

## JULY.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Dark as an Ethiop, eyes like the doe,  
 Dishevel'd tresses of the raven's hue;  
 Voluptuous lips, smile parted showing thro'  
 Their crimson tips, teeth white as Alpin snow.  
 Like Oriental dames she wastes her days  
 In wanton idleness in summer's bowers,  
 Mid all the splendour of luxuriant flowers  
 And dreamy strales of soft æolian lays.  
 A prodigal, nought careth she now soon  
 The rose may wither, or the glory fade  
 From earth's fair garden, lacking her sweet aid.  
 "Enough for all my days" saith she, "will bloom,"  
 'Tis thus she lives, and so her days all run  
 In amorous concert with her paramour, the SUN.

Montreal.

## SAVED BY A WOMAN'S SMILE.

It was at the sea-shore, the most fashionable resort of the time, that from one of the windows floated out in the evening air a woman's voice. She was singing an old song—Kathleen Mavourneen. There was a world of passion in her tone, passion really felt, not affected, one was wild enough to believe, as, leaning over the instrument, he listened to her song. She had a wonderful voice; so full and powerful now, and then again lulling one into a blissful dream by its soft sweetness.

The song was finished. Both the words and music had penetrated the inmost soul of Cecil Delmar.

"Why did you sing that song, Florence?" he asked.

"Because it pleased me," she answered, raising her eyes to his, and smiling.

How beautiful she was! And her smile! Did ever woman smile as Florence Carrington? Many have asked; such a bright, bewildering smile was hers.

"Florence, do you know your smile is the brightest that ever lingered on a woman's lips," Cecil said, gazing lovingly on her.

"So many have told me," she answered, with provoking carelessness.

"Aye, Florence, a smile which carries a man almost to heaven when it is given to him, or sinks him to the realms of despair, if turned on another. Florence, I never hear that song, 'Her bright smile haunts me still,' but I think of your smile, and feel as the poet must have felt. Yes, love, even in eye and heart it has lived, cheering, comforting, and bringing me back to you, ever constant and true."

"There, there, Cecil, do stop! One would think you were rehearsing for a private theatrical," she said, turning again, and running her fingers over the keys of the instrument.

"Florence!"

"Cecil, please do not stare at me so; it is very impolite. I should have thought your travelling abroad would have polished and changed you a little," she said.

"Changed! Florence what do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, Cecil, that three years might be expected to bring change to all. When you left home, I was a child, not knowing my own heart; and you—"

"A man, Florence, giving his heart with perfect faith to a girl he believed loving, constant, and true," Cecil exclaimed, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Nonsense, Cecil! Ours was but a boy and girl affair, and years have—"

"Changed the artless, loving girl to a woman of the world, no longer content with the devotion of one heart. Florence, you are trying me, say it is so."

"No, Cecil; nothing of the kind. I am sorry to grieve you, but it will only be a passing cloud. And you will, perhaps, thank me for considering your future welfare. You have work to do for years yet, Cecil; your fortune to retrieve, a name to make. And then you can think again of love. You wrong me when you say I am not content with the devotion of one heart. I am, and proud of it too. But it is the heart of one his country is proud of. And when so many fair women were sighing for what I have won, I should be content. See, Cecil."

She took from her pocket a little portrait, and handed it to him. It was the face of one Cecil had seen lingering long beside her the night before; one he had known by reputation for years; the most popular and polished gentleman of the time and place.

"Now, Cecil, I have acted candidly with you; can we not still be friends?"

He knew all then—knew she was lost to him—knew that the hopes of years were crushed—knew that the girl before him was false. Aye, but knew not that more than to him was she false—false to the pleadings of her own heart. Ambition had conquered in the contest, and love was buried in the hidden recesses of her heart. The false girl vainly thought that in the brilliant future she would win, if not happiness, at least content, oblivion of the past.

The compressed lips parted; he was about to speak to her—so upbraided, perchance, with words of forgiveness to part. Whichever it might have been was checked by the sound of a coming step—a firm, commanding tread. Both knew it. A flush mantled her pale face. With a cold, bitter smile, Cecil Delmar turned away. Another instant and she knew he had gone.

"False girl!" he said, "will wealth and position make her happy? Yes—perhaps; for surely she has no heart for aught else. How true! Well, the dream is over, and life has nothing more for me. Could my loss of fortune have made her fly from me? Ah, she might

have known how I would have worked for wealth and fame to offer her! How inviting the water looks to-night! The wave seems calling me. I will go!"

Cecil, leaving Florence, had wandered beside the sea-shore. Certainly life seemed very dark to him then. He believed the mysterious future could not be more so. Mounting on the pier, he determined from thence to plunge into the bosom of the ocean.

