

erment of which Mr. Bright is a member, in a recent re-adjustment of the English Tariff reserved the item of the wine duties, in order that they might offer it as an exchange to the Government of France for a renewal of a trade treaty with that country, the one which was negotiated by Mr. Cobden being near its expiry. "Benighted ignorance" or not, here is the principle which is involved in the whole question, forced out by common sense by the exigency of actual facts, in the relation between France and England. As between these countries, it is not, as Mr. Bright puts it, a question of simple competition between the cotton manufacturers of Preston and France in the markets of England; but of allowing the cotton manufacturers of England to go to France on the condition of receiving wines from that country on more favourable terms than at present. That, we repeat, is the whole of the question at issue, and the dogmatic sentences of Mr. Bright are a simple avoidance of the arguments. The same principle, moreover, if applied to the United States, would quite change the complexion of the relations between England and that country. If the free admission of their meats and grains were made conditional upon treating English manufactures with the same favour, the overwhelming interest of the western agriculturists would at once compel it. The common sense of this issue will indubitably come, as the pressure of American competition more and more impairs the purchasing means of two great classes, the landed and agricultural, in England; and especially as the progress of settlement of the great wheat-growing plains in the Canadian North West puts Mr. John Bright's "cheap loaf" out of jeopardy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ON our front page, in place of the usual cartoon, we reproduce one of Mr. R. D. Leslie's types of female beauty, a double page engraving of which appeared as a supplement to the *London Graphic* in a slightly different form.

Our illustrations of Lord Beaconsfield need no further description than the sketch of him in our editorial columns.

We give this week the last of the series of sketches from Victoria, B. C., representing the Victoria Cricket Club, from a photograph taken last summer.

THE details of the burning of the Opera House in Nice are familiar to our readers, who will be interested in the picture of the building, the sketch of which was taken during the conflagration. The loss of life attending this calamity has called general attention to the condition of theatres in other cities. In regard to those of London, the *World* of that city, says: "In one or two theatres—the Haymarket, St. James's, Prince of Wales's, for instance—very praiseworthy efforts have been made to provide numerous exits, to be thrown open in case of great need. But there are many who stick to the old-fashioned plan of one way out. And in all it is always difficult to leave the stalls. The old central alley which divided the long line, and afforded greater freedom of movement, has disappeared. Under ordinary circumstances, leaving the theatre is a slow affair."

THE charming illustration of the Month of May is from the pencil of Giacomelli, whose work we have before reproduced, and whose illustration of April appeared only a few weeks since in the *News*.

THE spirited contest between the kings of the beasts is after a drawing by Ludwig Beckman for which we are indebted to the *Leipzig Illustrated Times* to which we have before acknowledged our obligations. The fight seems to have resulted in favor of the lion who has apparently struck the tiger to the ground with a blow of his powerful paw, and stands over him exultant.

THE story of the assassination of the Czar is too old to need any fresh remarks, but the present sketch, taken as it was upon the spot, claims to be a more accurate representation of the actual scene of the fatal occurrence than the fancy pictures to which most of the illustrated papers treated their readers long before any pictorial representation could possibly have reached them.

THE principal engraving of the Mexican sketches which we give this week represents the "Greasers," as they are called, fishing on the banks of the Rio Grande. Having adjusted his lines, which are tied to a stick on which is placed an old bell or a can, the rattle of which will indicate the presence of a victim at the other end of the line, the "Greaser" spreads his blanket in the shade of a tree, and then, rolling a cigarette, he lies down, patiently waiting for the jingle of his bells or the rattle of his can. Should he be disturbed by the tinkling of one of his cans, he becomes for the moment quite active, and with the aid of a companion, who is armed with a large hook, the prize is secured. The *barrileros*, who traverse the streets of Brownsville, present an odd appearance indeed. Their costume is a very airy one, consisting merely of a *sombrero* and linen pants, rolled up at the bottom. For the sum of six or twelve cents the *barrilero* will draw a barrel of water from the river to your residence. A strap running across the breast is fastened on either end of the barrel to a swivel, which allows the barrel to revolve. In his hand he carries a small wooden ladle to scrape the barrel clean when it gets clogged with mud. An amusing sight on the "Rio" is that of Mexican women washing

clothes. Provided with clean clothing, which they leave on the river bank, they wade into the stream with their dirty clothes on their persons, taking them off and washing them piece by piece, after which they adjourn to the river bank and adjust their "change." Other sketches represent the typical Mexican soldier, and the wayside crosses which are to be seen near Eagle's Pass.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

