

## LIFE.

A child stood on the pebbly beach.  
And tried with boyish glee  
To catch in his hands the crested foam,  
As it floated out to sea.

At length in anger at falling off,  
He plunged in the glittering main,  
But still the foam eluded his grasp,  
The eager pursuit was vain.

Long years rolled on, the boy was a man  
Who could fame and honour win.  
He sat again on the pebbly beach,  
And the tide was coming in.

The foam that once in childish days  
He had tried to hold in his hand  
Now floated by, not attracting his gaze,  
And was wrecked on the rocky land.

And so it is in our heedless youth,  
What we long for most on earth  
By the time we obtain it has lost its bloom,  
And proves itself nothing worth.

P. E. I.

M. E.

## THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

(Concluded from our last.)

## IV.

"For this question left us to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune here."

The impressionable Thomas did not sleep well after the shooting of the weir. He was abroad early, saw the mist rise slowly from the river, and felt the chill air of dawn. As he walked briskly towards the house, Orlando stepped through a window with a great towel flung across his shoulder, seized him, and carried him off for a dip.

"Look here," said the young hero as they went towards the bath-house: "I must go away to-day."

"Go away!" echoed Thomas, blankly.

"You can stay, of course," said the other, laughing.

"But why do you go?"

"The complicated nineteenth century has intruded on me. My mother has sent for me."

"And you don't much mind going?" asked Thomas, with hesitation.

"Why should I mind?" asked his friend with a curious emphasis, as he pulled off his flannel shirt. Thomas sat meditating with his mouth open and a look in his hand. Orlando laughed aloud, drew himself up, stretched his shapely arms above his head, leapt like a deer, and flashed like a comet into the cool stream. After a few minutes he was back again, brilliant, glowing, and joyous, shaking the drops from his close-cropped curls. Thomas was sorely puzzled. Certainly this strayed athlete belonged to a time when romance was not. This creature shouting, singing, and laughing in the fresh sunlight was no lover just summoned from the side of his mistress. And yet how pull a girl out of the water and not love her! He began to feel very sorry for Miss Jeanie, across whose quiet life this young Viking had gleamed, with his blue eyes and his careless heart. "Poor child," he murmured to himself again and again, surprised at the tenderness of his own pity. He could sympathize with her: there was a melancholy pleasure in the thought. At breakfast he was very uncomfortable. When his friend announced his approaching departure, he dared not raise his eyes, and yet he seemed to see the trouble in a sweet young face. As he was staring at his plate and feeling very hot, he heard her speaking in her usual tone and saying how sorry she was. He was lost in wonder at her modesty and self-control. He could not help looking at her, and he hoped that his glance expressed sympathy without giving offence: but she only thought that he wanted his tea.

"Must you go too?" she asked, and she handed his cup.

"No, Yes. I mean I think I had better go with Orlando."

"We shall be sorry to lose you both at once," said Mr. Dorian, looking curiously at the young man.

"I am afraid I should not be much good alone. I mean I shall be better away," and he gave an appealing look to Miss Jeanie. But that lady was inspecting the bottom of her cup with great earnestness. It was no part of her duty as hostess to press young men to stay. So breakfast passed with less than the usual gaiety, and Orlando having exhorted Mr. Dorian to try a pair of clubs, and advised Miss Tubbs and her pupils to devote their whole minds to their shoulders, entered his boat. Miss Dorian was standing on the highest of the whole steps with her crisp gown gathered carefully about her. "Thank you a thousand times," he said, as he pushed off, "for the most splendid fun." As he swung out into the stream, Thomas came running from the house. "Hi!" cried he; "stop! I am going with you."

"No, you are not," said Orlando, unable to row for laughter. Thomas was seriously annoyed. He was unable to see the humour of this school-boy trick. It was embarrassing to be left when the hero had gone out of the story. The romance was to end, as some romances do, with a woman's sorrow and patience; and there was clearly no place for him. He humbly asked pardon of Miss Dorian, and promised to go away by train. He went gloomily into the house and sat down to Bradshaw; but as he found himself, after half an hour's study, earnestly endeavouring to reach the Isle of Man, he abandoned the book and turned to packing. Having packed till he felt silly, he left the task to the footman, and went out to have a last look at the place. There was nobody about, Mr.

