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TO THE 1916 REVISED EDITION

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Toronto.

and then to advance the Rook's Pawn to R5. The Knights would afterwards come into powerful action.

(i) This also serves to make a better escape for the Knight.

(j) 25. ... Kt-KP; 26. Kt-KP, threatening 27. Kt-Ktch, would give white a promising attack.

(k) He should have defended the King's Pawn by 27. Q-Kt3, at the same time threatening 28. P-R6, QxP (P-Kt3; 29. Kt-P1); 29. Kt-B5, Q-B3; 30. Kt-R5ch. White may, however, be well excused for his deficiency!

(l) 28. K-B2, of course, simply loses the Knight.

(m) If 31. K-Q3, then 31. ... R-Qsch; 32. K-K2, R-Q7ch.

(n) Threatening 33. ... Kt-RP disch; 34. P-B4! BxPch; 35. K-B3, P-Kt5ch; 36. K-Q2, R-Qsq mate.

(o) If 33. P-R4, Black mates in five.

(p) If 34. K-Qsq, then 34. ... R-Qsch; 35. K-Ksq, R-Ktch; 36. K-B2, R-Q6 and white cannot counter with 37. Q-Kt3 on account of 37. ... R-Q7ch and 38. ... R-KBsch.

If 36. K-K2, then 36. ... B-Ktch; 37. K-B2, R-Q6, following which 38. Q-Kt3 would let in mate.

(q) If 36. K-Qsq, then 36. ... Kt-Pch; 37. K-Ksq (If 37. K-Bsq then R-Rsch; 38. K-Kt2, QR-Rsq and mates), R-Rsch; 38. K-K2, Kt-R; 39. QxP, B-Bsch; 40. K-Q2? R-Qsqch; 41. KxKt, R-R7ch; 42. K-Bsq, B-Kt6 and wins.

If 36. K-Ktsq, then 36. ... QR-Rsq.

(r) If 38. K-Ktsq, then 38. ... R-Qsq.

(s) A neat finish to a fine game.

The Lesser Evil

(Concluded from page 12.)

O'Conner gave a hoarse yell:

"You damned Hunkey!"

A revolver rose in each of his hands. There was a sharp report, a blur of smoke. The young alien tumbled headforemost into the car, and lay very still. Something like the red mist descended upon Conrad. He felt now that that was done which could never be undone—that he was caught in a trap of his own devising—red was in the air. A man killed!

And then crazily the wild sheriff began shooting through an open window straight into that living crowd. Two men fell. Conrad saw them, both young, their gaze of surprise, their headlong plunge.

He cried out:

"For God's sake, quit it, O'Conner!"

The mob was running; it ran like stampeded cattle. But three men were dead, and remained quietly.

O'Conner almost shrieked:

"Come back, you damned Dagoes, and get another dose! Come back!"

He leaped up and down in a fury.

They saw the mob gradually stop; men got together, whispered, drew close. And then, a sight unbelievable, they saw the mob start back. It seemed impossible, and yet they came, their faces ever nearer, ever more real. In them Conrad read destruction and death—grim, silent faces pressing toward him. There was a pile of red brick at the corner—brick to be used for paving the dirt street.

"They mustn't get those bricks," yelled O'Conner.

He raised his revolver and started again to shoot. But the men pressed on. Conrad felt fear—terrible fear—panic. Here they were coming—nothing could stop them. The sunlight beat down in white silence; three men lay dead on the hot earth; was he to be the fourth?

"Damn them!" shrieked O'Conner. His revolver was empty.

Conrad saw the bricks lifted—he saw one soaring through the air, and at once there was a shattering of glass that seemed to lacerate his heart.

He gripped O'Conner's arm.

"Keep me from running," he cried. "Duck!" cried O'Conner.

Another glass shattered inward, and then another. And then in Conrad's side there was a tight feeling, and blackness swam before him. Over his

body fell the little sheriff, and the wild mob stormed the car and stoned the exposed man to death.

Whereupon the far thunder down the street of the mounted constabulary, and the cracking of pistols.

