

A NOCTURNE.

BY JOHN MORAN.

The whispering glades are glad :
Yesterday nature was sad,
Now the beetles boom through the air,
And orchard blossoms out there
Are fresh and fragrant and fair,
My queen.

The storm is over and gone ;
White moonbeams lattice the lawn ;
The tears of the sorrowful dead
Must sometimes cease to be shed,
And smiles shine through overhead,
My queen.

Let us drift out into the sea
From the troubles and toils that be,
Where the soft, strong wash and flow
Of the wind-borne waves, as they go,
Make murmurous melody low,
My queen.

Where the winds are the wings of Love,
And brood as an amorous dove,
If the chorus of my perfect bliss
Throbbed forth in a fervent kiss,
Would you deem it so far amiss,
My queen ?

Such joy could never remain,
Such rapture tarry with twin ;
With you here close to my breast
I could find us an endless rest
Under the curled foam crest,
My queen.

There is worse than death that devours—
Life yet for a little is ours ;
And though but a breath or a span
Are the days of life of a man,
Whatever Love will, Love can,
My queen.

GOING HALVES.

A STORY FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS PRIMARILY, AND THEN THE REST OF FOLKS.

Barbara Blunt was not a pleasant-looking girl. There was a frown between her eyes and the corners of her thin lips turned down, instead of up. There was a sharp ring in her voice and she had a fashion of snapping out her answers at school.

"Just as if the words were beans and her mouth a pop-gun," said Charis Temple. "Oh ! it will never do to have Barb in the Archery Club. A barb at each end of the arrow. Ha ! ha ! ha ! We'd be shot, every mother's daughter of us. Besides, she could never afford a bow, to say nothing of a costume."

For be it known these young Dianias all wore green kilt-plaited dresses, with gilt bands at throat and wrists, and, to crown all, jaunty hats cocked up on one side, with sprays of golden wheat. So Barbara was "black-balled" by the club. And, what was worse, the secret leaked out ; for one sprit of a girl turned "state's evidence" (if you know what that means) and frankly informed Barbara all about it.

Barbara said not a word ; but the frown between her eyes grew deeper, and she took to learning her French lessons between 4 and 5 o'clock, to the dismay of the aforesaid sprit.

"Because the Club practice from 4 to 6, Barb, I can't study then. And you know I can never write out my French *idiots* alone. I'm sure, Barbie," with a pathetic sniff, "I stood up for you, and told Charis Temple you weren't half so cross as you looked."

"Humph !" said Barbara. And not only did she pursue her French idioms from 4 to 5 every afternoon, but she worked on her algebra lessons between 5 and 6 ; so that the sprit was utterly left out in the cold, and in no time her marks at school sank to zero.

Barb smiled grimly when she saw that. But she did not smile when every day the Archery Club went merrily by, with bows and arrows ; nor yet when she heard how Charis Temple, who Barbara knew had voted against her, won a quiver on a score of twenty-two with three arrows.

"But she shan't get the prize in algebra, not if I can help it," murmured Barbara, fiercely. And day by day she shut herself up to dig out the answers to problems which seemed to come to Charis by magic.

Everything "came easy" to happy, handsome, healthy Charis. She rowed well, she could walk five miles without being tired, she shared the highest school-honors, she was a prime favourite with all the girls, and now here she was President of the Archery Club and the "best shot" besides.

Can you understand how ugly, ill-clad, plodding Barbara envied her, and how her face grew hard as she found that, in spite of all her efforts, her rival managed to stand even with her in algebra, now the term was drawing to a close ?

"They'll have to cut the prize in two, Barb," laughed Charis. "Oh ! well, I'm sure I'll condescend to 'go halves' with you."

But Charis had only been in jest. She had no idea that Barbara was ready to be at swords' points with her. Since the day Barb had been black-balled, Charis had thought no more about it. It never entered her head that Barbara would care very much any way. Charis had always been "on the top of the wave." She did not know how it felt to be underneath, with the bitter salt water in eyes and mouth.

"I've not lost all chance yet," thought Barb. "There's one more week at school, and, if we do get as far as page 175, there's a tremendously hard question about a greyhound. You best not sing till you're sure of your notes, Miss Charis Temple."

So Barbara plodded on. Her head began to ache, so eager was she. She sat up at night to work ; she rose early in the morning and was at it again.

And now there was only one more lesson. It was Barbara's last chance to put herself a mark in advance of Charis.

Now, this very afternoon the members of the Archery Club were in a great flutter, for they had been bidden at 4 o'clock to a lawn-party at Col. Vermilye's, just across the bay. They were to go in a small government steamer. There was to be music by the regimental band and dancing on the green after the shooting ; and rumour stated that the Colonel had been seen at a jeweler's store, looking at a gold locket, with a tiny turquoise arrow on the corner. What did that mean ? Here was mystery ! Here was excitement !

