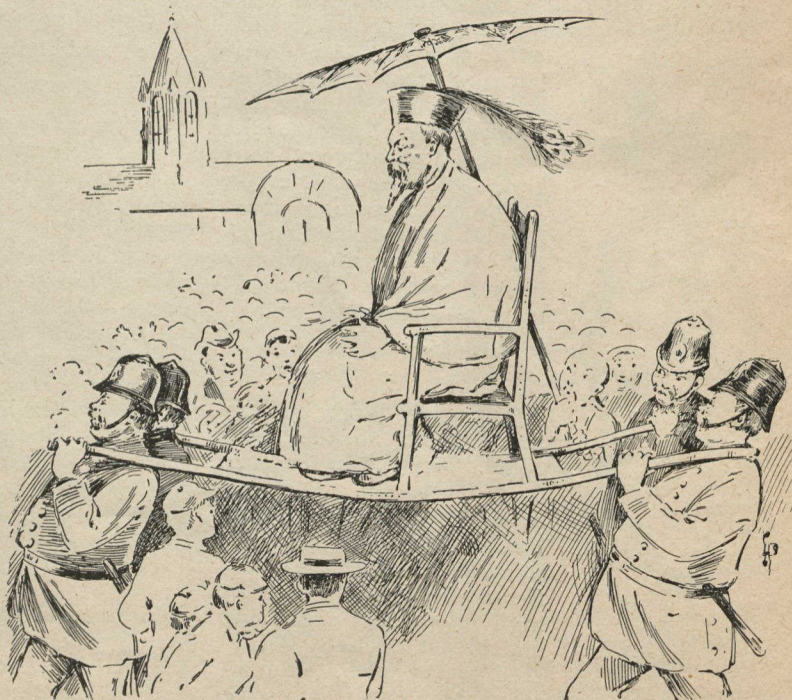
And next we visit the poultry shed. No common birds are here. See these lovely little fantail pigeons, like puff-balls, save for the perfect spread of the circling tail. They puff the tiny breasts out to aldermanic proportions.

Soft fawn or snowy white, they strut to and fro, laughable epitomes of lordly pride, that a breath of wind would blow away.

Prettier still are the Jacobins, with bright little heads nearly hidden in fluffy feather hoods. Here is a wee brown hen, who looks like some pretty little maiden all enveloped in her theatre robe and hood; and there a still daintier white knight, ready to take her in charge.

The chicks are a delight;—beautiful Andalusians, pure buff Brahmins, feathered thick to their toes; Japanese Silkies; lordly white turkeys. We stop to admire a special department where lop-eared rabbits munch contentedly, and Peruvian Guinea pigs curl up in a ball. Queer little creatures are these latter, in appearance something between a poodle and a rabbit,—but like nothing so much as a child's toy poodle come to life.

This poultry shed is full of pretty interesting creatures, and stretching far down the roadway are the cattle stalls filled with well-fed animals.



China under the Maple Leaf.



The Ferris Wheel.