

Afra and Benedict Klotz, who often come from Rosen to pray at the cross. Wally herself had brought their hearts together, and on the edge of the grave they bless her memory.

Down in the ravine misty forms float around the traveller, and remind him of the happy maidens, while it seems as if about the cross hovered an echo of long-forgotten heroic legends, and he mourns that the strong must sink and perish like the weak; but let him be consoled by the thought that, though the strong can die, they can never become extinct. Whether it be in the glittering mail of the heroes of the Niebelungen, or the coarse peasant costume of a Karen-Joseph and Geier-Wally, we always find them again!

END.

ONTARIO PLOUGHING MATCH.

The Ontario Provincial Ploughing Match was held recently at Bishop's Farm, near Hamilton. The agricultural being Canada's first interest, a sketch of this kind will naturally find its place in Canadian news independently of its pictorial quality. Among the attractions at the Centennial we were promised an international ploughing match, to which Canadian ploughmen looked forward with sanguine expectations of interpreting the real genius of the country to a people who probably would prefer to sit in darkness rather than be enlightened with regard to the skill or industry of their northern neighbours. While the national vanity has been inflated by flattering notices, and medals have been patronizingly distributed for every conceivable thing, including English horses which hadn't been a month in the country, the opportunity for the display of the manly and scientific ploughing in which Canada can fairly challenge the world, did not arrive. The cultivation and consequent productiveness of the country varies in a ratio inversely with its arable area, but we think Canada, being the largest agricultural country in the world, will prove the exception to the rule. The most highly cultivated country, we believe, is Scotland, but we have never seen straighter furrows in the counties of Huddington or Fife than those cut by the Canadian Scotchmen in the match represented here. One of the six Nation Indians who has twice won the Governor-General's plough on the reserve, competed in this match, the Agricultural Society, with good sense and liberality, giving him a special prize. Some sixty ploughs were on the ground, and the work was finished in time.

WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED!

It was a warm, drowsy afternoon in "Merrie Old Yorkshire" a long time ago. Slowly and sedately the congregation took their places in the quaint, old-fashioned pews at the parish church, and in solemn silence awaited the arrival of the minister. It was a beautiful sight—the silver hair of old age, and the golden hair of childhood, bowed together in quiet adoration; and the merry glow of youth calmed in unison to the staid reverence of the venerable patriarchs, who had worshipped there for half a century.

By and by the minister came. When he entered the vestry the little organ began to peal forth its tremulous notes, that quivered and quavered about through the dim chancel, and echoed back again and again from the quaint recesses and niches in the walls and roof. Then the great voice of the congregation joined in, and the beautiful chants were sung with enthusiastic fervour.

The singing over, the minister looked down upon his audience from the plain, straight-sided, rustic pulpit, that towered above the pews, while a slight, rustling sound, followed by an expectant hush, announced that his hearers were listening attentively to the text.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" it came in clear and solemn tones.

"In Farmer Smith's wheat field, sir," was the unexpected reply, that in sharp, squeaking notes sounded back from the neighbourhood of the door, filling the worthy minister and his flock with the utmost astonishment.

Just on the threshold there stood a queer, little, old woman with a remarkable expression of face visible under her coal-scuttle bonnet. It was Mrs. Peccaboot, the most egotistical, hypocritical, fault-finding scandal-monger within a radius of ten miles.

As Mrs. Peccaboot walked across the fields that day, the sighing sound of the wind among the rustling clusters of leaves on every hand brought to mind something that her father had told her years before, as they walked that very path one afternoon to church. He had said that the Sabbath breezes were caused by the fanning of angel wings, as they swept away the evil spirits that had accumulated upon earth during the week, and to-day she fancied she could hear the rustling of innumerable wings over the sunny slopes of the undulating field.

Alas, one shady nook, half hidden by a huge elm, must have been overlooked by them, for a tempting spirit was there and it cast a spell over poor Mrs. Peccaboot as she was trudging past. "Stop!" it whispered. "You have lots of time to gather a big armful of wheat here before church, and nobody will know anything about it!" She obeyed this injunction, and when the silvery sound of the bell startled her from her task, she had collected and concealed a great golden sheaf beneath the friendly branches of a neighbouring bush.

She hurried away when she heard the bell, and presently to her amazement it began to ask: "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" and the little birds in the hedges, taking up the refrain, whistled the question after her.

