

## Sunday Reading.

### "What I Saw at the Paris Exposition."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Gives a Pen Picture of Scenes in and Around the Great Fair.

The peroration of the 19th century is the World's Fair at Paris. A century of such wondrous achievements in art, in science, in swiftness of locomotion, in invention of all kinds, in capacity to study other worlds, ought to have a brilliant closing. The last sound from its bell-tower ought to be a chime of victory.

Sure enough in Paris we have the grandest exhibition of this century and of all centuries. There has been a steady advance from the first fairs recorded in history: those mentioned by Ezekiel, the prophet, as occurring 600 B. C.: Fairs at Tyre, Horse Fair, Mineralogical Fair, and Agricultural Fair mentioned in the Bible, on and on, until the Fair at Dagobert in the time of Louis VI., and the Fair on Bartholomew's Day, the Hungarian Fairs at Pesh, and Easter Fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch Fairs at Perth, and Vienna Fair, and New Orleans Fair and the Sydneyham Palace Fair at London and New York World's Fair, and Chicago Fair, and Omaha's Fair,—but the ocean of progress has reached its high water mark at Paris. Others may have excelled in this or that feature, but take it all in all, the Parisian Exhibition is unparalleled. Those who have seen the great Fair of the last thirty years say there have been no illuminations like those which have set the summer nights in Paris into a blaze; that there has been no such rich decoration of pavilions and palaces; no such splendor of silk manufactures; no such presentation of the poetry of costume; no such Street of Nations. The whole Exposition is a glory beyond that which any finite mind can grasp or fully appreciate. The most interesting and best managed department is the American exhibit. General Peck, the commissioner general, brought with him his experience at the Chicago World's Fair, and after three years of hard work in Paris, and with a tax upon his patience and endurance that would have destroyed an ordinary man, has completed the work that ought to be the exultation of all Americans, and should win for him the congratulation of the congress of the United States. Of course he is criticised. He has many hundred exhibitors to deal with, and they cannot all have first place, or second place, or third place for their exhibits. Each exhibitor naturally thinks he has the most important exhibit, and a more difficult position no man ever had than that occupied by General Peck. It is easy enough to find fault. It requires no genius to do that. But I do not think any other American could have done as well. If he comes out of his crushing work with any nerves left, or any capacity of mind and soul unexhausted, he will be as wonderful as anything in the American Department, of which he is commander-in-chief.

As a specimen of the injustice to which thousands have subjected him, many have asked, 'Why are not our American industries in one cluster of buildings, so that you could walk through consecutively instead of having American machinery here, and American pictures a half mile out yonder, and botanical display in some other direction?' These critics do not understand that the French Government made the classification, and General Peck had no more to do with saying where the different exhibits should be located than he had with deciding that Paris should stand where it is, instead of being on the seacoast, or how many rings Saturn should wear, or how high should be the mountains in the moon; yet thousands of people have joined in that senseless gabble. It seems that crossing the Atlantic Ocean does not cure the spirit of fault-finding and hypercriticism, and as soon as a man becomes conspicuous for useful achievement, he becomes a target to be shot at. Failure never likes success. But the French classification is wisest: the industries of all nations are put side by side, and as most people will be guided by their taste or their occupation, to look more especially at the condition and progress of those things in which they are most interested, the mineralogist will find minerals of all nations; the farmer will find the agriculture the machinist will find the machinery of all nations side by side. What a helpful and instructive classification.

To augment our appreciation of the greatness of our American exhibit, we need to call to mind that while the commissioner generals from Russia, Germany, Belgium and Austria were empowered by

their governments to take whatever they wished and display it at Paris, our American commissioner general had no such power, but must have the consent of the owner, and so had less opportunity than other commissioner generals, who could command what picture, what statuary, what machinery, what textile, he wished to put before the world. We should also appreciate the fact that while other countries could, with comparative ease, send their products to this fair, many of our American industries had first to cross the American Continent, and then cross 3,000 miles of sea, and again take freight train for long distance before reaching destination. The extent and splendor of our American department is five times more and better than anyone had a right to expect.

