THE MONTREAL SNOW SHOE CLUB.

5TH FERRUARY 1859 -TWESTY YEARS AFTER-A WICKED STORM- ANNALS OF THE CLUB -THE NEW ROCKAWAY.

On the 5th of February, 1859, a number of the members of the celebrated "Tuque Bleue Club" went to St. Hilaire at the invitation of Mr. Comte, the then proprietor of what is now termed the Iroquois House. The runners were to start from St. Hilaire and the first arrived was to receive a silver medal presented by their host. On the 25th day of January, 1879, another joyous troop of snowshoers wended their way in the same direction, to compete for a gold medal offered by Mr. Bruce Campbell and his brothers, the present proprietors of that ever-popular

The former race we will give an account of as it has been narrated to us by some of those who were present or took part in both races; the latter we are happy to be able to describe from personal experience. The Montreal Snow Shoe Club has now been thirty-four years in existence and anything concerning it will no doubt prove interesting to many of our readers throughout the Dominion.

Among those who ran or were present in 1859 were Messrs. Romeo Stephens, Col. Ermatinger, G. Lamothe, our present postmaster, Arthur Lamothe, his brother, Col. de Salaberry, the "evergreen" N. Hughes, W. H. Rintoul, Thos. Cross, Thos. Coffin, Dr. McCord, brother of David McCord, Esq., Dowd, Samuel Macauley and others, Major de Montenach, C. W. Radiger and T. W. Taylor, the champion walker; the two last named warked out to St. Hilaire and had but half an hour's rest before the race took place. It was won by Dowd, in 25 minutes, place. It was won by Dowd, in 25 minutes, Hughes and Coffic coming in together seven minutes later, followed by Radiger and Comte.

The present members of the Club are "chips of the old blocks" and all things considered, they accomplished on the 25th ult. a greater feat than the "eldsters," if we may call them so. Without further ado, let us plunge in medius is. In town, heavy snow has been falling for two days and the received and account the received and account the received and so to the received and the source and so to the received and the source two days and the press and cons as to the race coming off at all are freely discussed, but as Mr. Angus Grant, the President, tells Mr. Campbell on arriving at St. Hilaire Station, "If it had been ten times werse we would have come, for when the Tuque Bleue boys undertake a thing they always carryit out." Bravo! But we are authopating. At last all are at the Station; friends come to see the boys off and kindly prophesy that they will be brited in the snow, that the train will be stuck for a week, but that they will come and dig them out and so torth. All aboard! The panes are frezen and nothing can be seen of the country through which we are passing and yet we console our-selves with the thought that "things" aill look better in the country. "Things" is a very vague word, yet it is a straw to catch at. Groups are formed, snow shoes spread out on our knees and quiet little rubbers are indulged in, i. e. as quiet as they can be whilst a dozen good voices are going through a whole reportaire of comic That pest of railroad carriages, the orange-peanut - prize - package- cheap literatureboy is unheeded; he has soon to beat a hasty retreat. Then begin discussions about the probable winners of the race; Starke of course is the favourite; then the eternal "dark horse" is spoken of. All goes on merrily till St. Brano, where there is a stoppage and for a time the pro-pheses of our kind town friends seem likely to be verified. Let us look out on the plain; it is a sight never to be forgotten. Gusts of wind are driving thick clouds of snow across the track; it reminds one of the sirocco as to violence and of a London fog as to density. The heavy train has but a few minutes since ground down the snow on the shining rails and already a drift is forming on the track. At last our iron steed drags us heavily across Belouil Bridge. Another stop-page! A train is "stuck" on the other side; we have to beat a retreat and wait. The boys get weary and impatient; several strap on their shoes and vow they will cross the ice-bridge below or perish in the attempt. After a few words however from one of the Messrs. Campbell, who is on heard, they abandon the idea. Shortly after, St. Hilaire Station is reached and our worthy host opens his eyes when he sees nity-three instead of twenty-eight come to enjoy has hospitality. Major H. MacDougall and he jump into a covered sleigh followed by a bobsled carrying those men of talent who write modern history and whom the world has dubbed reporters. During that time Mr. Angus Grant is mershalling his tunners. We drive away leaving him to perform the duties of which he has so often and so admirably acquitted himself. We have hardly driven a mile and have barely had the time to enjoy standing on a bare sled whose ice-crusted boards keep your feet below "cover-point," and to appreciate the howling wind blowing through our ribs, when a little figure darts past us like a race-horse. "Go it, Starke," we vell, as much to encourage him as to keep ourselves warm. We have scarcely finished our taily-ho when another one comes rushing by. "Go it, Billy Hubbell," say we to the second man, who is coming on gamely some three hundred yards behind his leader, and then we hear a "twhee" in front of ne and then "Go we hear a "whoa" in front of us and then "Go it bob-sled and dump those press-fellows into a drift," and the main deck goes over board, and we are comfortably sprawling and laughing in a field. The driver sacres and mangees to his heart's content; we pick ourselves up and must have another hearty laugh on seeing what is lives, and how much less conventional we should ahead of us. Mr. Campbell's sleigh has almost become! If we had each one of us but the moral