Although a late hour, many persons still lingered there. Cecil seated himself to wait their departure. At length all had gone away save a party just opposite.

"Come, let us go," said one of them.

"No, no," said a voice so peculiarly sweet that Cecil was suddenly drawn from his sad musings to listen.

"Do come now, Louise. What are you stopping for?" again urged one.

"No, no; I want to stay—to enjoy this scene. What a glorious night! Ours is a world of such beauty, I often think how can one wish to leave it!" said the sweet voice again.

"Oh Louise, as yet you have only seen the bright side of life. Clouds may arise—"

"Yes, I know. But don't talk of clouds. Now only see. The moon has stolen behind that huge dark bank, as if to demonstrate your ideas. But oh! true to life, the darkness is only temporary. Here our beautiful queen comes forth again, all darkness dispelling. I think the scene of the last few moments is a true picture of life, and with its lessons too. Oh, yes, I cling to our beautiful earth, never fearing its darkness, which I know must fade away, and the coming day be all the brighter for the dreariness preceding it."

Was she talking to him? Cecil almost believed she had penetrated his very soul, and was pleading to him for its safety.

"Louise, you should have been called Hope. That name would have just suited you, you are such a trusting, hopeful little body," said one of her companions.

"Yes; I know neither doubts or fears. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is my motto. Come, now we will go, if you please."

She arose, with her friends, and moved with them until within a few steps of Cecil, when she turned, as if for a last look on the beautiful scene.

Was it by accident or design that a cluster of natural flowers fell at Cecil's feet? He had seen them in her hair, a few moments before.

She stooped, as if to regain them, when Cecil sprang forward and caught them up. Quickly detaching one, he handed the others to her.

She saw him, he knew, for the night was bright and clear as noonday. Receiving her flowers, she thanked him with a smile—a smile so different to Florence's smile; not near so bright, but a gentle, sweet, pleading, saving smile.

She passed on, and Cecil Delmar drew back from the entrance of the "dark valley," and slowly followed—saved.

"Louise, what meant your words and actions to-night?" asked the gentle girl's lover a few moments after, when they were seated alone in a private parlour.

"Harry, you know I meant something?" she asked.

"Surely. I know too, my darling: it was something of good only."

"Thank you, Harry," she answered, her eyes filling with tears of joy. "I will tell you. You have often said I could read one's thoughts. Sometimes I can. That young man who sat opposite us I thought was waiting our departure to throw himself into the sea. I watched him closely from the moment he came near. I read despair on every feature. I talked for his ear, and saw he heard and listened. Believing I had caused to waver in his determination, I thought possibly I might save him. That was why I dropped my little bouquet, and smiled upon him. I may never see him again, as we leave to-morrow morning. But Heaven grant my endeavour may have helped him, if he was in despair, as I believed."

"Louise, you are an angel, and have saved one man from destruction, I know. What I am, you have made me. If that young man was in danger, you have saved him too, I think. I saw him leave the pier."

Years passed on, during which many times Cecil Delmar's thoughts reverted to the girl who saved him. Louise was a name to him most beautiful and sacred. A little flower, faded and yellow, was treasured away and prized dearly, when all reminders of Florence were lost and forgotten. He often heard of her in the world of fashion. Rumour spoke of her as not a happy woman. The man that many women smiled upon and "sighed for," as Florence had said, cared but little for the smiles of his wife. Perhaps he had looked into the depth of her heart, and found the skeleton hidden there.

Florence had told Cecil Delmar he had work to do. He had done, and was still doing it. Fortune had returned: Fame crowned him with her brilliant laurels. Fair women smiled upon him. Men were proud to call him friend.

Once more they met, ten years after, when Florence, regally beautiful, and a widow, seated in St. James's Hall, looked down upon the member for Elmville, who was finishing a brilliant speech on some exciting political topic. The same old smile—the bright, bewitching smile. But she felt its power was over; gone, she feared, beyond recall. He hastened not to her side. She almost despaired of his coming at all, when, as though they had parted but yesterday, he approached her. There was no hesitancy in

his greeting. Calm, easy, and graceful, he accepted the seat beside her, and entered into a conversation on the popular topics of the day. What cared she for them? Was it of this she had dreamed, watched, and waited for? Skillfully she turned his thoughts that they might drift back to other days. But he cared not to linger with the past, she felt.

Of his gaze wandered over the brilliant throng. At length Florence saw a look of great interest in his eye, and turning to her, he asked, "Do you know the young lady just leaving over there?"

"Slightly; I have met her. But she is not a very young lady—Mrs. Clifton. She is thought quite pretty," Florence answered.

