

## NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair;  
Fling out the load of doubt's cackling fether,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.  
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;  
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,  
And in all trials or troubles bethink you,  
The water-wind of life must be: "Never give up!"

Never give up! There are chances and changes  
Believing the hope full a hundred to one;  
And through the chaos, high Wisdom arranges  
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.  
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;  
One of all means, the best, as the wisest,  
Is the true water-wind, "Never give up!"

Never give up! Though the grape-shot may rattle,  
Or the hail thunderous and over you burst;  
Stand like a rock, and the storm of the battle  
Lifts the shield of your faith, though doing its worst.  
Never give up! in adversity press on,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel, in all your distress,  
Is the true water-wind, "Never give up!"

## THE GOBBLER'S PICNIC.

The gobbler stood by the big barnyard gate watching Farmer Merry harness old Dick into the hay-cart. In front of Farmer Merry's door stood a crowd of little girls and boys with pails and baskets.

"Now, I wonder," said the gobbler, half aloud, "what's going to happen over there?" "Seems to me," remarked Chicken Plump, who had just come up, "you've lived long enough in a barnyard to know what all that means."

"Chicken Plump," said the gobbler, "how many times have I told you not to address me in that disrespectful manner? If I didn't have a splinter in my claw I would box your ears."

"Yes, and if you did I'd tell Mother Blackleg," retorted Chicken Plump.

"O, you would, would you?"

"Yes, I would, and then where would that other crowd of yours be?"

Now there's no denying the fact that the gobbler had only one eye, and it was also true that Mother Blackleg knew where the other went. It had been one of the hottest battles the barnyard had witnessed for many a day, and although Mother Blackleg got a frightful thrashing, she came off with both eyes, which was more than the gobbler could say for himself.

Just then a little white duck came waddling up.

"Fine day for the picnic," said he.

"Oh, it's going to be a picnic, is it?" said the gobbler.

"Of course, it is," said Chicken Plump. "I knew all the time, only I wouldn't tell."

By this time the children, and some of the old folks too, had filled the great hay cart, and Farmer Merry started up old Dick, and off they rattled down the lane.

"Do you know," said Chicken Plump, "that it's my birthday to-day—just three months old! Can't we celebrate?"

"I tell you what, we'll have a picnic ourselves, down in the cornfield, behind the barn; and you shall be May Queen," said the gobbler.

"O dear! how do you mix things," said Chicken Plump; "May Queens don't come on birthdays—they just all come by themselves."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said the gobbler, so loud as he could. He only did that to get up a crowd; and pretty soon all the turkeys, chickens, hens, geese, ducks and peacocks, were stretching their necks to see who would be at the big gate the first.

"What's the row?" said a very long-legged bantam, who talked through his nose.

"There's going to be a picnic and I am going to be general manager; that's all," said Chicken Plump.

"Not much," said the gobbler, "I'm to be head man."

Chicken Plump looked calmly into the gobbler's only eye and said quietly:

"I wonder if Mother Blackleg is anywhere about."

That meant, you know, if the gobbler interfered, that other eye would be a goner, so he said:

"Come to think it all over, Chicken Plump would make the best general manager I know of, so here's my hand upon it," and he shook Chicken Plump by the claw and patted her on the back, and as, in his anxiety to make friends, he tried to do both at once, of course he tumbled over.

"Well," said Chicken Plump, "let's appoint some committees; that's the way to do it; who'll we have for committee on refreshments?"

"Guess Peter the pig knows about it as much as any one," said a hungry looking pussy, who had kept very quiet for fear of being sent off.

"Chicken Plump, just run and ask the pig if he will be committee on refreshments," said the gobbler.

"Do you order me to do it?" asked Chicken Plump with dignity, putting the thumb of one claw under her arm.

"I do," said the gobbler, although he grew suddenly pale as much as four inches back from the tip of his nose.

"Is Mother Blackleg present?" asked Chicken Plump. "If so, she will please."

