

A CRUSHED FLOWER.

Softly the ripple of sweet music was borne out on the summer breeze, as young Ned Barrington wended his way slowly up the gravel walk, which led to the home of Squire Whites' petted and fond child.

Nature was radiant in all its summer glory; but its bloom was unheeded by Ned. He gazed from the shade of a friendly tree on the up-turned face, and tried to read what had so suddenly dimmed the lovely eyes with unshed tears.

It was truly a bright panorama that unrolled before his eyes, but the sweetest picture there was the white-robed, dark-trained, snow-browed young girl. Well might the young city lawyer seek to win the "pearl of price;" and for the first time, he, the cold, worldly, pleasure-seeking Ned, felt that he loved the gentle pale Lily.

"I have come to say 'good-bye,' Miss White." "Oh! so soon, Mr. Barrington going to leave us?" and the voice died away in a mournful cadence.

"Yes; to-morrow I must go, and have come to spend the last evening here with you, to wander again amid trees and flowers, over paths that during my short stay have become singularly dear to me, to carry to the city remembrances that mid the dim and busle of life, will be my 'paradise of bliss.'"

He drew the little hand through his arm and led her to a secluded spot, where they had often sat during the past few days, reading.

"Lily," and the deep, full tones again fell upon the ear of the listening girl, "Oh! will you sometimes think of me? will you give me one encouraging word to smooth the rugged path of duty?" He took her hands, and they rested in his palms so confidently.

In the pale star-light he won from the young heart and lips vows of love and trust, but, alas! for human nature little did he think that a young, trusting heart had been given him, soon to be forgotten, to let droop and die.

Up, up glided the moon over the azure vault, and yet Ned Barrington lingered by her side, till the striking of the church-clock warned him he must be gone. Holding his promised bride for a moment to his heart, he pressed a kiss upon her pure brow, and left to meet no more till the "trumpet call, to gather all nations."

A year had buried its records of joy and pain, and freighted with its burden, rolled into the dark waters of oblivion; summer was again smiling over gray, care-graven Mother Earth; the moon flooded with silver light the trees, that waved their branches round the home of sweet Lily White.

The same pale stars that, a year ago, witnessed the lover's vows, were twinkling up in yonder blue vault; to-night, perhaps, waiting to light a soul to the "rest of the Blessed." A death hush hangs on all around. Not a sound, not a word within that once bright home; the "heart-flower" is fast fading, and the aged father bends in agony over his broken Lily to catch her parting sighs.

Tears roll down the wasted cheeks of the old man, while he keeps his sad watch over the bed of his loved child, the last link that binds him to earth.

A faint fluttering of the tired heart, a murmuring of the lips: "They come, papa," and the bright young spirit has fled to the Celestial gardens, where "sorrow comes not."

Her life was bright, beautiful, and brief; her going out was as quiet as the fading of a June sunset behind the hills.

Should fate ever again lead Ned Barrington's steps to the little church-yard, where slumbers beneath the cold marble, the frail girl he loved and forgot in a few months, will he give a tear to her memory? Will her pale, sweet face haunt his dreams? or, will the sorrow of a gray-haired old man disturb his rest? Will he, while gazing on the stone which marks her resting-place, feel in his soul that his heartlessness alone traced there:

"My crushed and broken Lily."

She had truly lived long enough to learn that

"Man trusts in God, He is eternal. Woman trusts in man And he is shifting sand."

TIP.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE BODY AVENGED.—By too much sitting the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite his oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.

OLD MAIDS.—Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid."

FEMALE SOCIETY.—To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the temptations that beset it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that will "wear well." One thing at least is true—that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton or a mere scholar may find enjoyment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dew-ripeness of old age.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendships, and values sympathy and affections, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love.

HIGH FOREHEADS.—The notion that high foreheads, in women as well as men, are indispensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology, and is going out with the decline of that pretentious and plausible "science." Not long ago, more than one "fine lady" shaved her head to give it an "intellectual" appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead probably originated in the same mistaken ambition. When it is considered that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold, masculine look—that from *frons* (forehead) comes the word "effrontery," it will not be wondered that the ancient painters, sculptors, and poets considered a low forehead "a charming thing in woman," and, indeed, indispensable to female beauty. Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead (*levis frons*); and Martial commends the same grace as decidedly as he praises the arched eyebrow.