There came a look of disappointment over his face quite unmistakable to Florence, as well as to a young lady friend who sat near, and who said, "Oh, but do not despair, Mr. Delmar. She is a widow."

"Thank you," Cecil answered, smiling.

And Florence saw the information gave him pleasure. A few moments after the young lady had left to speak to a friend in another part of the Hall. Cecil Delmar and Florence were alone. Turning towards her with a forgiving smile, he said, "Florence!"

Hope brightened again. It was the first time he called her so.

"Years ago," he continued, "you told me I might some day thank you. Perhaps I shall. You say Mrs. Clifton is thought pretty; to me she is more than beautiful. To her I owe all that I am. She saved me that night you sent me forth despairing, reckless. I intended to flee from the world which seemed so dark. Her words to others reached my ear. They were hopeful cheering. I hesitated in my purpose then. A little longer, and she smiled on me; that smile was my salvation. Do you wonder that to me she is more than ever woman was before? Until to-day, I have never met her since that night. I shall seek an introduction; and if fortune favours me, I shall thank you for my happiness."

There was no bitterness in his tone; she would have liked it better had there been. He was dealing candidly, truthfully with her. Next night at the Duchess of Lynville's "at home," she saw him beside Louise Clifton.

She knew he was happy; that he would grow daily happier. The gentle woman was smiling upon him. Smiles not deceiving were Louise's, but sweet and encouraging, coming not alone from lip and eye, but from the pure, beautiful spirit within.

Before the close of the session, Florence read the announcement of the approaching nuptials of Cecil Delmar, M.P., and the woman he loved as she knew she had never been loved.

She left the gay capital, a sad and disappointed woman. Life had taught her the severe lesson that wealth and position cannot satisfy the heart's yearnings.

## "THE AGE OF REASON."

The boy that went to the mill on horse-back, carrying the grist in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, when reproved by the miller, and told to divide the grist, replied that his father and grandfather had carried it that way, and he, being no better than they, should continue to do as they did. Similar, or equally as absurd, reasons are accounted as sufficient to warrant them in indiscriminately condemning Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, even though there is overwhelming proof that they possess the merit claimed for them. For many years the Golden Medical Discovery has been recognised as the leading liver and blood medicine in the market. Each year has brought an increase in its sale, and it is now used throughout the civilized world. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials are on file in the Doctor's office, attesting its efficacy in overcoming aggravated coughs, colds, throat and lung affections, also scrofula, tumors, ulcers, and skin diseases. Are you suffering with some chronic malady? If so, and you wish to employ medicines that are scientifically prepared; that are refined and purified by the chemical process employed in their manufacture; that are positive in their action, and specific for the various forms of disease for the cure of which they are recommended, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Full particulars in Pierce's Memorandum Book, kept for free distribution by all druggists.

## 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.—Letter received. The contents are very acceptable, and, as you will perceive, we have made use of them. Correct solution of Problem No. 127.

H. A. C. F.—Letters received, also solution to Problem No. 125.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 128 correct.

C. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 127 received. Correct.

Annexed will be found a statement of the prizes won at the Centennial Problem Tournament. It will be ob-

served that two prizes were gained by Mr. Finlinson of Huddersfield, Eng., and that Mr. Loyd, the celebrated American Chess Problem composer, carries off no less than seven.

## CENTENNIAL PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.

The Umpire, Mr. Cook, has made his award, and the following are the names of the victors and the Chess Columns to which they were contributed:

For the best single problem of the Tournament—Sam'l. Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the best set—Samuel Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the second best—Samuel Loyd, Cleveland *Sunday Voice*.

For the third best set—Jacob Elson, American *Chess Journal*.

For the best two-move—Samuel Loyd, Cleveland *Sunday Voice*.

For the best three-move—Samuel Loyd, Cleveland *Sunday Voice*.

For the best four-move—Samuel Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the second best two-move—Harry Boardman, Detroit *Free Press*.

For the second best three-move—Jacob Elson, American *Chess Journal*.

For the second best four-move—Samuel Loyd, Boston *Globe*.

For the third best two-move—J. B. McKim, American *Chess Journal*.

For the third best three-move—J. H. Finlinson, Huddersfield, Eng., American *Chess Journal*.

For the third best four-move—J. H. Finlinson, Huddersfield, Eng., American *Chess Journal*.

Samuel Loyd is the winner of both the Babson and McKim extra prizes or trophies, offered in their respective papers—the Boston *Globe* and the Cleveland *Sunday Voice*—for the best sets contributed to their respective Chess departments.

