THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

BY A CANTANKEROUS OLD CURMUDGEON.

All the world's a Wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearars;
They have their fashions and their fantasies,
And one she in her time wears many garments.
Throughout her Seven Stages. First, the baby,
Hefrilled and broidered, in her nurse's arms.
And then the trim-hosed schoolgirl, with her flounces.
And small boy-scorning face, tripping, skirt-waggling,
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a business criticale
Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride
Full of strange flowry, vestured like an angel,
Veiied vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,
Socking the Woman's heaven, Admiration,
Even at the Altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair rich velvet with sinuve satin lined,
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut,
Full of dress-saws and moodish instances,
To teach her girls their part. The sixth age shifts
Into the grey yet gorgeous grandmamma.
With gold pince ner on nose and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise
In simplicary law, her quavering voice
Prosing of Fashion and Le Follet, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,
That ends the Sex's Mode swayed history,
Is second childlahness and sheer obliviou
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of Dress' tit youth, taste, passion, all save love of firess'

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

We went winding up the mountains, our massive engine drawing us up the curving grades without any apparent effort. Here and there beautiful valleys stretched out, and through them coursed placid streams pouring from mountain springs. We had crossed an iron bridge and made a curve, at the end of which another was in sight, winding to the left, and a short was in sign, winding to the left, and a short distance from the track a cottage stood in the shadow of the hills. Looking past it to a point just beyond, which was visible from my side of the engine, I saw—oh, horror—and I excitedly exclaimed, "A child on the track!"

At the exclamation the engineer sprang from his seat. One glance down the track and his face was pallid. A child three years old, perhaps stood midway between the rails and not one hundred yards from the engine. "My God!" I heard him utter in an agonized tone. I looked from him to the child again. It stood facing us, clapping its little hands as it was wont to do from its mother's arms, perhaps, at the passing of the cars. In another instant I was thrown forward -- almost pitching through the glass window in front of me. In the same instant I heard a scream, a woman's voice, and with arms aloft, and free paralyzed with terror, the mother stood upon the steps of the cottage. We were nearer the child, it was not twenty yards from the engint, which, under the pressure of the air brake, was bumping and jolting furiously. I looked at the engineer, his seat was vacant; again ahead; the pilot was within twenty feet of the child, the train still in motion, too rapidly to be checked before reaching it! I shut my eyes, my heart stood still. Again the mother's heart rending scream, and I opened my eyes to see the child tossed several feet in the air. My head swam as I averted my eyes, and I fancied I heard the crushing of the little form by the now slowly revolving wheels, when in husky tones I heard from towards the cottage a man's voice utter : " Thank God!"

I opened my eyes, and standing upon the pilot was doin Akers, holding in his arms the child-was doin Akers, holding in his arms the child-its face wreathed in smiles. The engine was now at a standstill. From the cottage the father came with blanched face and trembling steps. The child in merry accentealled out. "Want to ride, pape". He took his baby from John Akers accounted bearing and followed as in the Akers' extended hands, and folding her in his arms, he sank down on the earth beside the

The engineer clambered back to his perch, and sounded the whistle. The passengers looked out of the window wondering what had occurred. A trembling hand drew the lever, which started the engine, puffing and hissing until it was going at full speed again. I looked towards the engineer-his blue eyes were on the track shead, but they were dimmed. Tears were on his cheeks as he perhaps thought of what would have been his feelings if his own little girl had been the one on the track. Not a word did either speak until at Christianburg, on the top of the Alleghanies, two thousand feet above the level, the train stopped for supper. As we started to leave the engine, I grasped his hand. "You did an heroic thing, sir a brave, a

noble act."

Twas the air brake," he modestly replied, " 'twas the air brake that did it "

A CHINESE DEAMA.

A night "In a Chinese Theatre" of San Francisco is quaintly described in the June Contury by George H. Fitch, who says of the

The drama that was presented on this occasion is known as "The Diagon Disputing Pearls. It is a play of intrigue, in which diplomacy takes the place of love. In fact, the tender passion, which lends the main interest to the dramatic literature of other nations, is almost wholly ignored by the Chinese playrights.

