

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

SONG—DEDICATED TO THE CANADIAN FLAG.

I. There's nothing this side ocean Like the ramparts of Quebec ; There never was devotion Like our sires' who held in check The overwhelming numbers of the rebels' starry flag, And were victors in the fray On many a glorious day Since the Fleur-de-lys gave way To the old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag ! The blood-red Flag, With our Maple on its corner, But the Old Red Rag !

II.

They may war upon our trade With a tax like shot and steel, We shall never be dismayed, Into cringing 'neath the heel Of men who think to daunt us with the flourish of a flag. We have ships : the world is wide, And on every harbour-tide Do the great black steamers glide 'Neath the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

III.

We're "a nation in a nation," And the freest of the free ; Free to work our own salvation In a realm from sea to sea ; And we will not be dazzled with the starshine of a flag Into sinking to a State Of a land however great. We're a nation while we wait With the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

IV.

'Twas to live on British soil From their homes our sires went forth, To win with bitter toil From the winters of the North The homes that would be sullied by the ancient foe-man's flag. And our neighbours though we'll love, When true neighbours they may prove, We will have no flag above But the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

V.

"It's always daylight somewhere," When it's dark this side the world ; It's always daylight somewhere, Where the Good Red Flag's unfurled : And we will never change it for a sunset-bounded flag. But we'll add a fresh renown To the glories handed down For the Maple and the Crown On the Old Red Rag.

Chorus.

O, the Old Red Rag, etc.

—By Douglas Sladen, in the "St. James' Gazette, London, Eng.

MUSICAL SAND NOTES.

THERE has of late been considerable discussion on the subject of sonorous sand, which is found in numerous places in this country and elsewhere, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The old theory that the sounds are produced by rubbing together of millions of clean sand grains very uniform in size appears to explain very feebly musical sand, but the explanation does not so well apply to squeaking sand, which is known to exist. These two classes of sounds produced by disturbing sand are both undoubtedly due to vibrations. One sound is produced by the attrition of the particles and has a harsh character by no means musical, which, in rare cases, becomes a loud squeak. The second is caused by oscillations of the particles themselves perfected from actual contact by elastic air-cushions, and this is decidedly musical in tone. Musical sand yields notes by friction only when dry ; squeaking sand yields a harsh shrill squeak (remining one of the cry of a guinea fowl) best when moist. This latter is very rare. Out of 500 specimens of sand from all around the world, while musical sand seemed to be comparatively common, only two samples of squeaking sand were found to have been taken from places in this country ; they were both so-called boiling springs. One was in Maine and the other in Kansas. A very small quantity of squeaking sand pressed between the thumb and forefinger produces, when wet, a peculiar shrill squeak—a phenomenon which is well explained by the attrition theory.—Music Trade Review.

TOLSTOI AS A SHEPHERD.

A CURIOUS anecdote about Tolstoi comes from Russia. We all know what theories at once evangelically socialistic and mystic are propagated by the Russian writer, not only in his books that have been so widely read but also in little pamphlets that are scattered broadcast in Russia. Not content with theorizing, the novelist has put his teachings into practice by hoeing his garden and mending his shoes. Some time ago he thought that he could conduct animals as well as men, and the place of communal shepherd having become vacant he proposed himself as candidate in a meeting held for the purpose of selecting a herdsman. The assembly was somewhat surprised at this candidacy, and one peasant ventured to ask the novelist if he thought that he was fitted for the task. Wounded in his pride by such a doubt, Tolstoi assured the meeting that he possessed all the requisite qualities, and spoke so earnestly that he was finally accepted as the communal shepherd. On the following day he began his services with the greatest zeal ; but the success of his undertaking was not as great as he thought it would be. In the villages the flocks are driven to field at an early hour, but Tolstoi had the bad habit of lying abed late ; then, instead of going about and calling the sheep together at the sound of the bag-pipe, as his predecessor had done, he waited until the peasants had led him their flocks to the court-yard of his house. As may well be supposed, the good people of Hosni-Toljew soon grew dissatisfied with their literary shepherd, and the communal meeting called to request his resignation was more enthusiastic than the one that had ratified his candidacy.—C. W., in The American.

MACREADY'S TANTRUMS.

IN my youthful days it was the fashion of thoughtless actors to ridicule these "Macready tantrums," and I regret to say I often joined in the sport ; but as I look back on his suffering and read the pages wherein he chastises himself for his ungovernable temper, and when I know how useful and benevolent he was in the closing scenes of his life, I feel a great sympathy for him. "He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once," but—I forgive him. I acted with Macready and Booth during this season, and an anecdote of each will serve to illustrate their different characteristics. Macready was acting "Werner." I was cast for a minor part. In one scene a number of characters had to rush off, bearing lighted torches, in search of some delinquent. At rehearsal the tragedian particularly requested that we should all be sure and make our exit at night at just the same time and place, so that we might not disturb the arrangements of the scene. All went well up to the time for making our hurried exit, when, to my horror, I found "Werner" standing exactly in line with the place of my exit at rehearsal. I presume that when he gave his directions in the morning he did not observe me. What was I to do ? The cue was given, and there was no time for argument. I rushed past him, torch in hand. I heard his well-known groan ; but as I flew by an unmistakable odour of burnt hair filled the atmosphere, and I knew that I had singed his wig. When the curtain fell I turned in horror to see the effect. The enraged "Werner" had torn his wig from his head, and stood gazing at it for a moment in helpless wonder. Suddenly he made a rush in my direction ; I saw he was on the war-path, and that I was his game. And now the chase began. I dodged him up and down the stage, then around the wings, and over "set" rocks and gauze waters. He never would have caught me but that in my excitement I ran head-first into the stomach of a fat stage-carpenter. Here I was seized. The enraged Macready was so full of anger and so out of breath that he could only gasp and shake his burnt wig at me. Of course I was disgraced and not allowed to act again during his engagement. To make matters worse the whole affair got into the papers, and the next morning one of the critics remarked that he had never seen Macready act with so much fire !—The Autobiography of Jos. Jefferson.