Reaching the church, and standing in the porch, she could hear the same question trilling out here and there in a mysterious manner, while the congregation sang, and she was afraid to enter. For awhile she hesitated and then turned to go home; but a weird, unearthly voice seemed to rise up against her from among the graves, and, shrinking back to the door in affright, she opened it.

Is it to be wondered at that she responded as she did to the greeting she received the moment she entered the church?

Spell-bound she stood with the eyes of the congregation fixed upon her. Then a low, rippling murmur spread around, and expanded into a hearty laugh, she fled from the place. The grave voice and uplifted hand of the minister instantly checked the unwonted sound, and the sermon proceeded without further interruption.

It was a long time before Mrs. Peccaboot heard the last of her adventure, and deeply did her mortified feelings suffer in consequence. Whenever she felt inclined to allow her tongue too much latitude, she was sure to receive a hint that would effectually seal her lips for the time; and finally she became as much reformed in her habits as any old woman of like proclivities possibly could be; which, perhaps, after all, is not saying very much in her favour.

Stayner, Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

We know of nothing which gives us greater pleasure than to record the least sign of progress in the field of Canadian literature and culture. There is a disposition in certain quarters to bestow a patronage of mere condescension on native letters, and the taunt of "weak sentimentality" levelled against those who champion this cause is to us sovereignly distasteful. We are firm believers in the present resources and future capabilities of Canadian literature. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS may lay just claim to pioneership in this sphere, and the experience we have derived therefrom is, spite of many and very natural drawbacks, quite encouraging to the view which we hold. If we needed further confirmation of our opinion, we have it in the proprietors and publishers of the new magazine before us, Messrs. Belford Bros., of Toronto. Their career is a striking proof of the assertion which we have often made in these columns that the time is ripe for the inauguration of a distinctively Canadian publishing business. It is not more than one year ago, we believe, that these gentlemen opened in Toronto earnestly, but without flourish of trumpets. They set themselves to publishing the most popular works of the day—English, American and Canadian—in elegant form and at cheap rates. Their success has been commensurate with their judgment and enterprise. In that short period they have produced a small library, and planted themselves in a position of equality with the best publishing firms in America. We maintain that this is a result with which every Canadian should be proud, and that the Belfords deserve well of the country. They have now crowned their labors by issuing a new periodical called BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the first number of which has just been received. In its faint lilac cover of handsome design, its hundred and thirty-three pages printed from new clear-cut type and on strong paper, and its neat illustrations, it presents a most inviting appearance. The letter-press is in keeping with the material execution. The two main stays are the serial stories of such well-known writers as the author of "The Lost Sir Massingham," and Dr. Holland. The first story is entitled "What He Cost Her," and the second, "Nicholas Minton." A liberal instalment of each is given, and they are each adorned with a full-page illustration. Among the solid articles are "University Consolidation," a subject of vital interest in Ontario at present, and the "Preservation of our Forests." There are two purely literary papers of varied entertainment and instruction. The first is the initial number of "Evenings in the Library" and treats of Carlyle. In the author we are pleased to greet another pioneer of Canadian letters—Mr. George Stewart, jr., of St. John, N.B. We may not agree with his estimate of the Chelsea recluses, but that estimate is, all the same, well worth reading. The second paper is by our well-known townsman, Mr. Thos. D. King, and consists of an ingenious attempt at tracing a social genealogy between himself and Shakespeare, through a shaking of hands with Tom Moore in 1837, and the lineal descent of the Kuklos Club, of which Mr. King is President, with the old Mermaid. The lighter articles are typified by "A Familiar Friend," or amusing experiences with a plumber, from the pen of a genuine humorist, Mr. J. A. Phillips, of this city. There is perhaps more than a fair share of verse in the number, but the quality is good and quite equal to that found in any British or American magazine. Indeed the same remark may be made of all the contents, and we are willing to set this specimen magazine beside any of its older and more pretentious rivals. The editorial departments are numerous, their material abundant, and their workmanship excellent. It is evidently no pretence hand that deals with the Topics of the Times, Olla Podrida (a rather hackneyed term), and Current Literature. The educational section is confided to such an authority as Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario. There are scientific and musical notes and a comic department which we trust will yet be worked into a "feature." A new and valuable addition is a book list containing alphabetically the names of all works—Canadian, American and British—published during the month. Altogether, therefore, we are simply expressing an honest appreciation when we state that this number of BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE betokens a real success, and we have no doubt whatever that it will receive, as its deserves, the amplest encouragement in all parts of the country. Its price is only three dollars a year, and at that rate it ought to have a large circulation in the United States. We trust that the publishers will be generously rewarded for their patriotic venture.

