

5000 lbs. of the staple at double the price of the best quality of cotton. Its beautiful fabrics are displayed in the Paris Exhibition.

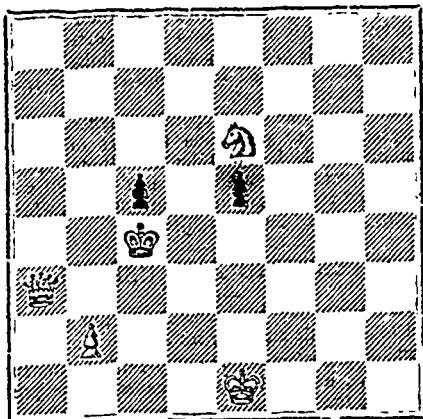
VALUE OF THE POTATO.—There is no other vegetable food, except wheat bread, of which so much can be said in its favour as the potato. Its merits, however, vary much with the kind of seed, the period of maturity, and the soil in which it is grown. That kind should be preferred which becomes mealy on boiling. It is not material in reference to nourishment whether the potatoes are boiled or roasted. In point of economy and convenience, however, it has been found better to boil than to roast them; for while the loss in boiling upon 1 lb. of potatoes scarcely exceeds half an ounce, that in the most careful roasting is 2 oz. to 3 oz. It is also more economical to cook them in their skins, and to peel them immediately before they are eaten.

CHIESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. N. C.—Please send solution of the position you recently enclosed. Solution of Problem 79 was O. K. J. C. LONDON, ONT.—The Problem is under examination. Shall be glad to hear from you again. L. M.—QUEBEC. We cannot give a definite reply at present.

PROBLEM, No. 83. BY J. J. WATTS. BLACK.



White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 81.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1 R on Q Kt sq to Q B sq. } Any move. 2 R on Q B sq to B 5. } 3 Q Mates.

Lively little partie between Herren Hirschfeld and Mayet.

REV LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

- WHITE. (Hirschfeld.) BLACK. (Mayet) 1 P to K 4. 1 P to K 4. 2 K Kt to B 5. 2 Q Kt to B 3. 3 K B to Kt 5. 3 P to Q R 3. 4 K B to R 4. 4 K R to B 3. 5 P to Q 4. 5 K Kt takes P. 6 Castles. 6 K B to K 2. 7 Q P takes P. 7 Castles. 8 P to Q B 3. 8 P to Q Kt 4. 9 K B to B 2. 9 P to Q 4. 10 K R to K sq. 10 Q B to R 4 (a). 11 K Kt to Q 2 (b). 11 K Kt takes Kt. 12 K B takes B. 12 K Kt takes Kt (ch) 13 Q takes K Kt. 13 K R to K sq. 14 P to K 6. 14 P to K B 3 (c) 15 Q to K R 5 (d). 15 P to K Kt 3. 16 K B takes P. 16 R P takes B. 17 Q takes Kt P (ch.). 17 K to R sq. 18 K R to K 3. 18 P to K B 4. 19 K R to B 3 (ch). 19 K B to R 6. 20 Q B to Kt 6.

And Herr Mayet resigned. (a) K Kt to Q B 4 would have been safer play. (b) Herr Hirschfeld selects the proper move to obtain an immediate advantage in position. (c) Fatal! K B to his 3 would have been more to the point. (d) The attack is now quite irresistible.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

When do ladies resemble arrows?—When they are in a quiver.

The gas is reported to be so bad in Erie, that the man who puts it out has to take a lantern to find the posts.

Why should you judge the American people to be fond of perfumes?—Because they carry cents about them.

The greatest piece of absurdity we have heard of for some time is that of the artist who tried to tickle his palbot—Judy.

Said Tom, "Since I have been in France I have eaten so much veal that I am ashamed to look a calf in the face."—"I s'pose, sir, then," said a wag, "you shave without a glass?"

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously picking the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," replied the crazy fellow.

A great punster was asked one evening, in company, to make an extempore pun. "Upon what subject?" he inquired. One of the party answered, "The Queen."—"Oh, sir," he replied, "the Queen is no subject."

An editor who was shaved in a barber's shop offered the barber a dime, which he refused. "Because," said he; "I understand dat you is an editor."—"Well, what of it?"—"Why; we never charge editors nuffin."—"But such liberality will ruin you."—"O, neber mind, we make it off de gemmen."—American Paper.

When Mr. Sheridan pleaded in court his own cause, and that of the Drury Lane Theatre, an Irish labourer, known amongst the actors by the name of Billy Brown, was called upon to give his evidence. Previous to his going into court, the counsellor, shocked at the shabby dress of the witness, began to remonstrate with him on this point—"You should have put on your Sunday clothes, and not think of coming into court covered with lime and brick-dust—it detracts from the credit of your evidence."—"Be cool, Mr. Counsellor," said Billy, "only be cool; you're in your working-dress, and I am in mine; and that's that."

