

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

FANTEE & ASHANTEE.—The word "Fantee" is said to have originally signified "eater of cabbage" or green vegetables, which is "Fandidi" in the Otyl language; whereas the eater of grain was called "Shan-didi," or Ashantee, in the same common speech of their progenitors.

ADAM'S APPLE.—Adam's apple is the name given to the protuberance in the fore part of the throat, occasioned by the thyroid cartilage of the larynx. This name originated from a superstition tradition that a piece of the forbidden fruit which Adam ate stuck in his throat, and occasioned the swelling.

BIBLE IN A QUEER PLACE.—It is said that a copy of the Bible, bound in calf, according to the Edinburgh Scotsman, was lately found in the stomach of a codfish, and bore the name of William Sim, and the date 1830. It has been learned that Sim was a sailor of Dundee, who went to sea in 1831, and has not been heard from since. The supposition is that everything appertaining to him was devoured by this fish, which has been tormented for forty years with an indigestible Bible in its stomach. If this is true it is certainly encouraging to typographic artists.

CHISWICK MANOR HOUSE.—Lovers of books and of old bits of London will be sorry to hear that the large old house on Chiswick Mall, sometime called the Manor House, and known as the original seat of the Chiswick Press, so famous in typographical history, has been pulled down and its materials sold. This building was formerly an appanage to Westminster School, was used, we believe, as a sanitarium, as it was sometimes called a "pest house." It is, or was, the property of Westminster School. Some architectural remains and carving, said to be of Norman character, have been excavated on the site, parts of an ancient structure.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.—The view of the beautiful tower and spire of one of Wren's most fortunate designs, St. Martin's, Ludgate, has been seriously injured, and the whole structure dwarfed, by the erection of a rather pretentious block of warehouses or offices on the east side, and immediately adjoining the church. The effect of this addition to Ludgate-hill is, especially when it is looked at from the east, extremely depressing, and when viewed from the west the new structure forms a graceless combination with St. Martin's Church and St. Paul's, whereas Wren designed a graceful composition of the latter two, and did not dream of the first.

EDUCATED FLEAS.—A performance of Educated fleas is at the present time attracting much attention at Berlin. At a recent exhibition, one of the most accomplished of the insects, obeying a sudden impulse of its nature, sprang from the table and took refuge on the person of an illustrious lady. The exhibitor was in despair, as the truant was his best performer, and said he would be ruined unless it could be recovered. The lady good naturedly retired to an adjoining room, and, after a few minutes absence, returned with the flea between her thumb and forefinger. The exhibitor took it eagerly, gave one look at it, and then, with visible embarrassment, said, "Your Highness will pardon me, but this is not the right flea."

TRUTH GIVES NO TROUBLE.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and it is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stand in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, because it is plain and open, and fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger.

SAVED HIS WHIPPING.—A little urchin, seven or eight years old, in a school where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following, and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the boys—

"A little mouse ran up the stairs
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For punishment she gave him his choice—to make another rhyme in five minutes or be whipped. So, after thinking and scratching his head till his time was nearly out and the teacher was lifting the cane in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed—

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;
She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it."

CURIOS ITEMS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into the water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened; if fired through a pane of glass, it will make the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of water. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. We have written upon paper manufactured from iron, and seen a book with leaves and binding of the same material.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"WHAT'S the matter there, Alice? Don't your shoes fit?" "No, papa, they don't fit me at all," replied the little one; "why they don't even squeak when I go out to walk."

"TAK' notice," shouted the Inverary bellman at the pitch of his voice, "that the boat for Glasgow will sail on Monday morning, God willing and weather permitting, or on Tuesday whether or no."

"TO WHAT BASE USES," &c.—Evansville, Indiana, repudiates the idea that it has no first class poets. Walter Scott works in a sash, door, and blind factory; Oliver Goldsmith works on a farm; Thomas Moore is a finisher; and Robert Burns is in the city gaol.

PRISONER (to learned magistrate).—"Has anyone a right to commit a nuisance?" Magistrate.—"No, sir, not even the mayor—no, sir, not even the prince." Prisoner.—"Then you can't commit me; for I was arrested as a nuisance, and you have decided that I am one."

A Young lady of Lyons, Iowa, recently said—"Some men are always talking about patronizing their own town—always harping on that duty—and yet they go abroad to get married, while here we all stand waiting! I do hope that some of these men who marry Eastern women will get cheated!"