Dorian had gone to town for the day. Miss Tubbs was doing the elegant English hour with the Misses Letitia and Josephine. Play-time was over, and all the vitality of the place seemed to have gone with that frank young creature, who was far down the stream poised on extended sculls, and laughing to himself.

Thomas went round the lawn and through the shrubberies, visited the stable, where he cast an unfavourable glance at the ponies—and the farm, where he chuckled a stone at the turkey-cock. Thence he sauntered into the country lane, and, strolling aimlessly onward, entered the path which leads up to the easy-sloping downs. The path passes through a wood of beech-trees, which for the most part meet above it. On the left these trees are a mere belt, and Thomas stopped again and again to look with wonder on visions of sweet country framed in leaves. In some places the land sloped gently downward from the wood, and was heavy with upright wheat or barley glancing in the sun like a silver polished floor; in others it fell sharply away, and the gaze saw the country below like another world in which were no unquiet thoughts and longings. Sunlight lay broad and deep on all the land, and far away the blue-grey earth and grey-blue sky melted together as thought and dream. Thomas sighed as he saw below him the smoke rising straight from the hidden house. He was in a very sensitive mood, and some deep feeling of sympathy was stirred within him as he watched the brown path quiver with light and shade. He saw the sunlight tangled in the beech-leaves, and started as a long shaft slipped through and touched his upturned face. He was alone, and yet about him was a presence and a power. He passed the old gate, which hung idle on its rusty hinges, and came out upon the open slope. A few yards from him Miss Dorian was seated, and, as he turned with a slight start, he saw a tear upon her cheek.

"I did not know you were here. I am afraid I startled you."

"Oh no; but I am so sorry that all the fun is over."

They both spoke very quick, as if eager to avoid all misunderstanding. An awkward pause followed, and then Thomas made a stupendous effort to say something pleasant.

"I wish I was Orlando," he said, "he is so free, and can come here whenever he likes—at least, I mean whenever you like."

There was another interval of silence, and then she asked, rather coldly, "Are you so very busy?"

"I? Oh, well, I am rather. At least—but it doesn't matter. What a lovely view!"

"It is thought the best view of the house."

The young man looked for a few minutes, and after doubting whether he should say it, and decided that of course he must not, observed forthwith, in a spirit of bravado, "I almost wish I had never seen it."

He turned cold at the sound of his own words, but she did not demand an explanation. She only said, "Thank you," with a strange little smile.

"I should like to say good-bye here," he said, "and go away." She turned her head and looked across the country. "Good-bye," he said as he passed behind her, and having said it he saw her eyes. He shivered from head to foot, and turned cold. Clearly he was the victim of some horrible mockery. He walked towards the gate with an instinctive desire of flight. Then he wavered and turned back.

"Miss Dorian," he began, speaking very quickly, "it can't be—I can't think—you can't be sorry because I—no, no. You must forgive me for being such a puppy." She had risen and wanted to speak, but could only twist her glove. "Good-bye," he said again with a sort of sob, "and forget what a fool I have been."

She could not speak, but she made a little movement as if to hold out the twisted glove.

He seized both hand and glove. "Miss Dorian—Jeanie," he cried, and here his voice failed him.

An hour passed, and they were sitting on the hillside, and wondering at the beauty of the world.

"Jeanie," said he, "it will be an awful shock to your father."

"Not very great, I think," said she. "I almost think he suspected something."

"But I did not suspect myself. He does not know anything about me."

"Oh, yes, he does. Your friend talked of nothing but you."

"Did he talk of me?" asked he; and then added suddenly, "you don't mean to say that Orlando knew?"

"I can't say, but I think he guessed—"

"That I loved you. Oh, Jeanie, I believe that everybody knew except me. But what on earth made you like me?"

"I don't know," she said, and smiled.

"But it ought to have ended differently," he maintained in an argumentative manner.

"What ought to have ended differently?"

"The story. You ought to care for the hero, and not for his friend."

