ALL INDIA FOR CHRIST.

ONE MAN CONVERTED BY READING ONE OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMONS.

The Brooklyn Divine Gives His Impressions of the City of Benares, India, Which He Calls the Mecca of Hindooism -Sights on the Banks of the Gauges.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day delivered the third of his series of round the world sermons through the press, the subject being the "Burning of the Dead," and the text: "They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them."-Psalm cxv;

The life of the missionary is a luxurious and indolent life. Hindooism is a religion that ought not to be interfered with. Christianity is guilty of an impertinence when it invades heathendom. You must put in the same line of reverence Brahma, Buddha, Mohammed and Christ. To refute these slanders and blasphemies now so prevalent, and to spread out before the Christian world the contrast between idolatrous and Christian countries, I preach this third sermon in my round the world

In this discourse I take you to the very headquarters of heathendom, to 'the very capital of Hindooism, for what Mecca in to the Mohammedan, and what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Benares, India, is to the Hindoo. We saw it, cremation, not as many good people in America and England are now advocating it-namely, the burning of the dead in clean and orderly and refined crematory, the hot furnace soon reducing the human form to a powder to be carefully preserved in an urn-but cremation as the Hindoos prac-

We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four of them women wrapped in red garments and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastered, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed on large scales, according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks can be afforded, and the dead body is burned only a little and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well to do an abundance of wood in pieces four or five feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandalwood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse, and it is bathed with water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grease sufficient to make everything inflammable is put on, the wood and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the richest men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and after the priest has mumbled a few words the eldest son 'walks three times around the sacred pile and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which the relatives throw into the Ganges.

We saw floating past us on the Ganges the body of a child which had been only partly burned because the parents could not afford enough wood. While we watched the floating form of the child aerow alighted upon it. In the meantime hundreds of Hindoos were bathing in the river, dipping their heads, filling their mouths, supplying their brass cups, muttering words of so called prayer. Such a mingling of superstition and loathsomeness and inhumanity I had never before seen. The Ganges is to the Mindoo the best river of all the earth, but to me it is the vilest stream that ever rolled its stench in horror to the sea. I looked all along the banks for the mourners for the dead. I saw in two of the cities nine cremations, but in no case a sad look or a tear. I said to friends: "How is this? Have the living no grief for the dead?" I found that the women do not gome forth on such eccasions, but that does not account for the absence of all signs of grief. There is another reason more potent, Men do not see the faces of their wives until after marriage. They take them on recommendation / Marriages thus formed, of course, have not much affection in them. Women are married at 7 and 10 years of age and are grandmothers at 30. Such unwisely formed family associations do not imply much ardor of love. The family so poorly put together, who wonders that it is easily taken apart? And so I account for the absence of all signs of grief at the cremation of the Hindoos.

Benares is the capital of Hindooism and Buddhism, but Hindooism has trampled out Buddhism, the hoof of the one monster on the grizzly neck of the other monster. It is also the capital of filth, and the capital of malodors, and the capital of indecency. The Hindoos say they have 300, 000,000 gods. Benares being the headquarters of these deities, you will not be surprised to find that the making of gods is a profitable business. Here there are carpenters making wooden gods, and brass workers making brass gods, and sculptors making stone gods, and potters making clay gods. I cannot think of the abominations practiced here without a recoil of stomach and a need of cologne. Although much is said about the carving on the temples of the city, everything is so vile that there is not much room left for the æsthetic. The devotees enter the temples nineteen-twentieths unclothed and depart begging. All that Hindooism can do for a man or woman it does here. Notwithstanding all that may have been said inits favor at the parliament of religions in Chicago, it makes man a brute and wo man the lowest type of slave. I would rather be a horse or a cow or a dog in India tkan be a woman. The greatest dis aster that can happen to a Hindoo is that he was born at all.