The Chess match between Mr. Blackburn and Dr. Zukertort, according to the latest intelligence, was to commence on the 5th of last month (June), and was to be played in London, Eng. The winner of seven games to be declared the victor, and the stakes to be £50 sterling.

It was arranged that the games should be played in a private room, but tickets of admission were to be placed in the hands of the Secretaries of the several London Chess clubs for disposal.

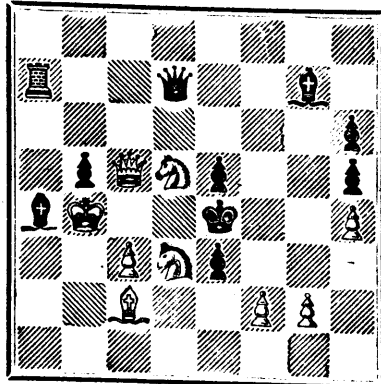
We shall anxiously look for the result of this long-expected contest, and be glad to publish any of the games that may reach us.

## PROBLEM No. 129.

(From Land and Water.)

This excellent position obtained "Honourable Mention" from the judges in the Mid-German Chess Association's Problem Tourney, and we shall be glad to receive solutions from our correspondents.

## BLACK



## WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

## GAME 186TH.

Played at London, Eng., some time ago between Mr. Bird and Mr. Lord.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- |                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.)       | BLACK.—(Mr. Lord.) |
| 1. P to K 4              | P to K 4           |
| 2. Kt to K B 3           | Kt to Q B 3        |
| 3. B to Kt 5             | Kt to B 3          |
| 4. Q to K 2              | B to K 2           |
| 5. Castles.              | Castles.           |
| 6. Kt to B 3             | P to Q 3           |
| 7. B takes Kt            | P takes B          |
| 8. P to K R 3            | P to Q B 4         |
| 9. P to Q 3              | R to Q Kt sq       |
| 10. P to Q Kt 3          | Kt to K sq         |
| 11. B to Kt 2            | P to K B 4         |
| 12. P takes P            | B takes P          |
| 13. Kt to Q 2            | B to Kt 4          |
| 14. K Kt to K 4          | B to R 3           |
| 15. Q R to K sq          | Q to K R 5         |
| 16. B to Q B sq          | Kt to B 3          |
| 17. B takes B            | Q takes B          |
| 18. Kt takes Kt          | R takes Kt         |
| 19. Kt to Q 5            | R to B 2           |
| 20. Q to K 3             | Q to K 3           |
| 21. Kt to B 3            | P to K Kt 4        |
| 22. P to K Kt 4          | P to Kt 3          |
| 23. Q takes K Kt P       | R to K Kt 2        |
| 24. Q to R 6             | R to K B 3         |
| 25. Kt to K 4            | Q to K B sq        |
| 26. Kt to Kt 3           | R to Q Kt 4        |
| 27. R to K 3             | Q to K B 5         |
| 28. Q to K R 4           | R to Kt sq         |
| 29. Kt to K 2            | Q to Q Kt sq       |
| 30. P to K B 4           | Q to Q 7           |
| 31. Q to B 2             | R to K B sq        |
| 32. P to B 5             | B to K sq          |
| 33. R to B 3             | B to K 3           |
| 34. Q to K 3             | Q takes R P        |
| 35. Q R to B 2           | R R to B 2         |
| 36. P to B 6             | R takes P          |
| 37. Kt to Q 4            | K to R sq          |
| 38. Q to Kt 5 (ch)       | Q to R B 2         |
| 39. Kt to K 6            | R takes Q          |
| 40. Q takes R (ch)       | R takes Kt         |
| 41. R takes Q            | B to Kt 4          |
| 42. R to B 7             | R to K sq          |
| 43. R takes R P          | R to Q 2           |
| 44. R to K B 3           | P to K 5           |
| 45. K to B 2             | P checks           |
| 46. K to K 3             | P to K Kt 3        |
| 47. R to B 8 (ch)        | P checks           |
| 48. R from R 7 to R 8    | P to K 5           |
| 49. R from B 8 to Q Kt 8 | P checks           |
| 50. K to Q 2             | P checks           |
| 51. R to R 5             | P checks           |
| 52. R takes P            | P checks           |
| 53. K to K sq            | P checks           |
| 54. K to Q 8             | P checks           |
| 55. K to K 2             | P checks           |
| 56. R to B 3             | P checks           |
| 57. R takes P            | P checks           |
| 58. K takes R            | P takes P          |
| 59. P takes P            | P takes P          |
| 60. R takes P            | P to B 4           |
| 61. R checks             | K to Kt 3          |
| 62. K to B 4 and wins.   |                    |