

right to continue my game as you have; and if there is any perversity in the matter you have more than your fair share of it."

"Do I then understand you to say, Mr. Lingard, that you have no intention of resigning a game that you cannot win?"

"Exactly so," replied his placid opponent, "I haven't the slightest idea of giving up, merely because you wish me to do so; a pretty pass things would be at if I was to do otherwise."

"Then Sir," indignantly exclaimed Damon, "I shall play no longer with you, and if you entertain the intention of claiming a victory because of my refusal to play under the circumstances, I do not envy you all the satisfaction that such a miserable gratification can impart; and let me further remark, that such a claim is tainted with a turpitude that even the rough brush of a *Salvator Rosa* would fail to portray, and is *Ultra licitum* by any statute contained in any known Chess Code."

This little outburst had the effect of bringing the worthy President back from dreamland, and in a dignified tone he rebuked the exhibition that had just occurred, and expressed the hope that nothing of the kind would be witnessed at the ensuing Congress.

"Hear! Hear!" ejaculated Wash, "but Mr. President you must acknowledge that there is no harshness meant in your rebuke; for you must be conscious that the excusable *lupus* of Maphop only proves the intense interest that he takes in our royal game, and evinces the laudable *esprit de corps* that keeps him in our ranks."

"That is all very well, so far as it goes," observed Vice-President Skich, "but if such an explosion is repeated by any of our players, when representatives from all parts of the country are assembled with us, it may be construed by them, as an evidence of want of skill by our men, who, it would be thought, fearing the superiority of their adversaries had caused a contention of the kind, in order to escape in the smoke of a disturbance."

"Mr. Vice-President" dissented Horsender, "I really cannot imagine that your remarks have any cogency; why Maphop's slight ebullition should be made the ground for a suppositious condition in the yet unrealized future, is more than I deem at all necessary, and then to hint at the possibility of any of our fellows showing the white feather in any way, is not doing the fair thing by your brother members; for my part I fear no man; and if anyone ventures too far on my endurance, he will count without his host, and get more than he bargains for."

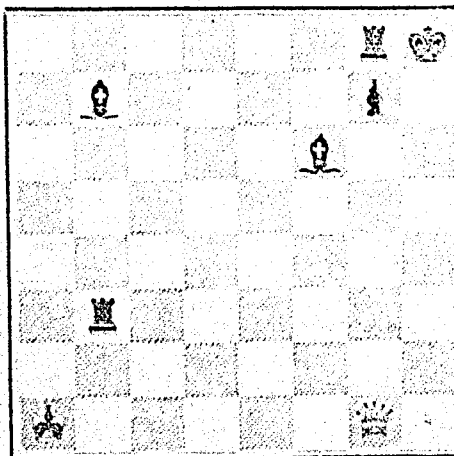
"Our Scotch friend is on his high horse to-night," explained Krowman, "in fact he has become a splendid illustration of his Thistle's motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*."

"Capital! really capital! Krowman," spoke up Wash, "let me tell you Sir, that your classical accuracy is only equalled by the fitness of its application, but yet Mr. President, is it not strange! very strange! how coincidences will arise; in our grand Anglo-Saxon language the short word ME, which means I myself, was actually spelled by the renowned *Marcus Tullius Cicero* with exactly the same letters that we employ, as illustrated by the quotation we have just listened to; and here also exactly the same meaning that we now attach to it; a naughty, noble English poet, has sung,"

"A 'strange coincidence' to use a phrase by which such things are settled now-a-days," and I suppose we cannot avoid noticing the coincidence which has settled now-a-days the similarity between the old classic and the Anglo-Saxon ME."

The hands of the clock were now indicating the approach of midnight, and judging from the humor the members were lapsing into, that play was about over, and having no interest in anything connected with the ensuing congress that might be brought under discussion, I decided on withdrawing, and with that view stepped over to the seat where I had left my friend Skinatton; he seemed oblivious of my approach; his eyes were apparently still intent on the paper before him; and curious to know the cause of his absorption and indifference to all that was taking place around him, I peeped over his shoulder and noticed that he was still scrutinizing the problem that he was working at when I entered the room at ten o'clock; no change of posture seemed to have taken place; the same wrinkles were manifest on his forehead; the same tightly compressed lips marked the unyielding will, and for aught that movement would indicate, the immobility of his person might, to a fanciful imagination, convey the idea of a piece of statuary, habited, in modern gar-

BLACK.



