

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

PALAEBION.

Soul, thou hast lived before. Thy wing
Hath swept the ancient folds of light
Which once wrapt stilly everything,
Before the advent of a Night.

A corpse upon the river floats,
And turns its drowned, its pallid face
Up to the unknown world, nor notes
What takes or e'er has taken place.

So thou art blind, so thou art dead
To all the knowledge that was thine,
A longing and a dreamy dread
Alone afflows the divine.

Full load calls just eternity,
But let the murren still its roar,
The one vague truth that reaches thee
Is this—that thou hast lived before.

Yet oft comes home some voice of old,
Confused and low—a broken surge
By fate and distance half withheld—
Rich in linked sadness like a dirge.

The muffled, great bell silence clangs
His solemn call, and thou, O soul!
Dost stir in Sense's torpid fangs,
Like the blind magnet, toward a pole.

The deep, vast, swelling organ-sound;
The cadence of an evening flute,
Bring off those ancient joys round
To linger till the notes are mute.

And when thy hushed breathing fills
The shrine of quiet reverence,
Then, too, a measured sweetness stills
The clanking of the chains of Sense.

But nearest to that former life
Another power calleth thee,
Away from care, away from strife,
Toward what thou wast—infinity.

And in thee, soul, the deepest chord
Thrills to a strain rung from above;
That strain is bound within a word,
A sole, sweet word, and it is—Love.

But Memory is feeling blind,
Little Hope is spurring on before;
The things that thou hast left behind
Shall never return—no, nevermore.

Not even love may leave thee free
To sweep again those folds of light,
It touches but a part of thee
A sad fair part. The rest is night.

Yet thou hast lived before; hast known
The depth of every mystery,
Has dwelt in Nature's hid, alone
And winged the blue æthereal sea;

Hast looked upon the ends of space,
Hast visited each rolling star,
Before Time measured forth his pace,
Seythe armed, on a terrestrial war.

W. D. L.

THE CORK SCREW CURL.

I was just thirty and in search of a wife. Had I advertised, I should have described myself as not bad looking, wealthy, good-natured, and of sound constitution, though with occasional symptoms of erysipelas in the region of the nasal organ. That was caused by drink, but I had resolved to forswear liquor for ever, if I found a wife to my taste. Would you believe that I felt a little nervous about my choice? Although quite used to the company of ladies, long companionship with one of them seemed to be quite another affair. I had often been entangled in the golden fetters of love, but in the case of marriage I had a suspicion that they might turn into chains of iron, and I confess I shuddered. However, there was no help for it. I must get married, and what was more, I must do it immediately. So I seized upon the first opportunity which presented itself. This was a large and fashionable ball given by a friend of mine on Easter Monday. It goes without saying that there was a brilliant party and that the glory of the feast was its galaxy of female beauties. I wish the cynic who professes to deny the comeliness of Canadian women had been there. He would have found many representatives of the very best types of loveliness. I was rejoiced at this myself, as it gave me only the embarrassment of a choice. I examined them critically as they filed before me in the promenade and in the figures of the dance. Somehow or other, I made their head-gear the point of departure of my observation. There was an immense variety of this. The Elizabethan and Queen Anne styles were reproduced, as also the Pompadour and Marie-Antoinette. One tall girl, straight and sparkling as a lance, wore the pyramidal coils of the First Empire; a stately blonde, massive and large-chested like Semiramis, carried on her forehead the natted coronal of Marie de Medicis. There were the long plaits of the Norman peasant girl falling down to the girdle; the crispy black curls of Maria Mancini; the great shock of yellow hair, rebellious to the comb, like an actress's wig; the prim love-bows, curved like a druidess's sickle in front of the rosy ears; the conventional chignon, properly ridged and pulled; the provoking top-knot, suggestive of an incipient Chinese pig-tail, and the massive twisted coils, tumultuous and loosely buttressed, reminding one of a stormy sunset. All these modes I studied with the eye of a critic, and the anxiety of an intending Benedict. But the procession passed and repassed before me and still I was unmoved. At length, about the middle of the evening, a new arrival was announced. It consisted of a very old man, accompanied by a lady who immediately attracted my attention. She was handsome, but not strikingly so. Her manner was sedate; her toilet plain. But what caught my eye was her hair. It was short, neatly brushed above the forehead and temples, and, beside each snowy cheek, hung a large, plump, glossy cork-screw curl. Heaven forgive me, but my first thought was of the divinely

beautiful face of the Nazarene, painted by Guido. I banished the profanation, however, and remembered Elizabeth Browning and Sarah Coleridge. Ah! these cork-screw curls. Clean, simple, natural arrangement of the hair. No suggestion of hot irons or papillottes. No weary hours wasted before the glass in fantastic head dressing. Beautiful frame to a beautiful face. Glorious pendants, like gasolier-drops, to the illumination of the eyes. My heart was conquered. I went up immediately to the host to make inquiries and request an introduction.