"I wish Mrs. Vermilye had waited till next week," complained Sally French. "Then it would be vacation. Have you learned to-morrow's lesson, Charis ?"

"No, I haven't," answered Charis, briskly. "I can look it over when we get home from the party. I don't believe there's anything very hard about it."

Barbara Blunt was standing near. She knew that the lesson was on page 175. She knew that the terrible "greyhound example" was included. Should she hold her peace ? Should she let Charis go unwarned ? All the more hope of victory if she did. Barbara's eyes grew black. It was a fearful temptation. But Barbara might be cross ; she might be disagreeable ; she was not mean.

"We'll fight it out fair and square," said she to herself.

"Charis," she went on, aloud, "I've worked for a fortnight over example 12, and never got it done till yesterday. You'd better be careful."

"Or you will get the prize, after all," answered Charis, roughly. "It's a very polite in you to mention it, Barb. I'll look out and not give you a chance."

But she went to the party, after all. Barbara saw her pass, with the other girls, on her way to the boat. She saw the little steamer, gay with flags and bunting, glide down the bay. She could not see the party land on the other side. Later, the faint sound of distant music came floating to her ears.

The moon shone out round and full that night, to waken Barbara, and, as she crept from her bed and peeped out of the window, to show her the girls once more, at 10 o'clock ; and the waggish old orb actually lent a special beam to glint on a small gold locket with its tiny turquoise arrow, which Charis Temple wore at her throat.

"I wonder—I wonder if she's done that sum," queried Barbara.

"No, I haven't," said Charis, next morning, to Sally French, unconsciously answering Barb's last night's question. "If example 12 comes to me, I'm gone. But my luck never deserts me. I always fall on my feet."

Alas ! where was Charis' luck to-day ?

One by one the girls were sent to the black-board ; and Charis remained on the settee, "which was full of pins and needles, and I sitting on 'em," as she announced afterward.

She grew pale. Her chances were narrowing.

"Example 10, Miss French," said the teacher ; and Sally had escaped "the greyhound."

There were only two girls left. Charis, her teeth fairly chattering with dismay, was one.

Would the next sum fall to her lot ? She was at her last gasp. There was a pause. And now the mistress spoke.

"Example 11, Miss Fuller. Miss Temple, you may try the 12th."

Try it ! Charis would make the effort ; but she knew she should fail. Barbara knew it too, and a triumphant thrill went over her.

The prize was won.

With sparkling eyes she watched Charis' fruitless endeavours. Then she glanced at Charis' face. Pale, with wide, troubled eyes and quivering lips.

"It's her own fault," muttered Barb. "I warned her. It's but fair she should fail."

She turned resolutely to her own work ; but Charis' face haunted her. The crayon broke in her nervous fingers. She bit her lips. The frown between her eyes grew deeper and deeper.

Her breath came thick and fast. Then suddenly, with a mighty effort, Barb spoke. If ever her words came from her mouth "like beans from a pop-gun," now was the time.

"Miss Stevens, will you let me change sums with Charis Temple ? I want to explain that 12th example. I've a new way of doing it."

A singular request ; but Barbara was always peculiar. Moreover, the teacher was not very quick-witted.

"If Charis is willing," said she.

It may be truthfully observed that Charis was "willing." Barbara never forgot the look of relief that came over her face.

And so Barbara Blunt and Charis Temple stood even on the rank-list, after all.

"I knew it would be so," said the teacher, smiling ; "and I have provided two copies of 'The Lays of Ancient Rome'—one for you, Miss Blunt, and one for Miss Temple. I was half afraid, when I heard of your picnic yesterday, Charis, that you would be behindhand to-day."

"My luck—" began Charis, and stopped. A sudden thought flashed into her mind. She turned round and faced her rival.

"Barbara Blunt," she said, slowly, "I solemnly believe you did that on purpose."

A hot flush crept over Barbara's face from chin to brow.

Charis eyed her keenly, then impulsively held out her hand.

"That was a mighty nice 'thing for you to do, Barbara Blunt. I'll never forget it as long as I live. But I can't take the book, Miss Stevens," the quick tears springing. "I couldn't do example 12. Barb knew it and took it out of my hands. The prize is hers, not mine."

"Dear me ! What shall we do ?" cried the puzzled teacher. "Your marks are even and here are two books."

Then, for the first time in her life, Miss Stevens' wits moved fast.

