

EPHEMERIDES.

A chess story is rather a novel literary attempt, but it has been successfully written by Mr. J. G. Ascher, who conducts the chess department of the *New Dominion Monthly*, in a manner that is creditable to him both as a player and an author. To enjoy this story to the full it should be read with the chess-board in front of one, so that all the moves indicated by the author may be carried out. If this is done, a new sensation in novel-reading—where all sensations seem to have already been exhausted—will be experienced. We trust Mr. Ascher will try his hand again.

As one thing brings another, I may, in connection with the Royal game, place before my readers the following verses from the pen of Owen Meredith:

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were crown'd so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkedmate by each other's eyes?
Ah, still, I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight,
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand,
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sliding through the fight.
Our fingers touch: our glances meet
And falter: falls your golden hair
Against my cheek: your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field your Queen
Rides slow her solitary train.
And checks me unaware.
Ah, me! the little battle's done.
Dispersed is all its chivalry:
Full many a move, since then, have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone:
That never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were crown'd so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the stars,
Shut out the cold and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together!

ATLANTIC'S JOURNAL for May gives the second paper on the "Austrian Arctic Expedition," the interest of which greatly exceeds that of the first paper. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining and thrilling records of Arctic adventure that have appeared for a long time. The article is fully illustrated. Constance Fenimore Woolson has a story of early Virginia colonial life, that is strikingly original in its incidents and method. Another short story, by Matilda Joslyn Gage, entitled "The Walking-Fern," is of American village-life; it has some good characterization and unbacked incidents. Julian Hawthorne, under the title of "The Great White Wall," describes, in his own characteristic and effective style, features of the English south coast. There is a paper by Mr. Eggleston on the peculiar religious sects in Russia, derived from Wallace's and Hepworth Dixon's recent books on that country. Mr. George M. Towle gleams some of the best points in Harriet Martineau's autobiography; Lucy Hooper explains the intricate laws of Parisian etiquette; and Mrs. Church discusses seasonably the making of country and city gardens. There are poems by Stoddard, John Moran, and Nora Perry, the one by the latter being accompanied by an admirable illustration from the pencil of Alfred Fredericks. The serial "Cherry Ripe" deepens in dramatic interest. The editorial departments are as full as usual.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May is an unusually varied number. Of the illustrated articles, "Down the Rhine," the first of a series by Lady Blanche Murphy is noticeable both for the exquisite engravings and its agreeable sketches of famous old towns, romantic scenery, and the quaint costumes and primitive habits of the Alsatian peasantry. "Parisian Club-Life" is described at length by C. H. Harling, while Chauncey Hickox discusses briefly some of Schliemann's discoveries, and gives the welcome intelligence that the great explorer is about to revisit America. Walter Mitchell writes musically and critically of "Burials and Burial-Places," and J. Brander Matthews gives a quantity of theatrical gossip and anecdotes relative to the subject of "Damned Plays." Of stories, in addition to a long instalment of "The Marquis of Lossie," which has now reached a crisis, we have "The Abbess of Ischia," by Robert A. McLeod, which has a tragical interest; a humorous love story, called "A Superfluity of Naughtiness," by Edward Bellamy; and "A Queen of Burlesque," which is both odd and pathetic, and is evidently drawn from real life. There are poems by Emma Lazarus, Mary B. Dodge, and other writers, and the Monthly Gossip contains a number of short papers on "Bulgarian Rose-Harvests," "Selling a House," and other miscellaneous topics. The contents are of a thoroughly popular and attractive character.

The ATLANTIC for May opens with a descriptive article on the primitive musical instruments used in various barbarous and semi-civilized nations, being the first in the series on "Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition." Eleven illustrations add to the interest of the text. Mr. James brings his story of "The American" to a conclusion. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., contributes a very interesting historical paper on "The Maypole of Merrymount," in which he describes Wolaston's settlement on the shores of Boston bay in 1625. Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., discusses the "Life and Work of the Eastern Farmer," and argues in favor of the village

system of Europe as the best method of preventing the evils and drawbacks of isolated farm life. This number of the *Atlantic*, like its predecessors, is also strong in poetry. Mr. Whittier contributes a sweet and characteristic poem entitled "Hymn of the Duncers," at Kloster Kedar, Pennsylvania, 1738; Mr. Longfellow gives some smooth and flowing verses on "Castles in Spain,"—a reminiscence of foreign travel; E. C. Stedman has a pretty poem on "Seeking the May-Flower," and W. W. Story, the sculptor, one on *Girolamo detto il Fioretino*. "Spring Miracles," is the title of a little poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen. The Contributors' Club continues to be one of the most attractive parts of the magazine. Under Recent Literature, Mr. Howells reviews at length the autobiography of Harriet Martineau, and there are several other book and art criticisms.