"Guess I'll go myself," said the gobbler, and Chicken Plump smiled until her face looked like a rainbow.

The pig was found in one corner of the sty, grunting so loud that the loose boards rattled.

"What's the matter now?" asked the gobbler.

"Matter enough," replied the pig; "my dinner has n't come yet."

"Then you won't get any at all to-day, 'cause they're all gone to the picnic."

The pig sobbed aloud.

"But I'll tell you what," continued the gobbler, "we're going to have a picnic too. Want to come?"

"Going to be anything to eat?" asked the pig.

"Eat?" said the gobbler, "a picnic is just all eating."

There was a large knot-hole in one of the boards, and the pig put his ear to it and said:

"What do you say a picnic is?"

"All eating," said the gobbler through the hole, and the pig smacked his lips so loud that the gobbler thought he was shot, and tumbled over.

"I tell you what," said the pig to the gobbler, "you stand right on that board over there, and when I jump you say, 'All eating,' as loud as you can gobble, just to encourage me."

So the pig backed way into the furthest corner of his sty, took a long breath, and made for the fence as tight as he could go.

The gobbler shouted "All eating!" at just the right moment, and over the pig went without hitting a toe.

When they got back to the big gate everything was arranged, so they all started for the barn to form in procession. They couldn't do it in the barnyard, for there was one of Farmer Maple's roosters watching them from the other side of the street, and he would suspect in a minute.

"Now," said the gobbler, "I want—"

"Gobbler," interrupted Chicken Plump, "does it really make the slightest difference what you do want?"

"No," said the gobbler, looking toward Mother Blackleg while tears rapidly filled his only eye. "I don't think it does."

Then Chicken Plump ordered two of the ducks to get some large tubular leaves to use for tables. These were put into the egg basket which Farmer Merry left on the floor—or which had tumbled off the peg of itself, I really don't know which.

Into this they also put the refreshments—remains of their breakfast and such other nice things as could be found.

Two or three of the chickens went out and got some splendid worms for dessert, and the basket was given to the pig with instructions to carry it with his mouth.

Then the procession was formed. In front the two peacocks marched with their tails spread out for banners.

Then came four ducks—two speckled and two white ones—who were committee on music, and who had been practising in old Dick's stall while the preparations were going on.

After them came all the fowls of the barnyard, two by two, the biggest first. This, of course, brought all the little chicks away at the tail end.

The pig with his basket marched by himself behind two turkeys.

"Now," said the gobbler, "are you ready. Forward, march," and he took his place as captain.

"Halt!" said Chicken Plump, and he went up and whispered to the gobbler.

"Yes, perhaps it would be better," said the gobbler aloud, and with hanging head he took his place in the ranks.

The ducks began to quack a lively quickstep, and away they marched out the big door and behind the barn.

"Do we go anywhere near the cranberry patch?" asked a sub-looking turkey.

"Yes, within plain sight of it," said Chicken Plump.

"Then I must fall out of the ranks," said the turkey, and he trembled so his feathers flew in every direction.

"I can never pass it in the world," he continued, with tears in his voice; "here it is nearly the first of October, and then comes November, and then comes Thanksgiving, and then—then—then comes roast turkey and cranberry sauce," and he sank to the ground thoroughly unmanned.

When he became calmer, the entire procession crowded around, and with many little attentions showed their sympathy.

"Cheer up," said the gobbler, "perhaps you can give them the slip. Now, do you know, if I were looking for a Thanksgiving turkey, I shouldn't take you if I had to go hungry."

"You wouldn't," said the turkey eagerly; "are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly sure," said the gobbler, and the turkey was so overjoyed that he got up and danced a double jig.

This was the only delay they met with, and presently the procession arrived at the cornfield. The committee on music said it was very lucky, for their throats ached so they couldn't have quacked a minute longer. A nice shady spot was found in among the corn, just large enough to give them a little play-ground; so after the ducks had gargled their throats in the brook and resigned from the committee, Chicken Plump said:

"What's the first thing?"