But many are asking on this side of the sea whether this Fair will close with a deficit. I suppose it will. Nine out of ten national expositions do not meet expenses, and he who invests in them with the idea of getting back his money is mentally deficient, and ought to be taken care of by sympathetic relatives. I stood a few days ago at Vienna, Austria, in the only building left standing of it's World's Fair of ten or fifteen years ago, and I asked one who had much to do with that exhibition, whether it had paid its investors. He replied: 'We were 17,000,000 florins out of pocket.' But while this Parisian exhibition, like its predecessor, may have more outgo than income, it will bring large reward in the wealth it will pour into the lap of Paris. The receipts at the gates of the fair are no indication of its success or failure; a man may pay during his visit here no more than \$8 at the fair, but while he stays in the city with his family he may pay \$500 or \$1,000. The whole earth is at this moment pouring its millions of gold into the exchequer of the city of Paris; no city under the sun ever received so much monetary advantage from an exposition as this city will receive.

'But,' say some of the correspondents, 'the city is full of extortion and you must give three times what a thing is worth.' We have not found it so. We have this summer twice crossed the continent of Europe, going and coming, and the place we have found most reasonable in its charges is Paris. If you want to get skinned alive, go to Denmark or Norway, or Russia, or Germany, or Austria as summer tourists. The story of disappearing roubles and florins is more startling than the story of escaping francs and crowns. But the only really economical thing a summer tourist can do is to go home. There is no maxim one oftener quotes to himself while travelling abroad than the saying which the Sunday School boy quoted as, marching in procession with other children, he puts his pennies into the missionary box, supposing he was quoting an appropriate passage of Scripture: 'A fool and his money are soon parted.' How many people in travelling spend much of their time clear out of temper about their baggage, or their board, or their being crowded. The trouble is, that when they pack their trunks and valises for their journey, while they put in plenty of clothing and such articles as they will surely need, they forget to put in a large amount of good, old fashioned patience. The amount of patience which Job had did very well for the slow time in which he lived, but would not be sufficient to see one safely through in a nineteenth-century world's exhibition. The fact is, that the hardest task we shall ever be called upon to undertake is the management of ourselves, and he who succeeds in that deserves a prize as fine as any awarded a few days ago at this Parisian fair.

As we passed through the different departments, only one building saddened us, and that was the one constructed by Spain. The walls have a few specimens of tapestry probably loaned by some of the old castles in Spain, and here and there is a specimen of ancient armor, but the thing that most impressed me was the destitution of the country there represented. Poor Spain! She has been fighting progress and enlightenment for centuries, and drowned her last prospect of betterment in the waters before Santiago. We are sorry for any individual or for any nation that is down, by whatever process he or it came down. Would that Spain, by turning her back upon her cruelties and her superstitions, and her face to the light, might come to

political, and moral, and religious prosperity, and that at the next World's Fair in Europe, she might have an exhibit in painting, and sculpture, and textile, and literature, equal to any country east of the Pyrenees.