"Open the book, Barbie," said she, "and write as I dictate. 'Charis Temple.' Have you written that ? Have you written that ? 'From her sincere friend, Barbara Blunt.' There, Charis, take the book as a gift from Barb. You will prize it no less on that account."

Once more Charis wrung Barbara's hand. "You are a first-class angel !" said she.

But was that all ? Was Barbara never elected a member of the Archery Club after this ? I don't know ; but I don't believe she ever was.

You know that we decided that the school committee could hardly be expected to be generous to the extent of a costume.

This only do I know. Having done Charis one good turn, Barbara was ready to do one—a dozen more. The frown between her eyes grew fainter, little by little, and the clouds of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" gradually melted away under the sunshine of a certain gracious tenderness which began to flood Barbara's heart.

And was not that—well, we will say next best to being a member of the Archery Club ?

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 208 received.

Chess Player's Chronicle, London, Eng.—The Nos. for November and December have not come to hand.

W. B.—Shall be glad to receive the promised game.

R. D.—Send in the Problem for inspection.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 205 received. Correct.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter, which was sent to a gentleman in Montreal by Captain Mackenzie, immediately upon his arrival in Boston, whither he proceeded after leaving our city.

We are glad to perceive that he was pleased with his visit to the Chessplayers of Montreal, who, we are sure, are equally desirous of testifying to the gratification they experienced from their contests with him over the chess board. Every Montreal player who had an opportunity of witnessing his skill, must have felt that something of this nature is required occasionally in order to raise the character of the play in the Province ; and there is no doubt that many useful hints have been gathered which will be treasured up for future use.

An onlooker at the Montreal Club, who was intently watching the Captain's manoeuvres in a game, said, very pertinently : "Why, he seems to have a Pawn always in the right place." We may add that the same might have been said of the rest of his pieces.

138 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, 17th Jan., '79.

My Dear Mr. Shaw :—

I was fortunate enough to arrive here "on time," which, considering the snow-storm they have had here, was rather surprising.

Let me thank you most sincerely for all the trouble you have taken in bringing about my visit to Montreal, for, as some gentleman at our dinner observed, had it not been for you, I should never have been the guest of the Club, and would thereby have been deprived of one of the most pleasant visits I have made during my Chess tour. With kind remembrances to all members of the Chess Club, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. H. MACKENZIE.

The following notice from the Hartford (Conn.) Times of Chess Magazines and Chess Columns, may prove interesting and useful to many of our readers :

(From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.)

As to the numerous chess magazines and chess columns in this country and the old, we will only mention those by whom we are honoured with an exchange.

Since our last New Year's greeting, *Brownson's Chess Journal*, which for several years struggled hard for an existence, has been discontinued. While its demise was a loss to the chess community, it can hardly fail to benefit the Professor's pocket. The *American Chess Journal*, which was transplanted from southern soil to New York, still thrives under the management of Messrs. Moore and Loyd. The *Journal* is now the only magazine in this country devoted exclusively to Chess. In England, the *Westminster Papers*, the *Chessplayer's Chronicle* and the *Huddersfield College Magazine* still maintain their high reputation. In Denmark, the *Nordisk Skaktidende* is without a rival.

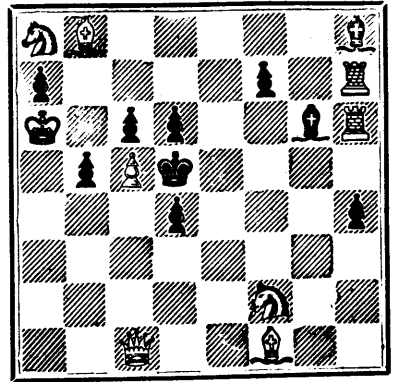
As to newspaper columns, in this country, the *Clipper*, and *Turf Field and Farm* alone take precedence of the *Times* so far as age is concerned. Miron still wields the chess sceptre in the former, and McKenzie and Allen in the latter, while the chess department in the *Forest and Stream* is conducted by Mr. E. A. Kunkel, formerly of this city. Hull presides at the chess table of the *Free Press*, and the jolly McKim speaks through the *Sunday Voice*. Ben R. Foster ably conducts the column in the *Globe-Democrat*, and A. F. Wurm that in the *Sunny South*. Shinkman and Seymour wave and ripple in the *Holyoke Transcript*, while Orchard grinds out the chess music on the *Columbia Herald* organ, and Curran has just begun to revolve on the *Globe* published at "the hnb." Across the water the *Glasgow Herald*, *Argus* and *Express*, *Nottingham Express*, *London Figaro*, *Derbyshire Advertiser*, and in far-off Australia the *Adelaide Observer*, *Town and Country Journal*, and *South Australian Chronicle* ; and in Canada the *ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, all contain chess departments replete with interesting matter, and without exception all are ably conducted.