AMHERST.

Amherst, the county town of Cumberland, is situated on the Intercolonial Railway, midway between Halifax and St. John, N. B. Centrally located in one of the largest and finest agricultural districts of Nova Scotia, Amherst has felt comparatively both the commercial depression that has borne so heavily on many of the less favorably situated country towns and even upon the capital itself, and with its extensive local trades and the exceptional facilities enjoyed for import and export, manages to keep up its credit and even to advance in substantial prosperity.

No other town in Nova Scotia of equal population is so well provided with hotel accommodation, four commodious and well appointed establishments being open to the public, either of which would do no discredit to towns of much greater pretensions. Six churches of different denominations furnish theological paladium to order. Three or four factories are in full operation, and two weekly newspapers cater to the political necessities of the "free and independent electors of Cumberland." Our sketches represent the town as seen from the rising ground to the eastward, with the Amherst marshes, Cumberland basin, Sackville, and Shepody mountain in receding order in the distance.

The line of the future Baie Verte canal enters the head of the Basin at the right of the sketch, and is one of the local "blessings" confidently counted upon "when Tupper returns to power."

HYGIENIC.

PAINTING the surface with ink soon relieves the pain of a small superficial burn.

BURN your kitchen garbage. A very hot fire soon converts it into inodorous ash, and effectually destroys all germs of disease which it may contain. It is undoubtedly a better plan than to allow it to remain in back-yards for days, poisoning the atmosphere and sowing the seeds of disease and death.

To keep the feet dry and warm and increase the durability of boots and shoes, have the soles perfectly dry and then apply linseed oil on the outside of them until they will absorb no more. This oil fills up the interstices which would otherwise be occupied by water, and as it dries converts the sole into a dense material through which water cannot penetrate. This mode of treatment is especially advantageous when the sole is of spongy texture, and makes it equal to the best.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

A COUNCIL has been appointed to assist Lieut. Governor Morris in the government of the province of Keweenaw. Smallpox is raging among the Icelanders and Indians in that quarter.

SCIENTIFIC.

A BERLIN mechanic has invented a steam velocipede, which is said to answer admirably. The engine is heated with petrol, and being placed on the two back wheels, does not interfere with the convenience of the driver.

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

Student, Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 98 received. Correct.

M. J. M. Quebec—Letter and Solutions of Problems No. 96 and No. 97 received. The dual in No. 96 is very plain, and apparently it might easily have been avoided, but all composers do not attach the same importance to flaws of this nature.

Problem No. 97 shall be examined. J.W.S., Windsor, St. Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 97 received. Correct.

We are sorry our space would not allow of our giving the whole of your well arranged solution. J.F., Morganfield, Kentucky, U.S.—Solution of Problem No. 95 received. Correct. We are glad to have your good opinion of our "Illustrated."

J. H., Montreal—Problem received. It shall appear next week. Many thanks.

We are surprised to learn that Mr. Wisker, the celebrated Chess player, has left England, and is at present on his voyage to Queensland, Australia, where, it appears, he purposes to reside for some time at least. The Australians have recently given considerable attention to Chess, and there is no doubt they will be glad to have in their midst one whose brilliant career gives him a very high standing among the most noted champions of the chequered board.

In the last number of the Westminster Papers, in some remarks on the Centennial Chess Problem Tournament the necessity of a problem code is very strongly urged. We should be glad to see the production of

something of that nature, as a guide to those who have to determine the value of Chess problems.

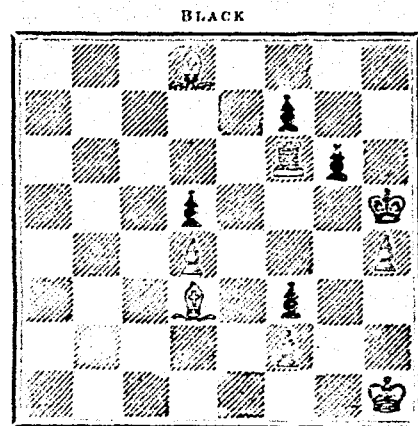
In a recent number of a periodical devoted to literature and science in London, Eng., the following statement appears:

"There is probably nothing in the world on the merits of which it is more difficult to find unanimity of opinion than a chess problem."

