

"Mr. Clearstarch, you may state your case in as few words as possible."

"Yes, sir. Day before yesterday afternoon, I purchased a ring for my daughter. I put the ring into my purse, and walked down to India Wharf upon business. Upon returning to my hotel I found that my purse was gone. I retraced my steps, but to no avail; I could not find my purse. Yesterday afternoon at dinner in the hotel where I was stopping I saw the ring upon the finger of this girl. I recognized the ring, and knew at once that she must know of the purse. I left the dining-room, found an officer, and had him make the arrest. The girl picked my pocket."

"Sure of that, Mr. Clearstarch?" asked the Honor. "She must have done so. I certainly could not have lost it," responded the reverend gentleman.

"Was the purse and ring found upon the person of the culprit?" asked the judge of the officer.

"The ring was upon the girl's finger; the purse in the boy's pocket."

"Bad case. Now, my little man, tell your story."

"If you please, sir, I'm only a boy, rough and all that, sir. I swear sometimes, and—may be you wouldn't believe me. She'll tell you all 'bout it. You see, she's only a little girl, what hain't got no friend in all the world but Bottles; Bottles is me, sir. Rags is her name. She never swears and—she never picked his pockets. I know that, 'cause I'm her father, you see."

Bottles had found his tongue, and he delivered the foregoing in a straightforward way, which made the judge smile good-naturedly.

"Now, Rags, tell it all. Don't be feared. The gospel sharp can't hurt us," whispered Bottles to the trembling girl by his side.

With frequent sobs and choking exclamations Rags told her story, which you already know. She told how good Bottles had been to her; how he had often gone without anything to eat so that she should have food. In all, she gave a faithful picture of the peculiar life which surrounded the pair. The judge was assured of her truth; and after she had ceased, he said,—

"It's evident that the girl has told what is true. Is there any one in the room acquainted with the pair?" A stock, fat, jolly looking man stepped forward and said,—

"I know them, your Honor. I keep a butcher shop down in South street. A newsboy came and told me last night that Bottles and Rags had been arrested. Your Honor, I stand here to say, from the bottom of my heart, that I know both of them to be honest, square and upright. They are unfortunate children of the street who make an honest living. I hope your Honor won't be hard on the two poor little kids."

"They are both discharged. Mr. Clearstarch, you will get your purse and ring of the clerk. One thing more,—you'll not find the whole amount. The cashier of the Crawford restaurant just sent me a note, telling how the two little unfortunates enjoyed their Christmas dinner at his place yesterday. Of course, having recovered your property, you will willingly donate that dinner for charity's sake. Next."

The Rev. Abraham Clearstarch got his purse and ring, and went on his way moralizing.

And Bottles and Rags found in a kindly stranger who had been present a friend in whom philanthropy was largely developed. The pair are to-day, this day of Christmas, eating a noble dinner at a home in one of our great Western States.

At last the two waifs, Bottles and Rags, are safely harbored from the sternest blows of poverty.

H. S. KELLER.

VARIETIES.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA gives a curious account of his ancestry. Some writer inquired whether he was a Jew. He answers:—In reply to my esteemed correspondent, whose communication is evidently of a *haut, vide* character, I beg to state that I have no knowledge of ever having any Jewish ancestors. On the other hand, my maternal great-grandmother was a Red Indian.

THE crusade which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have just commenced in London is to be more protracted, and on a larger scale, than on the occasion of any of their former visits. Then they confined their operations to the northern districts of the metropolis, and although they attracted hearers from all parts of the city, yet there were many who would have taken part in their meetings who were deterred by the distance they would have had to travel. But on this occasion Messrs. Moody and Sankey have decided to visit in turn all the districts of the city, the huge iron and wood structure in which their Islington mission is being just now conducted being so arranged, in a few hours, it could be pulled to pieces, and removed to and erected on another site when the American missionaries desire to change their scene of operations.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

OLD JODDRELL.

THE OLD SHOP.

(Concluded.)

II.

Mr. Braithwaite advanced, gave one long, earnest, pitying look, rubbing as he did so his large mosaic thumb-ring as if, like Aladdin, to invoke some reluctant genie. "Joddrell," he said, his eyes filling with generous tears as he spoke, and enunciating the words as if he was a judge passing sentence of death, "it pains me to tell you, but I see nothing but a confusion of pain."

Joddrell staggered as if he had received a bullet in the heart; he went up to the picture, looked at it earnestly, then shook his head, sat down, buried his face in his hands, and rocked to and fro, bursting into an agony of tears.

"I am, then, an idiot, a madman. I have, I suppose, neither talent nor genius. I have produced nothing. What?"

The old man looked at the picture again through his tears, then rose and sprang forward, kissed it in twenty places, and glared at his visitors with eyes that sparkled with insanity.