Benares is imposing in the distance as you look at it from the other side of the Ganges. The forty-seven ghats, or flights of stone steps, reaching from the water's edge to the buildings high up on the banks, mark a place for the ascent and descent of the sublimities. The eye is lost in the bewil lerment of tombs, shrines, minarets, palaces and temples. It is the glorification of steps; the triumph of stairways, but looked at close by the temples, though large and expensive, are anything but attractive. The seeming gold in many eases turns out to be brass. The precious stones in the wall turn out to be paint. The marble is stucco. The slippery and disgusting steps lead you to images of horrible visage, and the flowers put upon the altar have their fragrance submerged by that which is the opposite of aromatics. After you have seen the ghats the two

are the Golden and Monkey temples. About the vast Golden Temple there is not as much gold as would make an English

sovereign. The air itself is asphyxiated. The god of the Golden temple is Siva, or the poison god. Devils wait upon him, He is the god of war, of famine, of pestilence. He is the destroyer. He has around his neck a string of skulls. Before him bow men whose hair never knew a comb. They eat carrion and that which is worse. Bells and drums here set up a racket. Pilgrims come from hundreds of miles away, spending their last piece of money and exhausting their last item of strength in order to reach this Golden temple, glad to die in or near it and have the ashes of their bodies thrown into the

We took a carriage and went still farther on to seg the Monkey temple, so called because in and around the building monkeys abound and are kept as sacred All evolutionists should visit this temple devoted to the family from which their. ancestors came. These monkeys chatter and wink and climb and look wise and look silly and have, full possession of the place. We were asked at the entrance of the Monkey temple to 'take off our shoes because of the sacredness of the place, but a small contribution placed in the hands of an attendant resulted in a permission to enter with our shoes on. As the Golden temple is dedicated to Siva, the poison god, this Monkey temple is dedicated to Siva's wife, a deitess that must be propitiated, or she will disease and blast and destroy. For centuries this spitfire has been worshipped. She is the goddess of scold and slap and termagency. She is supposed to be a supernatural Xantippe hence to her are brought flowers and rice, and here and there the flowers are spattered with the blood of goats slain in sacrifice.

As we walk today through this Monkey temple we must not hit or tease or hurt one of them. Two Englishmen years ago. lost their lives by the maltreatment of a monkey. Passing along one of these Indian streets, a monkey did not soon enough get out of the way, and one of these Englishmen struck it with his cane. Immediately the people and the priests gathered around these strangers, and the public wrath increased until the two Englishmen were pounded to death for having struck a monkey. No land in all the world so reveres the monkey as India, as no other land has a temple called after it. One of the rajahs of India spent 100,000 rupees in the marriage of two monkeys. A nuptial procession was formed, in which moved camels, elephants, tigers, cattle and palanquins of richly dressed people. Bands of music sounded the wedding march. Dancing parties kept the night sleepless. It was 12 days before the monkey and monkeyess were free from their round of gay attentions. In no place but India could such a carnival have occurred; but, after all, while we cannot approve of the Monkey temple, the monkey is sacred to hilarity. Idefy any one to watch a monkey one minute without laughter. Why was this creature made? For the world's amusement. The mission of some animals is left doubtful, and we cannot see the use of this or that quadruped, or this or that insect, but the mission of the ape is certain. All around the world it entertains. Whether seated at the top of this temple in India or cutting up its antics on the top of a hand organ, it stirs the sense of the ludicrous, tickles the diaphragm into cachinnation, topples gravity into play and accomplishes that for which it was created. The eagle, and the lion, and the gazelle, and the robin, no more certainly have their mission than has the monkey, bat it implies a low form of Hindooism when this embodied mimicry of the human

race is lifted into worship. In one of the cities for the first time in my life I had an opportunity of talking with a fakir, or a Hindoo who has renounced the world and lives on aims. He sat under a rough covering on a platform of brick. He was covered with the ashes of the dead and was at the time rubbing more of those ashes upon his arms and legs. He understood and spoke English. I said to him, "How long have you been seated here?" Hereplied, "Fifteen years." "Have those idols which I see power to help or destroy?" He said, "No; they only represent God. There is but one God." Question-When people die, where do

they go to? Answer-That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven; if they have been doing evil, to hell.