"turned turtle;" Major MacDougall's head ap-pears sticking out through the window. The boys pass us and we see no more of the race. Suffice it to say that after a few more spills we reach the Iroquois House, and there we get all matter of valuable information. Starke has not come in first; he broke his shoes, lost his way and has been interviewing the natives; Hubbell has broken his toe straps and W. McNab has won the golden medal, R. Summerhayes, R.W. McTaggart and A. Arthurs tollowing as they are Mr. Jubb has taken the time and calls it about forty-five minutes. Messrs, N. Hughes, G. L. Sait and Armand Beaudry have all come in in good time, although not having participated in the race. So the race of 1879 is over and there is nothing better to do than to do ample justice to the supper which is awaiting us, to sing, to dance and make merry. Of course, the "copy-writers" have to be "bounced," as if they had not had enough shakings on the road. Then comes toasting and then sad to record, we have all to go home. The snowshowers get on well enough, but the sleighs go through a series of vicissitudes; so does an old member of the club and some one else who have forgotten to bring their snow shoes and who after being capsized are left to their fate by the driver, who coolly goes on. However, Robinson comes to the rescue and they soon find themselves with their comrades. Altogether the day is one to be remembered, and should there be another such an excursion, may be we there to see.

A publication that will interest the members of the Club and more especially their lady friends, is the new rockaway just brought out by that enterprising publisher Mr. Prince. The need of it had been felt a long time as there was no other in existence, except the one published years ago in Toronto. The present one is dedicated to the Montreal Snew Shoe Club. The cover is a "happy thought," representing as it does a tuque bleue. As our readers know, the tockaway is a step dance resembling a raise a trois temps and we can youch for the music of the present one being altogether appropriate and destined to a great popularity, which will be the less remarkable when we add that it is the composition of Mr. R. Grunewald.

The Treasurer of the Montreal Snow Shoe Club is about to put forth a neat little volume containing the history of the Club from its inception down to the present day.

### VARIETIES.

AN INSPIRED ORATOR .- On a certain occasion S. S. Prentiss visited Boston and addressed its citizens in Fancuil Hall. A gentleman who heard him, then a venerable judge, told this anecdote, which illustrates the orator's power. Unable to procure a seat, he stood jammed by the crowd. As Mr. Prentiss began to speak the gentleman took out his watch to time him. As he was replacing it in his fob something in the orator's manner and words arrested his attention. He found it impossible to take away his eyes or cars. He forgot the presence of the crowd, his own fatigue, the passage of the time, everything but the speaker. Mr. Prentiss seemed fatigued. So intense was the sympathy of the venerable man with him that he found himself breathing rapidly and painful. At last the orator, exclaiming, "My powers fail!" sank exhausted into a chair. Not till then did the aged listener discover that his hand was still holding his watch at the opening of its pecket. He looked at it. He had stood in that crowd listening for three hours and fifteen minutes. Near him stood an aged minister who, trenulous with excitement, exclaimed: "Will any one ever doubt again that God inspires man

A JOURNALIST .- Picture yourselves seated at your desk from seven till long after midnight every evening, lumps of ice and wet towels on your head. On your right hand a large bucket of ink, on your left huge dictionaries of all the living and dead languages, in front of you maps of all the countries in the world, and reams and reams of paper under your nose waiting to be filled. On you go, scribble, scribble, leaders, essays, poems, sermons, plays, paragraphs, jokes, pans, moral lessons, and contributions to the history of your era. There is no rest for the journalist. Events march, and he must march with them. No matter what may happen to him, he must be light and amusing, and readable. No matter if half his relations are dying upstairs, he must finish his " copy." Why, the day I was married I scribbled a leader inside my hat on a collision and fifty deaths, and I have no doubt the day I lie dying and ain trying to recollect if there's anything among my papers I shouldn't like Mrs. Dagonet to see, some one will knock at my door for a count story. The worst of it is everybody thinks you've nothing to do. Jones asks you to go to Norway for a month with him; Robinson comes in to spend the evening, and tells you coolly to "chuck the writing up and talk." Your old friend Cottrell invites you on Saturday evening to dine with him at the new Surrey Club, and can't understand that the evening is not your own if you want it. Old aunts with long stories from the country follow you to your office, and seize you, and won't let you go till your editor says he smells fire, and pretends to jump out of the window. Then they fly down the stairs.