"Let's have dinner," said the pig, clapping his paws in a supplicating manner.

"Let's play blind man's buff," said the Gobbler.

It was put to vote, and as the pig was the only one who didn't want it, they started blind man's buff.

The Shanghai with the long legs was "it," and they blindfolded him with some of the corn

silk. He could take such big steps that the little fellows couldn't get out of the way at all, and the first time trying he caught thirteen chickens and a duck.

As every one of the chickens said the rooster pecked, the duck was the next one blindfolded. After considerable waddling around, he caught the pig by the tail. Of course, the pig grunted, and of course the duck knew just who it was. If he'd only kept quiet, the duck, I've no doubt, would have given it up, for who with his eyes shut could tell what was on the other end of a pig's tail?

Then I tell you they had to look out. A pig hasn't much in the way of eyes any way, but a blind pig is the most tremendously uncertain animal you ever came across. Instead of standing upon his hind legs, as almost any respectable pig would do when invited to play blind man's buff at a picnic, he rushed around on all fours, with his nose just low enough to get between everybody's legs, and after he had been twice over the ground, the entire company, all bumped up, were on their backs kicking their heels in the air, and calling "stop him" as loud as they could holler.

Suddenly the pig stopped.

"Oh, what a beautiful game this is," he said. "I could play it all night!" And he curled his tail so joyfully and tight that it pulled his hind legs right off the ground.

"Hullo! now I've got somebody," he continued. "I wonder who it is?" and he put his nose into the egg basket, and when he took it out again there wasn't much enough left for the littlest chicken. This brought them all to their feet, and there stood the pig wiping his mouth with one of the ribband leaves.

"What do you mean?" said the gobbler, as mad as he could be.

"Mean by what?" said the pig.

"Mean by eating up all the lunch," said Chicken Plump.

"Do you mean to say," said the pig, "that I've gone, and eaten the lunch?"

"Yes, we do, every one of us, all say it," said a chicken who was just learning to talk.

"Well, do you know," said the pig, "I wouldn't have thought it, but with this thing over my eyes, how do you suppose I could see what I was doing?"

"A weak, miserable, contemptible excuse," said Chicken Plump, with dignity, and if any of you have a speck of spirit you will follow me."

Here they all rose as one man, and went for the pig. In and out among the corn, across the cornyard, around the corner by the water-trough, they chased him, and the pig never stopped until he went over into his pen with a porting squeal, and Chicken Plump was so close behind that he went bang up against the boards and was taken up for dead.

That evening, after Farmer Merry had made the barn all snug for the night, and the little chicks were tucked up and sound asleep, the twilight came in at the little back window, and showed Chicken Plump talking earnestly with the gobbler, and as he turned to go to bed, Chicken Plump said:

"Now I want it distinctly understood that that miserable picnic, with nothing to eat, was none of my getting up to," and the gobbler had just opened his mouth to answer when he saw Mother Blackleg watching them, so he shut it again without saying a word; and he sat on the corner of the corn-barn such a long time, trying to make out whose picnic it really was, that it was all of half-past nine before he went to bed.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. C. F. Montreal. Mr. Healey's problem shall be carefully examined. He enjoys such a reputation, however, in England, as a problem composer, his name appearing in the best chess publications of the day, that we insert his positions without any careful scrutiny.

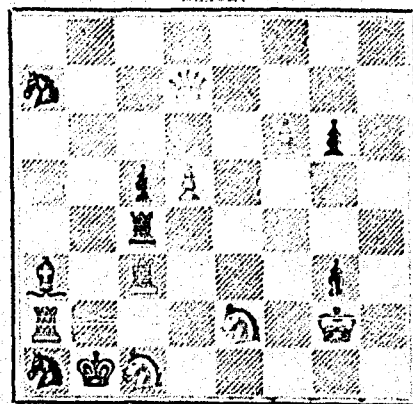
We have to thank M. J. M. Quebec, for several problems which we hope to have room for soon.