His words were words of complaint, but as he looked across the peaceful land there was great contentment in his heart.

LORD BEACONSFIELD evidently intends that his *nom de plume* shall not be changed. It always was Disraeli. It is still Disraeli. The new edition of his novels which Messrs. Longmans are publishing, though advertised as by the Earl of Beaconsfield, retain upon their title-page the old style "By the Right Honourable B. Disraeli." The new volume published is *Contarby*.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S HOME LOVE.—Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson says that no man has been more misunderstood than her husband. "He is represented," she asserts, "as having been stern, inexorable, and hard-hearted. He was just the opposite. He was demonstrative, as affectionate and yielding as a woman. At home he was tender, playful, and loving. His whole life hung around his home. He had no ambition, no love of power, no thought of place or pomp. His horror of bloodshed was instinctive and powerful. He served his country from a sense of duty. He was passionately devoted to children. Our first child died, and my daughter was born only a few weeks before his death. He never took a day's furlough during the war, not even to come and see his child. Just before the battle of Chancellorsville I took the little baby and went to see him. You should have seen what raptures he went into over that little girl's cradle. I have seen him kneel by her cradle for hours at a time, just gazing into her sleeping face." It was suggested that the letters to her during the war would give her many interesting points. "Oh no," she said, a charming blush stealing over her face, while soft remembrances put a new light in her expressive eyes; "they were all real love-letters. He had little room for anything else in his letters home. And then he was a very prudent man and never talked of his plans to anyone."

## THOUSANDS OF AFFIDAVITS.

Many having used "patent" and prepared medicines and failed in finding the relief promised, are thereby prejudiced against all medicines. Is this right? Would you condemn all physicians because one failed in giving the relief promised? Some go to California in search of gold, and after working hard for months and finding none, return home and say there is no gold there. Does that prove it? Many suffering from Catarrh and pulmonary affections have used the worthless preparations that crowd the market, and in their disappointment say there is no cure for Catarrh. Does that prove it? Does it not rather prove that they have failed to employ the proper remedy? There are thousands of people in the United States who can make an affidavit that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have effected their entire cure. Many had lost all sense of smell for months, and pieces of bone had repeatedly been removed from the nasal cavities.

## 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.

J.W.S. Montreal.—The problem as it appears in our letter were unimportant. The corrections we made from your letter were unimportant.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 125 received. Correct.

A.S. Montreal.—Your Problem received. It shall be inspected.

## CHESS AT QUEBEC.

Subjoined we give the score of the match between the "Greeks" and the "Trojans," which took place on Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th of last month.

## SCORE.

"Greeks."		"Trojans."	
Won	Lost	Won	Lost
R. Blakiston.....1		D. R. McLeod.....1	
E. B. Holt.....1		F. H. Andrews.....1	
E. Sanderson.....1		C. P. Champion.....1	
Dr. Bradley.....1		D. C. McKendie.....1	
M. J. Murphy.....1		J. MacNaughton.....1	
E. H. Duval.....1		E. C. Fry.....1	
W. J. Ray.....1		E. Pope.....1	
P. H. Wyse.....1		E. T. Fletcher.....1	
W. M. Andrews.....1		A. Wilkie.....1	
A. Frew.....1		C. J. Johnson.....1	
J. G. Brunnean.....1		W. R. Denn.....1	
J. O'Farrell.....1		E. G. Burke.....1	
E. Sanderson, jr.....1		A. J. Maxham.....1	
G. C. Rossack.....1		R. McLeod.....1	
6	6	7	5

\* Drawn game.

A return match between the "Greeks" and "Trojans" will take place on Friday and Saturday next, when, in view of the near approach of the Dominion Chess Association Tournament, a large attendance should be expected.

A match has lately been played in London, England, between Mr. Blackburne and a clever amateur, Mr. Beardell, in which the former gave the latter the odds of Kt in return for one game added to his score. The contest terminated in favour of Mr. Blackburne, two games remaining unfinished.

Mr. Macdonald having been invited to attend the annual festival of the Croydon (Eng.) Chess Club contested ten games simultaneously against as many players, and in the course of two hours succeeded in vanquishing eight of his opponents, with a total score of five games to two, and two drawn games.

