

## THE GREAT DEBATE

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY, 1877.

"But what good came of it at last?"  
Said little Wilhelmine,  
"Nay that I cannot tell," quoth he,  
"But 'twas a famous victory."  
SOUTHEY.

One February evening,  
When John Bull's work was done,  
And he was sitting by the fire  
Instead of in the sun—  
Because in that month, as I ween,  
The sun is very seldom seen—

He took his copy of the "Times,"  
To read to Mrs. Bull  
Particulars of the debate  
Of which its page was full—  
"The Eastern Question now," quoth he,  
"Will soon be understood by me."

And then he read to Mrs. Bull  
Who sat expectant by,  
The speech of Argyll's Duke, and when  
He finished, with a sigh,  
"What does he want to do?" quoth he,  
"Upon my life I cannot see."

Lord Derby's speech he next perused,  
Nor missed a single word,  
Then turned to Mrs. Bull, who all  
The rignarole had heard,  
"What does he mean to do?" quoth he,  
"Upon my life, I cannot see."

He waded through Lord Granville's speech,  
And still more puzzled got;  
But with the Earl of Kimberley  
He waxed a little hot,  
"Confound his impudence," quoth he,  
"A Bobadil he'd make of me."

But when Lord Salisbury's name he saw  
Much brighter grew his face,  
"Now, I shall understand," he cried,  
"Something about the case."  
He read:—"Why, what the deuce," quoth he,  
"The Conference did, I cannot see."

The Prince and Princess both were there,  
"The House was very full,"  
"But what good came of all this talk?"  
Then queried Mrs. Bull;  
"Nay that I cannot tell," quoth he,  
"But 'twas a Great Debate, you see."

W. H. F.

## THE POOL BENEATH THE WILLOWS.

BY MAUD D. HOWARD.

The villagers called it the "the pool," though in reality, it was a large and deep indentation of the river. On its margin the willow boughs dipped and laved themselves in its liquid coolness.

Here, Armand Grey and Lillian Morse wandered.

"Fie, Lillian, you must not grieve nor allow foolish fears to trouble that smooth brow! I shall soon return a rich man to claim a dear, little wife!" and the handsome young fellow gazed fondly on his fair betrothed.

A dark visaged man lurked behind the trees, watching the lovers and endeavoring to overhear their whispered words.

"You will wear this ring in token of our love while I am away, Lillian," said Armand, taking her pretty hand and slipping his gift on her slender finger.

"And I have something you will please to accept for my sake," Lillian replied, glancing archly at her lover, and handing him a photograph of herself.

The man hidden among the trees gnashed his teeth and clenched his hands in a paroxysm of jealousy and rage.

"Lillian, I need scarcely warn you against receiving any attentions from Gerald Foster—a bold, bad man."

"Ha, ha!"

"What noise was that?" cried Lillian, in a frightened voice, clinging to her lover's arm in her terror.

"I heard nothing, darling. 'Twas probably some bird."

"It is growing late, Armand. See, the sun has gone down."

They retraced their steps along the banks of the river towards the village where Lillian's parents lived.

"Good-bye, Lillian darling! I shall write twice a week. Don't forget me, dear one."

She stood looking after his retreating form—for good luck—until it was lost in the gloom of the wood from which they had together emerged. Armand Grey walked onwards with a buoyant tread and glad heart, conjuring up images of the blissful future.

Suddenly, a tall figure sprang in his path. Gerald Foster in a menacing attitude was before him.

Armand quietly attempted to pursue his course, but Gerald, thrusting out his long arm, stopped him.

"So, you advised Lillian Morse to beware of Gerald Foster, a bold, bad man, eh?"

"Permit me to pass."

"Take that! and that!"

And ere Armand could raise an arm to defend himself, Gerald had ruffianly struck him on the head with a heavy stick he carried.

Armand staggered and fell to the ground. Gerald Foster looked cruelly and triumphantly down on the pale face, over which the blood trickled from a wound on the head.

Then, the assassin partly lifted and partly dragged his victim to the edge of the pool and threw him in.

With a dull splash the body disappeared in the Stygian depths, and then a great silence reigned in the air.