The vacant places which I have seen this summer in the Art Galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Germany and St. Petersburg, made me especially desire to see the Art Gallery of the Paris Exposition. When I asked in the Holland, Danish, German and Russian cities the reason of the absence of certain great pictures, and concerning the unoccupied pedestals of certain statues, I was told that the painting or sculpture had been loaned to the World's Fair at Paris. Rubens and Murillo and Titian and Raphael had gone to France. Indeed, the Departments of Painting and Sculpture in this Exposition are the heaven of the fine arts. I can imagine nothing more inspiring than a walk amid the sculpture of all nations as here you see it. Even that which is done in cast of plaster skillfully gives the thought of the great artist. If you want to find genius exalted, here behold Victor Hugo enthroned on the rocks, his great forehead hovering over the scene, while a figure representing music, hands up to him a harp, and another form holds a mask, suggestive of the drama, for which he did such matchless things; and another lifts a lash, to suggest the chastisements with which he struck upstart monarchy and sham, while the winged angel of fame stands with trumpet to lip, ready to sound his praises through all time. If you would see grief of parting wrought in stone, here it is in 'Emigrants' Adieu.' Would you find devotion? Here it is in 'Pater-noster'—showing a girl at prayer. Would you see savagery about to rend and devour—look at Gardell's 'Tigress'. Would you see a child's glee—look here at the boy carrying a goose. Would you realize the agony of those on a wreck at sea, hailing a ship in the distance—study the way Robert Stigal freezes it into bronze. Would you behold a specimen of the sublime impudence—yonder is Marc Antony in gilded chariot drawn by three lions, he leading the fourth. Would you know how heaven-sent charity illumines the countenance—look at the statues of those philanthropists. Would you see the spirit of play—there it is in Guillonnet's 'Football.' Would you have illustrated how human intelligence can triumph over brute force—look at that 'Hungarian Horse-Breaker.' Would you have demonstrated so that you can never forget it, helpful sympathy for the wounded—look at Sicard's 'Good Samaritan.' Would you learn the terror of an offended conscience—stand awhile before that 'Cain and Abel.' Would you realize what Christian eloquence can accomplish—listen, for standing there you can hear as well as see Bossuet in a burst of holy oratory, which moves his audience till some are ready to spring to their feet and others swoon into tears. In one hour you can in this congregation of the world's sculpture see all the passions, rage or triumph, and all the grandeurs unroll. Coming down from amid the statuary, one feels that he has descended from Mont Blanc, the snow-white heights of the world's sculpture.

If you have time, go up and down all the buildings of this World's Fair and see the life insurance exhibits, illustrating in the most radiant way the best temporal blessing which ever came to benefit households, feel the enchantment of ceramics, and mineralogy, and horticulture, and optics, and tapestry, and metallurgy, and hydraulics, and machinery and lithography, and engraving, and book bindery, and the printing presses, one of which can print in one hour 45,000 copies of a sixteen page paper, and fold and count them; and electrophotography, and compare all the industries of the world's brain, and the world's eye, and the world's hand, and the world's foot, but somehow manage to come out at the close of your last visit through the doors, over and beside which are the four gigantic figures representing Architecture, with its compass and scroll; music, with its bow and violin; Painting, with its pencil and easel; so among all your impressions of the World's Fair, your last impression may be the grandest, most thrilling, and most lasting of them all.

What a good thing to have this object-lesson of peace at a time when three wars are raging! There are swords in this exposition, but they are all sheathed, or hung up, or asleep on cushions of damask. There are warriors here riding into battle, but they are in saddles of bronze or marble. Germany and France, Russia and China, but in peace. This whole scene is a tableau of the millennium. Is not the nineteenth century too late an age for wholesale out-throaty and diabolism?

This Exposition Universal is a mighty move in the right direction. Among the most unique things to be found within its walls is the gift from the Czar of Russia to this Republic. It is a map of France



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lamps and chains in Pearl line and hot water. Lamps will give more light; chains run easier. Dirt's to blame when they bother you—and Pearl line is death on dirt.

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in colored marble, and the chief cities of France are designated by precious stones, and the rivers are of rock crystal, and the provinces are of gold. May the time soon come when a map of another sort will be appropriate at some World's Fair in America or Europe. I would make it out of the marble of many lands on both sides of the sea. All styles of precious stone should represent the nations in brotherhood. Austria and Spain and Switzerland should be indicated by the amethyst and topaz and opal, and Italy should be a pearl of the sea, and Germany should be the sapphire, and Russia the diamond, and Great Britain the emerald Isle, and the United States the ruby, not crimson as with carnage of battle, but with the full blush of the morning of universal peace. It is time that the cavalry horses stop eating out of the manger in which Christ was born.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

### HER ITALIAN FRIENDS.

How the Kindness of an Invalid Girl Was Appreciated.

