

COQUETTE'S TROUBADOUR.

Ah, sweet coquette,
With gallants making wild ado—
Think you for aye to be beset?
The saucy lip one day may rue.

Ah, sweet coquette,
In vain you strive to flirt with two;
You dream that both will praise and pet;
Your spells they scorn, your snares eschew.

Ah, sweet coquette,
Twine curl with buds or diamond dew;
Time stays him for no amulet;
The young year's charms may none renew.

Ah, sweet coquette,
When summer breaths come faint and few,
Dies ere the humble violet,
The proudest rose that ever grew.

Ah, sweet coquette,
Ring with the knightly retinue
The terrace carolers gaily set—
Yet lone the flower of rarest hue.

Ah, sweet coquette,
Saw that fond vain the kiss you blew
Away from him? Doth he forget?
Forgets he naught, but doubts he you!

Ah, sweet coquette,
One lover snatched the billet-doux
Your handmaid bore to pay your debt;
His rival's name came into view.

Ah, sweet coquette,
The filbert's heart you filled through
The arbor leaves, a stranger ate;
Saw both your birds and straightway dew.

Ah, sweet coquette,
For all your fair face seeming true,
Sing I your sweetest epithet,
Your only name for old or new.

Ah, sweet coquette,
From out your mere all found the dew,
Like gossamer your shining net,
Its broken webs their feet bestrew.

Ah, sweet coquette,
Now each with scorn has made a lion;
Shall there be naught or crushed regret
For love made light of hitherto?

Ah, sweet coquette,
Do lovers none come now to woo?
You dreamed that all would praise and pet;
You strove in vain to hold with two.

Ah, sweet coquette,
Twas but to blind the fickle crew,
One heart there is beats wildly yet,
Say it has found the heart in you!

KIT LAYER'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from our list.)

The landlord, despite the low hisses and groans of the angry mob, at once yielded. He had no choice.

Leading the way up-stairs, he showed the messenger a room of small dimensions, square, with one window. It had a table and low chairs.

"Let my men have refreshment," said the messenger, "and one of you keep guard."

"Bring a bottle of your best wine up here," cried the barrister. "I shall not have a chance for some time to drink another. My friend here will join me."

The landlord had can hit Layer's eye, and, when he came back, brought two bottles, at which the messenger smiled.

"It won't do, Mr. Layer," he said, civilly enough; "but I shall drink glass for glass with you."

"As you like," was the answer. "I like my wine, and shall not enjoy it long."

Glasses were filled and drank. Layer did not speak much. His thoughts appeared far away. But all the same he keenly watched the messenger. Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and the messenger rose to answer it. In one second Layer was on his feet, threw up the window, and before his captor knew what he was about, had leaped into the court below, where for a moment he lay like a lifeless man.

But the man's energy was terrible and fearful. Several of the men came out to help him.

"Stop the pursuit!" said the lawyer. "I know my way. I am hurt, but not much."

With which he limped away in the direction of Fleet Street, which, fortunately for him, was almost totally deserted. The Temple was impassable, so, after some reflection, he took a backward turn towards Holborn.

What he suffered, no one can ever tell. His ankle was sprained, his whole body bruised; but he kept on, in the desperate hope of ultimate escape.

Reaching Holborn, he found a cart bound for Westminster; and, as all places was alike to him, he bargained with the man, explaining his accident, for a ride. In this way he got to the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey, where he paid the man, and crept into a small ale-house.

Here, on account of his ankle, he remained all day, having his wound dressed by a good-natured old woman. When night approached he felt it necessary to go somewhere else.

The sea-coast was his destination, but before that he must hide until the hue and cry was over.

Having procured a stick, he contrived to limp over Westminster Bridge in the dusk of the evening, and though suffering agonies, succeeded in reaching the "Edinburgh Castle" at Newington Causeway.

Here he halted, to write a letter to a friend, who might assist him in getting a place in the Dover wagon, which passed at no great distance.