Some of our correspondents promise us their views on the subject. We shall be much surprised if they all agree in selecting the same points of excellence in Chess Problem composition.

PROBLEM No. 99.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.



WHITE
White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 1428B.

Played a short time ago at New York between Mr. Alberoni and Mr. Richardson.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

WHITE.—(Mr. Alberoni.) BLACK.—(Mr. Richardson.)

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to K B3 | Kt to K B3 |
| 3. Kt to Q B3 (a) | Kt to Q B3 |
| 4. B to Q Kt5 | B to Q B4 (b) |
| 5. Kt takes K P | B takes K B P (ch) (c) |
| 6. K takes B | Kt takes Kt |
| 7. P to Q4 | Q Kt to Kt5 (ch) |
| 8. K to Kt sq | P to Q B3 |
| 9. B to K2 | P to Q3 |
| 10. P to K R3 | Kt to K R3 |
| 11. B takes Kt (d) | P takes B |
| 12. K to R2 | Q to K2 |
| 13. Q to Q3 | B to Q2 |
| 14. K R to K B sq | R to K Kt sq |
| 15. P to Q Kt4 | Castles |
| 16. P to Q R4 | R to K Kt4 |
| 17. P to Kt5 | Q R to Kt sq |
| 18. B to B3 | Kt to R4 |
| 19. P takes P | B takes P |
| 20. B to Kt4 (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| 21. Q to B3 | P to B4 |
| 22. B takes Kt | R takes P (ch) |
| 23. Q takes R | R takes Q (ch) |
| 24. K takes R | Q to Kt4 (ch) |
| 25. K to R2 | Q takes B |
| 26. R takes P | Q to R5 |
| 27. R to R2 (ch) | K to R2 |
| 28. Q R to K B sq | K to Kt3 |
| 29. K R to B4 | Q to Kt4 |
| 30. K R to B2 | Q to Q R4 |
| 31. Q R to B3 | P to Q R3 |
| 32. P to Q5 (e) | B takes R P |
| 33. P to K5 | B takes P |
| 34. P to K6 | B to Kt3 |
| 35. P to K7 | Q to R8 |
| 36. Q R to K3 | Q to Q B5 |
| 37. K R to K4 | Q to K B5 |
| 38. P queens | Q to Q B7 (ch) |

And drawn by perpetual check.

(a) A poor timid style of play. We much prefer 3. Kt takes K P, or even 3. B to Q B4.

(b) An error. He ought to have played 4. P to Q R2, which would have reduced the position to a well-known form of the Ruy Lopez.

(c) Tempting, but in reality inferior to 5. Kt takes Kt.

(d) A questionable capture—very inferior to 11. K to R2.

(e) Very ingenious. After this White must, at least, draw the game.

GAME 1430B.

Played in England some years ago.

(From Land and Water.)

WHITE.—(Max Lange.) BLACK.—(Amateur.)

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. P to K4 | P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to K B3 | Kt to K B3 |
| 3. B to Q Kt5 | Kt to K B3 |
| 4. P to Q4 | Kt takes K P |
| 5. Kt takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 6. P to K5 | P to Q B3 |
| 7. Castles | P takes B |
| 8. B to Kt5 | B to K2 |
| 9. P takes Kt | B takes P |
| 10. R to K sq (ch) | K to B sq |
| 11. B takes B | Q takes B |
| 12. Kt to R3 | P to Q R3 |
| 13. Q to K2 | Q to K3 |
| 14. Q to Q2 | Q to Q Kt3 |
| 15. Q to Kt4 (ch) | P to Q3 |
| 16. Kt to B4 | Q to B5 |
| 17. Kt takes P | Q to B3 |

White mates in five moves (d).

NOTE.

(a) The ending forms a beautiful combination, leading to a smothered mate.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 97.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q R6 is the first move. We have not the space to give the full solution of the very neat problem.

BLACK.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 95.

WHITE.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| 1. K takes P at K Kt5 | K to R2 |
| 2. B to Q Kt2 | P to Q R6 |
| 3. R mates | |

BLACK.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 96.

WHITE.

BLACK.

The position of the pieces at the end of Game No. 143 we will give this week as our Problem for Young Players. The solution will appear as usual in our next Column.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.