In the drama referred to, the scene opens on the household of an Emperor, who is blessed with two wives. Each spouse represents a favored province that has shared in the honors and rewards of the royal choice. Each wife has borne a son, but to the son by the first wife he-longs the inheritance of the throne. The fierce borne a son, but to the son by the first wife belongs the inheritance of the throne. The fierce jealousy between the partisans of the two wives

is communicated to the two brothers, and in a quarrel the younger slays his elder brother, throws the body into the river, and gives out the report of an accidental drowning. The truth of this domestic tragedy reaches the ears of the Emperor. He summons the younger wife and her son. In the mother's presence he kills her boy, but not before she has bruised his forehead in her struggle to save the youth. Injury to the Emperor's person is a capital offence, and the wife escapes death only by declaring that she is with child. A short time after she gives birth to a boy. The Emperor has a great desire to get possession of this infant heir to the throne. He succeeds in palming off a spurious infant on the nurse. The mother detects the fraud, ascertains where the genuine child is hidden, dons male attire, and at the head of an armed force (six "supers") marches to the province and demands her child. A long parley is held with the governor of the province, but when the imperial flag is shown, this functionary delivers up the infant, and the militant mother returns in triumph. The Emperor is struck with her ability, recognizes the child as his heir, and peace broads over the imperial household.

The performance of this play—one of the shortest in the theatrical repertory—was begun at six o'clock and ended at midnight. It was relieved by not a sparkle of wit, not a solitary gleam of humor. The nearest approach to pleasantry was furnished by the speech of the Emperor when he killed his child. The mother coxclained, "Alas! you have slain our son."
To which his answer is: "Well, console your-self: I'm not going to kill him again." This brought out a burst of laughter from the audience; all seemed to regard it as a finished bit of humor. They looked on unmoved, how-ever, when the gory corpse rose and retired from the stage, while a member of the orchestra handed to the murderer a false head, which he apostrophized in blood curdling terms. The only other expression of enjoyment was elicited by the disguise of the mother in man's attire. When she stroked her long false heard, several of the spectators laughed heartily, while a ripple of smiles passed over the stolid faces of the others. The roles of the two wives were played by Chinese men with fine soprano voices. One was a skillful actor, and imitated many peculiar feminine traits and gestures with much nicety. The leading man, who was brought over from Pekin, and whose salary is \$10,000 a year, has a face brim-full of fun.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Choss Editor, Canadian LLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

We would advise all our friends to read the excelwe would advise all our friends to read the excel-ion article on chess, which appears in the Saturday Re-ion of the 6th uit, in which two works on the game, recently published are very favorably noticed. One is a "Complete Guide to the Game of Chess," by H. P., Meyer; and the other is "Chess Practice, &c.," by H. E. Bird.

We have not space to follow the writer through all his

E. Bird.

We have not space to follow the writer through all his remarks on the first of these works, but we cannot refrain from stating that he does not agree with the latter in all his views, especially with some of those which are found in the following extracts:

"The purest enjoyment we consider to be the composition of a problem, for thus is produced a thing of heady," which, in the words of Kents, is a loy for ever, Moreover, the solution of a problem is a source of much piecasure to many. The amisement in a game should not be based upon the notion of defeating an opponent, but of producing fine and successful combinations. This should be the true spirit of chess play."

"Some players, when once they had perceived a special art is the problem, cave up the playing of games, and spent their time in composition. These players adopted a higher and purer kind of enjoyment. Some other players have essayed composition, but have found it so difficult that they had to give it up in despair, and content themselves with ordinary play."

The reviewer says, speaking of the foregoing passages:

With much of this we can entirely go along. Most

The reviewer says, speaking of the foregoing passages:

"With much of this we can entirely go along. Most true it is what Mr. Meyer says of the artistic heanty of a chose problem. The delicate strokes those varied and unexpected combinations, of which he has given us such a store in the present volume, are indeed worthy of the highest interlectual admiration. But we cannot go along with him in his disparagement of games. The game, we must maintain still takes precedence of the problem We ask, is swiftness of action to be accounted as of no userit among the qualities which entitle men, and therefore which entitle chessplayers, to admiration! Swiftness of action has no part in the construction of a problem; very much the reverse fast Mr. Meyer himself. He tells us that the gradual construction of a problem may go on from week to week, for months, or years, and be successful, or may lead to abandonment altogether. Now in a game such slowness is out of the question. The pieyer of an ordinary game of chees (we and be successful, or may lead to abandenment altogether. Now in a game such slowness is out of the question. The pieyer of an ordinary game of chess (we exclude games by correspondence) has to make his move in the space of a tew minutes; his intellectual faculties must be all on the stretch; and is there not something in this that better corresponds with the conditions of his that bas more similarity to the decisions which we have to make in our every day career, than there is in the long, slow, refined meditation which produces a chess problem? Then, too, daring, which has but little share in the making of a problem, has very much to do with merit and with victory in games. Shall I venture this bold stroke? is a question which the player of a game has constantly to ask himself; the problem composer never. And lastiv (and this is per haps even the most important point of superiority in the game), whereas the problem, like a single battle in war, takes in only a few strokes—decisive and powerful, indeed, but still limited in extent—the game, like a campaign demands the faculty of patient preparation and reserve over a large field of action, while plans are being matured, and while it is as yet uncertain what precise form the conflict will take.

We feel convinced that these remarks will find favor with all true chessplayers, who, we imagine, must be actonished that any lover of the game who has once dealighted in the excitement of a context over the board should cast it aside entirely for the slow process of problem making.

Mr. Bird's work is very highly spoken of. It is said to

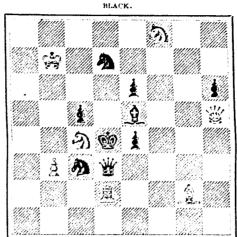
peculiarity of Mr. Bird's book is said to be the fact that he never gives any form of opening which has curred as part of an actual game.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

VIENNA, June 4.—The chess tournament score now stands; Mackenzie 124, Winawer and Mason, 13, Steinitz and Englisch 124. Blackburne 12, Zukertort 114, Hurby 11 and Ware 54.—Montreal Gazette.

PROBLEM No. 384.

By B. J. Laws.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 322.

White.

Black.

Q to Q Kt : Mates acc.

GAME SITTH.

A game played at the Café International between Captain Mackenzie and an amateur, the former giving the olds of Q R and the move (remove Black's Q R).

(Sicilian Defence.)

White .- (Dr. S.)

1. P to K 4

2. B to B 4 3. P to Q 4 4. Q takes P

Q to Q eq B to K Kt 5

6. B 10 K K U S 7. Q to Q B 3 9. P takes B 10. Q to K B 4 (a) 11. K to Q sq (b) 12. K to B 2 13. K to K t 3 14. K to B 3

14. K to R 3

Black,-Cartain Mackenzie,

1. P to Q B 4 2. P to K 3 3. P takes P 4. K to Q B 3 5. K to R B 3 6. Q to R 4 ch 7. B to Q K t 5

Kt takes K F 8. Kt takes K P 9. Kt takes Q Kt P 10. Kt to Q 6 dble ch 11. Q to K 8 ch 12. Kt to Kt 5 ch 13. Kt to Q B 4 ch 14. Kt to B 7 (mate)

SOTES.

tar His best move appears to be Q to Q sq

(b) Mate is now forced in four moves.



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A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office and at Brighton, on and after THURSDAY, the eighth day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$3,000 must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the execution of the works at the rates and prices submitted.

ecution of the works at the rates and prices submitted subject to the conditions and on the terms stated in the

support to the constituous and on the terms stated in the specification.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to acept the lowest or any tender.

F. BRAUN,

Dept, of Railways and Canals, (Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882.

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The works at each of these places will be let separately.

Maps of the respective localities, together with plans Maps of the respective localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after WEDNESDAY. the Thenty first Day of June next, where printed forms of Tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works at Fenelon Falls will be furnished at that place, and for those at Bucklorn and Burleigh, information can be obtained at the resident Engineer's office. Peterborough.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that Tenders for the different works must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, as follows:

Eventual England Fulls work.

For the Fenelon Falls work. \$1,000

Buckhorn Rapids work. 5500

Burleigh Falls work. 1,500

And that these respective amounts shall be forfeited it the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject to the conditions and terms stated in the specification.

The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the different parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 22nd May, 1822.

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