

A GARDEN SECRET.

(A FLOWER AND A HAND.)

I.

Just after Night-fall.

I heard a whisper of roses
And light white lilies laugh out:
"Ah, sweet when the evening closes,
And stars come looking about."

II.

"Would I were red!" cried a white rose.
"Would I were white!" cried a red one.
"No longer the light wind blows;
He went with his dear dead sun.
Here we forever seem to stay,
And yet a sun dies every day."

III.

A Lily.

"The sun is not dead, but sleeping,
And each day the same sun wakes;
But when stars their watch are keeping,
Then a time of rest he takes."

Many Roses together.

"How very wise these lilies are!
They must have heard star talk with star!"

IV.

First Rose.

"Pray, then, can you tell us, lilies,
Where slumbers the wind at night,
When the garden all round is still is,
And hummed with the moon's pale light?"

A Lily.

"In branches of great trees he rests."

Second Rose.

"Not so; they are too full of nests."

V.

First Rose.

"I think he sleeps where the grass is;
He there would have room to lie;
The white moon over him passes;
He wakes with the dawning sky."

Many Lilies together.

"How very wise these roses seem,
Who think they know, and only dream!"

VI.

First Rose.

"What happens to a gathered flower?"

Second Rose.

"Nay, sister, now who can tell?
One comes not back just one hour,
To say it is ill or well.
I went with such a one confer,
To know what strange things chanced to her."

VII.

First Rose.

"Hush! hush! now the wind is waking—
Or is it the wind I hear?
My leaves are thrilling and shaking—
Good-by; I am gathered, my dear!
Now, whether for my bliss or woe,
I shall know what the plucked flowers know!"

PHILIP BECKLE MARSTON, in Harper's.

PARIS AT THE SEASIDE.

The ubiquity of the English people and of English products is to me an eternal source of wonderment. Last week, while steaming down the Seine, we heard of the presence of aquatic Englishmen in the most out-of-the-way riverside towns, and at Tournedos we met two young High Church curates, wearing around their necks the silver cross characteristic of their opinions, who were towing up a cranky outrigger against a terrific stream. At Honfleur we found the pier adorned by three typical Britishers. At Havre, Frascati's was simply occupied by English and Americans, while at Saint-Adresse, the French element had disappeared altogether, with the exception of the lighthouse-keepers; and the French colours had been replaced in all the prominent spots by the familiar labels of Messrs. Bass and Allsopp.

Havre was full, and the gardens and card-rooms at Frascati's were gay every night. In the card-rooms I recognised several gentlemen of Hellenic reputation, well-known in the so-called clubs of the Avenue des Philosophes at Paris. Visitors, beware!

From Havre to Trouville is a pleasant journey by steamer of an hour and forty minutes. You know Scholl's remark about Trouville: "Trou, oui; ville, non." A long sandy beach divided into sections by ropes; blocks of wooden bathing cabins and tents, a casino, a few colossal and expensive hotels, some villas running up the hillside, a dirty town, and a dirty little port at the mouth of a muddy river—such is Trouville, the most fashionable of French seaside resorts, and consequently the most expensive. The life there consists of five toilets a day for the ladies and three for the men, to which occupation some of the visitors add that of bathing. One of our wits has said that people who have more money than brains go to Trouville, and people who have more brains than money go to Etretat. Old experience had taught me that for comfort, jollity, amusement, and good bathing Etretat is unequalled amongst the beaches of the Norman and Breton coasts; and so, after a flying visit to Havre and Trouville, I made tracks for the little village which Alphonse Karr had the honour of discovering. There is no railway to Etretat. You have a choice of ten or fifteen miles' ride on a diligence from Les Ifs, Fécamp, or Havre, a charming journey through wheat-fields, and orchards, and

quaint old villages. It is an "Ultima Thule," you would think, some primitive fishing village. A l'air de! Behold! the first thing you see on reaching Etretat is a grocer's shop, piled up with tins of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, Colman's mustard, Liebig's extract of meat, citrate of magnesia! Ah, there are Bass's labels, and lawn-tennis hats, and three Britishers in boating flannels, and a bevy of American girls going out to ride, and an American artist with an immaculate canvas under his arm; and there on the wall a notice that English church service is held ever Sunday morning and evening in a house on the road to Fécamp.

Nothing is more unlike an English watering-place than a French one. A French watering-place is simply Paris at the seaside. It is the open-air summer life of Paris with the addition of bathing, and with an augmentation of unceremoniousness. Etretat has this advantage over Trouville and other places that it remains to a certain extent Bohemian, at least for the men. The women dress, but few of them exceed three toilettes a day, excluding the bathing costume; but the men wear anything, serge, flannel, flannels, Yokohama hats, white or red berets, or the pointed straw hat peculiar to the Parisian maître de voyage, on the floating baths on the Seine.

