

CHESS COLUMN.

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The following curiosity in Problems appeared some time ago in one of the English Chess publications. There are two kings on the board, and they must both be checkmated at the same time. Of course neither can be left in check to accomplish this. But one of the kings may remain in position of stalemate:

Problem No. 15.

BY A. ROSENBAUM.

BLACK.



White to play and mate both kings simultaneously in three moves.

Here is a seven mover between Messrs. Lammond and Wright of the Boston Club.

GAME No. 27.

Lammond	White.
P-K 4	1 P-K 4
P-KB 4	2 PXP
B-B 4	3 Qchks
K-B sq	4 P-KKt 4
P-Q 4	5 P-KR 2
BXP	6 KXB
Kt-KB 3	

and Black finding he could not save his Q resigned.

[For the Torch.]
ENRIQUEZISMS.

-The hilarity of youth seldom regards the disparity of age.

-An editor is a professional get with an anxious brow and a loose belt, except immediately after a public banquet.

-"High on a throne of royal state"—grim Kuer Wilhelm mops his wrinkled pate, with the thermometer at ninety-eight.

-"One is the 'Sword of Bunker Hill' and the other is the sword of hunker Bill." This is the answer. [As soon as the weather gets cool we may construct a conundrum to travel with it.—*Norristown Herald*. But in the interim brother Williams, old hunker Bill may "spot" the sword and sell the ticket so you will live to pay the conundrum's fare before it can travel very far.

-"Is not your friend rather sedate?" asked Milly Maria. "No," responded the meek maiden—"I don't think he would rather see date tan prunes; not that I care a fig about it, however." This is the fruit of perusing a paragraph's peccadilloes.

-Th is social'le weather. Even your worst cemy can't give you the cold shoulder.

-*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*. Not unless his lease of life expires, and they put him on ice.

-Pasting pictures on curtains of Japanese silk is a late pastime.—*Exchange*. That is, fashionable young ladies divert themselves with it before going to bed.

-The eye of the night is law.—*Schiller*. Law eye had an idea it was the moon.

-Did you ever see a lime kiln anything?"

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"—the brutal coward sneaks to beat his wife.

-Some girls are like old muskets: they use a good deal of powder but don't go off.—*St. James Torch*. Yet they do go off ten to the powder and white is I cannot conceive.

STREET MUSE SICK.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,"—

I call that line fine in Moore—

Is drummed all day and quite enthralled

The clerks of each Bowery store;

At least if not the identical harp.

Of which Tom so sweetly sang,

I trust no one will sneer and carp

Or question its dulcet twang—

For the dull set, swartly Italian, lean,

Might stiletto—pinion feel his spleen.

NEW YORK CITY.

FUNNY-GRAFFS.

A man is not necessarily a pedagogue because he goes to the sea-shore and keeps cool. Now seize opportunity to say an ice thing, as in this weather it's swell-ter say something funny whether you feel like it or not. And this reminds us of something funny said out at Goddard's the other day. In the course of a conversation between a party of New York gentlemen on the Ross-Hanlan race, the young man, who dexterously mixes "little bits on lemon, little bits of ice," spoke up and said, "I'll bet you \$25 to \$75 on Ross." Mr. "O'Leary" who was hardly prepared for such heavy odds was rather staggered, but replied, "I'll bet you \$100 to \$50." "What's given us cully? bet like that 'il grow on trees before the race," came from the cool "cobbler" constructor. A roar of laughter from the Goddard's friends at the sharp retort suggested to "O'Leary" the advisability of discontinuing the sporting remarks, "and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Williams will you ever forget the sad expression on Wilkie's countenance when the jocular "julep" jumbler gave him that "hot one," and put him out on "first base?"

One of our reporters rushed into the office yesterday with the alarming intelligence that a savage bull-dog, at Smith's Creek, had killed twenty lambs belonging to farmer Smith. But when he asked us if we didn't think it "a terrible kill-lambity?" we gave it to him under the left ear and he left—here immediately.

A friend in Baltimore writes: "Since I subscribed to the Torch my gas bill 'dont amount to slucks' as I go to bed by Torch light.

TORCH.

As bright and shining from the press,
In regular progression,
Your sparkling weekly issues forth
Like a gay Torch-light procession!
Stam'ford, Conn. E. T. W. GILLESPIE.

There is no paper published in Canada whose spicy paragraphs are so extensively quoted as the Torch.

ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.

The trial of the OSBORNES for the murder of TIMOTHY MCCARTHY, was commenced at Dorchester before His Honor Chief Justice Allen, on Thursday last, Dr. Tuck, Q. C., and the Hon. D. L. Hamington appearing for the Crown, and A. L. Palmer, Q. C., for the defence. Thanks to Sheriff Botsford's care in summoning jurors, a jury was secured without trouble. Damien White, Philip Voutour, Stephen McCarty, Coroner Hanington, Robert Irvine and Martin McDonald have already been examined. The excitement in Dorchester over the trial is intense.

Prof. JOHN ALLISON on Monday and Tuesday evening, lectured, in the Sabbath School Room of St David's Church, in aid of the Organ Fund of the Centenary Church. His subject on Monday evening was the "Valley of the Yo Semite." On Tuesday evening he described the Battle of Gettysburg, telling the story of the three days strife, with minuteness, and thrilling effect. Gettysburg was the Waterloo of the civil war, and more than once in the course of the battle, it was extremely uncertain whether the Union or the Confederacy would prevail.

On Thursday evening Prof. ALLISON lectured in Portland on "Geneva and the Alps." The lecture is described as having been "a brilliant effort." His subject last evening, in the German Street Methodist Church was "The Great Desolation."

Before our next issue the single skull championship will be definitely settled, as far as Ross and Hanlan are concerned. If Ross, by mere chance, should win, will the interest in the Hanlan-Courtney race weaken? Torontonians think they have a "dead sure thing" this time, at least so we were told by a gentleman from there the other day. He backed his opinion by betting 3 to 1 with a Ross backer. A good day, fair play, and may the best man win.

MATRIMONIAL.

A popular young man from Town,
Whose "nom de plume" is "Jumble,"
Has wisely "taken to himself"
A matrimonial "tumble."
Dear George, the Torch extends to you
Its best congratulations
That you, at last, have follies "shot,"
For "Harvey's Meditations."

The citizens are about to give Neil Warner a complementary benefit. He should have a bumper house.

HON. GEORGE E. KINS has been appointed Queen's Counsel, and takes precedence of all other Q. C.'s appointed since 1870

HON. EDWARD WILKS has found a defender in "An old M. P. P.," who writes from Moncton to the *Chignecto Post*.

We don't want to see Hanlan die just yet, but we would like to see Ross give his "skull" a good beating with his cars.

The rapidly increasing circulation of the Torch makes it a valuable advertising medium.