"Why do you sob so, viper?" he said clenching his fist at Rose. "Sister, I renounce you; away with you, hypocrites, thieves, cheats! Braithwaite, by the glory and brightness of the daylight, I swear never to cross your door again. You are come here to drive me mad, and to get my poor little hoard of money sooner. As for you" (here he stamped his foot at Garrod and Tollemache), "you are jealous, defeated rivals; boys who came here to persuade me I have spoiled my picture, in order to steal it from me. But I see her, I see her. Thank Heaven for that great mercy. I see my queen, my goddess, rising from the clear blue waves, the spray falling in melting diamonds from her cascade of golden hair. I see those arms that Juno might envy, that bosom that only the gods can behold without adoring. I worship the crowned and glorious image of my life's ideal. Marvel of beauty, sister of the stars, angel of the day-break, child of the sunshine!"

As he uttered these raving words, Joddrell re-covered the picture with the green serge curtain with all the gravity and calmness with which a jeweler closes and locks his case when suspicious persons are approaching. Then he burst forth into a whirlwind of rage, which slowly cooled down to a suspicious and withering contempt as, with a convulsive haste, he threw wide open the door of his room. "Out, I say," he cried; "out all of you, cheats and hypocrites, each with his own mean, selfish purpose of detraction and deception; out, and never more dare to enter this holy sanctuary of art!"

"Dear, dear uncle!" sobbed Rose, beautiful in her tears and in a paroxysm of loving sorrow!

"Brother, dear John!" said the sister. "Joddrell," said Braithwaite, with pompos sternness, "this is unworthy of you, sir."

"Mr. Joddrell," said Tollemache, "I implore you—"

But Joddrell was inflexible. As they left lingeringly, he slammed behind them the ponderous black outer door, and the roar of it echoed down the dismal wooden staircase.

They stood there in the fitful light of the stair lamp like disconsolate spirits on whom the doors of Paradise had closed.

It was the noon of the second day after this extraordinary scene that, at the earnest request of Rose and her mother, Mr. Braithwaite, Garrod, and Tollemache went to inquire after M. Joddrell. It was a sunshiny, hopeful day, and just at the foot of the stairs at Number Two, out of which three young, shouting lawyer's clerks burst like escaped school-boys, although they bore under their arms red-taped papers enough to undermine the fortunes of half a dozen happy families, the two friends met Joddrell's laundress, lean as Milton's "Death and Sin," and as dusty—well, no metaphor can express how dusty she was. She bore in one hand a bunch of jailer-looking keys, and in the other a dust-broom. She handed the keys of Joddrell's room to Braithwaite, whom she knew as her master's croupy, and said that she had not been into the room for two days, as she had been told never to go up till she was sent for. A vague anxiety seemed, however, to agitate her spoonful of dusty brain.

The friends went up-stairs singing "La Donna è Mobile" in rough trio. Braithwaite was proud of his bass. They reached the door. They knocked in vain, and after a long waiting opened with their keys first the outer then the inner door of Joddrell's chambers.

A dense smoke filled the room. Bursting through this, now thoroughly alarmed, they found Joddrell dead and cold in his arm-chair before a heap of burnt canvas, from which emerged the only fragment uninjured, the beautiful foot that has been mentioned. His heart had broken in an interval of reason. It was a sad ending to a life's ideal.

Winter cannot be eternal; still April comes, laughing by her grave.

In a recent paper we read the following announcement: "On the 13th ultimo, at Saint Pancras, Robert Tollemache, Esquire, of 6 Abbey Road, Saint John's Wood, to Rose Joddrell only daughter of the late Captain Herbert Joddrell, R.N. No cards."

LORD NOZOO.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

We have received the following list, which we hasten to publish. It contains the standing of the players in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney. This Tourney, which is ably managed by its Conductor, Mr. W. J. Ferris, Esq., of New Castle, Delaware, has several Canadian players among its competitors. The ladies, who did not hesitate to enter the field with so many of the sterner sex, have our best wishes for their success at the close of the contest.

The standing of contestants in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette Correspondence Tourney to Nov. 12th, 1883:—

Table with 3 columns: Players, Won, Lost. Lists names like H. J. Anderson, A. B. Block, G. A. Borin, etc., with their respective win and loss counts.

We see it stated that Mr. Zukertort was to give an exhibition of his blindfold play on the 10th inst., at the rooms of the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, on which occasion he was to play against fifteen antagonists, without sight of board or men. There are so many blindfold players now, that very little astonishment is expressed when such a player as Zukertort thinks it an easy matter to keep fifteen games with all their changing positions in his mind's eye, and call each one up for consideration on a moment's notice. Philidor's three games blindfold feat of about a century ago has lost much of its brilliancy by comparison with modern achievements in that line. In connection with this, the question, how the best play of Philidor over the board compares with the best play exhibited by our professionals in their late contests is an interesting one.

