

JEEMS KAYE AT A GRAN' DINNER.

It's no often we go oot, and still seldomer dae we go to what ye might ca' gran' parties; but the ither day we got an invitation frae an auld freen' wha's got weel on in Glasgow, and we of course accepted it. Being but a common man, I wis a wee nervous; but Betty said—

"Jeems, jist be carefu' and feel your way. Never dae anything first—ca' canny and watch weel the ither, for noo-a-days fashion's every-thing. If yer neebor asks for mair soup, get you some, and sup it slowly tae. Keep behin' and above a' speak laigh—never raise your voice abin a whisper. And, Jeems, dinna put your elbows on the table, or pick your teeth, or put your knife in your mouth—aye work awa' wi' the fork—and when ye get a glass o' wine, tak it like medicine, and don't say 'your guid health, mem.'"

Arriving at the door we were ushered in, and wha did I see but Sandy Kerr, oor beadle's assistant—he rings the kirk-bell and keeps the fire on, and sic like—he directed Betty up stairs tae tak' aff her bonnet, and I says—"Bless me, Sandy! are ye here? and is John the beadle here?" "Oh, aye he's upstairs, ye'll see him when ye go up." "I'm gled o' that, I'll hae a crack wi' him. Man, ye've an unco heap o' bottles and glasses in there," I says, keeking in at the dining-room door; "we might go in and get a bit taste, it's vera chilly hurling in these cabs in weather like this." So in we gaed, him and me. He wis for gettin' some wine, but I looks roon and got the decanter o' whiskey, and as I poured out a wee drap, I says—

"Your guid health, Sandy, and may it no be lang till ye get a beadle'ship o' yer ain, I'm nae great judge o' thae kin' o' foreign drinks like champagne and zoedone, and thea things; I aye like tae stick tae what I ken best—a wee drap o' the 'auld kirk.' D'ye ken I think we'd be nane the waur o' anither yin! They say it gie's ye an appetite! We'll—"

Here the bell rang, and anither arrival coming in, Sandy had to flee, so I crept awa' up the stairs. Betty wis waitin' on the lau-lin, and we were ushered intae the drawing-room, where after shakin' hauns wi' the host and hostess, I got a card wi' the name of a leddy I wis tae tak' doon tae dinner. Somehoor or ither, through my nervousness or something, the card got mis-laid. The only thing I could dae wis tae turn back tae Betty, but as she wis claimed by anither gentleman, we had a fine rippet o'er the head o't. Peace was restored at last, and doon we marched tae dinner, I getting for a partner a wee, but vera dignified, lady wi' a fan, wha aye kept smelling at a wee bottle. Tae mak' amends for my causing the confusion o'er Betty and the card, I tried a bit joke, tae mak' mysel' as pleasant as possible, so I says wi' a lauch, "Is that Islay or Campbellton, mem? There canna be muckle in't, but maybe it's no reduced!"

Instead o' a smile, as I expected she would gie, her face grew red, and she glared and frowned at me.

"Hoot, toot!" says I, "I'm no gaen tae mention it tae onybody, but between you and me it wis maybe fauseing o' you tae bring't, for in thae teetotal datsy saying wherehere's nae ye may land; but I can assure you in this hoose there's plenty, for I saw't, ay, an' tasted it tae."

She was so ashamed at me haeing seen the bottle that she never answered me, so I sat doon between her and an auld gentleman wi' grey whiskers and a broon wig, and seeing what I took tae be a bill of fare I lifted it and began tae read, but it was a' in Greek or Latin, I'm no sure which. Sic names, indeed, I never saw, so I says tae the auld gentleman—I'm afraid I've got the wrang bill."

He looked around and remarked wi' a lauch, "Oh, no, its all right, the dishes taste better wi' thae names, you know." So we sat still a wee, and wha does I see but John Simpson, oor beadle, comin' in tae the room and walking about behin' the folk as if he coodna get a sate, so I stood up and cries:—

"Hey, John, come up, and I'll mak' room for ye. We're a wee crooked, but I think ye'll can squeeze in."

John made a face at me, and then gettin' helped tae a plate o' soup he cam' back carryin't afore him.

"Here, John," I says, "come awa', an' I'll mak' room for ye."

At this my freen in the broon wig whispers tae me. "Why, that's a waiter."

"Oh, no," says I, "he's a beadle—in fac' he's the beadle o' our kirk. But he's a dacent man for a' that, although I wisna aware he had been invited here till a little ago."