Q-But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort? A-Yes. The last creature a man is

thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird, and if he is' thinking of a cow he will go into a cow. Q-I thought you said that at death the

soul goes to heaven or hell? A-He goes there by a gradual process.

It may take him years and years, Q-Can anyone become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?

A-Yes, you could. Q-How could I become a Hindoo? A-By doing as the Hindoos do.

But as I looked upon the poor, filthy wretch, bedaubing himself with the ashes of the dead, I thought the last thing on earth I would want to become would be a Hindoo. I expressed to a missionary who overheard the conversation between the fakir and myself my amazement at some of the doctrines the fakigannounced. The missionary said, "The fakirs are very accommodating, and supposing you to be a friend of Christianity he announced the theory of one God, and that of rewards and punishments."

There are, however, alleviations for Benares. I attended worship in one of the Christian missions. The sermon, though delivered in Hindoostanee, of which I could not understand a word, thrilled me with its earnestness and tenderness or tone, especially when the missionary told me at the close of the service that he recently baptized a man who was converted through reading one of my sermons among the hills of India. The songs of the two Christian assemblages I visited in this city, although the tunes were new and the sentiments not translated, were uplifting and inspiring to the last degree. There was also a school of 600 native girls, an institution established by a rajah of generosity and wealth, a graduate of Madras university. But, more than all, the missionaries are busy, some of them preaching on the ghats, some of them in churches, in chapels and bazaars. The London Missionary society has here its college for young men, and its schools for children, and its houses of worship for all. The Church Mission ary society has its eight schools, all filled

stronghold Hindooism is being assaulted And now as to the industrious malignment of missionaries. It has been said by some travelers after their return to Amerfca or England that the missionaries are

with learners. The evangelizing work of

the Wesleyans and the Baptists is felt it

all parts of Benares. In its mighties

great things in Benares that you must see . living a life full of indolence and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. When strangers come into these tropical climates, the missionaries do their best to entertain them, making sacrifices for that purpose. In the city of Benares a missionary told me that, a gentleman coming from England into one of the mission stations of India, the missionaries banded together to entertain him. Among other things, they had a ham boiled, prepared and beautifully decorated and the same ham were passed around from house to house as this stranger appeared, and in other respects a conspiracy of kindness was effected. 'The visitor went home to England and wrote and spoke of the luxury in which the missionaries of India were living. Americans and Englishmen come to

these tropical regions and find a missionarh living under palms, and with different styles of fruits on the table, and forget that palms are here as cheap'as hickory or pine in America, and rich fruits as cheap as plain apples. They find here missionaries sleeping under punkas, these fans swung flay and night by coolies, and forget that four cents a day is good wages here, and the man finds himself. Four cents a day for a coachman, a missionary can afford to ride. There have been missionaries who have come to these hot climates resolving to live as the natives live, and one or two. years have finished their work, their chief use on missionary ground being that of furnishing for a large funeral the chief object of interest. So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries now in the foreign field. Against fearful odds, and with 3,000,000 of Christians opposed to 250,000,000 of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America and England and Scotland and of all Christendom add 99 3-4 per cent to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves, but they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year, preaching the gospel of him who had not where to lay his head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your places, not on the thrones nearest the King. They are reserved for the missionaries!" Meanwhile let all Christendom be thrill-

ed with gladness. About 25,000 converts in India every year under the Methodist missions, and about 25,000 converts under the Baptist missions, and about 75,000 converts under all missions every year. But, more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city or town or neighborhood of India but directly or indirectly feels the influence, and the day speeds on when Hindooism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given-up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood in many places is being unloosened, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the funeral pyre on which the widow must leap has been extinguished, and the juggernaut, stopped, now stands as a curiosity for travelers to look at. All India will be taken for Christ. If any one has any disheartenments, let him keep them as his own private property. He is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragements to utter let him utter them. What we want in the church and the w fld is less croaking owls of the night and more morning larks with spread wing ready to meet the advancing day. Yold up "Naomi" and "Windham" and give us "Ariel" or "Mount Pisgah" or "Coronation." I had the joy of preaching in many of the cities of India and seeing the dusky faces of the natives illumined with heavenly anticipations. In Calcutta while the congregation were yet seated I took my departure for a railroad train. I preached by the watch up to the last minute. A swift carriage brought me to the station not more than half a minute before starting. I came nearer to missing the train than I hope any one of us will come to missing heaven.