We were pleased to notice that one of his antagonists was Mrs. Steele, the wife of the President of the Club. It also stated that the lady maintained an equal contest for a longer time than any other player, and unfortunately lost the game by a hasty move.

We have seen it stated in an English paper that the celebrated Paul Morphy is not only restored to bodily health and mental vigor, but that he is actively engaged in a profession in which his great talents well find ample field for their exercise.

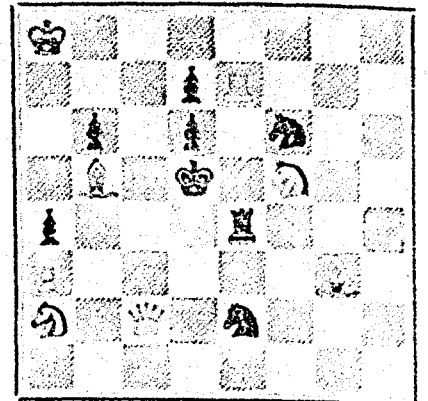
The proposed match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort, which from the skill of both antagonists is engaging the attention of the Chess world, has not yet been formally arranged, owing to some disagreement with reference to the choice of place in which to play.

## PROBLEM No. 126.

(From Land and Water.)

By Mr. J. G. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

## GAME 187th.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

(MORFIS GAMBIT.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Huber.) BLACK.—(Mr. Morphy.)  
The following well fought game was played a short time ago at Simpson's Divan, London, Eng.

1. P to K4
2. P to K4
3. Kt to K B3
4. B to B4
5. P to Q4
6. Q takes P
7. Kt to B3 (ch)
8. P to K5
9. P takes Kt
10. P takes Kt
11. B takes P at B3
12. Castles (Q R)
13. B to K5
14. B takes Q P
15. B takes P (ch)
16. B takes R
17. B to Q4
18. P to Q R3
19. K to K B3
20. K to Kt3
21. B to B2
22. R to K5
23. K to R4
24. R to K R5
25. B to Q Kt6
26. B takes P
27. R to K5
28. K to Kt3
29. R to K Kt5
30. K R to K Kt3
31. B to Q B3
32. B to K5
33. B takes R P
34. B to Q B3
35. R to Kt3
36. R to Kt3
37. B takes P
38. R to K2
39. R to R2
40. R to Q Kt1
41. R to K7
42. B takes R P (ch)
43. R to R4 (ch)

## NOTES.

- (a) The usual and the best move here is P to Q4.
- (b) P to K5 appears to be more to the purpose.
- (c) By this sacrifice Black apparently hopes to escape from the attack with a Pawn superiority, but he fails to see that he assists the development of the other pieces.
- (d) Black has played the last few moves very well.
- (e) All this is very admirably played.
- (f) A fine conception. White's Pawns are now more than an equivalent for his opponent's extra piece.

## CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 187th.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club between Dr. Howe and Mr. Geo. Barry, the former giving the odds of Kt.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

1. P to K4
2. B to Q B4
3. Q to K2
4. P to Q3
5. P to K R3
6. P to K B4
7. Kt to K B3
8. Q takes P
9. B to K R2
10. K to Q2
11. B takes Kt
12. Q R to K B3
13. Kt to Q4 (ch)
14. B to Q5 (ch)
15. Q to K R5 (ch)
16. Q to K R6
17. Q to K R7
18. Kt to Q B6 (f)

## NOTES.

- (a) A good move, if properly followed up.
- (b) B to Kt6 appears to be a better move.
- (c) Enabling White to get all his pieces into play.
- (d) The obvious move.
- (e) Conclusive.

## SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 124.

- | WHITE.                | BLACK.       |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to R5           | 1. K takes R |
| 2. R to Q5 (ch)       | 2. K moves   |
| 3. Kt mates           |              |
| 1.                    |              |
| 2. Kt takes Kt P (ch) | 1. Kt to Q5  |
| 3. R mates            | 2. K to Q5   |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 125.

- | WHITE.            | BLACK.       |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to K R4 (ch) | 1. B takes R |
| 2. R to K R6 mate |              |