WHITE.

ments; or one of those figures that visitors have been accustomed to see at Madame Tussaud's. I well remember the problem, for the circumstances indelibly fastened it in my recollection, so that I am now enabled to give a copy of it. I touched him on the shoulder to get a "good-night" from him, but he gave no response; again I touched him, but he still remained motionless, then, not wishing to be thought rude, by leaving the room without thanking him for the amusement I had enjoyed, I grasped him by the arm and shook him gently but steadily, at the same time saying that I wished him good-night, and was now on my way home; at this he slowly raised his head, turned his almost expressionless eyes on me, and with a countenance blank in its unconsciousness, he dreamily mumbled

"Home! home! home! home in three moves; but I think it would take four moves; I am certain I could do it in five." Having muttered these words, his head languidly turned towards his paper again as if it had been part of a model working on a pivot, and his eyes once more yielded to the magnetism of the theorem.

Considering it would be cruel to disturb any further the chain of reasoning that evidently had entire possession of his mind, and not willing to be locked out, I left him with regret, trusting that another occasion would present itself in the near future when we would enjoy a pleasing interchange of ideas, on the chequered occurrences of this evening.

SAVING A TRAIN.

On the 19th of November, 1869, a terrible rain-storm swept over Southern Germany. For twenty hours the rain poured down in such torrents as had never before been known in that region, and it seemed as if the day were to be the beginning of a second deluge. Rivers overflowed their banks, and petty streams were swollen into rivers.

At nine o'clock at night the storm raged on with unabated violence, when Carl Springel set out on his crutches from the hut in which he lived alone, to carry an evening repast to his parent, who was on watch-duty at the bridge over the "Devil's Gulch," on the Great South German Railway.

The Devil's Gulch is a fanciful name given to an immense cleft in the rocks, 200 feet wide and 150 deep, which had been spanned by a strong bridge of wood and iron, believed by the engineers who constructed it to be capable of withstanding all possible assaults of wind and water.

It was the duty of Wilhelm Springel—Carl's father—to keep guard at this bridge on stormy nights, and warn the incoming trains of any lurking danger that might exist.

Beneath the bridge a mountain stream boiled and bubbled in ordinary times; on that night the heavy rains had swollen it to a furious torrent.

Carl Springel hobbled along slowly upon his crutches through the almost Egyptian darkness of the night, half-blinded by the rain.

When within one hundred yards of the bridge, an awful crash sounded out upon the night air loud above the din of the storm, and a shudder of horror ran through his brave young soul.

It was the bridge—the bridge which had been deemed impregnable. The bridge had succumbed to the fury of the water, which rushed down upon its foundations in irresistible torrents from the mountain side.

Hurrying on as fast as he could, Carl reached the railroad track, and his worst fears were realized. Upon the track, some ten feet away from where the entrance of the bridge had been, was his father's hand-car, with his red lantern burning dimly in it, and by the lantern's light Carl could see the full extent of the disaster. Every section, every timber of the bridge had been swept away, and the yawning gulf and the roaring flood were all that had been left.

"Father—father!" cried Carl, in his loudest tones. "Father—father," he called again, "where are you?"

But no answering voice responded, and there rushed across his brain the terrible certainty that his father had gone down with the bridge.

For a moment his breast was filled with unutterable anguish; but it was only for a moment. Quick as thought it flashed upon his mind that it was almost time for the last night train from the great city above, to come rushing along with its living freight.

No danger-signal gleamed from the watch-tower upon the bridge, and on they would come, unsuspecting of their peril until it would be too late, and they would be dashed in a moment into the seething flood more than 100 feet below.

What was to be done? Forgetting for the instant the great woe that had befallen him, Carl decided at once that it was his duty to supply his father's place, and warn the train of its peril in time to save it, if possible. But what could he do?

The tempest increased in its fury, and the rain poured down as though it could never stop. Hark! the train is coming! Already he hears it rumbling on towards destruction, and it must be near, or he could not hear it above the storm.

He cannot run with his poor crippled legs, so he throws himself upon the hand-car, and nerves himself for a mighty effort.

As though his own life was at stake, he begins to turn. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, he drives the car in the direction of the approaching train.

On—on, dashes the mighty iron horse; nearer and nearer it comes. Oh, if he can only warn

them while there is yet time to stop the train! If only he can get far enough off to save the train from rushing into that horrid grave.