PROBLEM No. 210.

INSCRIBED TO CAPT. MACKENZIE.

By J. HENDERSON, Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The two following games were played some time ago in London, Eng., between Mr. Gumpel's, "Mephisto," and distinguished amateurs.

GAME 332ND.

Played between "Mephisto" and Mr. Gunzberg.

(Evans' Gambit, Compromised Defense.)

- | WHITE—"Mephisto." | BLACK—(Mr. Gunzberg.) |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. B to B 4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to B 3 | 5. B to R 4 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. P takes P |
| 7. Castles | 7. P takes P |
| 8. Q to Kt 3 | 8. Q to B 3 |
| 9. P to K 5 | 9. Q to Kt 3 |
| 10. Kt takes P | 10. Kt to K 2 |
| 11. B to R 3 | 11. P to Kt 3 |
| 12. Q Kt to Kt 5 | 12. B to Kt 2 |
| 13. Kt takes P (ch) | 13. K to Q sq |
| 14. Kt takes R | 14. Kt to Q 5 |
| 15. B takes Kt (ch) | 15. K takes B |
| 16. Q to R 3 (ch) | 16. K to Q sq |
| 17. Kt to R 4 | 17. K to K 5 |
| 18. Q to K Kt 3 | 18. B takes Kt |
| 19. Q takes P | 19. R to K sq |
| 20. Q to Kt 5 (ch) | 20. K to B 2 |
| 21. Q R to B sq | 21. K to Kt sq |
| 22. B takes P | 22. Q takes P |
| 23. Q takes Q | 23. Q takes Q |
| 24. Q R to Q sq | 24. R to K 5 |
| 25. P to B 4 | 25. P to Kt 4 |
| 26. B to R 5 | 26. B to Kt 3 |
| 27. Kt to R sq | 27. Kt to K 3 |
| 28. B to B 3 | 28. R takes P |
| 29. B takes B | 29. R takes Kt |
| 30. P to Kt 3 | 30. R to R 3 |
| 31. B to K 4 | 31. Kt to Q 5 |
| 32. R to B sq | 32. Kt to K 3 |
| 33. R to K B 7 | 33. P to B 4 |
| 34. R takes Q P | 34. Kt to B 4 |
| 35. R takes P | 35. R to K 3 |
| 36. R to K B sq | 36. R to K sq |
| 37. B to B 6 | 37. R to Q B sq |
| 38. B takes P | 38. Resigns. |

GAME 333RD.

Played between "Mephisto" and Mr. Tinsley.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

- | WHITE.—(Mephisto.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Tinsley.) |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. Kt to K B 3 |
| 4. Kt to Kt 5 | 4. P to Q 4 |
| 5. P takes P | 5. Kt takes P |
| 6. Kt takes B P | 6. K takes Kt |
| 7. Q to B 3 (ch) | 7. K to K 3 |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3 | 8. Q Kt to Kt 5 |
| 9. Q to K 4 | 9. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 10. B to Kt 3 | 10. B to K 2 |
| 11. P to Q 4 | 11. B to Q 3 |
| 12. P takes P | 12. B to B 4 |
| 13. Q to Kt 4 (ch) | 13. K to B 2 |
| 14. B to Kt 5 | 14. Q to K 3 |
| 15. Castles Q side | 15. Q to K 3 |
| 16. Q to B 3 (ch) | 16. K to K sq |
| 17. Kt takes Kt | 17. Kt takes Kt |
| 18. R takes Kt | 18. Q to K Kt 3 |
| 19. P to K 6 | 19. R to K B sq |
| 20. Q to B 7 (ch) | 20. R takes Q |
| 21. P takes R (ch) | 21. K to B 4 |
| 22. R takes B | 22. P to K R 3 |
| 23. B to Q 2 | 23. Q takes Kt P |
| 24. R to K sq | 24. Q takes B P |
| 25. R takes B P | 25. Q takes R (ch) |
| 26. B takes Q | 26. P to Kt 3 |
| 27. B to Kt 4 (ch) | 27. K to Kt 2 |
| 28. P Queens, mating | |

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 208.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 1. B to Q R 8 | 1. P to Kt 4 |
| 2. Q to Kt 7 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q to K R sq mate. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 206.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 1. B to Q B 8 (ch) | 1. R covers |
| 2. K to K sq | 2. P moves |
| 3. B mates | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 307.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------|----------------------|
| K at Q Kt sq | K at Q R 6 |
| R at Q R 8 | Pawns at Q R 4 and 5 |
| Kt at K B 6 | and Q Kt 6 |
- White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades ; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.