

EX HUMO.

Should you dream ever of the days departed—
Of youth and morning no more to return—
Forget not me, so fond and passionate hearted,
Quiet at last, reposing
Under the moss and fern.

There where the fretful lake in stormy weather
Comes circling round the reddening churchyard pines,
Rest, and call back the hours we lost together,
Talking of hope, and soaring
Beyond poor earth's confines.

If, for those heavenly dreams too dimly sighted
You became false—why, 'tis a story old;
I, overcome by pain and unrequited,
Faded at last, and slumber
Under the autumn mould.

Farewell, farewell! No longer plighted lovers,
Doom'd for a day to sigh for sweet return;
One lives, indeed; one heart the green earth covers—
Quiet at last, reposing
Under the moss and fern.

BARRY CORNWALL.

BURLESQUE.

CAPTURING A COCKTAIL.—"A relic of old
decency," in the form of a dilapidated specimen
of humanity, with a varicolored nose, walked
into a Montgomery street saloon last evening
and jauntily waltzed over to the lunch counter,
marking to the bar-keeper, en passant, "Mix
me a stiff cocktail, please," and proceeded to
lop off a section of corned beef as large as a
basalt block and covertly dump about a half-
pound of crackers through a hole in the lining
of his coat. The cocktail being ready, the cus-
tomer leisurely swallowed it, and taking the
measure of the cocktail-dispenser through the
bottom of the glass, asked:

"Has 'Goosey' been around here to-night?"
B. K. replied that he had not the honor of
that individual's acquaintance.

"What! Don't know 'Goosey'? Why he
hangs around here every night. You must know
him. He walks in this way."
He walked towards the door, imitating the
waddle of a goose. Having reached the entrance
he vanished into space. When the bar-keeper
recovered from the paralytic stroke of astonish-
ment he prescribed for himself three fingers of
"Old Blue-glass," charged two drinks on a
customer's card, and fell to moralizing on the
advisability of mounting a small howitzer some-
where within range of the front door.

TERRIBLE FATALITY AMONG STOVEPIPE
PUNTERS.—Last week we advertised for a bran
new stovepipe joke. The following have been
handed in, and the authors all settled with save
two, and our detective has just telegraphed us
that he will have both of these before another
moon is hung and quartered.

No. 1. Why is a stovepipe like a political
candidate? Because it is all holler. (Author
killed on the spot.)

No. 2. Why is a stovepipe like a broken leg?
Because it is a painful operation to join it to-
gether. (Postman who brought this is foully
murdered.)

No. 3. "Mr. Editor: You can get up a new
joke on a stovepipe about its being like a toper's
arm—always crooking its elbow." (No name;
detective on the trail.)

No. 4. "A stovepipe is the devil's best ally.
It makes even deacons fall from grace." (Hunted
him two days. Found him. Verdict: "Death
from unknown causes.")

No. 5. "A swallow built a nest in a stove-
pipe, but when the hired girl built a fire with
kerosene, he flew away." (Convicted and will be
hung next Friday.)

No. 6. What pipe is never the pipe of peace?
A stovepipe. (The other one the detective is
after. Chances good to catch him. Look up
that stuffed club, John. Yum, Yum! Be-lud.
Be-lud!)

No. 7. The season of the year approaches
when the fond husband and father is called upon
to arrange the stovepipe in the winter kitchen.
A strong man can endure the presentation of a
notice to pay a note in bank when he has no
money; he can endure the gentle persuasion of
the highway robber, but when he comes to ad-
justing the joints of a stovepipe, the climax of
human endurance is reached. (Saved us any
trouble by dying on his own motion.)

No. 8. A Groesbeck boy, in answer to our ad-
vertisement for a new stovepipe "choke," thinks
we would get enough to soot by burning egg
coal for awhile. (Eggs actly! We smoke the
pun! A man has been sent on to smoke him
out.)

The entries for stovepipe jokes will positively
close this week.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.—Mr. Marooney is
foreman in a foundry, and gets a salary of thirty
dollars a week. With this salary the family
ought to get along well and save money, but
they did not. Mr. Marooney has a cousin, a shoe-
maker, who only gets fifteen dollars a week, yet
sails right along in lightning express, while
Marooney comes lumbering along like a freight
with a hot box.

"How do you manage it, Jack," he would
frequently ask, "to get along the way you
do? Here you actually keep your family and
save money on fifteen dollars a week, while it
takes every cent I make to live, and I get double
the pay!"

"Oh, I don't manage it at all," says Jack,
"just take my money home to the old woman
every Saturday night and she takes her five
dollars to run the house with and puts the rest
away."

"Do you give her all the money?" asked Mr.
Marooney, musingly.