How do we pass the day? People begin to move between eight and nine. After the café au lait comes a promenade on the terrace of the casino, and then society repairs to the quai or beach, and forms an amphitheatre of spectators, to witness the bathing, which is at its height between half-past ten and noon, the hour of déjeuner. Two diving-boards on wheels are run out into the water, and two boats, provided with ladders, are anchored a few yards from the brink with a man in each, and opposite each boat three baigneurs stand up to their knees in the water to bathe the ladies and children who cannot swim. What would our British pruders say to a masculine baigneur? Here most of the women swim capitolically, and take headers and reverse headers—need I be more explicit!—with admirable energy. The costume, of course, is made an occasion for a display of taste. A Yokohama hat looks pretty tied under the chin with flaming red strings; the shoes or espadrilles, to guard tender feet against the assault of the pebbles, will bear embroidery or a monogram; while the costume itself admits great variety of colour and trimming, all of which is remarked by the assembled spectators. At Etretat men and women bathe all together, the men in costume like the women.

Well, after the bath comes breakfast, and then loafing, and billiards, and cards until between three and four, when the ladies reappear in fresh toilettes, and the terrace and beach again become animated. There is no lack of gay colours and pretty costumes, as well as pretty faces. The great colours are red and blue. Viewed from the top of the cliffs, the beach, thickly studded with blazingly brilliant parasols, looks like a field of monster poppies.

Besides these occupations and distractions there is the theatre, where operettas are played twice a week, while on the other nights there is dancing or a concert. Then every Thursday afternoon there is a bal d'enfants, a great event for the little folks, who arrive in their most gorgeous apparel, and some with all the assurance and acquired graces of a full-grown Parisienne. Here is a little marquise of seven, with her hair powdered; here is a lady of four, with a coiffure à la Reine Hortense; there is a little English girl, taken directly from one of Kate Greenaway's books; there is a row of little French boys and girls, like animated statuettes of Saxe; here in a corner is a circle of three-year-olds tripping it toddlingly, with not a few tumbles, and finally ending all in a heap. Round the room are seated the mothers and the nurses, with their broad bows and streamers, or sautoir, as the soldiers call them. Round the door the men stand, the fond papas and the elder brothers, watching the fun; and the sunlight streams in through the windows, and plays upon the bouquet of dark and blonde children, with their rosy cheeks deliciously bronzed by long gambols on the beach. No more charming sight could be imagined than the serpentine maze of the chain-gallop, danced by some fifty or sixty little boys and girls, twining in and twining out; and "here they come to the mulberry tree," and "here they turn about, about." It must admit that these graceful and accomplished young ladies and gentlemen become childlike and human on two occasions in the course of their ball—when the woman comes round to sell cakes; and when the ball comes to an end with a tombola, and the distribution of toys to the winners.

Add to these delights brilliant sunlight, a cloudless sky, fine sea-air, and the ceaseless murmur of the tumbling waves, and you will rightly conclude that life is pleasant in the Bay of Etretat.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

The results of the international Tournament at Vienna, in which the skill displayed by each of the leading players put them so much on an equality, had an unsettling effect, and the end, no doubt, will be several individual matches which will be attentively watched by amateurs in all parts of the world.

A match between Steinitz and Mason has been spoken of, but nothing definite has been decided on. The latter annoyed by some remarks which appeared in the Field, has written a letter to that journal, which may lead to an encounter, and we need hardly say

that to the chess world this would be a most satisfactory way of settling the dispute, whatever it may be. The mention of the intended match between Blackburne and Zukertort was a mistake on the part of some one whose wish was father to his thought. Let us hope, however, that public interest in the noble game may be maintained just now by one or two encounters between our chess heroes, which may at once decide the relative standing of the antagonists.

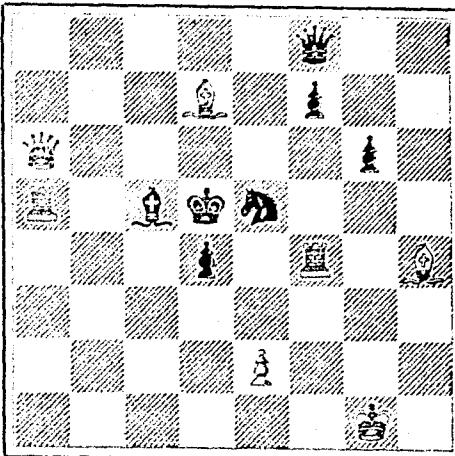
The following are the results (which will doubtless be very interesting to the reader) of the last five important International Tournaments held in Europe:

Vienna, 1873—First, Steinitz; second, Blackburne; third, Anderssen; fourth, Rosenthal.
Paris, 1878—First, Zukertort; second, Winawer; third, Blackburne; fourth, Mackenzie; fifth, Bird; sixth, Anderssen.
Weisbaden, 1880—The tie for first, Blackburne, English; Schwarz; third, Schalloop.
Berlin, 1881—First, Blackburne; second, Zukertort. Tie for third, Winawer, Tchigorin. Tie for fifth, Mason, Wittek.
Vienna, 1882—Tie for first, Steinitz, Winawer; third, Mason. Tie for fourth, Mackenzie, Zukertort; sixth, Blackburne.—Globe Democrat, St. Louis.