He had not been in the house ten minutes

when a clatter of horses' hoofs was heard; the riders drew up at the inn, and next moment the King's messenger and several officers entered.

The man in the cart had given the first clue, the innkeeper the second, and one who saw him cross the bridge the third. All was over.

"You don't escape me again," said the King's messenger, in a brutal tone. "Pitch him into that cart!"

It was a rough, springless affair, with some straw at the bottom, into which the soldiers put the wounded, enfeebled, and disabled prisoner.

He said nothing. For a moment, bitter disappointment had cowed his spirit.

His daring escape had not only terribly annoyed the messenger, but had exasperated the Government. The Secretary of State sent special orders to have him put in heavy fetters.

Strange enough, there were no irons of sufficient weight in the Tower, and the disgusted governor had to send to Newgate.

Here he remained for some days in the most direful dejection. No one came to see him, save the gaoler, who supplied him with coarse, hard food.

After a week, the door of his loathsome cell—it was nothing else—opened, and the gaoler put down a small lantern.

"Friends to see you—twenty minutes, and retired."

It was his daughter Bella and her lover, Lawrence Wilton. As he seen found, his wife was too ill to come. She was dying.

"My noble children," he said, "you have come to take a last farewell."

"Father," cried the broken-hearted girl, "you can be free if you like; though I fear me," she added, in a timid tone, "the conditions are hard."

"Speak then," he answered, wearily. "Recollect, sir," said Walter, earnestly, "we should never have seen you, but for our agreeing to come with a certain proposition."

"Make it," he answered.

Arabella told on her knees, buried her face in her hands, and then murmured, "A free pardon and reward," she said, "if you will give up the names of all who were present at the last meeting before you were arrested. This," she added, choked with emotion—"this or death!"

"And," he asked, calmly and earnestly, "which alternative does my daughter expect me to accept?"

"Death," she gasped, "before dishonour!"

"My child not only loves me," he remarked, "but, I see, respects me. No more of this; my answer is given. Let us now speak of yourselves. Luckily, before this occurred, I made the greater part of my property over to Dobson. He will see you righted."

"Oh, father, father!" cried Bella, "is there no hope?"

"None, except through dishonour," he answered, in a deep, earnest voice. "Say no more about it. When you are older—when you are married and have children, remember and tell them I died rather than betray my friends."

They now spoke exclusively of family affairs, and when the gaoler came, Kit Layer took a calm and affectionate leave of his daughter and her future husband.

"I should like to know you are married before I die," he remarked. "Tell your mother so, and John Dobson. It will be a comfort to me. Promise me this," he earnestly implored, "and do not fail!"

And thus they parted.

It was several days later when the unfortunate barrister, still not recovered from the shock of his wounds, was put into a hackney coach, with all his irons on him, and taken, as it were, in state to Westminster Hall, there to be tried.

For some motive or other, not a good one, the Government sent him, guarded by a heavy escort of warders and soldiers, by land instead of water.

In this way he had to pass along Fleet Street, where heavy mobs of roughs were collected to hoot and yell at the Jacobite.

Presently he had to pass under Temple Bar. One warder was inside to control this feeble, weak, manacled man.

"My friend," said the barrister, with a sickly smile, "the next time I come this way, I shall be aloft instead of below. It makes all the difference."

The man could not help shivering. These men did not go out of their way to be cruel. It was the spirit of the times.

He reached the court, and was alone put in the dock, still in irons, a thing contrary to the custom and law of England, which, however, is daily outraged even in more mild and enlightened times.

"My lord," the prisoner said to Lord Chief Justice Pratt, "as the trial may be long, may I have the irons removed? It is my right."

"No," was the brutal reply—the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and even the jury yelling approval: "they shall remain!"

"To prove the justice of the law," was the quiet reply.

And the trial proceeded, the gentleman gaoler of the Tower, who stood in the dock beside his prisoner, holding up the chains as much as he could to alleviate the sufferings of the sick man.