"Oh, no, not quite; I keep a little for to-
becco during the week, and a trifle to keep me

from being lonesome. If I keep it all in my
pocket I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it
tight and safe."

Mr. Marooney talked it over with his wife
that night, and they concluded to try Jack's
plan. The following Saturday night he brought
home his thirty dollars to her, and she prom-
ised to do her level best to set the table on
five. The first week she squeezed through some-
how and along with six and a half. Mr. Marooney
was quite pleased and began lying awake at night
thinking about what kind of a house he would
build. He thought a plain rustic cottage with
a bay window would be about right. The next
week the expenses footed up five dollars and
eighty cents, and Marooney changed his design
for a future residence from frame to brick. The
next week she brought it down thirty cents
more, and he added a wing with a wash-house.
Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buy-
ing milk, and came within two shillings of the
goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Marooney
decided on an iron fence in front of his
premises. The next week she lost ground, slip-
ped and came out at the six-dollar post. Mr.
Marooney thought a neat paling fence was good
enough for anybody, but when the ensuing week
she came in with flying colors and struck the
five dollar mark in both eyes, Mr. Marooney had
the iron railing reinstated and granite running
up to the door. The next week she took the
money she had saved, went and bought her a
love of a hat, too zute for anything, a black silk
dress, and cherub of a cloak that made the wo-
man next door cry with envy till her nose got
sore, and Mr. Marooney came to the conclusion
that it didn't pay to live in one's property, keep-
ing up repairs, insurance, etc., and the worry
and stew and dread of fire and earthquakes more
than counterbalanced any trifling advantages
there might be.

JONES AND THE BARBER.—"Ah! I'm in
luck," said Jones, as he entered the barber-shop
and found the barber reading the paper;
"won't have to wait for my next," and he
tossed his hat into a corner and seated himself for
a shave.

"How is this?" said the barber, reading from
a paper that marks its witty column with a blue
pencil. "By George, how's this? Pretty good,
I take it," and he read:

"Did you ever see a pump handle anything?
Did you ever see a witti-cism? Who ever saw
a dog call her?" And the good barber laughed
heartily at these scintillations of wit, and said
that "some of them fellers are most blamed
clever."

Then he turned to the yellow lever department,
and, after reading three or four despatches,
asked Jones if he thought the scourge would
reach Oil City.

Jones said there was a possibility that it
would get here by the middle of the winter, and
he would like to be shaven and fixed up before
it arrived.

The barber said it was a terrible thing, yaw-
ned, laid down the paper, and shuffled up to the
chair. He arranged the towels about Jones'
neck, felt his beard, run his finger through his
hair, scrutinized a wart on the side of his nose,
turned his lower lip down over his chin, and
asked him if he had his tooth fixed in the oil
regions or in New York.

Jones answered as best he could, considering
that the barber still kept his lip hauled down
taut.

After examining the dental work on the tooth,
which he unhesitatingly pronounced "a good
job," the barber let go Jones' lip, and went to
throw a stone at a dog that was barking at a
cat in the back yard.

When he came back Jones said he would like
to be shaved as quickly as possible, as he was
in somewhat of a hurry.

"Certainly, certainly!" said the barber, as
he spread the lather over Jones' face and began
to hunt for a razor. After examining several,
he began to slap the strap with one, while he
remarked that fall had probably set in in earn-
est, and that the base-ball fever was about as
bad as ever, etc. Giving the razor one pull
down over the side of Jones' face, he wiped off
the blade, laid it down, took up another, exam-
ined its edge, and wiped the strap with it as be-
fore, asking Jones if he really thought business
was picking up any, and if he thought it would
rain.

Jones moved uneasily on the stocks, and said
he was sure there would be a storm, and he
wanted to get shaved and have his moustache
waxed before the flood came.

The barber grew pale about the month, and
his lip quivered. "You said that once before,"
he remarked curtly. "Don't say it again,
please, or there'll be trouble. I'm a gentleman
when dealing with a gentleman; but I know
when I'm insulted, sir."

"Well, confound it all," exclaimed Jones,
very much out of patience. "I came here to be
shaved, and not to be talked to death."

"Oh! you want to be shaved, do you?" ex-
claimed the barber, in a rage. "You don't
want to be talked to death, don't you? A bar-
ber can't open his mouth, can't he? O no! a
barber is a doggoned machine, I suppose, and
must move about his work like a wooden Injun
in front of a cigar store. All right, all right!
you shall be shaved and have your moustache
waxed so blamed fast it'll make your head swim!"

And, buckling down to his work, he shaved
Jones in two minutes and a half by the watch,
and cut him seventeen times by actual count.

Moral.—Let a barber talk. It is cheaper than
to be kept away from business for two or three
days while you stop bleeding.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communi-
cations. Correct solution of Problem No. 196 received.