CHESS CHAT.

Mr. Blackburne gave his annual blindfold performance at the City Club on the 10th October, when he conducted eight games simultaneously. His opponents were Mr. H. F. Gastineau, Captain Beaumont, Messrs. B. G. Laws, H. Lee, H. E. Tudor, E. Ridpath, the Rev. E. Wells, and the Rev. J. J. Scargill. Mr. Blackburne won four games, drew with Leg. Tudor, and Scargill, and lost to Mr. B. G. Laws. It is but fair to Mr. Laws to state that he won his game in a good style, notwithstanding the staid suggestions and ill-natured advice incessantly tendered to him throughout the contest by a host of juvenile on-lookers. Mr. F. W. Lord discharged the duties of teller in a manner that gave perfect satisfaction to all the combatants. On Friday, the 12th October, Mr. Blackburne conducted twenty-one games simultaneously against 21 strong members of the City Club. He won 19, drew 2, and lost—well, say the remainder! The fortunate "drawers" were Mr. B. James and Mr. W. Constable. Loud and prolonged applause greeted the conqueror at the close of these exhibitions.

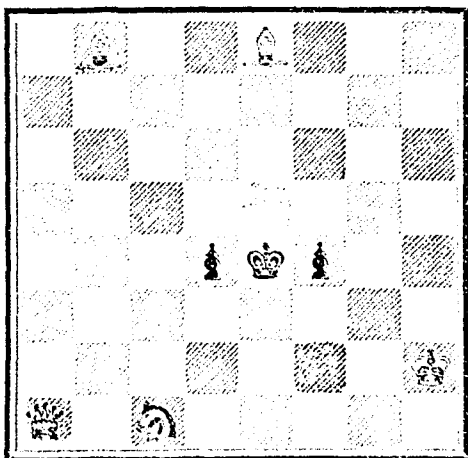
Meantime I may mention that amongst other celebrities present on the occasion of the annual dinner of the North London Chess Club was Dr. Zukertort, who, in a graceful speech, announced his intention to sail for America on Saturday, 20th, and further, his willingness, nay, eager desire, to encounter Mr. Steinitz immediately after his return to this country next spring. The professor was rapturously applauded.—"Mass." in Sporting and Dramatic News.

In response to a circular issued by several chess players, a meeting was held on Saturday evening at "The Tunnel," St. Francois Xavier street, for the purpose of establishing a down-town resort for chess. A large number of the lovers of the game were present. After some discussion, it was resolved to organize the City Chess Club, with headquarters at "The Tunnel." Mr. J. G. Ascher was elected President; Mr. J. W. Shaw, Vice-President; Mr. S. C. Baker, Secretary, and Mr. J. Benrose, Treasurer. The members will meet every afternoon and evening.—"Montreal Star," Nov. 19th.

PROBLEM No. 462.

By T. B. Bowland.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 460.

White. Black. 1 B to R 5. 1 K to Q 2. 2 P to Kt 7. 2 K to B 3. 3 P becomes a Kt mate.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of the eight blindfold games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne at the City of London Chess Club, on the 10th of October instant.

(French Defence.)

Table showing chess moves for White (Mr. Blackburne) and Black (Mr. B. G. Laws) in a French Defence game. Moves include P to K 4, P to Q 4, Kt to Q B 3, etc.

White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This continuation is indefensible on theory, in consequence of the power vested in Black's Bishops after the Knight is taken.

(b) Without pinning absolute approval to Mr. Law's previous line of play, we may concede that he has the better game of the two.

(c) P to B 3 would be our choice, and we also consider that Q to Q 2 is better than the text move, though we acknowledge certain objections.

(d) The correct reply, and it is a move that may often be played in the French Defence, when the adverse Q Kt has come to K Kt 3, the reason being that whatever weakness is thus introduced is counterbalanced by the time required to get that Knight into play afterwards.

(e) Q to Q 2 is the best line now, undoubtedly.

(f) Hereby giving up a Pawn, which loss could be avoided by Kt to K 2, though we must allow that the game thus brought about is not one to be relished by anyone, nor would it be suited to Mr. Blackburne's style any more than to his taste.

(g) Best, perhaps, in a theoretical sense; but such considerations have not much to do with a game already lost upon theory. Retaining the Rook would give a better chance, we imagine.

(h) This hold line inflicts a deep wound on White's game. Some other skilful moves have been from time to time made by Mr. Laws.

(i) At once a saving clause and a winning stroke.

(j) 31 Q to B 7 ch, K to Kt 3, 32 P to Q 5 is of course worthless, on account of Q to Q 5 ch.

(k) Kt to Q 3 ch would prolong the struggle, but the game is lost any way.—"London War."

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ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galop Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 15th day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.