The grass-plots in the college courts or quadrangles are the unblawed feet of the under-graduates. Some, however, are hardy enough to venture in spite of all remonstrance. A master of Trinity had often observed a student of his college invariably to cross the green, when, in obedience to the calls of his appetite, he went to hall to dine. One day the master determined to reprove the delinquent for invading the rights of his superiors, and for that purpose he threw up the sash, and called to the student, "Sir, I never look out of my window but I see you walking across the grass-plot."—"My lord," replied the offender instantly. "I never walk across the grass-plot but I see you looking out of your window." The master, pleased at the readiness of the reply, closed his window.

HABITS OF BIRDS.—Their feathers.

REJECTED LAYS.—Bad eggs.—Judy.

"GRATE" COMPANIONS.—The poker and the tongs.

MOTTO FOR THE MONEY-BOXES AT OUR HOSPITALS.—"When you're passing my way—drop in."—Fun.

GOOD, BUT NOT FOR EATING.—A wealthy bishop congratulated a poor curate on the good air which he breathed in his parish: to which the latter replied, "Yes, my lord, the air would be good enough if I could only live on it."

THE IRISH EDITOR'S BULL.—There is a story of an Irish newspaper editor who, being left without assistance in a busy time, found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence, late, later, and latest, that flowed in upon him; so that towards four in the morning, he wound up his night's work by penning a notice extraordinary in these words—"Owing to a most unusual pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank!"

A HARD BED.—An old lady from the country slept one night lately in the house of a friend in town. Her bed happened to be a plain hard mattress, so much recommended as more healthy to lie upon than a bed of down. Next morning the old lady was asked how she had slept over-night. "No very weel," was the reply, "for my auld bones are sair wi' that hard bed o' yours."—"Oh, but Janet, do you not know that all the great physicians say that it is more healthy to sleep on beds as hard as a board?" replied the host. "Oh ay," said Janet; "an' I suppose that's what you toon's bodies ca' a Board o' Health."

A well-known American lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross examining witnesses, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a shoemaker. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"—"Yes, sir, 'cause why, she confessed it."—"An' you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"—"I do swear, sir."—"Then"—giving a sagacious look at the court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"—"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer."

A WISE WITH TWO SIDES TO IT.—Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for sixpence, the Great Unknown, not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, "Mind now, sir, you owe me sixpence."—"Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you life till I pay you!"

VERBAL SLIPS.—There have been occasions when a little vanity has caused individuals, when before the public, to "lose their head" and control over their tongue. A slip of this sort, born of vanity, was once committed by Lord Camden. As he was coming out from St. James's at the end of a royal fete, Townsend, the police chief of all Court doings, called aloud, "Lord Camden's carriage!—Lord Camden's carriage!"—"Townsend," said my lord, in an undertone, to the great Bow Street runner, "the king has made me a marquis!"—"Oh!" exclaimed the police superintendent, as he turned round to the chariots and charioteers, "Lord Camden's carriage. The king has made him a marquis!"

The late Robert Taylor, a gentleman for many years connected with the Liverpool Press, had an inveterate penchant for writing epitaphs. Upon one occasion a few friends had met for the purpose of raising a subscription to assist a decayed tradesman, and amongst the company was a person who, by means of marriage, was a wealthy man, but who was so thorough a skinflint that he could not be prevailed upon to part with sixpence. During the evening, epitaph writing was mentioned, and Mr. John Stone, in a jocular way, requested Taylor to write his epitaph, which he did at once, and, to the astonishment of that gentleman, handed him the following impromptu:—

"At John Stone's heart Death drew his dart, But how was he astounded, When from the part the fatal dart, With fearful force rebounded! "Ho, ho!" quoth Death, and drew his breath, "My mighty power you mock it; But here's a blow shall lay you low," And he struck him in the pocket."

A man who stopped his paper, wrote to the editor: "I think folks ottent to spend their munny for papur, my daddie diddent and every-body sed he was the most intelligent man in the country and had the smartest family of bois that ever dugged taturs."

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if when I was far, far away, she'd drop for me a tear? I paused for some cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy-lips she said, "Oh, Ed, you're sich a fool?"

Sarah-nading extra—Vake, lady, vake! The moon is high, the twinkin' stars are beamin', while now and then across the sky, a meteor are streamin'.—Vake, Sally, vake! and look on me—avake, Squire Nubbins' daughter! If I'll have you and you'll have me—(by gosh! who threw that water?)