Tory, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 195
received.

W. A., Montreal.—Shall be glad to have the promised
Problems.

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

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problems for
Young Players, No. 194, received.

E. S., Montreal.—Will be able to give an answer next
week.

The success attending the play of the Australians in
their late contest with the Canadian cricketers has given
rise to many suggestions, which, no doubt, will be of ad-
vantage to those who found themselves so easily defeat-
ed in this manly game.

It is evident that in Australia the game of cricket has
been so thoroughly practised, that eleven players from
that distant Colony are able to meet on equal terms a like
number of the best players of the mother country, and
hold their own, with all the disadvantages which we
might expect them to find when playing so far from their
native land.

Such being the case in England, we need not be sur-
prised at the result of their play as far as our Canadian
players are concerned. The Australians, we feel sure,
have reached their proficiency by systematic organiza-
tion in their mode of play, continued practice, and unre-
mitting attention to every point of importance connected
with the game. It was stated by a Montreal paper that
the chief circumstance leading to a desultory course of
Montreal cricketers was owing to the weakness of the
practice which resulted in failure at the moment when they
wanted their best players, and had to select them. Now,
it appears that the Australians could rely upon every
man in their field filling to perfection the post assigned
him.

In making these remarks respecting the defeat of our
cricketers, other considerations naturally present them-
selves. What about our Chess, for instance? If cricket
can produce so little to maintain the credit of our Cana-
dian players, what might we anticipate should our Chess
be put to a similar test?

This is a question which is not easily answered.
Are we sure that we should be able to make a fair fight
with the best players of Australia and New Zealand, in
both of which places, from all accounts which we can
gather, Chess has received more than ordinary attention,
and clubs are established in almost every spot where the
foundation of a future city is laid.

We are not inclined to attach too much importance
either to cricket or chess. We look upon them as recre-
ations, and value them as such. Of this, however, we are
certain, that the way in which they may be cultivated in
any country where they have obtained a footing, may be
taken as indicative of much that may be, either for, or
against the present and future advancement of that
country. A desire for perfection, either in innocent
amusements, or loftier pursuits, must be productive of
benefit in the end.

In our chess affairs, are we a whit superior to our
cricketers in our practice and system of play? We fear
not. In our clubs, our play is in most cases of a nature
not at all calculated to promote individual progress, and
the object is generally the mere gratification of the hour.
It is not by such means that a Steinitz, or a Zukertort
reached the proud position he occupies in the Chess
world. Until we adopt some regulation which will serve
to show a any period the relative standing of the mem-
bers of a club, and at the same time afford facilities for
individual advancement, it is in vain to look for the pro-
gress of our players as a body. Tournaments among the
members of the same club, frequent contests with players
of clubs of remote or neighbouring districts, and, when they
may be practicable, occasional telegraphic encounters,
may all tend, if properly used, to develop the chess skill
of a country.

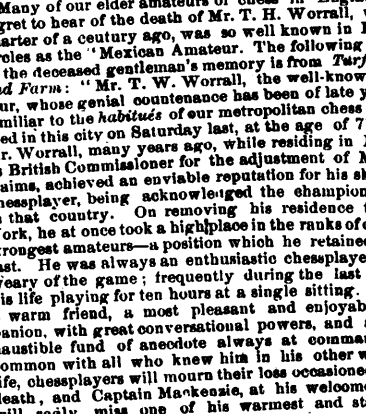
(From the Westminster Papers.)

Many of our elder amateurs of chess in England will
regret to hear of the death of Mr. T. H. Worrall, who, a
quarter of a century ago, was so well known in London
circles as the "Mexican Amateur." The following tribute
circles as the "Mexican Amateur." The following tribute
is from "Turf, Field
and Farm": "Mr. T. H. Worrall, the well-known ama-
teur, whose genial countenance has been of late years so
familiar to the habitués of our metropolitan chess resorts,
died in this city on Saturday last, at the age of 71 years.
Mr. Worrall, many years ago, while residing in Mexico,
as British Commissioner for the adjustment of Mexican
claims, achieved an enviable reputation for his skill as a
chessplayer, being acknowledged the champion player
in that country. On removing his residence to New
York, he at once took a high place in the ranks of our very
strongest amateurs—a position which he retained to the
last. He was always an enthusiastic chessplayer, never
weary of the game; frequently during the last year of
his life playing for ten hours at a single sitting. He was
a warm friend, a most pleasant and enjoyable com-
panion, with great conversational powers, and an inex-
haustible fund of anecdote always at command. In
common with all who knew him in his other walks in
life, chessplayers will mourn his loss occasioned by his
death, and Captain Mackenzie, at his welcome home,
will sadly miss one of his warmest and staunchest
friends."