PROBLEM No. 391.

BY THE LATE C. M. BAXTER, DUNDEE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 391.

1 R to K Kt 3 1 B takes R
2 Q to Q R 3 2 Anything
3 Q or Kt mates

GAME 523rd.

VIENNA TOURNAMENT.

Played in the twenty-first round of the Vienna International Tournament, 5th June, 1882.

WHITE.—(Mr. Zukertort.) BLACK.—(Mr. Steinitz.)

1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 Kt to K B 3 2 Kt to Q B 3
3 Kt to B 3 3 P to K Kt 3 ch
4 P to Q 1 4 P takes P
5 Kt takes P 5 B to Kt 2
6 B to K 2 ch 6 Kt to B 3
7 P to B 3 ch 7 Kt to K 2
8 B to Q B 4 ch 8 P to Q 4 ch
9 P takes P 9 Kt B takes P
10 Kt takes Kt 10 Kt takes Kt
11 B to B 2 11 Kt to B 5
12 Castles 12 Castles
13 P to B 3 13 Q to Kt 4
14 B to K Kt 2 14 Kt to R 4
15 P to B 4 15 Q to Q B 4
16 Q to Kt 3 ch 16 Kt takes R
17 P takes Kt 17 B takes Kt ch
18 P takes B 18 Q takes P ch
19 K to R 2 19 B to Kt 5
20 Q R to K 5 20 P to Q Kt 4 ch
21 Q takes P ch 21 Q R to Kt 4
22 Q to B 6 22 B to Q 2
23 Q to Q 5 23 Q takes Q
24 B takes Q 24 R takes P
25 R to K 7 25 R to Kt 4
26 B to B 3 26 P to Q B 4
27 P to Kt 3 27 P to Q B 4
28 P to B 4 28 B to K 7
29 R to B 3 29 B to B 3
30 B to B 2 30 R to Q 4
31 R takes Q R P 31 R to Q 7
32 B to K 4 32 B takes P
33 B takes B 33 R takes B ch
34 K to R 3 34 R to K R 7 ch (5)
35 K to Kt 4 35 R to R 4
36 R to B 6 Drawn game.

NOTES, from La Scottish.

(a) The best defence is 3 Kt to B 3
4 B to Kt 5 (if 4 P to Q 4 B to Kt 5)
5 Kt to Q 5 4 B to Kt 5
(If Castles 5 Castles, 6 Kt to Q 5 B to K 2, or B to B 4 with an even game) 5 R to K 2
played by Mr. Rosenthal in his match against Mr. Zukertort) or 5 B to B 4 with an equal game.
(b) This move gives at least an equal game to Black, we think that 6 Kt takes Kt 6 Kt P takes Kt
7 R to Q 3 7 Kt to K 2
8 Castles

followed by P to K B 4, gives the superiority to White. The latter need not fear B takes Kt, for if the B is not at K 2, the Black Rook is in a weak position, which compensates for White's doubled Pawn. If Black plays 8 P to R 4, the reply would be Castles, and the Pawn could not be taken without the second player having an inferior game.

(c) Here again Kt takes Kt, followed by B to Q 3 would be much better.

(d) If 8 B to Q 3 8 P to Q 4
9 P to R 5
(If P takes P, the position becomes the same as in the text) 9 Kt to Q 2 and wins, for he threatens to win a piece by P to Q B 4.

(e) Very well played. By this move Black develops his own game, and hampers all attempt to attack by his adversary.

(f) If 16 Q to Q 3 16 B to B 4.

(g) The only move to prevent White playing his R to K 7.

(h) If 21 B takes P 21 Q R to Kt sq wins the Pawn, with a superior position.

(i) Mr. Steinitz, who conducted this game with great skill let victory escape him by this move. He ought to have played 35 K to R 3 34 P to R 4 35 R to Kt 6 and wins easily, for if 36 K to Kt 4 (if 36 R (B) to B 7 36 R (Kt) 7 takes P, mate follows in a few moves, and if 36 R to B 8 ch 36 K to Kt 2 threatening mate by R to R 7 ch followed by R takes P ch) 37 R takes Kt P ch 38 K to Kt 21 39 K to B sq and wins. SEE 278

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