"Never mind him," replied the auld gentleman, and as I saw a' the folk looking at me, and as Betty wis kicking me below the table, I thoct it wid be best to let John look oot for himsel', and I whispers tae my partner:—

"Can I assist ye, mem, tae ony wine; or wid ye prefer a wee drap whisky? I says stick tae it mase!—I feel it agrees wi' me best, its no sae heavy."

"No," she says, "I always drink claret."

"Ah!" I lauched, "soor a wee. Claret soor, and champagne watery, forbye being dear; port and sherry are no sae bad; but whisky is the only drink suitable for a' climates and a' seasons. In summer heat or winter cauld, whisky is what I might ca' in poetic language the *nil desperandum* o' drinks. Noo I'm sure ye coodna drink claret the time o' the last hard frost? As my worthy freen Councillor Martin says, it wid actually mak' a slide—Ahem! Claret may dae awa' in India or where'er it's made, but we're ower near the North Pole here, mem. Try a wee

drap whisky, and I'll get ye anither bit o' this 'Fille de Bouf,' whatever that is." She wisna sociable, however, so I turned tae the auld gentleman, and I says: "They're very fine glasses, thae red yins; are they for the toddy?"

"Oh, these are for the claret," he replied. "Aye, jist so," I remarks, "fine feathers mak' fine birds. I've been looking ower this bill, and it seems tae me a' the things are frae abroad, and I'm quite at a loss tae think what tae ask for. In the first place I dinna ken what the dishes are; and in the second place even though I kent, I coodna pronounce their names. I managed tae seek for mull-i-go tawny, and I got a spunefu' o't but here yin 'Chatee municipal en Espagna'; noo, in the name o' a' that's guid, wha's that? I feel I could eat mair, but wha am I tae eat! In the midst o' plenty I'm starvin'! Here's anither, 'Merin de Tower de Babel a la Creme,' something like the Tower o' Babel, isn't it? That'll be yon tap-ittoorie thing in the middle of the table; it looks weel. Then there's 'Macaroni au Gratin'; sich nonsense! Dear me, it's an awfu' genteel worl' noo. Weel, weel, pass me a wee bit o' the Tower of Babel will ye!"

I got a bit o't, but although it was nice, it wisna satisfying, so then I had a corner o' the "Municipal Buildings"—it was like taffie, and I had tae gie't up. Hoovever as a decanter was no far frae me, I began tae be mair at hame.

Dinner was finished at last, and when the bottom dish had been preed, the waiters cam' roon wi' gold plates, and everybody dipped their towels in them and put them to their lips and foreheads. As I, hoovever, wis a wee hot, I rowed up my sleeves and put in my hauns, and then gie'd my face a rub—it was rael fine scented water. Indeed, I wondered tae see it sae plentiful.

But I needna say more. It was a grand affair tae see the table; ye wid hae thoct it was fit for a king—silver knives and forks, and the waiters better dressed than oor minister, wi' faur whiter neckties and aboot ten plates. A' that's no jist in ma line; I'm no accustomed tae't, ye see.

The very grandeur o't took awa' my self-possession, but next day, after some exercise o' spirit, I returned tae my auld ways wi' a contented mind.—*Jeems Kaye in the Ballie.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A new monthly magazine, to be called *Our Times*, will appear on the 1st of May next.

A PHOTOGRAPH has been secretly taken of the back of Mr. Gladstone's head since its recovery; the many doubts expressed as to there being a scar will be thus set at rest.

LADY Land Leaguers can perpetrate "bulls" as well as their brothers. One of them the other day declared that the triumph of their cause was as certain as that "to-morrow's sun would rise and set in the east."

MR. PARNELL will be married shortly after Lent to a rich American heiress, a very beautiful girl. Perhaps matrimony may sober him down a bit; let us hope, at any rate, that he may experience some of the effects of "home rule."

RUMOUR wishes again to shuffle the Cabinet cards, and to get Lord Derby with all haste into the Ministry. Rumour is not wholly without foundation. Lord Derby will be a Cabinet minister before the year is out.

A STATUE of the late Thomas Carlyle is to be erected on the Chelsea embankment, not far from the venerable seer's residence. It is not improbable that Mr. Boehm's design will be adopted. This represents the philosopher in a sitting position.

SHOULD it be necessary for Mr. Bradlaugh to present himself for re-election at Northampton, in the event of his return the old controversy respecting the oath will be revived. There are reports that the Government will endeavour to get over the difficulty by proposing to abolish the religious oath altogether.

