

## SONNET.

BY JOHN READE.

[ "The thing that hath been is that which shall be and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes, 1:9.]

Has aught been changed, or is there any more  
To tell of what the human heart can feel?  
Or is there any phase of woe or weal  
That has not been a thousand times before?  
We live the lives our fathers lived of yore;  
Our loves, our hates, our longings are the same;  
Our creeds have little changed, except in name,  
And our wise books repeat the ancient lore.  
The men who walked through Babylon's proud streets  
Were just such men as walk our streets to-day,  
And the fair maid who blushes as she meets  
Her lover—such as she, far, far away.  
Long, long ago (oh how the tale been told),  
Was many a sweet, fair maid who lived of old.

## PICNICING ON THE NOTTAWA-SAGA.

BY C. E. JACKWAY, M.D., STAYNER, ONT.

The locomotive utters a shriek of warning, the cars move slowly away from the crowded, noisy, dusty platform of the City Hall Depot, and I give a parting nod to my cousin Jack, who, leaning lazily against a huge heap of luggage, looks with pitying eyes upon his infatuated kinsman, that chooses rather to spend Dominion Day away among the green meadows of the country, than take part in the manifold amusements the loyal inhabitants of the Queen City of Ontario are preparing for the celebration of Canada's birthday.

Away we go, sluggishly at first, as if the iron horse is loath to leave its stall, but when Brock street is passed, and the fresh balmy breezes of the country begin to play around, it gives a fresh snort, dashes off into the bush, leaving Toronto and its busy streets far behind, and gallops at a break-neck pace over the land. How glad I am at the prospect of once more turning somersets down mossy banks, climbing trees, sailing, fishing, &c., after being cooped up for months in a dingy, seven-by-nine office, with my nose almost rubbing against mouldy, yellow, old documents! I am gladder perhaps than many would be under the circumstances, because I have not always been a "city chap," but was once a brown-faced, little country lad, that had chased the cows home many and many a time. Many a time too had I knelt at my fond mother's knee and said my childish prayers, while the robins called to me through the open window and told me it was too early to go to bed. Ah, well, she died years ago, that sainted mother, and the old homestead has passed into the hands of strangers, yet there is a tender spot in my heart that this busy world cannot harden, and it is sacred to the memory of my childhood home in the country.

On, on, we go through the beautiful County of York, stopping every little while, as if to give our loud-puffing steed a short breathing spell.

"Newmarket!" shouts the brakeman. Ah, this once was a familiar place to me, for here I went to school for some time. I look eagerly down the platform, but the faces are all strange—no, I am wrong, for there is a group that I have often met on the cricket field, and good upright cricketers they are, hard to conquer, but able to stand defeat like men.

"Hallo, Dick—Lem—Gus—how are you?" I shout. "Match to-morrow?"

"Yes," answers Dick, captain of the eleven, "with Bradford."

"I wish you luck! Good-bye!"  
A wave of the hand and we are off once more. Now I look steadily from the car window, for we are rushing over the road that I trudged along to school through sunshine, rain and snow. There is the pond where I learned to skate! Yonder, over that hill, is the old homestead I mentioned just now, and a big lump jumps into my throat as I strain my eyes to catch a better view of it through the trees. Poor old Holland Landing, you are a dear, romantic-looking place, even if your glory has departed. Listen! That is the church bell. Its music is dearer to me than that of any other church bell I ever heard. I may be prejudiced in its favour, but I do not believe you can find its equal in any rural church in all Ontario. Does not the little stone church look pretty too, crowning that beautiful hill? I must get off here for a moment. How strange the folks look! I imagine I have seen most of them before, but their faces are greatly changed. Ah, here is somebody I know! I shake hands confusedly with a lot of people, being ignorant of the identity of half of them, then away the train goes again, and I sink back in a state of bewilderment on my seat. I believe I would cry if I was a girl, there's such a big lump in my throat.

Then I began to sing a merry tune to drown my sad thoughts, but not being a success as a singer, I pitch it rather low, and in such a doleful key that the man in front turns around and stares at me in amazement.

"You're mistaken, young man," I grumbled to myself, as my song suddenly dies into silence. "You think I'm drunk? You're wrong this time."

Somehow the presence of this man jars my nerves. He must be thinking unfavorably about me, I suppose, and by some means the peripheral extremities of his nerves communicate with mine, and I feel that I am inferior to him in every respect. He is a bigger man than I am; his coat is not so dirty; his collar fits better than mine; and he glances at me once in a while in such a contemptuous way, that I begin

to look around to find another seat, but they are all occupied, so I shut my eyes and try to doze. I fancy I have a short nap, for when I open my eyes again we are all at Allandale, and there, across the smooth, glassy bay, is the beautiful town of Barrie. What a pretty picture! The sound of the tea-bell calls me from the magnificent view, and I hurry off to attend to the welfare of my stomach. There is no time to spare either, for I have hardly had enough to eat when the train is ready to go.

