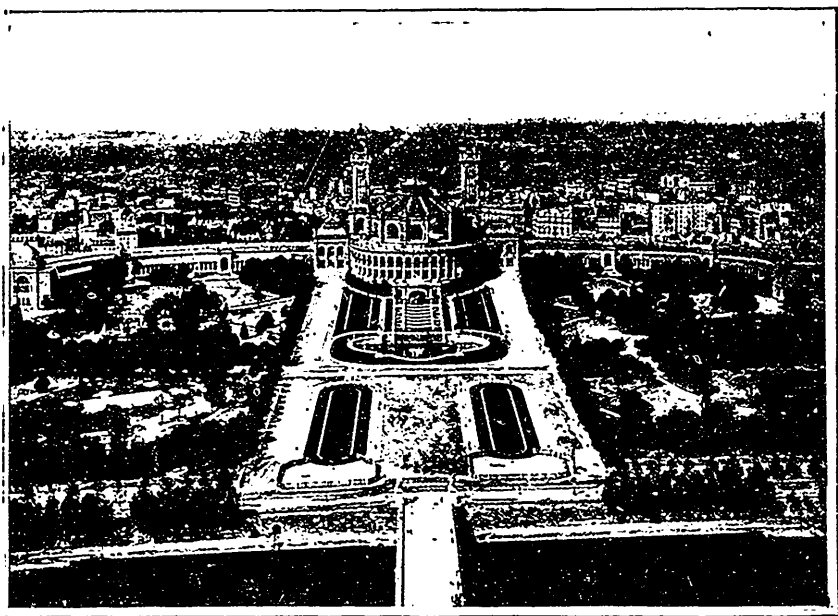


END OF THE GREAT FAIR.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The closing days of the Paris Exhibition have lost much of their glory by the departure of the Oriental exhibits. The French colonists were very much in evidence on the slopes of the Trocadéro. Algiers, Tonkin, Madagascar, and other Eastern countries displayed their bizarre architecture, their narrow streets, crowded shops, and many-coloured traffickers basking in a summer sun almost as ardent as that of their native land. But as the autumn drew on, they went around shivering beneath their coarse horse-hair abbas, and cowered over a tiny brazier of charcoal. Finally they got homesick and insisted on leaving, packed up their tents, like the Arabs, "and silently stole away."

The attendance at the Exposition has been rather a disappointment. Neither the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, nor the Prince of Wales visited Paris; and the Shah of Persia barely escaped with his life—not a very encouraging welcome for notabilities.

There was one final scene, however, which passed off with a perfect blaze of glory. This was a reception to twenty-two thousand mayors of France and a

grand out-of-door breakfast in the garden of the Tuilleries. The tables extended for miles, mountains of choicest French cookery were washed down with rivers of best French wines. The function was carried out with military precision. The *chef* had his lieutenants who conveyed his orders by telephone and bicycle despatch. The President's speech was for the most part a dumb show, but printed copies had been distributed, and the sturdy peasant mayors, for most of them were from the villages, knew just where to punctuate the speech with their vigorous applause.

Our initial picture gives a view from Eiffel Tower of the Trocadéro, so named from a French victory in Spain. This palace is a reminiscence of the great Exposition of 1878. The vast sweep of its curved wings will be noticed. These contain a permanent exhibition of architecture and sculpture. In the centre is a fine cascade of waters which were brilliantly illuminated, but these pale into insignificance with the splendid electrical fountain just across the Seine, shown in our last cut. This was like a vision of fairyland as it was lit up on the soft sun-