AN INVISIBLE ANTAGONIST.—A Gascon officer who was present at a skirmish, fired a pistol at one of the enemy, and afterwards boasted that he had killed him. "That can't be," said another, "for not a man was left on the field." "Pooh!" said the Gascon; "don't you see?—I must have blown him to atoms."

The following is the translation of an advertisement in the Paris Journal: "M. A. Lefeuvre, 48 bis Rue Basse du Rempart, begs the lady in black who does not like draughts in omnibuses kindly to send him his purse, which she found in his pocket on the 1st of February, and to keep the money it contained as a reward for her cleverness."

A SPORTSMAN has been the victim of his own credulity. He has a gun that scattered shot badly, so that it is not of much account. He saw an advertisement in a paper, offering to send information whereby such "scattering" of shot could be effectually prevented. He sent the money, and in due time was informed that to prevent his gun from "scattering" he should put in only one shot.

A PARISIAN who was known as a free thinker met a Parisian friend the other day, and, taking him by the hand, said, "I have become a Christian." "I am glad to hear it," he replied: "Suppose we now have a settlement of that little account between us. Pay me what thou owest." "No," said the new-born child, turning on his heel; "religion is religion, and business is business."

A GAY young Aberdeen widow said recently to her jolly little daughter of seventeen, who was brought up on porridge and exercise in the Highlands in strong easterly winds, and was, as a consequence, unco' sharp, "It's o'er young for you, Annie lassie, to talk thus o' the trousered sex. When you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the Highland hussy, "for the second time."

The following purports to be a model medical puff:

"DEAR DOCTOR, I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of your sirup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw thirteen summer-saults without stopping."

A STORY told by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, is seasonable. A negro in a religious gathering prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin', not 'upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' the Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, an' if that ain't an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

ONE definition of an editor: An editor is a male being whose business is to navigate a nuzze paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows the "devil," steals matter, fites other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay, when he can get it, raises a large family, works 19 hours out uv every 24, knows no Sunday, gets dammed by everybody, and once in a while whipt by sumeboddy, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, is rewarded for a life uv toil with a short but free obituary puff in the nuzze papers. Exchange please copy.

In his recently published diary Moscheles records an amusing instance of the perplexities which figurative expressions cause to foreign learners of English. "To-day," he writes, "I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I replied ingenuously. The company, first of all, were surprised, and then burst into laughter when they guessed the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I, who at that time had to construct my English laboriously out of dialogue-books and dictionaries, had found out that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person'; so when I wanted to ask for figs, and 'sneer' I thought were synonymous."

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, May 30, 1874.

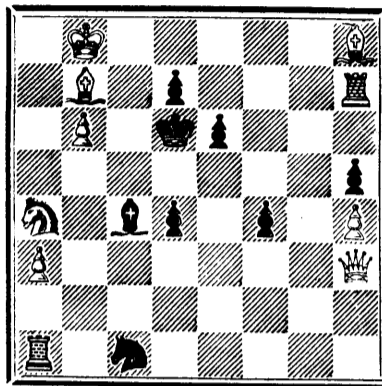
* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE," London, Ont.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. H. GRAMAM.—As you have removed to Ontario, hope we may hear from you more frequently.
J. A. RODIER.—Last solutions are correct. Sorry you cannot join in the tourney.

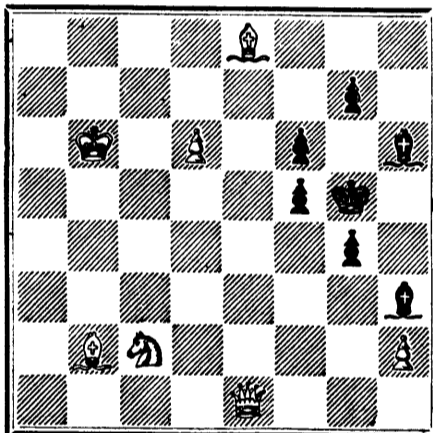
CONUNDRUMS.

No. 63.
By J. A. RODIER, Montreal.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 64.
By DR. HERAL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

CONUNDRUMS CRIBBLED.

No. 55.
By F. W. MARTINDALE.

White. Black.
1. Kt to Q 4th. 1. Any.
2. Mate acc.

No. 56.
By JACOB ELSON.

White. Black.
1. R to R 4th. 1. K takes R
If 1. K to B 7, then 2. R to R 3rd, &c.
2. K takes R. P. 2. P on
3. B mates.