A Bank Robber Gets Five Years. OWEN SOUND, Ont., Dec. 19 .- Walter Irwins the notorious bank, robber, was last night sentenced by Judge Creasor to five years in Kingston penitentiary. After a lengthy trial at the Grey County Court here last week, Irwin- was convicted of robbing the private bank of Hartman & Wilgress, at Clarksburg, Ont., of a large sum of money on the night of August 30th last. The defence did its utmost to prove an alibi and produced no less than fifteen witnesses, several of whom swore that Irwin was attending a dance in Toronto (over a hundred miles away) at the time the bank was robbed. The principal witnesses for the crown were Detectives Murray and Slemin and Mr. C. W. Hartman, the banker The latter swore positively to a certain coin which was found on the prisoner as being one of a collection stolen from his bank. The two detectives also gave damaging evidence against Irwin whose previous bad record weighed decidedly against him with the jury.

A Former Millionaire Dies Penniless, NEW YORK, Dec. 18 .- Count Jos, De Jusine, who was once called the Napoleon of cigarette manufacturers, is now dying at his home in this city. Count De Susine, who is now 68 years old, was the founder of the world-renowned cigarette factory, "La Honradez," where he manufactured six millions of cigarettes a day and gave employment to over 5,000 persons. He introduced in Havana the first street car, electric light, lithographic machinery, steam fire engine, and many other modern inventions. Although dying almost penniless, he was once worth \$10,000,000.

Our Cattle Shut Out of Belgium, ANTWERP, Dec. 18 .- In consequence of pleuro-pneumonia having been detected in cattle landed at this port from Canada on December 6, the importation of cattle from Canada into Belgium has been prohibited. Transit through Belgium will be allowed in sealed cars only of animals shipped from Canada prior to December 10. Cattle landed between December 6 and 9 are subject to forty five days quarantine.

President Gompers Loses Office, DENVER, Col., Dec. 15.-At the meeting of the American Federation of Labor yesterday, President Compers was defeated by Mr. McBride, of Columbus, O., for the presidency. The vote stood :- McBride, 1,162; Gompers, 937.

HEART OF THE CITY.

The Old Jewish Quarter-Yenerable Inn of the "Eye of God"-Cobbler's Alley and Other Remnants of a Past Civilization.

(Special Berlin Letter.)

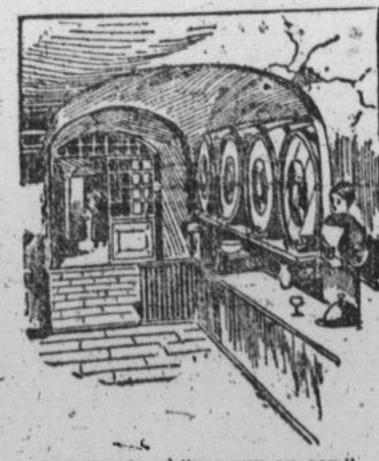
Comparatively speaking, Berlin is a new city. Its dignity as one of the great capitals of the world and its phenomenally rapid growth are both of recent date. . And when contrasted with Paris-the old Intetia Parisiorum of the Romans-or London (referred to as Lugdunun in Agricola's campaign notes) and even Vienna (the Vindobonum, where one of the Romanemperors was residing about 250 A.D.) the imperial city of modern Germany seems but of yesterday. Yet even Berlin dates back many centuries in its nucleus-that small portion of the town lying on the Werder Sland and in its immediate vicinity, and since these ancient fragments no longer fit in with the general appearance of the capital, and actually prove a hindrance to the enterprise of the speculative builder and of the progressive merchant of to-day, it naturally follows that they have to go; make room for wide, straight streets, tall, massive, architecturally perfect houses, with plenty of air and light in them. For there is no denying the fact-the Berliner of today and, more especially, the municipal government of Berlin are quite progressive, almost American-like in this respect, Utilitarian principles carry the day in this city, as they are similarly triumphant in American cities. Thus it is that at this writing the oldest, dingiest, but most interesting, streets of ancient Berlin are being torn down to make room for modern palaces of trade, for the site these quaint old streets and alleys have occupied is among the choicest for business purposes, and within a couple of years every square yard of ground there will be worth thous-