On thunders the engine, and the track trembles beneath the heavy burden. Suddenly around a sharp bend 150 feet away, full on his sight bursts the blazing headlight of the engine.

Ceasing from his labor, Carl Springel braces himself with one hand, and grasping the red lantern in the other, swings it wildly above his head.

"The bridge is down—the bridge is down!" he cries, with all his power. "The bridge is down—the bridge is down!"

The engineer has seen him, but cannot save him. With a dull thud the engine clears the obstruction from the track and dashes along—but slower and slower.

The hand-car and the boy are hurled 50 feet through the air, and when the boy is found his body is crushed, mangled, and lifeless. But the train is saved. Trembling, gasping, staggering, the engine halts—halts not a dozen yards from the mouth of the yawning chasm—and all on board are saved—saved by the unparalleled heroism of this crippled boy, who has given up his life that they may live.

Two years ago, in a quiet village cemetery in the south of Germany, the writer saw the grave in which he sleeps. Upon a modest tombstone at its head, erected by the gratitude of those whose lives he had preserved, is this inscription:

CARL SPRINGEL,

AGED 14.

He died the death of a hero and martyr, and saved 200 lives.

HE WAS A BRUTE.

After Lucy returned from her boarding-school, and began Laying Pipe to secure a Young Man, she coaxed her Papa to let her take lessons from a Singing Master, and pretty soon she could vocalize quite well, and loved dearly to sit in the Parlor and Turn Herself Loose at the Piano. Lucy was very partial to sentimental songs, and seemed to be a Little Gone on those that had rather sappy titles, and the words to which did not mean anything in particular. She would hustle around the Music Stand for a while, and then come to the surface with a lot of such Truck as "Angel Voices Now Are Calling," "Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down," "When the Brown is On the Heather," and so forth. To hear Lucy singing "Tread Lightly, for Mother is Sleeping," while her Mamma was out in the Yard, with her mouth full of Clothespins, was worth quite a journey. But Lucy never seemed to think of the incongruity of such proceedings. She would Wrestle with the Piano every day, while both her Parents were working hard, and never think that Idleness is the Mother of Marines, and that the Singing Girl Gathers no Boss. One beautiful summer evening she was Having Her Hoot as usual, and had got far enough into the pile of music so that she was singing Sentimental songs. Finally she started on one that begins: "I Am Sitting in the Glen," when suddenly her Papa, who had been trying to read the Paper turned to his Wife and said: "How much do you think it would cost, mother, to move a fair-sized glen about nine miles, and fix things so that it couldn't come back?" Then Lucy began to cry, and said that her Papa was a Brute.—From Tales for the Toddlers.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 47. The accompanying quotation from Shakespeare was much to the point.

H. H., Richmond, P. Q.—Have sent you a programme by letter.

We have received the following programme of the approaching Congress of the Canadian Chess Association. In drawing the attention of the chess-players of the Dominion to its publication in our Column and elsewhere, we earnestly hope that they may be led to do all in their power to make this annual gathering of our amateurs a successful one.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Patron—His Excellency the Governor-General. President—F. Ledroit, Esq., Quebec. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. T. Workman and W. H. Hicks, Montreal; I. Ryall, Hamilton. Managing Committee—Messrs. J. B. Cherriman, Ottawa; F. N. Lambert, Ottawa; J. Barry, Montreal; E. B. Greenshields, Montreal; H. A. Howe, L.L.D., Montreal; F. H. Andrews, Quebec; E. T. Fletcher, Quebec; M. J. Murphy, Quebec. Secretary—J. Henderson, Montreal. The eleventh annual meeting of the Association will be held at 4 p.m., on Tuesday, the 26th December, 1882, and following days in Montreal.

THE TOURNEY

Open to all chess-players of the Dominion on payment of an entrance fee of \$1. will begin as soon as the organization of the meeting and the settlement of preliminaries have been effected. It is proposed to give six prizes, in the proportion of 1st (special prize given by the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association) \$25; 2nd, \$20; 3rd, \$15; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; 6th, a set of chessmen, according to the amount at the disposal of the Association. In addition to these prizes, the Trophy (value \$100), will be again competed for, to become the property of the player who (including last year's tourney) shall twice win the first prize of the Association. At least six players must compete for the trophy in each year. It is very desirable that clubs and members should at once send their annual subscription to the Secretary-Treasurer, 174 St. Hypolite street, Montreal. Clubs are expected to contribute a minimum of \$5, individual members pay \$1. Life-membership is obtained by a single payment of \$20.