It is beginning to get dark now, and the fences and everlasting array of black pine stumps become indistinct as we hurry past them. My tormentor in front is putting on more airs than ever. Never mind, I'll soon be rid of him.

"Stayner!" Here I am at last! I jump up, and so does the man in front. He rushes out on the platform, and just as I am about to grasp the hand of my uncle, who is expecting me, he coolly takes the proffered palm and shakes it heartily. What a glance of lofty surprise he bestows upon me when uncle gives me a warm welcome!

Uncle then takes us, one on either side, and we accompany him to his residence, which is pleasantly situated in the suburbs of the village. Here we receive a kindly greeting from my aunt and three cousins. The cousins are young ladies, and tolerably good-looking ones too. We spend an agreeable evening discussing the programme for the next day. It has been decided to have a picnic at the mouth of the Nottawasaga, and I, having been there before, look forward to that event with much enthusiasm. The fact that Minnie May, a young lady whom I have seen on previous visits to this part of the country, is also going, no doubt adds to the brilliancy of my expectations.

I learn that my strange companion on the train is a Mr. Phillip Landon, who lives at Holland Landing, and is supposed to own considerable property. There appears to be some sort of relationship between him and uncle's family, but it is of such a remote nature that no one seems able to explain the connection. The girls make considerable fuss over him—no, I am not quite right there, for Fanny, the eldest, treats him with a little reserve, and soon comes over to me for a quiet chat, while the others jingle the old piano, and join with him in trios that certainly sound very well, Landon being a good singer. No wonder he stared when he heard me attempt to sing on the cars! Fanny is a very nice girl for a cousin, so I have an agreeable talk with her when the others do not make too much noise.

I retire to bed about twelve o'clock and dream about Minnie May until daylight, when I hear the girls talking and laughing. Hurriedly I spring up and dress myself, for we are to start off very early. It is a beautiful morning, without a cloud visible in the sky, excepting a misty gauze that floats over the blue mountains of Nottawasaga. Suddenly a waggon clatters round the corner, and Tom May, accompanied by his sister Minnie, drives up. I meet Minnie with as much ease as possible, but fancy that I am acting like an awkward body. After a great deal of bustle and confusion we are ready to start off. Of course I expect to be with Minnie, but, being a little fashful, pretend to be very busy assisting cousin Fanny, who sends me back to the house after her umbrella. Confound that fellow, Landon! He's actually taking my coveted place with all the coolness imaginable, so I have to go in uncle's waggon with Fanny.

We are soon rattling over the rough Second Line of Nottawasaga, that leads to the Georgian Bay, but somehow I do not enjoy the corduroy road as much as I did the last time I came this way. Fanny is very quiet too. I suppose she thinks there is no use exerting herself to amuse a cousin. All the rest seem to be having a lively time, and I can hear Minnie's voice mingling with Landon's as they try to sing; the song invariably breaking into a peal of laughter, as an unexpected jolt of the waggon nearly jerks their heads off. The roaring of the water now becomes very loud, and presently we are on the beach. "Good-bye, rough road!" shouts the driver. The horses quicken to a sharp trot as we touch the smooth, hard sand, and seem to enjoy travelling on a path of such unwonted evenness. The fresh, bracing breeze, the splash of the water, and the merry voices around, arouse for a short time my low spirits, so I burst out in a delicious way for a little while, but soon calm down again, and, although the drive along the beach to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River is perfectly delightful under ordinary circumstances, I am glad when it is over and we drive up a steep hill, round an abrupt curve, and into a beautiful leafy glade, where we come upon the cook of "Roaring Camp," who is busily occupied in frying fish.

"I—I—yes, to be sure, although—unexpected—nevertheless—that worthy person begins, as he waves his hat in one hand, and a two-pronged fork in the other, "I—say, Wes, Sed, Harry, Frank, come here!"

The individuals thus addressed rush from their tent and greet us with great hospitality. "We didn't think you'd have been here so soon, or we'd have been better prepared to receive you. I hope you've brought lots to eat with you," cried the foremost.