One of the most remarkable features of recent magazine literature is Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier's poem of "Red Riding-Hood," which opens the May number of *St. Nicholas*. It has a pervading charm of rare tenderness and feeling, as if the good old poet had felt his heart soften under the consciousness that he was writing for the little ones. There is no image but will catch the quick fancy of the little folk; no word but appeals directly and tenderly to the child-heart. He paints a wintry scene in a way to delight all boys and girls:

"On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sang
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray flock along the sky.
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel posing on the drift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail."

And, farther on, we find the pretty picture of the little girl, as—

"Half lost with her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plain skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale,
Now sinking in a drift so low
Its dash of color on the snow."

ST. NICHOLAS has, indeed, secured a treasure in this poem, and all boys and girls should improve the chance of reading it entire.

SCRIBNER for May has several seasonable papers on home life, in-doors and out. The most prominent of these is perhaps Colonel Waring's discussion of the organization and work of "Village Improvement Associations." Colonel Waring gives a sketch of the Stockbridge, Massachusetts, Association, and goes into the details of sidewalk and road making, and the village water supply. "One way to spend the Summer in the Country," in the same department, relates the experience of a lady in maintaining a country home in a simple way near one of the large cities. In closing his series on House-Furnishing, Mr. Clarence Cook makes a plea for individuality of living. Other illustrated papers deal with "Smith College," Northampton, Mass., the only institution for women, it is said, where Greek is a test of admission; "Sea- Trout Fishing" along a tributary of the St. Lawrence, by A. R. Macdonough; and "Greece and the Greek Museums," from Mr. Mahaffy's recent volume, by John Arbuckle. There is also a paper of "Reminiscences to Washington," from unpublished family records, in which are given a number of anecdotes and a humorous letter from Gen. Washington, with fac-similes of the entries and the curious illustrations in the family Bible and of a deed by Washington reputed to be the shortest on record. In "Nicholas Minturn," Dr. Holland gives a diagnosis of the dead-beat contagion (for which he will suggest a remedy further on). The other serial, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Burnett, is brought to a close. It has already been published in book form by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. John Burroughs tells an "o'er-true tale" of "A London Adventure" with confidence men. Besides the humorous verse in the "Bric-a-Brac" department, there are poems by Sidney Lanier, Emma Lazarus, and R. H. Stoddard. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland discusses the relations of the author to the movement for international copyright, the necessity of Village Reform, and the problems before the New Administration. "The Old Cabinet" writers of "Nicholas Artemevitch," "The Philistine inside of Art," "Lowell's Protest," and "The Human Soul."

HEARTH AND HOME

LOVELINESS.—What constitutes true loveliness? Not the polished brow, the gaudy dress nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition, the kind acts, and the Christian deportment. It is the heart, where meekness, truth, affection, humility are found, where we look for loveliness: nor do we look in vain. The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character.

HATRED OF EVIL.—There is enough of fixed, intentional, positive badness in the world to give ample exercise to our power of hating, for which there is a large place in the economy of

life. There let antipathy play its part and "hate evil." But where evil is not meant, where the poor school-children of men are writing out their "copies" as well as they can, here making a blot, there misshaping a letter, there disguising it altogether so that Cadmus himself, the father of letters, if we are to believe the teaching of history, would not know it, let a kindly eye rest on any lines that are approximately straight, and so encourage the reform of the tipsy and staggering shape that as yet only distantly resemble letters.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingatitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

WOMAN.—Woman, who whilom was weak, wrought upon by the wheedling words of the wily one, since when the world weeps o'er its own wickedness. Wanting woman, the world were a waste, and we, wending our way through its wilderness, would waft our wailing to the winds and waves. Woman, without thy winsome ways, wealth were worthless, a will o' the wisp. The witchery of thy wooing words works wonders, like the waving of the wizard's wand; witness thy weariless watching over the wounded and the wretched, withstanding our waywardness through weal or woe. Wanton waddlers on the wane, writhing under wrinkles, may wage thee warfare, but the wise welcome and worship thee.