By order, J. HENDERSON, Secretary-Treasurer C.C.A. Montreal, 9th November, 1882.

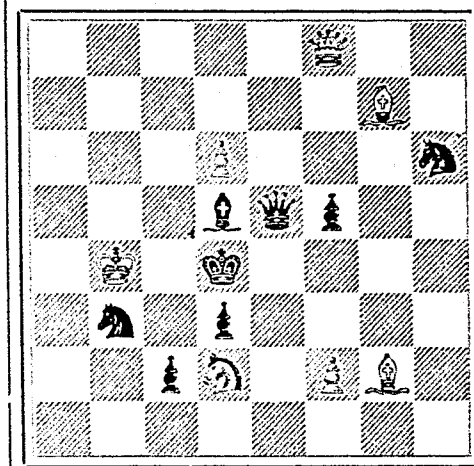
We learn from the Quebec Chronicle that the "Greeks" and "Trojans" are carrying on their annual contests in the Chess Club of old Stadacona. Should there be any of them left after their deadly encounters, we trust that they will not fail to present themselves at the next annual Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, where they will meet some of the Barbarians of Montreal and of the West, who will be ready and willing, we opine, to cross pawns with them.

On last Saturday week Mr. Max Judd encountered in simultaneous play twenty-two chess-players of the city, but failed to win any more than ten games, seven being lost and five drawn. Mr. Judd does not succeed so well in this style of play as others. In a recent contest of a similar kind in England Mr. Blackburne won eighteen and drew two games out of the twenty played.—Globe-Democrat.

PROBLEM No. 409.

By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 407.

White.

Black.

1 Q to Q Kt sq
2 Mates acc.

1 Any.

GAME 536TH.

The first game in the match played recently in Philadelphia between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez.

WHITE.—(Herr Steinitz) BLACK.—(Mr. Martinez.)

- 1 P to K4 1 P to K3
2 P to K5 2 P to QR3
3 P to K B4 3 P to Q4
4 B takes P 4 B takes P
5 P to Q4 5 P to QB4
6 P takes P 6 Q to QR4 ch
7 Kt to B3 7 Q takes P
8 B to Q3 8 Kt to KB3
9 Q to K2 9 B to Q2
10 Kt to KB3 10 Kt to QB3
11 B to K3 11 Q to QR4
12 Castles (KR) 12 B to B4
13 P to Q R3 13 B takes B ch
14 Q takes B 14 Kt to K Kt5
15 Q to Q2 15 Q to B4 ch
16 K to R sq 16 Q to K6
17 Q takes Q 17 Kt takes Q
18 R to K sq 18 Kt to K Kt5
19 Kt to K4 19 Kt to K2
20 P to KR3 20 Kt to KB3
21 Kt to B5 21 B to B sq
22 P to B5 22 K to Q3
23 P to Q Kt4 23 P takes P
24 Kt to Kt5 24 R to K sq
25 Kt takes P ch 25 K to B2
26 R takes R 26 Kt takes R
27 R to K sq 27 Kt to KB3
28 Kt to K Kt5 28 P to K Kt3
29 P to B4 29 B to Q2
30 Kt to Kt5 to K6 ch 30 K to Kt3
31 Kt to B4 31 R to Q sq
32 Kt to Q5 ch 32 Kt takes Kt
33 P takes Kt 33 Kt to Q5
34 R to K7 34 B to B sq
35 R to K5 35 K to B2
36 R to K7 ch 36 K to Kt3
37 Kt to R4 ch 37 K to R2
38 R to Q B7 38 K to Kt sq
39 R takes R P 39 R takes P
40 R to R5 40 R to Q3
41 Kt to B5 41 K to B2
42 R to Kt8 42 P to Q Kt4
43 K to R2 43 Kt to QB3
44 R to Kt7 ch 44 K to Q sq
45 B to K2 45 Kt to K4
46 K to Kt3 46 R to KB3
47 K to B4 47 Kt to B2
48 P to KR4 48 K to B2
49 B to B3 49 K to Q3
50 R to Kt5 50 K to B2
51 R to KB3 51 R to Q2
52 R to Q5 52 R to Q3
53 R takes Kt 53 R takes B
54 R takes B ch 54 R takes R
55 Kt takes R 55 K takes Kt
56 K to Kt5 56 Resigns.

Cadbury's COCOA ESSENCE.

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