With the natural love of the journalist for the quaint and odd and musty, I have strolled through the most curious of these old lanes just before they were given up to destruction-through the Reezen Strasse, where cobblers have held forth for five hundred years, and where, each tiny shop has been handed down from generation to generation, through the Rosen Strasse, where in centuries past the wealthy citizens resided on account of its safety, being



A BIT OF BERLIN'S OLD CITY WALL nestled in the shadow of the thick fortification wall, and through a network of sheer inextricable little alleys and lanes, each of which shows an individual physiognomy of its own. Even now, while the pickax and shovel of the destroy ing angels-vulgar brick masons-are at work demolishing what so long has withstood the tooth of time, a number of these queer little houses, charming to the eye in their outer and inner irregularity, with their creaking, worm-eaten stairs that lead nowhere in particular and their roughhewn sculpturings or gable and porticothat portray saints and sinners of long ago, are still intact and their denizens have not yet left these places of their birth. While the dust from the falling walls close by fell in showers, and while an army of workmen toiled a few yards from their hearth tearing out the half-crumbled foundation stones from the fourteenth century, deaths and weddings occurred and babies were born among the few hundreds remaining in these ruins until driven elsewhere. Within this narrow district of barely two American blocks there have been living and dying, for centuries, a human live counting into the thousands, swarming and almost stumbling over each other in their narrow abodes.

Of them all, the Rosen strasse was of greatest interest to ma. A sort of ghetto -for here the Jews found their first pri vileged resting-place in Berlin under the mild sway of the Great Elector, who, in 1671, after the children of Israel had been driven our of Vienna by the bigoted ma-



IN THE INN OF "THE EYE OF GOD." chinations of religious fanatics, granted them asylum here. That handful of Viennese Jews, nearly all of them men of means, was the nucleus of the great Jewish colony of to-day, some one hundred thousand or so. The old synagogue erected by these fugitives and their descendants in 1714 under the reign of the father of Frederick the Great at whose dedication the whole court was present, is still there -at least its shell, for thorn and altar are gone. It is one of the most picturesque of these ruins, and a rosebush over one hundred and fifty years old is still sending forth perfume by a few belated flowers. The descendantsof these Jews did a flourishing trade in old clothes and in the pawnshop line, and Frederick William I. knew so well this fact that he only permitted the completion of teis synagogue after "the street" had given up three thousand thalers (a big sum in those days) to the royal treasury-in exchange for which, however, their soldier king presented them with a fine Turkish rug.

Here, leaning its tired old roof against the moss-grown city walls, is the old exe cutioner's residence, with its outer build-

ings. This man, with his assistants and servants, was beyond the pale of mankind in the old days, and hence he had been QUAINT AND CURIOUS SPOTS IN THE relegated to this far-away corner, none but ostracized Jews for neighbors. His province, too, it was to superintend the outlaws, and among his most cherished prerogatives and emoluments was the sale of all sorts of "sympathetic" remedies, such asbits from the rope of a gallows, bloodstained clothes from a delinquent recently beheaded, etc. And many a thrilling midnight episode has taken place behind the ·darksome walls of this uncanny building, when dainty ladies of the court stepped in here from the near-by castle to obtain a remedy to "bind" the love of some dear but faithless one.