"What is that lady's name?" I asked.

"Miss Alice, eldest daughter of Colonel Bolton."

"I want to make her acquaintance. She is just the girl for me."

"Girl? Why, she is an old maid. Thirty-five."

"I don't care if she were fifty-five."

"Burdened with the care of a lot of little brothers and sisters."

"So much the better. Then she will know how to take charge of her own children."

"Don't be absurd. She is not eligible."

"I have elected her and will have her. I want to be introduced, I tell you."

Just then, I happened to glance towards her as she stood at the other end of the room. She turned her head rather rapidly, in speaking to some one, and as she did so, the cork-screw curl undulated a little and flashed out an invitation to me. It was one of those magnetic impulses which no one can resist. I seized my host by the arm and dragged him towards her. Seeing my infatuation, he rallied like the gentleman that he was, and introduced me with full ceremony. I need not detail further the incidents of that night. It was an eventful one to me, as it gave me a wife. I was married to Alice in due course. In due course, too, she became the beautiful mother of beautiful children.

Matre pulera filia pulchrior!

Excuse the Greek quotation, but I couldn't help it! It expresses so sweetly what I meant. Alice has faded with time, but before the silver threads marred the beauty of her hair, I had the two magical cork-screws clipped and I preserve them as an inheritance for my daughters. They have been replaced by curls of snowy whiteness which deepen still more the snowy whiteness that has settled on brow and cheek, but the royalty of the fair face yet shines majestically and, as I gaze upon it, the wisdom of my choice comes back to me as the chief benediction of my life.

Montreal.

A. STEEL PENS.

THE BASTONNAIS.

The sheets containing the conclusion of the second part of our centennial story having been lost or mislaid, the author will replace them for the next issue. Meantime, he furnishes us with a short legendary romance, entitled Gretchen, which will run this and the next number.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

St. Elmo, Ill., July 8, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. — I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken great interest in this medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous system. So rapid and complete did the Discovery effect a perfect cure that it seemed more like magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound family physician in the house and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness—without charge. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to more than accomplish all they are claimed to do. I will only mention one as remarkable, (though I could give you dozens) Henry Koster, furniture dealer, of this place, who was one of the most pitiful objects ever seen, his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to effect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of the Pellets assuring him it would surely cure him. He commenced its use some six weeks since, taking two Pellets each night, for a week, then one each night, and the Discovery as directed. The result is, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers himself cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunford and Co., druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case.

Respectfully, W. H. CHAMPLIN,
Agt. Am. Exp. Co.

THE KEY TO A MOTHER'S HEART.—The key to a mother's heart is the Baby, and anything which in any way ministers to the comfort of the little pet, is hailed as a blessing. For the last eighty years, the mothers of Europe, have looked upon WINGATE'S INFANT'S PRESERVATIVE as their household friend. For children's teething it cannot be excelled.

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

Sigma, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 67, received.

M. J. Murphy, Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 69, received.

Chess "Theory and Practice" is the title of a work, which has been lately published in London, Eng. It is said to have been prepared by the late Howard Staunton, and is edited by R. W. Wormald.

The Saturday Review in reviewing the work makes the following remarks on chess:

"Intellectual strength in its highest development can find ample room and scope for itself within the limits of the chessboard. If we except the higher mathematics, we hardly know any form of human effort which equals chess as a test and measure of pure brain power."

Chess is intrinsically an amusement, a relaxation; it is diversion of the mind from the cares and troubles of life. The mental toil of the chess-player, like the bodily toil of the cricket-player is, within due limits, a source of refreshment, and not fatigue."

This is high praise, but it is not too much so. The wonder is that so powerful an instrument for mental training, should, as an educational means, be so little used by those who are so much in favor of raising the standard of our large public schools.