COMMON SENSE -- If only this much-talked of and to-be-praised gift could but be widely diffused among us, how vastly different would be our lives, and how much less conventional we should

courage to take from its hiding-place the common sense with which we are more or less provided, to cultivate it by constant use, and to act solely on its dictates, what a very different world this would speedily become ! It each one acted according to his own thought or opinion, instead of the unwritten but obligatory law, "Every one does so and so," society would at once assume a charming and refreshing originality. People would do things because they wished to do them, and say things because they really thought them, instead of in obedience to the dictates of fashion. Originality would cease to be considered "bad style;" on the contrary, it would be duly welcomed and warmly appreciated. We cannot say, however, that we see immediate probability of the approach of this much-to-be-desired millenium; indeed those possessed in some small degree of the gift seem chiefly bent on hiding their feeble light under a bushel and imposing the same duty on those more highly gitted than themselves; although they are still ready to join in a chorus of praise admiration, so long as common remains quietly on its pedestal, and refrains from descending into the arena of daily life to disturb their minds or to condemn their follies.

RICHNESS BOTH WAYS .- He had been sitting still so long that the mother expected to find "Well, Harry, what are you thinking of !"
"Ma, are you very tich!" he solemnly inquired, by way of reply.
"In one way we are," she said; "your left and the solemnly inside the solemnly in th

father says he values me at three million dollars, you at two millions and the baby at one." That closed the conversation on that subject,

but next morning, as Harry was getting on his overcoat, he examined the new patch which had been added, and coolly observed:
"Well, I think father had better sell off about

half of you or the whole of the baby and get the rest of us some decent dids to put on. RED-HEADED GIRLS .- An exchange pauses to

remark between items

Why there should be a prejudice against red-headed girls, is not wholly apparent; but there is no want of evidence that there is such a prejudice. Jennie Collins, who has charge of a Boston institution to secure employment for girls, says that nobody wants red-headed girls, and yet they are quite as likely to be useful and amiable as those who have hair of another

But we will assure Jennie if she will send a lot of her red-headed girls to Arizona, they will find there is no prejudice here to work against that brand of girls. Whether it is that the ruder taste of the frontier delights in high colors, or that, being a mining people, anything of the color of gold pleases the eye, or that the reflec-tion of a golden Arizona sunset on the head of a red-headed girl would secure her a market, there is no telling; but something within as gives the assurance that red-headed girls would pass here as help, and sweethearts, and wives It's a good place for red-headed girls, and, for that matter, any kinds of girls-always provided they are good and virtuous, and trim and shape ly, and sensible.

# OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

# TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal, Letters, &c., received, Many

Student, Montreal,-Correct solution of Problem No.

A. C. Wolfeville, N. S. - We have sent you a reply by post.

J. W .- Letter and some of game required. Many thauks.

M. J. M. Quelies .- Letter received. Many thanks H. and J. McG., Core des Neiges, --Correct solutions received of Problems for Young Players, Nos. 207, 208 and 200.

T. S. St. Andrew & Manitoba -Correct solution re ceived of Problem No. 200.

E.H.Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players to, 1881 received: Correct:

The following extract from the Toronto Globe, and, also, another from the same source, which we insert this week in our Column, will show that Cheas is receiving due attention in he Province of Ontario. It appears that on two Test of January has, Brantford and Woodshock had a close battle over the wires, and now we hear that a few days ago, Toronto and Ottawa followed their assumple. Let us hope that the Province of Quebec will scan exince something of the same belingerent spirit:

(From Toronto Globe, February 2, 1879)

# TELEGRAPH MATCH.

Toronto vs. Ottawa.

Play was commer cert on Wednesday evening over the wires of the Montreal Telegraph Co., kindly granted by Mr. Iweight, the courteens Superintendent of the line. Five single games were oil throughly opened, and some lively play may be expected.

The contest was continued on Friday evening, but the result did not reach us before going to pross.

The names of the players are as follows:

Tonosto OTIAWA. Phillips, Lambert, Hurlburt, Cherriman, White, Northcote, Gordon. Heatty, Maddlson.

We may add to the above that the contest resumed on Friday evening resulted in the termination of only one game, that between Mr. White and Mr. Maddison, which was two by the former gentleman. The score of this game appears in our Column this week.