The man turned and fled, though in his flight

he often stopped and cast a terrified countenance towards the spot he was hastening from.

When once clear of the wood he strove to compose himself, and to facilitate that purpose entered the village tavern, ordered a glass of cognac which he tossed down his throat.

Meanwhile, a barge came floating slowly down the river, and had passed the pool when one of the barge-men called out to his companion:

"I say, Jack, what is this?" pointing to the body of Armand which the undercurrent had carried into the broad stream.

"Why, it's a man. Lend a hand, Bob, and we'll soon have him on board."

When they had taken the cold form from the water, they proceeded to resuscitate it, by stimulants and well-conducted friction. By-and-bye their labors were rewarded, for breath re-animated Armand's frame, and the power of motion returned to his limbs. But he only awoke from his stupor to rave in delirium, such was the effect the loss of blood made upon him.

"I say, Jack, this is a fine gold repeater the gentleman has." And as the admiring barge-man spoke he appropriated the time-keeper to his own pocket.

"You may have his other trinkets, Jack," said the same speaker: "and, whew, here's the picture of his gal! I guess we'll let him have that."

"He's pretty well cut up. There's been foul play here," said Jack.

"We'll have to nurse him through it, I suppose. We have to be in Belton city to-morrow, you know, and can't afford to wait at this poky little village to be examined and all the rest of it."

"We'll just take him to Belton and give him in charge of Mrs. McCann," replied Jack.

Mrs. McCann was an old woman who resided near the docks, and offered clean board and lodging to sailors desirous of such accommodation.

Armand was placed in her care by the barge-men who promised to look in again on their way up the river.

For days and days the fever raged on him, and Mrs. McCann listened to his wandering speeches with ugly suspicions in her mind, concerning the barge-men whom she determined to interrogate on the first opportunity they gave her.

At length the fever became assuaged, and though very weak, Armand continued to rally.

Gerald Foster tried by every device in his power to shake Lillian's faith in her lover. "He has forgotten you by this time," said the artful schemer, some four weeks after Armand's departure.

"O, no! I'm afraid his success has not been what he anticipated, and he has likely travelled on farther, or, perhaps he is ill. I shall never believe him false."

"O, Lillian! Armand Grey could never have loved you as well as I do. Why do you prefer him to me? Say that if you don't hear from him within the year you will be mine."

"How dare you talk so? Armand is truth itself. I will not listen to you. Go!"

"Hesitate, Lillian Morse, before you make an enemy of me," rejoined the rejected suitor, his dark eyes fired with suppressed wrath and his voice hoarse with ill-controlled passion.

"Fare-you-well, Miss Lillian, and hear me: the day that sees your lover return is far distant!"

With a low bow and mocking smile he left her.

Poor Lillian was greatly distressed. No word from Armand. And what could Gerald's threat forebode?

It was Lillian's custom to stroll along the banks where she and Armand had last been together.

In these lonely walks she occasionally met Gerald Foster, to whom the place had a strange fascination.

Lillian was sufficiently aware of his feelings towards her to account herself responsible for his appearance there.

Although the reason she assigned was somewhat flattering to her vanity, yet his presence was anything but agreeable to her peace of mind, for his manner was often wild and caused her uneasiness.

To-day, after he had been dismissed by Lillian, an invisible force, which he was incapable of resisting, drew him in the direction of the pool. He tried to shake this influence off, but to no purpose; all his efforts ended by bringing him back to the same dreaded spot.

"Lillian, my child," said Mrs. Morse, "you seem possessed by some unaccountable restlessness. Take your hat; a walk may cure it."

Lillian did as she was bidden, and unconsciously her feet turned into her favorite path which led to the pool. She sauntered on, and was soon within the grove of willows.

The sight that here greeted her eyes caused her to start back in dismay.

More than half his body outstretched over the dark water and grasping the slender willow boughs, Gerald Foster lay peering into the impenetrable depths of the placid pool. His face was hideously contorted with the horror of some phantom to which he spoke.

"Yes, Armand Grey, Lillian Morse will wait in vain for your marriage vows; death has become your bride—cold, un pitying death holds you in an eternal embrace."