CHARITY.—Surrounded by affluence, how apt are we to disregard the beseeching poverty of our neighbour; arrayed in our costly raiment, how apt are we to revolt at the sight of the patched and scanty covering of another's body! Graciously smiled upon by fortune, how apt are we to jibe at the unsuccessful struggle of a less favoured companion! Warmly nestled in our beds under richly-wrought tapestry, how apt are we to forget that a fellow-being may be at the same time striving to obtain life-giving warmth from the hard frozen ground under the cold blue canopy of the heavens! Mankind was created equal, and although circumstances, harsh and bitter, may deal severely with one member of the family, that one is as much the creature of God, and as important and noble in His sight, as the one whom the world has endowed more abundantly with its possessions. Therefore let us exercise charity towards the poor of God's creatures, remembering that they are also possessed of immortal souls, and what we render unto them here will be most gloriously compensated for when He shall make up his jewels hereafter.

BURLESQUE.

A MAN WITH THE WAR FEVER.—Mr. White, a man of middle age, visited this office yesterday to find a war map and to have a chat about the European situation, and it wasn't ten minutes before his enthusiasm was up to the boiling point.

"It will be worth thousands and millions and billions of dollars to this country!" he shouted as he broke through one of the office chairs.

"Yes, it will," somebody remarked. "It will stiffen wages, bring out capital, make money plenty and just set us all to whooping!" he whooped as he scratched the leg wounded at the first Bull Run.

Somebody remarked that it probably would.

Taking five newspaper war-maps under one arm and a copy of the London Times under the other, Mr. White left the office and proceeded

directly homeward, feeling more patriotic every movement.

"Oh! we're going to lay'em right out, Nancy!" he said as he dropped his hat in the hall.

"Did you order the flour?" she asked in a careless tone.

"Flour! What do I care about flour! The Russians have got Kars and half of the Turkish army."

"Have, eh! Well, I hope that paper-hanger will be here in the morning. You didn't think to see about—"

"Right here is Kars, and right here is where the Turks got mauled!" he exclaimed, as he knelt on the floor and traced one of the maps.

"Did, eh! Say, John, can't you rake off the lawn this morning, and did you see about the whitewashing?"

"Will you talk about whitewashing when all Europe is convulsed with war?" he fiercely demanded, as he shook the other four maps at her.

"I—I'd like those onion beds marked out to-day," she replied, and she hunted through the workbasket for a button with an eye in it.

"Onion beds marked out, when this very copy of the London Times editorially predicts that a million armed men will be rushing at each others throats in less than sixty days!"

She found the button, and he unrolled the balance of his maps. There was a dead silence, until his finger rested on the city of Erzeroum, when he shouted:

"Here she is! Right around here is where they are making the Turks howl for sugar!"

"By the way, John," she softly remarked, as she looked up, "don't you think that summer kitchen will have to be reshingled this spring?"

The girl who does general housework says he tore the five war-maps into five hundred pieces, and banged the London Times against the wall with an awful thump as he jumped out doors, but girls are sometimes prejudiced. Mr. White was in the corner grocery at half-past seven saying to the proprietor:

"Don't it make your blood jump as you read of the European situation?"

And the proprietor raked the cheese knife on the edge of the counter to clean it and replied:

"Seems like I shall haf to kill doze poys who cut soap mit dis knife." How can you expect anybody but a warrior to feel as warriors do!

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

N.B.H., Brighton, Ont.—Correct solutions of Problems Nos. 121 and 122, received.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 123, received.

M.J.M., Quebec.—Communication received. Many thanks. Solution of Problem No. 123 correct.

J.W.S., Montreal.—Letter and contents very acceptable. Many thanks. Received correct solutions of Problems Nos. 120, 121 and 122.

H.A.C.F., Montreal.—Your communication came too late for insertion.

CHESS AT QUEBEC.

(From the Quebec Chronicle.)