BIT by bit the truth about the armistice is coming out. Mr. Gladstone has stated that Ministers did not ask for it. It comes out that Sir Evelyn Wood did not originate it, but that the suggestion for it came from President Brand. But it seems clear that the suggestion came from our Government to President Brand. This is the Jesuitical way of getting out of the mess.

THE other night the detectives on duty about the House of Commons were engaged in watching the proceedings of a newly-arrived American. They noticed that he had what appeared to be very serious conferences with sundry Irish members, who came out to him one after another. He was for hours quite an interesting object in the lobby. Dark, somewhat "grim-visaged," he might have passed for the coming commander of Stephen's insurrectionary forces. He was only a certain Western journalist, bent on interviewing Mr. Dillon and other Irish members.

MR. GLADSTONE has discarded his black silk skull cap, and now looks very much as usual.

Some disappointment, mixed with a feeling almost akin to indignation, was felt by the wags of the House (who had managed to extract a good deal of amusement out of the skull-cap) to find no trace whatever of the terrible fracture of the cranium that had convulsed the population of Greece with sorrow, and had engaged the attention of one celebrated surgeon and two eminent physicians! Palpable marks of a great star-shaped wound were the least that could have been expected under the circumstances; but the Premier exhibited no indications of anything of the sort, so the fair assumption is that a vast amount of human sympathy has been unnecessarily displayed.

A PROPOSAL has been made and has received so much financial support that its reality is secured, to establish a musical club or re-union, to be supported exclusively by the cream of the upper ten thousand, including all the members of the Royal Family. The great success which has attended Lord Dunmore's concerts has given an impetus to the movement, and it is proposed to build at the West-end a theatre to be devoted exclusively to musical entertainments of the highest class. The capital is to be subscribed by the members of the club, and a capital of sixty thousand pounds will, it is believed, be sufficient to start the undertaking. This amount has already been subscribed. Captain Davies, of the First West India Regiment, is the secretary, and the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Dunmore are to be the chairman and vice-chairman. All the other members of the Royal Family (Her Majesty alone excepted) have now attended Lord Dunmore's concerts at Aberdeen House.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

I AM inclined to think that "Lenox Dare" (1) is the best sustained effort of Mrs. Townsend's that I have seen. The story is simple enough in outline; the picture of a young girl of gentle birth brought up amongst utterly uncongenial surroundings, and, as a natural result, misunderstood and disliked; of her flight from home in fear of being sent to work at a factory; of her kindly reception by comparative strangers, and the development of her fresh, innocent nature into womanhood. Simple as the framework of the tale is, it gives opportunity for the working out of a thoroughly consistent ideal, for the picture of a beautiful character, moulded only so far by circumstances, as every one of us must be, and preserving throughout a harmonious consistency and fidelity to nature which is rare to find in similar or even more ambitious works. The account of the manner in which the possibility of the existence of gross sin in the world first dawned upon the perfectly guileless girl, ignorant till then that such things could be, is not only intensely dramatic and powerfully told, but is admirable in its absolute truth and reality. There are few of us probably who realize the intense pain, coupled with the sense of absolute despair, felt by the really innocent and pure at the mere fact of sin's existence. Just as ordinary folk shudder at the account of some frightful atrocity committed by savage barbarians in some refinement of fiendish cruelty; as we feel at such a moment a crushing sense of hopeless shame and despair for a world in which such things can be; such a shock we may easily believe may accompany the revelation of gross moral iniquity to the pure and innocent soul. "Lenox Dare" is a work which should have a distinct influence for good. A pure healthy tone runs throughout it, and gives it a moral, no less than an artistic excellence, which is far to seek amongst modern novels.

A LITTLE poem, with the title of "Motherhood" comes to us from the same publishers. (2) The anonymous authoress, whilst appealing to her critics to preserve her *incognito*, claims for her lines simply the merit of being what has been called elsewhere "a certain phase of a certain mind," passing through the sorrows and joys of motherhood. Such a work, written in such a spirit, is hard to criticize. Viewed from an artistic point of view its claims to recognition are only moderate, but there is a certain reality of feeling and tenderness of expression which are of the true metal, though the hand was not skilled to hammer them into recognized form. The early part of the poem is the best, though somewhat ambiguous at times in the matter of simile, and, as it seems to us, a little likely to offend in the application of the promises spoken to the "Mother of God," as applicable in terms to a human being. There is, however, a tendency to bathos in the attempt to construct heroics on such subjects as the children's bathing and subsequent dressing. "Bring in the brimming bath" has an unpleasant suggestiveness of Bon Gaultier about its alliterative grandeur. But much is forgiven to them that love much, and read in this spirit the little poem is a touching record of an experience none the less sacred that it is common to womankind the world over.