"Merciful heaven!" cried Lillian in an agony of grief. "I see it all now, why no letter came! The monster has killed my dear love! O Armand, Armand!" and she tottered

against a tree and covered her face with her hands, as sorrow laid his heavy gripe upon her.

"Who says I struck you?" continued the conscience-stricken man in his fantasy and writhing. In his anguish he lost his precarious balance and fell headlong into the deep water.

Lillian bounded forward to proffer assistance but all she could do was to bend down the delicate boughs of the willows which snapped when the struggler clutched them.

"O for aid! Help, help!" she cried loudly.

But help there was none, and in a few minutes the white face of the drowning man was lost in the blackness of the pool. Lillian ran by the shortest way to the village to impart the dreadful tidings. Before her, a man whose figure appeared familiar walked painfully along, supporting himself by a stick.

Hearing light, rapid steps behind him the man turned, and—

"Armand, Armand!" ejaculated Lillian in mingled surprise and joy, as she threw herself into her lover's open arms.

## LITERARY.

Two hundred and sixty-eight periodicals in the Magyar tongue were issued last year, being twenty-eight more than in 1875.

MR. A. C. WHEELER, ("Nym Crinkle") late of the "World," has succeeded Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., as dramatic and musical critic of the "Sun."

MISS DUDE FLETCHER, the writer of "Kismet," is a young lady still in her twenties, very sparkling in her talk, pretty, and thoroughly accomplished in several languages.

The literary staff of the English exploring ship "Challenger" ask for five years in which to draw up the account of their proceedings and collections, a length of delay which occasions some grumbling.

MR. DAVID KER, the well-known contributor to Chambers's Journal, author of "On the Road to Khiva" and other books, is "coming over to take notes," so we read.

A BROTHER of Tom Hood, the poet, is a florist in Bergen, N. J. Beside being an accomplished botanist he is well versed in the classics.

THE *Börsenblatt* gives the gross total of volumes published in the rainy last year, at 13,356 against 12,516 in 1875. Nearly 1,100 were belles-lettres.

THE author of "Daniel Deronda" is very far from handsome. She has an intellectual and striking face, too long and angular for symmetry; soft, abundant hair, streaked with grey; a low, sweet voice; a remarkably quiet, somewhat pensive, and decidedly winning manner. Some persons do not like her at first, though all her friends, despite her unquestioned plainness, regard her as a charming woman.

JULES JANIN's duel with Dumas, *per se*, was singular. Half an hour was occupied placing the parties in position. Janin asserted it was positive murder for Dumas to select the sword, not knowing how to use it. Janin predicted he would spit him like a woodcock, and regretted he could not afterward swallow him like that bird. Dumas then selected pistols, being able to snuff out a candle at thirty paces; but then, he remarked, it would be positive murder for Janin to use a pistol, never having had one in his hand in his life. The antagonists laughed, shook hands, and remained fast friends ever afterward.

AMONG the books at the forthcoming Caxton Exhibition in Stationers' Hall, London, will be "The Buke of Tulle of Old Age—Imprinted by me simple persone William Caxton into Englyshe as the playisr solace and reverence of men growing in to old age the xij day of August the yere of our Lord M.cccc.lxxx." Also, "The Polycriconon containing the Borynges and Dodes of many Tynes in eight Bokes. Imprinted by William Caxton after having somewhat chaunged the rule and olde Englyshe, that is to wote certayne words which in these Dayes be neither used ne understonden. E ended the second Day of Juyll at Westmestre the xxij yere of the Regne of Kyng Edward the fourth, and of the Incarnacion of our Lord a Thousand four hundred four score and tweyne." Caxton seems to have entertained conscientious doubts with regard to the spelling of his own Christian name, as may be gathered from the title of "The Chronicles of England, Imprinted by me Wyllyam Caxton thabbe of Westmynstre by london the v day of Juyll the yere of thincarnacion of our Lord god m.cccc.lxxx." Some of Wynkyn de Worde's works may also be forthcoming; such as "The Descripcyon of Englonde Walys Scotland and Irland ape. King of the Noblesse and Worthynesse of the same Fynysched and imprinted in Flete Strete in the syne of the Sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde the yere of our lord a M.cccc and ij mensis Maytis."