PROBLEM No. 196.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 307TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOUR-
NEY.

Played between Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal, and
Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton.

WHITE.—(J. Henderson.) BLACK.—(Dr. Ryall.)

- 1. P to K4 2. Kt to Q B3
3. B to Q Kt5 4. Kt to Q B3
5. P to Q4 6. P takes P
7. Castles 8. Kt to Q B4
9. Kt takes P 10. Kt takes Kt
11. B takes Kt 12. B to Kt2
13. Kt to Q B3 14. P to Q B4
15. Q to Q3 16. P takes P en passant
17. Q takes Q 18. Q R to Q sq
19. R to Q2 20. B to K2
21. R takes R 22. B takes R
23. B takes P (a) 24. B to K B3
25. Kt to Q sq 26. P to Q Kt3
27. Kt to K3 28. K to B2
29. K to K2 30. K to B4
31. Kt to B sq 32. P to K R5
33. P to K R3 34. B to K3
35. P to Q Kt4 36. Kt to Q2 (c)
37. Kt to K4 (d) 38. B to B2
39. B to K3 40. Kt to Q2 (e)
41. Kt to K4 42. B takes B
43. P to Q B4 44. P to Q B5
45. K to K2 46. K to B2
47. Kt to B6 48. Kt to Kt8 (f)
49. K to K2 50. P to B6
51. P to B7 52. P Queens
53. Kt takes P 54. K takes P
55. K takes P 56. K to R7
57. Kt to R8 58. P to R6
59. And White mates in 7 moves.

NOTES.

- (a) White obtains a useful pawn by this exchanging
process.
(b) The advance of this pawn seems premature.
Black's danger is on his Queen's side of the board.
(c) The young player will see that White could not
take the pawn at Black's Q R4 without loss.
(d) Towards the close of a game of this nature, a Kt
becomes a very useful piece.
(e) Very necessary at this juncture.
(f) The right move here, which leaves Black no
chance of escape from defeat.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

Two games recently finished.

GAME 308TH.

(No. 20 of match.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
J. Parker, Grimsby, Eng. I. E. Orchard, S. C.
1. P to K B4 1. P to Q4
2. Kt to K B3 2. Kt to Q B3
3. P to K3 3. Kt to B3
4. P to Q Kt3 4. B to Kt5
5. B to K2 5. B takes Kt
6. B takes B 6. P to K3
7. P to B3 7. B to Q3
8. P to Q4 8. Kt to K2
9. Kt to R3 9. P to Q R3
10. Castles 10. P to B3
11. Kt to B2 11. Q to B2
12. B to Q Kt2 12. P to Kt4
13. P to Q B4 13. Kt to K B4
14. P to Q B5 14. B to K2
15. P takes Kt P 15. Kt to Q2
16. B to Kt4 16. Kt to R5
17. B to R5 17. R to K B sq
18. B takes P (ch) 18. R takes B
19. R takes R 19. K takes R
20. Q to R5 (ch) 20. K to Kt2
21. Q takes Kt 21. K to R sq
22. Kt to K sq 22. R to K Kt sq
23. Q to B4 23. Q to R4
24. Kt to B3 24. Resigns

GAME 309TH.

(No. 22 of the match.)

- WHITE. BLACK.
J. Parker, Grimsby, Eng. I. E. Orchard, S. C.
1. P to K B4 1. P to Q B4
2. Kt to K B3 2. Kt to Q B3
3. P to K3 3. P to Q R3
4. B to K2 4. P to Kt3
5. Castles 5. P to Q4
6. P to Q4 6. P to K3
7. P to B3 7. Kt to B3
8. Q Kt to Q2 8. P to Kt3
9. Kt to K5 9. Kt takes Kt
10. B P takes Kt 10. Kt to Q2
11. P to K4 11. B to K Kt2
12. P takes Q P 12. P takes P
13. B to B3 13. B to Kt2
14. Kt to Q B4 14. Castles
15. Kt to Q6 15. B to Q B3
16. P takes P 16. B takes P
17. Kt takes K B P 17. K takes Kt
18. B takes P (double ch) 18. K to Kt2
19. B takes B 19. R takes R (ch)
20. Q takes R 20. R to Q B sq
21. B takes Kt 21. Q takes B
22. B to B4 22. Resigns

Mr. Orchard is said to be the best player in the Southern
States of America.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 196.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q3 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 194.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q takes Q 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 196.

WHITE. BLACK.
K at K Kt sq K at K2
Q at Q sq Q at K4
R at K sq B at K B sq
B at K8 Kt at Q2
B at K R4 Kt at K Kt5
Kt at K B6 Pawn at K Kt2
Pawn at Q4

White to play and mate in two moves.