Never was a man so insulted by Judge and counsel, the jury, in their hearts, crying, "Hang him!" But one day's spectacle was not enough.

He had to come to the court for many days running, where, though his chains were taken off in the dock, he came and went away shackled.

At last he was found "Guilty," and condemned to death with all the disgusting formula observable in high treason cases in those days.

When it was over, he was sent back to the Tower, where, strange to say, he received certain indulgences which surprised him at the time.

No allusion was made to his execution.

Again he was visited by Lawrence Wilton and his daughter, in deep mourning, but married.

His gentle wife was dead. The awful condemnation, so well known to everybody, had killed her. She died of a broken heart.

The prisoner gave one great sigh for the loss of her whom now he could only hope to meet in heaven, and then turned to the question of public affairs.

"What do people say?" he asked.

"That you are a hero and a martyr," answered Lawrence Wilton; and, much as I deprecate the cause you sacrificed yourself for—a cause for ever lost to the country—I say the same. But, father, do forgive us, if we come on disagreeable errands. It is our only chance to see you."

"Speak, my son," he said, mildly.

"The Government believe that Bishop Attenborough is at the bottom of half the discontent and trouble," his son answered. "They believe that if he could be punished by losing his head, it would awe all the rebels."

"And they want my evidence," he went on with a sickly smile. "I won't even whisper to you what I know on the matter. I will not disgrace myself by injuring others."

The two bowed their heads and dropped the subject, which was, beyond all, painful.

"And now, my dear children," he said, "do not come near me any more. I wish to think of nothing else but my immortal soul—to make my peace with Heaven, which only knows if I have done right. I believe I have; that is enough."

Arabella dropped on her knees, and sobbed at his feet in passionate sorrow.

"Will you not save yourself?" she gasped.

"Mother is gone, and now I must lose you."

"My child, all is over. Do not try my feelings too much," he answered. "See, the gaoler comes. Farewell, my dear children—for ever!"

And, deeply affected, they passed from his sight.

But it was not his last trial.

Next evening, two very influential noblemen connected with the Court, the Earls of Lincoln and Scarborough, came to him, and entered into long and earnest discourse.

They asked for disclosures, showing him a free pardon if he would implicate higher people than himself—people the new Government wanted to get rid of at any price.

But he flatly and firmly refused.

"In the eyes of your master," he said, quietly, "I am guilty. Let me go to the block, but do not think I will betray anyone else."

"You will die to-morrow," was the supercilious reply of the Earl of Lincoln.

"Very good, my lord," he answered. "Then to-morrow I shall be in heaven with my wife."

"As you will," remarked the Earl of Scarborough, in a musing way, "if that compensates for life and liberty, and reward."

So they left him.

Next morning, when the executioner's men came in to prepare him for the dreadful ceremony, he was ready.

He had dressed himself in a new suit of black velvet, and a new wig. Despite his garb he was pinioned and carried to a sledge with five horses.

Thus he was drawn to Tyburn. On this occasion he was taken along Holborn. The execution scene is too terrible to relate. It was a relic of barbarism unhappily not very long abolished.

Then he was taken to Newgate, and his body given up to his daughter and her husband—all save the head, which was fixed on one of the spikes of old Temple Bar, where it remained for some years.

But it was at last swept down by a gale, and picked up by a lawyer, who took it away.

Many wondered what he wanted with it; but when we say it was Lawrence Wilton, they will not be surprised.