## Come now and let us reason together.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures every thing?" Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of debility; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectoral and alterative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, diseases of the blood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "biliousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.

## 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

A. Cowansville, P. Q.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 110 and 111 received. Correct.

M. J. M. Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 112 received. The dual in this position is very obvious.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 110 and No. 112 received. Correct. Many thanks for your kind letter and enclosed game. You will perceive that the latter has been put to good use.

H. A. C. F. Montreal.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 110 and 111 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 113 received.

We perceive that the influence of professional players on the advancement of Chess generally, is engaging the attention of Chess journals in England. It is almost impossible for us, in this new country, to give an opinion of any value on the subject. We imagine, however, that the existence of a class of players who devote their whole time to the game, and make it a business, must lead to a degree of excellence in play on their part, which many would acknowledge to be worthy of some consideration.

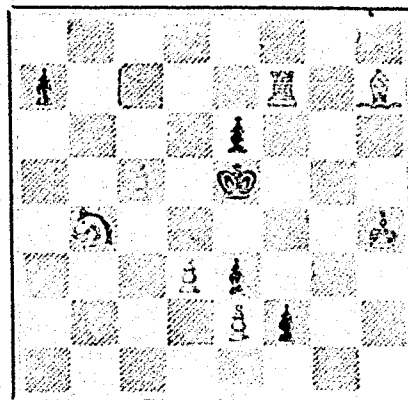
In connection with this we must not forget that in all the late great tournaments, whether at Vienna or Philadelphia, the professional element was looked upon as essential to success, and eagerly sought for. We must, also, at the same time confess, that the late visit of a professional player to our city is considered by all our Montreal players to have been of much benefit. The interest of the Amateur in Chess matters is, however, rightly estimated as one of a healthy nature, and in every way consistent with the pursuit of a game which is always spoken of as a scientific pastime.

In our last Column a mistake was made in giving the result of the last match between Messrs. G. Barry and Shaw. It should have been stated that two draws occurred in the contest.

## PROBLEM No. 124.

By W. ATKINSON, Montreal.

## BLACK



## WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN ENGLAND.

## GAME 1630.

Played between Rev. J. Owen and Mr. Burn for the Provincial Championship. At the end of the match, which terminated in favor of Mr. Burn, the score was:—Burn 11; Owen 6. The subjoined game was the final one.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE.—(Rev. J. Owen.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Burn.)
1. P to Q B 4	P to K 4
2. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3
3. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3
4. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4
5. P takes P	Kt takes P
6. B to Kt 5	Kt takes Kt
7. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
8. Kt P takes Kt	P to K 5
9. Kt to K 5	B to Q 3
10. Kt takes Q B P	Q to Q 2
11. Q to R 4 (ch)	B to Kt 2
12. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
13. Kt to K 5	B takes Kt
14. Kt takes Q (ch)	K to K 2
15. Kt to Q B 5	B takes Kt
16. P to Q 4	B to Q 3
17. P to K B 3	B to Q 6
18. P to K 4	P to K B 3
19. K to B second	Q R to Q Kt sq
20. R to K sq	R to Q Kt 4
21. P to K B 4	K to Q 2
22. P to K 5	P takes P
23. Q P takes P	B to B 4 (ch)
24. K to B 3	B to B 5
25. K to K 4	P to B 3
26. P to B 5	B to Q 4 (ch)
27. K to B 4	B takes Kt P
28. P to K 6 (ch)	K to K sq
29. R to Q sq	R to K B sq
30. P to Q R 4	R to Q Kt 6
31. K to K 5 (ch)	K to K 6
32. R to Q 3	R takes P (ch)
33. K to K 4	R to K R 4
34. B to Kt 5	B takes K P
35. P to K R 4	B to Q 4 (ch)
36. K to B 5	P to Kt 3 (ch)
37. K to K Kt 4	P to K 3
38. R to K sq (ch)	K to B 2
39. R to B sq (ch)	K to Kt sq
40. B to B 6	P to Kt 2
41. B takes B	P takes R

And Black wins.

## NOTES.

- (a) A mistake leading to the ultimate loss of the game.  
(b) White makes a bold fight, but the two Bishops of his opponent frustrate all his schemes.