Every day before Dennis Carroll leaves home for work, he goes to where his eldest daughter, Maggie, sits by the window, and kisses her and slips a nickel into her hand.

'Make them give you a good nickel's worth today,' he says.

'Oh, they always do, father!' she returns.

Then the mother gets the children ready for the summer school, and by and by they go—all except Maggie. For Maggie cannot go. She cannot arise from her chair without assistance. She has been an invalid for years—ever since the day she slipped and fell on the stairs.

All day long she sits in her invalid's chair by the window that overlooks the court. She does not read much,—although she has books and papers in plenty given her,—for it hurts her head to read. She likes to talk with people, although not always, because most people put too much pity in their voices. And she does not want to be pitied. She wants people to be jolly, and to gossip and joke with her, as her father does. This is why she welcomes her Italian friends so gladly. Every fine day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just when it is hottest and sultriest, just when Maggie is feeling most tired and worn out, they come into the court, the man pushing the piano organ before him, the woman aiding. They stop before Maggie's window, which fortunately is on the ground floor.

The man lifts his hat, smiles and bows. The woman, too, smiles gayly, and gives her tambourine a brisk anticipatory shake.

'Good a day! Good a day!'

Maggie returns their salutation gravely, with a quaint touch of formal ceremony in the staid little bend of her head, as if she were a young princess receiving the court minstrels. But her eyes, full of a shining pleasure, welcome the ambulant musicians. And they understand. Again they smile. The man turns the organ crank, the lively tune begins, the woman swings her tambourine with deft hand and nimble fingers. The children throng around and dance. Neighbors lean out of the windows to listen.

'Ah! 'Tis Maggie Carroll's Italians again!' says one.

This is the one golden hour of the sick girl's dull, monotonous day.

The music stops. The man takes off his heavy cloth cap (Maggie wonders how he can wear it in such hot weather) and comes, bowing and smiling, under Maggie's window. He always comes to her first, and always with an assured air. The pride with which the girl receives this recognition of her preeminence is keen and perennial, and with beaming eyes she stretches out her arm and drops her nickel in the cap.

'Much-a-thank! much-a-thank!' says the organ-grinder, bowing low. He goes here and there with outstretched cap, now and then getting a penny, sometimes nothing at all. But always there is Maggie's nickel.

They play one more tune, and then, with a 'Good-a day' to Maggie, they trudge away, and the girl lies back in her chair happy and satisfied. Tonight when the father comes home she will tell him 'much' she got for her nickel, what tunes she heard and how many. And tomorrow,

she knows, the Italians will come again.

Once, a short while ago, the factory in which Mr. Carroll works shut down for a fortnight. During the first week Maggie had her nickel the same as usual, and that week was especially delightful to her, for her father would sit with her to hear the music. But when a laboring man with a large family is idle, every nickel counts, and by the middle of the second week there were no nickels left to buy music. Denis, hating to witness the girl's silent distress, left the house. At three o'clock the musicians came.

'Good-a day!' they cried. The man put his hand to the organ-crank. Maggie beckoned to him. The smiling Italian ran under the window.

'I've got no money to-day,' said Maggie, in a quivering voice, 'and—and I don't want you to play for nothing.' To Maggie, this daily concert was her own concern. She felt herself responsible for it. Her eyes were blinking a little as she looked at the brown, earring minstrel.

'Ho! ho!' he laughed. 'Gotto no monna, eh? That all-a right! Sure! Sure!'

He ran back to the organ. He spoke for a moment to his companion, who turned and waved her hand and smiled at Maggie. They played tune after tune, briskly, happily. Never before had Maggie had such a concert. And they came every day thereafter, the same as ever.

When they came on the next Monday, Maggie had her nickel ready. Mr. Carroll had returned to work, and had drawn out some money especially for her. And, it must be said, the music sounded better to her then.

City Nephew—What do you think of Dr. Pillsbury as a physician?

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The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtue. No other kidney medicine has received such endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

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