On making enquiry I find that those gentlemen complete our party—that, in fact, we are to be their guests for the day. I also learn that their camp has received the euphonious title of "Roaring Camp" on account of the noisy pro-

The horses are unhitched, tied to trees and fed, after which boats are produced. I never attempted to row before, so I grasp a pair of oars and go out to practice on the river before the others are ready. The exhibition I make is not very flattering to my vanity, as I cannot persuade the boat to go in the direction I endeavour to send it, and soon I hear my companions laughing at me, and I am sure that Minnie and Landon laugh louder than the rest. After many frantic efforts I manage to reach the shore, having formed a vague idea of how I ought to steer, but I am in a very bad humor, and my hands are beginning to blister. I do not feel like asking anyone to accompany me, so I pay no heed to any of the ladies, but wait moodily until Fanny takes pity on me. The rest are soon in their boats. Minnie and Landon take the lead, and he, no doubt intent on showing off his superiority, shoots away upstream at a very lively pace. It does not take long for the others to leave my boat far in the rear. Fanny is very quiet and sober-looking. I suppose she is not enjoying the sailor's pace at which we are going. For my part I wish myself back in the city again. After I tug at the oars for an indefinite period of time, Minnie and Landon suddenly reappear before us at a sharp bend of the stream. "We were afraid something had happened to you, and thought we had better come back to see," calls Landon.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," I answered somewhat ungraciously. "We are getting along very well."

Landon turns his boat about and off they go again. Fanny and I at length reach the place where the rest of the party have landed. "Dinner's ready!" they shout. "Hurry up!" My style of rowing is criticised so numerously during dinner that I make up my mind to stroll off and hide myself from my companions. I cannot eat very much, and soon sneak away from the improvised table, and hurry through thick bushes and over long ledges of sand, until I fancy I am free from interruption.

"This world is a mean, disconnected, disjointed institution," I grumble, as I gnaw savagely at my finger-nails like a hungry cannibal. While thus pleasantly occupied a crackling sound among the dry twigs near me attracts my attention, and looking up I see Landon approaching. His hat is pulled down over his face, which is darkened by a most unpleasant scowl. My first impression is that he has been taken ill, and is suffering from pain. When he notices me he gives a short whistle of surprise and approaches slowly.

"This is a miserable place!" he growls. "Why, I thought you were enjoying yourself!" I ejaculated in surprise.

"I am bored nearly to death, but I thought all the rest of you were as happy as possible."

"I might be happy enough under some circumstances," he answers grimly. "If I hadn't been tied to that lifeless little girl I could have made my existence more endurable. If I had such a girl as your cousin Fanny to accompany me I'd feel better."

"Then why in the name of common sense didn't you take her instead of leaving her to me?" I blurt out, being somewhat incensed at the manner in which he spoke of Minnie, though I had been calling her all sorts of names, mentally, myself.

"I've had mighty little chance," he replied.

"You've monopolized her ever since we arrived last night, and I've hardly been able to speak to her, I don't wonder though, for she's a splendid girl."

"She's well enough, but I don't care for cousins under some circumstances, so if you'll tie yourself to her for the rest of the day, and allow me to attend to your former partner, I'll be satisfied."

"That's a bargain," he exclaims energetically, "let us go back!"

Off we travel together at a rapid pace, and are hailed as a couple of naughty truant, that have been away enjoying a quiet smoke undisturbed by feminine tongues.

"Minnie," I say in some anxiety, "are you afraid to trust yourself in a boat with me?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, come along," I impetuously exclaim, and we are soon gliding down stream. "I have not had a chance to speak a word to you all day," I say presently, "you've stuck so closely to that Landon."

"I couldn't help myself," replies Minnie. "You and Fanny are so absorbed with each other that I had to become the martyr."

"Martyr!" I echo. "I've been the worst kind of martyr all day."

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself extremely well for a martyr," she answers demurely. "I've not enjoyed myself a bit yet, and will not unless you allow me to be your cavalier for the rest of the day."

"What about Fanny?"

"See for yourself," say I pointing shoreward. Fanny and Landon are walking along the river bank very slowly, and, if I mistake not, Fanny appears more animated than she has at any previous time during the day. Minnie looks in the direction I point out, but says nothing.

Either I am becoming more proficient in the art of rowing than I was, or Minnie does not weigh as much as Fanny, for I find there is more pleasure in rowing now than there was before. We are silent for some time, and Minnie looks very pretty as she sits with down-cast face looking into the clear water—so pretty, in fact, that I forget myself and tell her that I love her, that I have loved her for I don't know how long,

and that I want her to be my wife. Dear girl, she blushes painfully and tries to hide her face, but falters out a low, sweet "yes" in answer to a certain question I ask her.