BUSINESS TRAINING.—It takes a sound body to make a sound mind. Work is not vulgar. So long as the brain needs the juices of the body, so long will hard work be the fundamental element in the development of the mind. Business is eminently fit for a man of genius, and to earn a livelihood is the best way to sharpen one's wits. Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities at present than the so-called professions. Therefore our youth should be thoroughly and practically trained for business, in order that they may succeed and become a credit to whatever calling they may adopt. At the same time they should be educated not to despise labour; for, after all it is only by hard work that we achieve any success worthy of the name.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED.—A wife of forty, whose life cannot have been all sunshine, writes the following advice to other married pairs: "Preserve sacred the privacies of your house, your married state, and your heart. Let not father or mother, sister or brother, or any third person, even presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you alone, to you two. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confident of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew or review the vow at all temptations: it will do you both good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one."

READ AND HEED THIS.—Many people seem to forget that character grows, and that it is not something to put on ready-made with manhood or womanhood, but that, day by day, here a little and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late to breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

LADY FRIENDS.—You can always judge better of a person's character by her manner of talking with others than by what she addresses directly to you, and by what she says of others than by what she says to them. A conversation like this ought to put you on your guard against any intimacy of a girl capable of it. The vivacity of youthful feelings is such that it often hurries girls into intimacies which soon after prove uncongenial and burdensome. You mistake an accidental agreement for a real sympathy,—one agreeable interview for an insight into the whole character; and thus judging too hastily, you judge wrongly. Far be it from us to recommend a suspicious character; we would rather see a young heart deceived

again, than see it nourishing suspicion as a habit of the mind; but would have you make it a rule never to pledge yourself to any intimacy until you have taken time to consider your first impressions, and to distinguish between the charm that really belongs to a new acquaintance, and that which was thrown over your first interview by accidental circumstances and associations.

THE BABY.—One of the sweetest of Emerson's writings is the following:—"Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, and sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny little struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small deposit asks so little that all nature and reason is on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than all virtue. All day between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and crows, and puts on faces of importance, and when he fasts the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of a Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the neck and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand: no seniority of age, no gravity of character—uncles, aunts, cousins, grandfathers,—all fall an easy prey. He conforms to nobody: all conform to him, all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the stoniest shoulder he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads."

WHY ADVERTISE?

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale. It is well known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success is offering only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which costs over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and the services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says, "if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all our big bronchial, throat, and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at a moderate price (\$1.50, post-paid), that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Letter and problem received. Many thanks. The letter shall appear next week. Correct solution of Problem No. 117 received.
J. W. S., Montreal.—Accept our thanks for letter containing problem which shall appear shortly. Correct Solution of Problem No. 117 received.
M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 117 received.
E. B. S., Stuyver, Ont.—Correct Solution of Problem No. 116 received.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.
W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.
Through the kindness of a gentleman living in Montreal, who is in correspondence with some chess friends in England, we have been favored with several extracts from Provincial newspapers, giving most interesting particulars of the progress of the Royal Game in Great Britain. Our limited space compels us to use very sparingly the material which has been placed in our hands. We cannot, however, forego publishing the subjoined account of the rapid progress of Chess in the city of Hull, where it appears that the game meets with the attention which its merits deserve. We may to some extent in the Province of Quebec congratulate ourselves that the game is not so much neglected as in the years gone by, but if we could, either in Montreal, or the city of Quebec, infuse into our young people of both sexes the enthusiasm which characterizes the citizens of Hull, we should have great cause for rejoicing. In 1873, there was only one club—the Hull Chess Club—whose members assembled twice per week during the winter months. Scarcely any matches were arranged, no tournaments organized, and nothing attractive put forward to tempt young men, to unravel the mysteries of