PROBABLY no period has been more written about, both by contemporaries and their successors, than the years of the Regency and the reign of George IV. (1) For the historian of society it has provided constant food in the mass of gossip which has accumulated respecting the life of a prince who was so constantly before the public, and so careless to hide even his domestic troubles from the comments of the Court and society at large. Indeed, it has been said that it is not the great events of history which are the legitimate material of the true historian, but the careful scrutiny into the manners and customs of the time, the causes which underlie the events themselves. The most meagre primer of chronology will suffice to tell us who won the battle of Waterloo, but the causes which led to it, and the results to which it contributed, these belong to the true history of England more than the battle itself. In his present work, Mr. Fitzgerald has set himself to work, in the pleasant gossip manner so familiar to readers of the *Life of Sterne*, to review the state of affairs at home, from the birth of the fourth George until his death. Foreign affairs are but briefly touched upon, as is but natural, considering the lack of interest taken in them by the Court. The success of a fête at Carlton House was a matter of far deeper moment to the Prince Regent than the victories of Wellington in the Peninsula. A characteristic speech may be quoted in support of this, spoken at the time the divorce was in contemplation, in reply to a remark of Lord Mercer's upon Wellington's victories in the north. "D—n the north!" said the "first gentleman in Europe," "and d—n the south! and d—n Wellington! what I want to know is how to get rid of this d—d Princess!" In the matter of the divorce itself, Mr. Fitzgerald is eminently impartial, and his searching analysis of the evidence connected with the case, while it acquits the Princess of the graver charge, undoubtedly shows her later conduct in a very unfavourable light. Just this impartial spirit is evident in his estimate of the Prince himself. We are given his views, his doings, and his correspondence, with the opinions of those most nearly associated with him, and left to form our own judgment, with little guidance from the author. Many really good traits in George IV's character have been overlooked by his detractors, and though on the whole there is, perhaps, little encouragement given to admire him as a man, we may yet give him credit for what good qualities he possessed, and at least cannot do wrong to remember in his parsimony and harshness of his father, and the violent animosity of the Queen, who, on the whole, stands out as the most disagreeable character in the work. As we said before, the book is a model of style, and eminently pleasant to dip into at odd moments, for those who have not sufficient perseverance to read it through.

THE selection of Mr. George Saintsbury as the biographer of Dryden in the "English Men of Letters" (2) series, seems peculiarly felicitous. Mr. Saintsbury's reputation as a critic in his connection with the *Academy*, seems to point him out as especially fitted to deal with the life of a man who must in the main be judged through his works alone. Apparently, too, the subject had previously suggested itself in this light to Mr. Saintsbury, and it was probably the series of lectures on Dryden, which he delivered last spring which pointed him out directly to Mr. Morley for the work. Contrary, however, to expectation, Mr. Saintsbury's critical faculties seem to have led him into a somewhat exaggerated admiration for Dryden, not only for what he really did to establish the form of the couplet and inaugurate the reign of satire in England, but for much which the world, at all events, will decline to support him in. It is right, undoubtedly, to declaim against the slight ground upon which Mr. J. R. Green has branded Dryden as a libertine, and his wife as yet more dissolute than himself, but even Mr. Saintsbury is forced to admit that he was "probably no more a model of conjugal propriety than most of his associates," and to regret that many of the finest passages in his works are unfit for quotation. Apart from this, however, for which, no doubt, the times must be blamed as much, or more, than the individual, we cannot think that the world will agree in accepting Dryden at once as a master of prose and verse, of satire and didactic poetry, of tragedy and comedy, of epic and lyric, of the Elizabethan couplet, the Spenserian stanza, or the blank verse of Milton. There is such a thing as overdoing praise of this kind, and it would have been kinder to Dryden to have admitted his inferiority in some points, in order to dwell upon his legitimate triumphs. But this apart, Mr. Saintsbury has

(1) *The Life of George IV.*, with a view of the man, manners, and politics of the reign, by Percy Fitzgerald. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros. The same, Franklin Square Library.

(2) *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley. John Dryden, by George Saintsbury. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

added a good deal to our knowledge of the times in which Dryden lived, and his criticisms, if at times a little partial, show, as all his work does, scholarship and good taste.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A CENSUS ENUMERATOR.

He was a mild-looking man, was this census enumerator, and seemed crushed by the weight of the new name which his temporary office or position had conferred upon him. But there was something in his meditative and melancholy smile, combined with the possibility of an early escape from prison of his knees and elbows, which would lead the casual observer to suppose that he had been taking a rest since his labours during the last census. There was a cast in one of his eyes, and a faraway look in the other; and there was a depressed look about the hang of his moustache at the corners that argued an after bookend of cosmetic or hope. He carried his boss under his arm with the air of a man who said to himself "I have sworn that none shall look herein, and I will keep my word or perish."

Recently he found it necessary, in pursuance of his duty, to enter a saloon on Craig street, and we hope we will be excused for giving the place away in that manner. It was evident that the saloon keeper had a very large family, for it was fully half an hour before the census man emerged again, and then he appeared much fatigued. He then entered the house next door. It was the store of a milliner. She was a maiden lady on the shady side of any age you might choose to mention, never read the daily journals, as she used story papers for tying up the ringlets of her front hair at night, and consequently knew nothing about census enumerators. The one before her was not a lady's man, and was not anxious whether he made a favourable impression or not. His temper had been soured by the stupidity of various citizens whom he had been questioning, and, therefore, he proceeded to business with startling directness.

"What is your name, ma'am?" he asked, abruptly.

The lady stared, hesitated, and finally answered, "Jemima—"

"Good," ejaculated the census man. "What is your age?"

"I don't know—," began the lady, intending to say that she did not know that it was any of his business, but he interrupted with—

"You don't know. All right. Shall put down your age as uncertain."