The Ottawa Club, we are informed, has been recently reorganized, and is at present in a flourishing condition. The Rev. T. D. Phillips is the President, and Mr. J. Cor.

We are informed that a game of chess, with living chessmen in costume, will shortly be played in Holyoke. Mass. We also learn that a similar game, gotten up by the graduating class of the Red Bank (N.J.) Graded School, under the direction of Prof. Jacobs and Dr. Kimball, was played at that place on the 6th inst. The Cincinnati Commercial announces that another of these new popular spectacles is to be presented at Pike's Opera House, in that city, during the present month, for the benefit of the Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church.—Turf. Field and Farm.

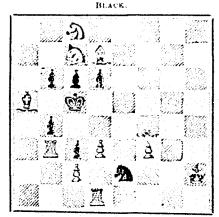
In accordance with the anneancement proviously made by us Mr. Blackburne's metropolitan blindfold perform-ance will take place this day week at Mountet's Hotel, ance will take place this day week at Montet's trout. Newgate street, play to commence at 5p.m. As will be remembered, his opponents are to consist of the selected champions of eight London chess clubs. No fixed ar-rangements have yet been made as to which of those maccintions will be thus represented, but we have reason to believe that the Railway Clearing House, Ber-mondsey, Greenwich, Eelectric, Excelsior, and Hackney olubs will be among the number.—Land and Water.

A game of chess was played January 21st, by telegraph, between the Chess Clubs of Brantford and Wood shock. Atter a ches buttle or four boars' duration, the game tesuited in a draw. — Farnato Glots.

The Rev. A. Cyril Pearson automoreus that towards the end of January he will publish a book contaming 100 of his problems. The pilee is to be 2x 54. Mr. Pearson is one of the most distinguished of English composers his works being full of great delineacy and finish. The book will form a incicone addition to the history of every class lover — Jyr Aryan and Exports

### PROBLEM No. 203

By J. N. Babson.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three muses

# GAME 339TH

Played recently by Telegraph between Mr. J. White, of Ottawn, and Mr. G. L. Maddison, of Peronto.

OTTAWA	Y*,	TORONTO.
WHITE-(Mr. White.)		Blat K-iMr. Maddlson,
(Allga	or ti	ambit,
1. P to R 4		Pto K 4
2. P to K B 4		2. P.takes P
3. K Kt to B :/		3. P to K Kt 4
L P to K R 4	. '	4. Pho Kr a
5. Kt to Kt 5		5. P to K R Van
6. B to Q B 4		o. Ki to K R as
7. P to Q 1.		7. Pag Q J
r. Q li nakes P.		= Q Ki to B 3
9. 42 to O Ec3		5 Q Kt to R 4
10. H to Q 3		9. P to K B 3.
	1	I bearing the
12. P takes K: P	,	2 Marsh 17 Arm
13. P to Kt 6 (b)		G. Kt to K Kt 4
	i	4. Q to K 2
15. Castles to:	. 1	5. B to K 3 (a)
16. P takes Q P	,	6. P takes P
17. B takes Kt	1	7. Quakes B
15. Utakes li tela		S Q to K 2
15. Q takes 15 (ch)		(4) It is her (1)
20 P to O 5 7.		te existe to D
19. Q takes Q (ch) 20. P to Q 5 (ch) 21. Kt to Q 2 21. R to L R 7		9 Dec C Pet
21. Kt to Q 2.		2. Kuto Ku2
201 Harris Kit America		3. K to Q sq
23, B to Q Kt.5 (cm) 24, Q R to K B sq.		4. Kito Q II 4
25. P. to K Kt 7		Carlo Company
30. Q R to K B 5		the Proof Ru
27. B to Q B to		C Production
22. It takes it 1		7. Ki to i v 8. Ki to B T
22 Rio Ri	•	P Pto Q R 4 (7)
M. It takes Ki (2)		20 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11
The tables (C) 191	1.2	0, K to Q B 2

30. K to Q B 2 31. R takes H 32. Resigns SOTES.

(a) I to R T is considered by the authorities as the be s move at this point.

(b) The right move, and the one that controls nearly the whole as the rest of the game.

(c) The position now is very exteresting.

31 R takes II 32, R to B 7

(d) A weak move on the part of Black, of which his opponent immediately takes a trantage very effectively. (r) A very useful move, as the position of Black's Knight will ensity demonstrate,

(/) Black here has hardly any better move.

(y) And the struggle is over. The attack from the be-ginning has been vigorously maintained by White.

# INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

GAME Mern

An International Tourney game between the Rev. J. T. C. Chatto, Cambridge, England, and Mr. F. E. Bres-linger, of New York.