Still more interesting, though, and what is in a much better state of preservation, is the ancient inn, "The Sign of God's Eye." Once this was an elegant establishment, where the bloods of the court with clashing sword and rattling spur drained many a mighty tankard of strong Rhenish



OLD SYNAGOGUE.

wine, and even to-day the vestiges of those days of might and fight are not wholly

Outside the two enormous gilt eyes, which gave the establishment its name, are still gleaming in the bright autumn sun, and inside, as soon as the darkness has permitted close inspection, one sees a long row of handsomely decorated casks, once filled with choice wire, now containing cheap "schnapps," and oddly carved chairs and tables of solid oak, black with age, and on the cupboard yonder bright pewter pots and cut-glass geblets and flasks. The rosy-cheeked lass behind the counter, however, deals no longer with knights and squires, but with threves and other riff-raff of modern civilization.

Another six months, and those few surviving witnesses of a past age will have disappeared, too, and walls of bright sandstone will rise up in their stead. One by one they go, these, silent remnants of the days when Berlin was an unimportant small inland town in Germany, nothing but one of the burgs in that wilderness of sand and pine which was habitually referred to in derision by the writers of past WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND. centuries.

HARCOURT WANTS HIS WAY.

He Has a Plan of His Own for Reforming the Upper House.

LONDON, Dec. 17 .- A conference of the Rosebery section of the Cabinet was held on Saturday at Althorp park, the seat in Northampton of Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty. There were present Lord Rosebery, the Marquis of Ripon, Co-Ionial Secretary; Mr. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General; and Mr. Bryce, president of the Board of Trade. The meeting was ostensibly, a friendly gathering, but was really held for the purpose of considering the feud which has arisen in consequence of the refusal of Sir Wm. Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to follow the Premier's lead in matters referring to the House of Lords and the business of the coming session of Parliament, Sir Wm. Harcourt has not made a single speech in public since the close of the last parliamentary session and positively refuses to pay any heed to the appeals of his Cabinet colleagues and of influential members of the House of Commons to identify himself in anyway with the policy of Lord Rosebery unless it be shaped in accordance with his own policy,

As the attitude maintained by Sir William threatens to result in the disruption. of the Cabinet just before the dissolution of Parliament, Lord Rosebery has submitted, and will consider his prosposals. These, it is understood, conclude dealing with House of Lords question by means of a resolution drafted by Mr. Bryce, the principal feacure of which is borrowed from the law governing the United States Congress and which provides that a bill which shall have been rejected by the House of Lords shall become law if the passage of the measure by the House of Comments be re-affirmed by a two-thirds vote. The Chancellor of the Exchequer further stipulates that the local veto and the registration reform bills shall be passed before the dissolution

of parliament. The result of the conclave at Earl Spencer's, which has not yet been made public, is believed to be an agreement with the prosposals of Sir Wm. Harcourt, who, if reconciled, will take the stump in Janu-

ary in support of Lord Rosebery's policy. The defents of the Liberal candidates for seats in the House of Commons for the North Lindsay or Brigg Division of Lincolnshire and for Forfarshire, have convinced the Liberals of the necessity for registration reform, the one man one vote principle, and the holding of all elections ca one day. Both the Brigg and Forfarshire seats were won by the Unionists under the plural voting system.

Duke of York Coming to Canada,

The Duke of York is making arrangements for a visit to Canada next spring. After spending some time in the Dominion the Duke will proceed to Australia.

The Bowager Czarina will visit England in March. During her stay she will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Letters from Lord Randolph Churchill received by friends in London state that his health is still far from good. Nevertheless, he states that it his intention to contest Bradford in the House of

Commons. The Privy Council's decision of the Manitoba School matter has, been post poned probably until after Christmas.

Dr. McGlynn Recants His Doctrines,

NEW YORK, Bec. 19.-The Times says that the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn has made a complete recantation. He is no longer an apostle of the doctrines for preaching which he brought on himself the ban of excommunication from IV Roman Catholic'church.

WHIG'S World's Fair