"If you mean to insult me by saying that I am of uncertain age the sooner you leave the house the better for you," and the lady grasped a big damning needle viciously.

"Good gracious, ma'am, I meant no insult. I merely asked a civil question. How many children have you?"

"How many children have I! why I am not—"

"I did not ask you whether you were or not," snapped the census man. "I wish you would please answer my questions in a straightforward manner. I simply asked you how many children you had. Isn't that plain enough?"

"Look here, Mister, I am going into the next room for a poker," shrieked the milliner, "and I shall be back just in just three seconds."

The census man did not wait for her return, however, but sought out a reporter and confided to him the difficulties which lay in the way of a proper and complete taking of the census.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Emperor of Germany is ill.

THE evacuation of Candahar has been completed.

DERVISH PASHA has defeated a body of 15,000 Albanians.

A PEKIN despatch brings news of the death of one of the Empresses Regent of China.

A PARIS despatch says a quantity of explosive material has been unearthed at Nice.

It is announced that Lord Derby is to replace Earl Spencer in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet.

THE usual Easter Monday volunteer review and sham fight took place at Brighton and was a great success.

A MEETING of Conservatives is to be held very shortly to select a leader for the party in place of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

THE order for the construction of additional Russian fortresses on the German frontier has been countermanded.

THE United States Secretary of the Treasury estimates the surplus for the current fiscal year at \$100,000,000.

No terms of peace have as yet been submitted by the Chilean authorities to Peru. The war is said to have cost the victors over \$60,000,000.

It has been definitely settled that the funeral of the late Lord Beaconsfield will take place on Tuesday, and that the remains will be interred in Haghenden.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has arranged for the outfit and free passage to Manitoba of fifteen Irish families, and their location there in ready prepared homesteads.

FROM important papers seized in Vienna by the police of that city, it appears that the Austrian capital had been selected for the centre of the Socialist agitation.

FOOT NOTES.

A WESTERN editor received a letter from a subscriber, asking him to publish a cure for apple-tree worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.

CHAINED LIGHTNING LET LOOSE.—An incident worth recording took place in the engine-room of Wood, Parson & Co's printing establishment recently. In one corner of the room stands the machine which furnishes the electric light for Whitney & Co's dry goods store, on Pearl street, the power from which comes from Wood, Parsons & Co's huge engine. One feature of the engine is the armature, a wheel containing coils of insulated wire through which the electricity flows in powerful currents when the apparatus is in motion. The armature revolves with terrific velocity and constitutes a powerful magnet. On the day mentioned a young man came in and ground a pair of large scissors at an emery wheel near the generator. Turning to go out past the machine, he carried the scissors carelessly in his hand, when they were immediately drawn into the armature, and were soon revolving with it at frightful speed. The young man got out of the way as quickly as possible and was unhurt. For a few minutes the machine presented a very startling spectacle. The whirling scissors, twisted and broken, but still adhering to the revolving armature, began to cut the wires, and thus broke the electric current, which escaped in streams from the fractured ends of the wires, and in a moment or two that portion of the room was literally filled to the ceiling with whirling lightning, looking like a huge piece of Fourth of July fireworks. No one dared to approach the monster to stop the machinery for some little time, but the belt was finally thrown off, and the rather dangerous show was at an end. The incident afforded a striking illustration of the power of the agent which man is endeavouring to render subservient to his will.—*Albany Journal*.

HUMOROUS.

ONE fool at a time in a house is quite enough, but be very careful that that one is not yourself.

THE short girl should not cry because she is not tall; let her remedy the evil by getting spliced.

EVE was the first, and we reckon the only woman, who did not gather up her dress in both hands and shriek at the sight of a mouse.

GLASS eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

AN old proverb says, "The anvil lasts longer than the hammer." This is probably the only consolation the undermost man in a fight has.

JONES thinks a man is fortunate who has a will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he was married.

It is said that the editor's drawer in *Harper's Magazine* is made up by a woman. So are a great many editors' drawers.

A YOUNG bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning, and turned in very late at night.

Erysipelas, scrofula, salt rheum, eruptions, and all diseases of the skin and blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It purges all foul humors from the system, imparting strength and vigor at the same time.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will soon return to America on account of her mother's ill-health.

MILE. BERNARDT's return to New York was greeted by an overflowing house and an appreciative welcome.

"LOHENGREIN" has been given in Madrid for the first time. The public was at the beginning very cold, but warmed as the piece proceeded.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS has finished a new opera, called "Paebe." The authors of the libretto are Messrs. Meilhac and Gille.

MISS FLORENCE RICE KNOX is very successful at New York concerts, and is adding to her reputation every day.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN's new opera satirizing the aesthetic craze is to be called *Patience*, the name of the heroine, a dairy maid.

THE Canadian National Hymn, words by Lord Lorne, music by Arthur Sullivan, has been very severely criticised. There are strains in it, reminding one of "He is an Englishman," in Pinafore.

A common, and often fatal, disease is jaundice. Regulate the action of the liver, and cleanse the blood with Burdock Blood Bitters, and the worst case may be speedily cured. Sample bottle 10 cents.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.