Student, Montreal, Solution of Problem No. 31. Correct. The match between Messrs. Potter and Zukertort, being the all absorbing topic among chess players at the present time, we are glad of an opportunity of inserting this week another game of this interesting contest.

From a stipulation made at the beginning of the match to the effect that, after the first five drawn games should count half to each player, the actual score became—Zukertort 4; Potter 2. Mr. Zukertort has, therefore, we believe, only to draw one game to win.

## PROBLEM No. 51.

By W. S. Pavitt.  
BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play and mate in four moves.

## GAME 6010.

Played recently in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter.

(Sketch of a game.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Potter.) BLACK.—(Mr. Zukertort.)
1. P to K 4th
  2. Kt to K B 5th
  3. P to Q 4th
  4. Kt takes P
  5. B to K 3rd
  6. P to Q B 3rd
  7. B to K 2nd
  8. B to B 3rd
  9. P takes B
  10. B takes P on
  11. Kt to B 2nd
  12. Q to B 3rd
  13. P to K Kt 3rd
  14. Q takes B
  15. Kt takes Q
  16. Castles (Q R)
  17. Kt to Q B 3rd
  18. P takes Kt
  19. P to Q 5th
  20. Kt to Q Kt 3rd
  21. P takes P
  22. K R to K 5th
  23. B takes B
  24. B to K 2nd
  25. Kt to B 3rd
  26. P to Q B 3rd
  27. B to K B 2nd
  28. K to B 2nd
  29. K to Q 3rd
  30. K to K 3rd
  31. P takes Kt
  32. B to Q Kt 3rd
  33. P to Q R 4th
  34. K to Q 3rd
  35. K to B 3rd
  36. R to K B 2nd
  37. K to Kt 4th
  38. P takes P
  39. P to B 4th
  40. P to R 5th
  41. P takes P
  42. K to B 3rd
  43. B to K Kt 3rd
  44. R to K 5th
  45. R to R 6th

And White resigned.

1. Better than 4. Q to B 3rd, which would have been a better position.  
2. 1. P to K B 4th seems to give the White a better chance of attack.  
3. White is now left with an isolated pawn, and with generalship, soon manages to gain a decisive victory.  
4. Very weak.  
5. Black must now win a Pawn.  
6. The advance of the Q P would not have been a matter.  
7. This disrupts one of the Pawns on the square, and makes matters worse than ever.  
8. There is nothing to be done.

## GAME 6011.

A newly sketched played recently between Messrs. Zukertort and Potter.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Barry.) BLACK.—(Mr. Zukertort.)
1. P to K 4th
  2. B to Q B 4th
  3. P to Q 4th
  4. Kt to K B 3rd
  5. P to Q B 3rd
  6. P to K B 2nd
  7. Kt takes P
  8. P takes P
  9. P takes K B P 2nd
  10. P takes Kt
  11. Castles
  12. Q to K 2nd
  13. Kt to Q B 3rd
  14. B to K Kt 3rd
  15. B takes Kt
  16. Kt to Q 5th
  17. Kt to K 5th
  18. P to Q Kt 3rd
  19. P to Q 4th
  20. Q R to Q 5th
  21. Q Kt to K 3rd
  22. Kt takes B
  23. B to Q 5th
  24. Kt to Q 7th
  25. K to K R 4th

And after a few more moves Black resigned.

## SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 31.

OF HEALEY.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q takes P
  2. Kt to Q Kt 6th
  3. Kt mates
  1. B takes Q
  2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players.

No. 31.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q B 7th
  2. Kt to Q R 7th
  3. Kt to R 7th
  4. B to K 7th
  5. P to K 7th
  6. K to K 7th
  7. P to K 7th
  8. K to K 7th
  9. P to K 7th
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  99. P to K 7th
  100. K to K 7th

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 31.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to K R 5th
  2. B to K R 2nd
  3. K to K B 6th
  4. K to K B 6th
  5. K to K B 6th
  6. K to K B 6th
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