Solved by J. A. Rodier.

CAISSAN CHIPS.

Our readers can make this department very interesting by sending us "bits" of news or pleasing selections as they may come across them.

B. M. NEILL, a very fine player, has won the first prize in the tourney of the Boston Chess Club.

A CERTAIN player in Connecticut is engaged in playing 36 games of chess by postal-card. He lives in the post-office—or he should.

On dit, that Paul Morphy is recuperating his ancient chess strength, in order to successfully compete with the magnates who will enter the lists at Philadelphia in 1876. He should take out a life insurance policy, for he will never survive the "recuperation."

The Utica Herald, speaking of a game by correspondence, says that if closely contested it will take three weeks.

Mr. I. E. Orchard, of Columbia, S. C., has started a chess column in the Temperance Advocate. Mr. O., who is a fine player, brings to the task ability, enthusiasm, and a determination to furnish a live column, and judging by the first number, he is bound to succeed.

The great contest by telegraph between London and Vienna is terminated. Vienna resigned the first game, and offered to call the second a draw, an offer which London accepted, though it was perfectly clear that were the second game played out it must have resulted in favor of the English players. The match was for a stake of £100.

A CAISSAN CONTEST.

The following lines, which are taken from an old number of the American Chess Monthly, and which are the composition of an eminent living poet, are extremely pretty, and may not be uninteresting to some of our readers:—

"We played at Chess, Bianca and myself,
One afternoon, but neither won the game.
Both absent-minded, thinking of our hearts,
Moving the ivory pawns from black to white,
Shifted to little purpose round the board;
Sometimes we quite forgot them in a sigh,
And then remembered it, and moved again:
Looking the while along the slopes beyond,
Barred by blue peaks, the fountain, and the grove,
Where lovers sat in shadow, back again,
With sideways glances in each other's eyes.
Unknowingly I made a lucky move,
Whereby I checked my mate, and gained a queen;
My couch drew nearer hers, I took her hand—
A soft white hand that gave itself away—
Told o'er the simple story of my love,
In simplest phrases, which are always best,
And prayed her if she loved me in return—
A fabled doubt—to give her heart to me;
And then and there, above that game of Chess,
Not finished yet, in maiden trustfulness—
I'm coming, Sweet! she gave her heart to me!"

The figure in the thirteenth line is exceedingly pretty; it is a pity that it is not warranted by the laws of the game.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

TO COOK BEETS.—The true way to cook a beet is to bake, not boil it. Thus treated, and sliced either in vinegar or butter, it is exceedingly palatable and nutritious. Boiling extracts the most valuable part of this vegetable.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA.—A good cement for mending broken crockery-ware may be made by mixing together equal quantities of melted glue, white of egg, and white lead, and boiling them together.

SOUR MILK.—A simple and effective remedy for the prevention of milk turning sour in summer time consists in adding to each quart fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda. This does not affect the taste of the milk, while it facilitates its digestion.

TAINTED MEAT.—It may not be generally known that when good meat is a little tainted by warm weather or overkeeping, washing it with lime-water will restore its sweetness. Dredging powdered charcoal over it will produce the same effect.

PAIN IN THE EAR.—As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear, let three or four drops of the tincture of arnica be poured in, and the orifice be filled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica be not resorted to until there is actual pain, then the cure may not be as speedy, but it is just as certain, although it may be necessary to repeat the operation. It is a sure preventive against gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of ear-ache.

MEAT PICKLE.—One pound of moist sugar, two pounds of common salt, a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, one ounce of fresh ground allspice, four quarts of water; dissolve. This will pickle meat, and impart a fine red color, and a superior flavor.

Champagne is too often
A trickster malign,
That flows from the apple
And not from the vine!

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Allow to each egg a heaped table-spoonful of flour, and a jill or small tea-cupful of milk. Beat the eggs till very light and thick; then stir them, gradually, into the pan of milk, in turn with the flour, a little at a time. Beat the whole very hard. Have ready the oysters, that you may proceed immediately to baking the fritters. The oysters should be fresh, and of the largest size. Having drained them from their liquor, and dried them separately in a cloth, and dredged them with flour, set over the fire a frying-pan nearly full of lard. When it boils fast, put in a large spoonful of the batter. Then lay an oyster upon it, and cover the oyster with another spoonful of batter. Fry the fritters of a nice yellow. As they are done, take them up, drain off the lard from the oysters, and keep them hot till they go to table.

\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM TELESCOPE.

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