The memory of the father was ever kept green, and when, in old age, they died, they often wished they had been as nobly resolute, even if in a bad cause.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOSS OF FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out—quick, before the love grows cold. Life is too short to quarrel in or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

AN IMPORTANT DUTY.—When young men are brought to ruin by extravagant expenditures, the fault is not often wholly their own—and this is especially true of those who are living with their parents and are under age. The father and mother, if they do their duty and are not culpably negligent, will know the amount of the

income of the son, and the source from which it is derived, and also pretty nearly what his expenditures are; and the knowledge that they are giving attention to these matters will be a strong check against wrong-doing, if any check is required. They will also know how he spends his evenings, and what his associates are, and if he is spending money freely they will find out where it comes from. And the employers of the boys, and especially of those holding responsible positions, neglect a duty they owe both to themselves and to those in their employ, if they do not inform themselves as to their habits, and that they may grow up frugal, industrious, and honest.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.—At a recent inquest in Marylebone, Dr. Hardwicke, the coroner, said that no fewer than 300 children annually met their deaths in London alone from suffocation in bed. The number of deaths from this cause in other places is probably as great in proportion to the population, and shows a waste of life which is truly lamentable. It is generally imagined that the suffocation of infants arises in great measure from the intemperate habits of their parents; Dr. Hardwicke, however, is of opinion that this is a mistaken impression. His returns do not bear out the assertion that these cases occur generally on Saturday and Sunday nights, after payment of the weekly wages, which are too often spent in drink. The children, moreover, of parents in comfortable circumstances, are as frequently suffocated as the children of the lower classes. Dr. Hardwicke's experience leads him to the conclusion that "the causes of suffocation are mostly due to the over-kindness of the parents." This is satisfactory so far as it goes; but the broad fact remains that night after night hundreds of hapless infants are put to death in a horrible fashion by their loving parents, and it is a poor consolation to hear that stupidity, rather than drunkenness, is the cause of this wholesale slaughter.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent only if correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal—Solutions and Report received. The latter appears in to-day's Column.

M. J. M. Quebec—Problems received. They shall have early attention.

J. S. St. John's, Manitoba—Problem received. It shall appear shortly.

A. T. Niagara Falls, Ont.—Problem received, containing Problem No. 1. The latter shall have an early solution.

C. G. Montreal—Correct solution of Problem No. 145 received.

E. H. Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 142 received. Correct.

St. John's, Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 143 received. Correct.

Saron, Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 142 received. Correct.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

PRELIMINARY REPORT.

The conductor of the Tourney begs to inform the intending players that the list now contains 15 names from the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

When the number shall have reached 25, it is proposed to put the Tourney into active operation. With the object of shortening as much as possible the duration of the Tourney, the conductor advised a reduction of the time limit to 48 hours, which has received the approval and sanction of the majority of the intending players.

In reply to the request made for the opinions of the players regarding the most questions contained in Rules V. and X., a large number of communications was received, showing a great diversity of opinion.

After some consideration, the following suggestions have been adopted:

Firstly.—In the event of the time limit of 48 hours being exceeded in any game, the penalty shall be forfeiture of the game, unless the offender shall show ample and satisfactory reason for his delay, as in case of sickness, absence from home on important business, &c.

Secondly.—In case of withdrawal by any player from the Tourney, after commencement of game, such game as he may have played to their termination, to be accounted of record, the balance to be adjudged as lost by default, and added to the scores of those of his adversaries who did not have the opportunity of playing such games.

It is earnestly hoped, however, that no player will retire from the Tourney before he has completed all his games, as the result of the Tourney might be seriously affected thereby. In order that the Tourney may be finished within a reasonable time, a declaration, in which the players cannot but concur, the conductor has decided to make the following important addition to the Rules, viz:

Whenever a game shall have reached, say, the length of 50 moves, such shall be regarded as a game finished; i.e. in so far as that both players shall be required to commence new games with those next on the list, irrespective of the number of games that may thus be in progress at the same time. The necessity for this rule cannot fail to be recognized in view of the possibility of a game being continued to the 100th move or more.

Being desirous of taking part in the games, the conductor has taken the liberty of placing his own name on the list of players. As it is manifest, however, that the conductor cannot sit in judgment on his own case, H. A. Howe, Esq., LL.B., the President of the C. C. Association, has kindly consented to act as Arbitrator, in the event of any dispute arising in the course of such games.

The donor of the special prize (\$20.00) has generously withdrawn the condition, made originally, of the re-