THE CANADA LUMBERMAN has come into new hands, and we are glad to see that it is doing well the work which it proposes to itself, and for which there is ample room in the Dominion. Messrs. Toker & Co., of Peterborough, are the new proprietors of the paper.

OUR enterprising contemporary, "Quiz" to whom we are indebted for many good things, appears with the first chapters of a new novel by Mrs. Florence Duncan, whose many friends in

(1) "Lenox Dare," by Virginia B. Townsend. 1881. Boston, Lee and Shephard; Montreal, Dawson Bros.
(2) "Motherhood," a Poem. 1881. Boston, Lee and Shephard. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

this country will be pleased at the news. It is of course impossible to judge of a novel from the opening lines, but all Mrs. Duncan writes is worth reading, and her pleasant style is recognizable from the first.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our agent, Mr. O. Aymong, will visit Ottawa and all places on the Q. M. O. & O. R. to Hochelaga during the next fortnight, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions due to this paper, and obtaining new subscribers. We trust that those who are in arrears will make a special effort to settle with him.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
R. Hamilton.—Letter received. Thanks. Will answer in a day or two.
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Both Books in Problem No. 321 are white.

We find few chess amateurs who are fond of problems which require many moves for their solution, and yet when we observe that the Philadelphia Progress publishes a position on the chess-board which requires exactly one hundred moves in order to mate the King, we feel that there must be a choice few who take pleasure in such elaborate compositions, otherwise no designer of enigmas of this nature would spend the time and labour necessary for their construction. We always look upon brilliant two-movers as gems, and, as a problem-solver of our acquaintance says, "the more they puzzle us, the more they appear to shine, and the better we like them," but we must become much more skilful in solving them, and their next of kin, the three-movers, before we screw up our courage to attack a formidable position, in which White has to move and mate in a hundred moves.

We give in our Column this week the score of the contest between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Judd, as far as the particulars have reached us. The fact that each player, up to the present, has won the same number of games, must add greatly to the interest of the contest, and the result of the next game or two will be anxiously looked for by chess amateurs generally.

We are glad to notice the re-appearance of the Chess Column of the Morning Chronicle, Quebec. It was discontinued for a short time, owing to want of space during the sitting of the Parliament at Ottawa.

In the Judd-Mackenzie match the score at present is Judd, 3; Mackenzie, 3; draws, 0.

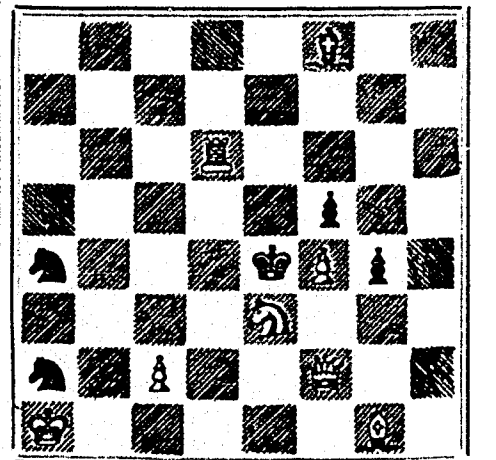
The seventh game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie came off last night, at the rooms of the St. Louis Chess Club, in the Mercantile Library Building. Mr. Judd played the Scotch gambit, but made a mistake, lost a piece, and finally the game.—*Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.*

Four games have been played in the Blackburne-Gunsberg match, and the score, bearing in mind two games conceded at starting, now stands as follows:—Gunsberg, 3; Blackburne, 2; Draws, 1.—*Land and Water.*

PROBLEM No. 324.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 451ST.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

CHESS IN ST. LOUIS.

Fourth game in the pending match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(Irregular Opening.)

White.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) Black.—(Mr. Judd.)
1. P to Q 4 1. P to K B 4
2. B to K Kt 5 (a) 2. P to K R 3 (b)
3. B to K R 4 3. Kt to K B 3 (c)
4. B takes Kt 4. K P takes B
5. P to K 3 5. P to K Kt 3
6. Kt to K B 3 6. P to Q 4