Chess—"Bats" vs. "Owls."

The second engagement between the "Bats" and the "Owls" fetched the crowd. The Club rooms, not only on Friday, the first day's meeting night, but also on Saturday evening, were literally packed with Chessmen, both pieces and players.

The score of the games is as follows:—

Table with columns for "Bats" and "Owls", and sub-columns for "Won" and "Lost". Lists names of players and their respective scores.

—Drawn game. The next match, on Friday, this week, and following evenings, will be between the "R's" and the Non "R's"—that is: Players whose names contain the letter R will oppose those whose names are spelled without that consonant. This may be called a "character" match—Captains of the opposing forces, Fletcher of the "R's"—Champion of the Non "R's". The match which has been long pending between Messrs. Sanderson and E. B. Holt terminated on Saturday last in favor of the former. The conditions of the match were that the winner of a majority of 15 games, or of three games ahead, should be proclaimed victor. Ten games were played, of which Mr. Sanderson won six, Mr. Holt three and one draw.

From the Chessplayer's Chronicle we gather the following Chess items:

The match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort will commence on the 7th inst. If Mr. Blackburne's state of health permits. This, however, appears very doubtful. He was evidently not well when on the 18th ult. he played eight simultaneous blindfold games with as many members of the City of London Club, out of which he won four, lost two, the others being drawn.

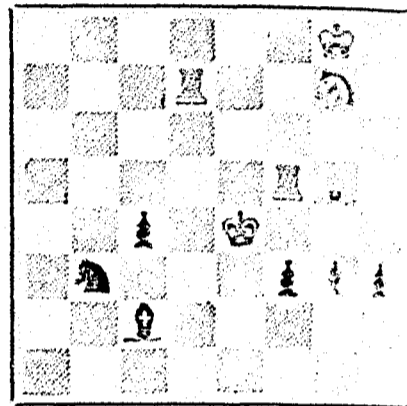
The Hartford (Connecticut) Times has instituted what may be called a literary Chess Tourney, and offers prizes as follows:—\$25 in gold for the best original poem, and similar amounts for the best original essay and best original story on the subject of Chess. Competition free to all. No restrictions as to the length of articles, which must be accompanied by the authors' names, and must be received by the editor from foreigners on or before June 30th.

American Chess players, lamenting that only one European took part in the Congress at Philadelphia, are raising funds with the object of inducing Mr. Steinitz to cross the Atlantic and do battle with their best players.

The Celestial Empire, a journal of Shanghai, China, has published a game by correspondence between the amateurs of Shanghai and Lefoo; the game lasted two years.

We have received the Westchester Papers, Litchfield Water, and the Humberfield College Magazine. The contents of each present as usual, most interesting matter for the Chess victory. Want of space compels us at present to postpone further notice of them.

PROBLEM No. 124. By H. MEYER. BLACK



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTREAL. GAME 18-187.

Being one of the simultaneous games played between Mr. Bird and seventeen members of the Montreal Chess Club, on February 16th, 1877. Mr. J. Archer, secretary M.C. Club, was his antagonist in this game.

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

NOTES.

- (a) P to K R 3 seems a necessary move here. (b) He has no other move, and his game is very much cramped already. (c) Looks promising. (d) Better than checking at K B 6. (e) The only move. (f) Winning a piece.

GAME 18-2ND.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. Darcy and Hicks, the latter giving the odds of Q Kt.

(White's Queen's Knight must be removed.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Hicks.) 1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. K B to B 4 4. Castles 5. P to Q 3 6. P to K R 3 7. P to Q B 3 8. K to R sq 9. Kt to R 2 10. P to K B 4 11. B takes K B P (ch) 12. P to Q Kt 4 13. P takes B 14. P to K B 5 15. B to Q Kt 2 16. B takes Kt 17. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) 18. Kt to K R 3 19. Kt to K R 4 20. Kt takes P (ch) 21. P takes P 22. Kt to K B 4 23. Kt to K 6 (ch) 24. Q takes R 25. Q takes Q 26. P to K 5 27. P to K Kt 4

And after a few more moves Black resigned.