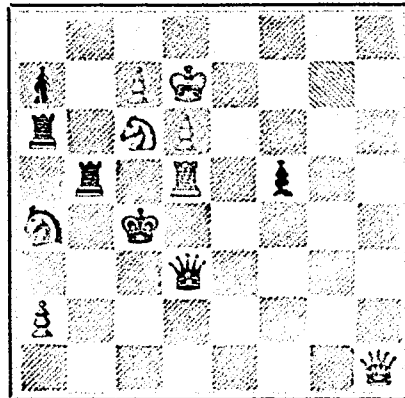
The chess contests of late years between the two great Universities of England are a step in the right direction and one which, there is no doubt, will soon be followed elsewhere.

The annual match between these great seats of learning, just finished, has resulted in a decided victory for Oxford by twelve games to five. We insert a game of this match in our column to-day.

PROBLEM No. 71.

By J. MENZIES.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 95th

Played between Hon. H. C. Plunkett of Oxford and Mr. J. N. Keynes, of Cambridge in the recent Inter-University match.

WHITE.—(Hon. H. C. Plunkett) BLACK.—(Mr. Keynes) (Steinitz Gambit.)

1. P to K4
2. Kt to Q B3
3. P to K B4
4. P to Q4
5. K to K2
6. P takes P
7. Kt to K B3
8. K to Q3 (ch)
9. Q to K2
10. Q to K5
11. P takes B
12. P to K R4 (ch)
13. Q takes Q
14. P takes P
15. Kt to K4 (ch)
16. P takes Kt
17. B to Q2
18. B to K R3
19. Q R to K B sq
20. B to K B5
21. P to Q B3 (ch)
22. R to R2
23. P to Q B4
24. B takes P
25. K P takes P
26. B takes B
27. R takes Kt
28. R to R7 (ch)
29. R to K7
30. R to K6
31. P takes R
32. K to K3
33. K to B4th
34. P to Q5th

NOTES.

(Continued from the "Field.")

- (a) Herr Zukertort recommends here B to Kt 5, followed upon the opponent's interposing the Kt by castling on Queen's side and giving up the Kt at Q B3rd.
- (b) Overbold, and apparently not judicious.
- (c) A good answer.
- (d) Now was the time to check with Q B.
- (e) A prompt and ready reply.
- (f) Checking with Q at K Kt3 is of little use here.
- (g) Very well played.
- (h) P to Q B4 is much better.
- (i) One of the pawns must now fall.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 69

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to B6 (ch) | 1. P takes Kt |
| 2. B to K6 | 2. K or Kt takes B |
| 3. Q mates. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players

No. 68.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q R sq (ch) | 1. R to Q R5 |
| 2. R to Q Kt5 (ch) | 2. K to Q R3 |
| 3. R takes R mate. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 69.

By Pios.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at Q R4 | K at Q5 |
| B at Q2 | Q at K R4 |
| Kt at Q Kt sq | B at K6 |
| Pawns at K2, K B3 | Pawns at Q4 and Q |
| Q B2 and Q Kt2 | B4 |
- White to play and mate in three moves.

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13-20-13-23CITY BANK,
MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of

FOUR PER CENT.

Upon the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, and Branches, ON THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th MAY (when the amalgamation of the CITY BANK and THE ROYAL CANADIAN BANK takes effect), and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE.

The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA for the purpose of electing Directors and passing By-Laws, will be held at its Banking House, in Montreal (the Office now occupied by the CITY BANK), on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next, at TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON.

By order of the Board.

J. B. RENNY,

Cashier.

ROYAL CANADIAN BANK.

DIVIDEND No. 19.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND at the rate of

THREE PER CENT.

for the broken half year ending on the 10th May proximo, has been declared on the Capital Stock of this Bank, and will on the 1st day of JUNE, be payable to THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA, in pursuance of the terms of the Act of Incorporation.

The Transfer Books will be closed on the 10th May, and the Books of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA will be opened on the 1st JUNE.

The FIRST GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA for the purpose of electing Directors and passing By-Laws, will be held at its Banking House, in Montreal (the Office now occupied by the CITY BANK), on WEDNESDAY, the SEVENTH day of JUNE next, at TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON.

By order of the Board.

THOS. MCCRACKEN,

Cashier.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of

SEVEN PER CENT.

Upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, on and after

THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on MONDAY, the FIFTH day of JUNE next.

Chair to be taken at 1 o'clock P. M.

(By order of the Board.)

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 26th April, 1876.

13-12-5-17

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