How fast the time flies! Why, I am astonished when they say it is time to go home. If you want to have a good, enjoyable time don't forget the Nottawasaga River. It is the most delightful place imaginable. Then the drive home in the evening along the beach, with the great setting sun hanging just over the horizon, tipping every wave of the broad bay with gold, is glorious. I do not know how Fanny and Landon are getting along. I hope they are as happy as we are. I don't believe Landon is a bad fellow after all. It is very dark before we get home, but Minnie and I can talk more boldly in the dark, so, before the horses stop, the time is fixed for our wedding.

"We've had a splendid time, haven't we, Fanny?" I overhear Landon say, as they are bidding Minnie good-night.

"Yes," replies Fanny enthusiastically, "it was the best picnic I ever was at!"

From which remarks, and other little tokens, I infer that she and Landon have arrived at quite as satisfactory an understanding as Minnie and I.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 229 received. Correct.

G. W. L. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 229 received. Correct.

R. F. M. Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 226 received. Correct.

J. W. Ottawa.—Letter received. Many thanks.

H. L. Clarkburg.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 229; also of Problem for Young Players, No. 226. Try No. 228 again.

We have often been asked by learners what are the best methods to be pursued by those who are desirous of becoming skilful in the game of chess. We answer that the general opinion seems to favour practice, as much as possible, with those who are able to play well, and a steady determination to reach a like proficiency.

There is, however, as regards the carrying out of these means, one impediment, and we are inclined to believe that it is the reason why so many after beginning to feel an interest in the game leave off disappointed with the little progress they are able to make. Those who are to a fair extent at home over the board, are not at all anxious to play at chess in order to improve inferior players. They are willing to play for their own amusement, but they are not inclined to teach. As a rule people are not fond of teaching as a profession. There are, indeed, few amateur teachers. The player who has by study made himself a proficient wishes to meet with a foeman worthy of his steel. One as nearly equal to himself as possible, so that the contest may produce that excitement which is the soul of the game. Should he win, he has added to the number of his hard-earned victories; should he lose, there is no discredit. If, however, his antagonist be a learner, and considerably inferior to himself, to win a game is a tame affair, to lose is disgraceful.

The benefit and excitement are all on one side. A young man determines to improve his chess play, he joins a club, and puts himself in the way of those from whom he can learn, he finds, however, that all on a level with himself are equally desirous of self-improvement, and that the advanced players are not willing to sacrifice their own enjoyment for the sake of others. In this way, numbers throw up the game with disgust, not, however, without determining some hard feelings towards those whom they look upon as selfish to a degree.

Now, there is one plan which we can strongly recommend to every young player, and one which we feel sure, if carried out steadily, will enable him to approach very rapidly every antagonist he may meet, although at the beginning of their encounters the difference in their play may stand considerably in the way of there being anything like what might be called a rivalry over the board.

The plan we propose is the study of chess works, chess openings, the theory of the game, combined with the continuous practice of the game by playing over specimens of the skill of the great masters, which are to be found in all works treating the subject scientifically.

There is no royal road to chess. It is like all good things, to be sought for by hard study. We must not expect others to do for us what we can do for ourselves. Therefore, we advise our young friends to play over the games of Morphy, Anderssen, Lowenthal, Staunton, La Bourdonnais, Macdonald, and a host of others who are giants in their way. Let them try to fathom the deep thought which produced the beautiful combinations which games of this character exhibit, and their progress will soon lead to their being agreeable antagonists to any whom they are likely to meet in an ordinary chess circle.

CAISSA.—The heroine of Sir William Jones' poem on chess, (1763) and since then generally regarded as the Muse, or goddess, of chess:—

O'er hills and valleys was her beauty famed,  
And fair Guizta was the damsel named.

George Walker, in his admirable sketch of the immortal contests between MacDonnell and La Bourdonnais, says:—"I have seen MacDonnell an hour and a half or more on one move; and I once timed La Bourdonnais 55 minutes. Herr L. Paulsen has consumed 50 minutes on a move, but Paul Morphy seldom took over five minutes."

There was a large gathering of chessplayers at Leigh last week, on the occasion of Mr. Blackburne's visit to the town. The meetings were held in the reading-room of the Liberal Club, and on the first day of his visit Mr. Blackburne played simultaneously against all comers, losing only two games in the middle. The winners were Mr. Allan Green, of Bedford; and Mr. John Alfred, of Chesham. On the second day the English master played a tour against eight of the local champions; and, as he invariably does, brought all the games to a conclusion at one sitting—indeed, within the space of a few hours. The play resulted in Mr. Blackburne winning six games and drawing the remaining two.

The tournament for the Lowenthal Cup at St. George's Chess Club ended last week in Professor Whyte carrying off the trophy with a score of nine out of a possible twelve, Mr. Minchin securing second honours with a score of seven and a half.—Illustrated London News.