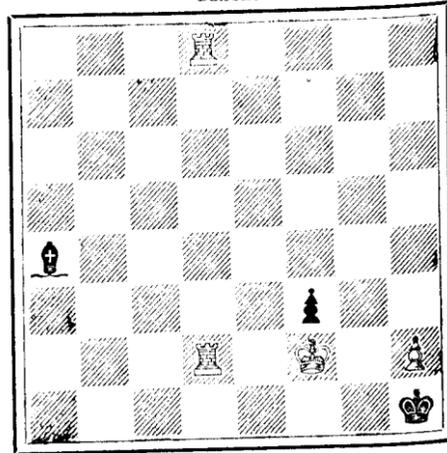
FROM an American paper we learn that Mr. Edison, when asked whether he thought the present style of telegraphy would soon be done away with, replied : Yes, but not until the old-timers have disappeared. The operators now have a deep-seated prejudice against any inventions that will simplify telegraphy. But some of the inventions have already been made, and it is only a question of time when a man can rush into a telegraph office, scratch off a note to his wife in Chicago, and the exact duplicate of his note will be delivered over the wire to his wife. This will not be all by any means, but maps, pictures (newspaper pictures) will be transmitted promptly by wire. These new inventions will be for the coming generation to see in practical use.—English Mechanic.

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To Purify your blood, Build up your nerves, Restore your strength, Renew your appetite, Cure scrofula, salt rheum, Dyspepsia, sick headache, Catarrh, rheumatism or malaria—Take Hood's sarsaparilla, 100 Doses One Dollar.

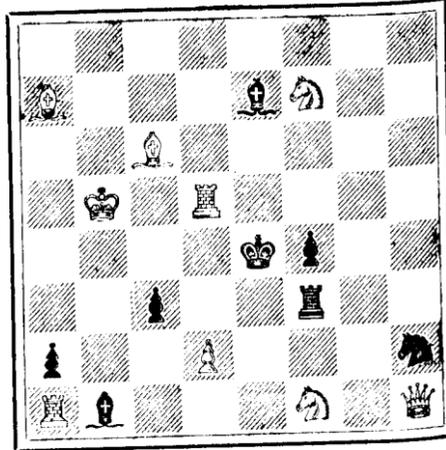
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 527. By S. Loyd, New York. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 538. By C. A. Gilberg. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 531. White: 1. Q-B 1, 2. Q-R 3, 3. Q-K 3 mate. Black: 1. K-Q 5, 2. K-K 4. No. 532. R-B 5.

GAME PLAYED AT TORONTO CHESS CLUB, DEC. 23RD, 1890, BETWEEN A. T. DAVISON, OF TORONTO, AND G. S. DEEKS, OF CHATHAM, ONT.

- EVANS GAMBIT. DEEKS. White: 1. P-K 4, 2. Kt-K B 3, 3. B-B 4, 4. P-Q Kt 4, 5. P-Q B 3, 6. P-Q 4, 7. B-K Kt 5, 8. Castles, 9. B-R 4, 10. Kt x P (b), 11. B x P, 12. P-B 4 (c), 13. B-K R 6, 14. P-B 5, 15. Q-Kt 4 +, 16. P-K R 4, 17. P x B. DAVISON. Black: P-K 4, Kt-Q B 3, B-B 4, B x P, B-Q 3 (a), Kt-B 3, Castles, P-K R 3, P-K Kt 4, P x Kt, B-K 2, Kt x K P, P-Q 4, R-K 1, B-Kt 4, P x B, Kt x Q B P. DEEKS. White: 18. Kt x Kt, 19. Q x Q, 20. Kt-Q 5, 21. Kt x B P, 22. P-Kt 6, 23. R x P, 24. P x P +, 25. R-K B 1, 26. B-B 4, 27. Kt-Kt 5, 28. Kt-Q 6, 29. Kt x Kt P, 30. Kt-Q 6, 31. Kt x B, 32. P-Kt 3. White resigns. DAVISON. Black: Q x Q P +, P x Q, R-K 4, R-Kt 1, R x B P, B x R, K x P, K-Kt 3, R-Q 1, R-Q 4, P-B 6 (d), P-Q 6, P-Q 7, R x Kt, Kt-Q 5.

NOTES. (a) The new American defence. (b) Not good as Black can easily defend himself. (c) P Q 5 is the better move. (d) Black's two passed Pawns are invincible with all his pieces backing them.

Rheumatism

Is of two kinds, acute and chronic. The former is accompanied by high fever, and in the swollen joints there is intense pain, which often suddenly changes from one part of the body to another. Chronic rheumatism is without fever and not so severe, but more continuous and liable to come on at every storm or after slight exposure. Rheumatism is known to be a disease of the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing it. This medicine possesses qualities which neutralize acidity, and purify, enrich and vitalize the blood.

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