They bore the dying manager through the huge hush of the office building. They took him into his office. Two women stooped over him. One sobbed.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Speak to me! Say something!"

He opened his eyes, and saw her, and then looked away.

"Where is Marion—Marion Winter?"

Marion knelt and kissed him.

"Marion," he whispered, "thank you."

NEW BOOKS

"THE DEFINITE OBJECT," by Jeffrey Farnol: Musson, \$1.40.

IN "The Definite Object" Jeffrey Farnol has shown what may be done with an old formulae and an old theme, providing one has the knack of giving a new twist to both. It is a tale of a fairy prince and a ragged princess and in the end they get married and live happy ever after. He has lightened the life of New York's tenements and toughs with a touch of romance—the Farnol glamour one might call it. A millionaire forsakes his upholstered ease and lazy luxury and goes in search of a definite object. Life in his palace lacks focus, so Farnol takes him to Hell's Kitchen and Hermione. Hermione is the ragged princess and definite object to boot. The millionaire, disguised in rags which stir pity even in "Hell's Kitchen" starts out to woo the fair Hermione who, by the way, is a garment worker when she isn't the fairy princess of the piece. The whole tale is a queer sort of a melange made up of murders, prize-fights, philanthropy, philandering, and a lot of romantic—very romantic—love-making.

Of course the thing is absolutely impossible. It could never happen—outside of one of Jeffrey Farnol's books. But as Farnol tells the tale it all seems arranged in a proper order and almost convincing. Hermione is a lovable little thing and Ravenslee, the millionaire, is a likeable chap but a little slow in popping the question. The gun-men of the piece are quite up to the standard of modern police records and give Mr. Farnol an excellent opportunity to display his knack of setting dialect down in type. Mrs. Trape, the landlady at Mulligan's Rents, can put a Pickwickian piquancy to mutton chops and fried tomatoes—as the reader will find out for himself. But the way she gives the fairy prince the final push into paradise is really her big scene in the piece and it comes right at the last page of the book.

"THE CINEMA MURDER," by E. Phillips Oppenheim: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.35.

IT isn't often that an old hand like E. Phillips Oppenheim makes a mistake in the title of his tales, but "The Cinema Murder" certainly strikes one as a misnomer for the exciting yarn he has spun between the covers of the book so called. In the

first place Oppenheim has quite as large a public on this side of the pond where it is the fashion to pronounce "cinematograph" with a silent "c" as though spelled m-o-v-i-e. But even as "The Movie Murder" the title could never be made to fit the tale which, and this is fortunate, hasn't even a sixteenth-cousin relationship to the flickering "drammer." It is simply a corking good mystery yarn told as E. Phillips O. knows how to tell of such entanglements. The scene shifts from Detton Magna, a Derbyshire village, where soft-coal smuts mottle the scenery with a half-tone effect, to the high-balls and low lights of the New York edition of Bohemia. A struggling author strangles his rich cousin when they meet beneath a canal bridge near the Derbyshire village and, taking the other fellow's name, pocket book and trans-Atlantic ticket, comes to New York. A steamer flirtation on the way over with a famous actress ripens into a wonderful play which he writes and she plays, with a result that he is pitch-forked into prominence and is forced out of hiding. By this time he is in a tangle of aliases and in such a general mix-up that only Oppenheim could straighten out without stretching the reader's credulity beyond the cracking point. The action is rapid enough, although the police are a trifle slow on the trail and only arrive with the warrant when the waiter sets down the iced grape-fruit for the wedding breakfast and for a minute or two it looks as though both playwright and actress must delay their honeymoon indefinitely. But in those two or three minutes something else happens and everything but the mystery of the title is explained to everybody's satisfaction.

"THE LONG LANE'S TURNING," by Hallie Erminie Rives: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.50.

THERE is a knack in treating a dry subject in an interesting way and mighty few of the authors of prohibition pamphlets and other printed pieces of such-like propaganda have caught the idea. A safe estimate of the successful ones would work out at about two and a half per cent.—an ineffective quantity according to the best authorities. But now and again a writer will draw lightly from the abundant store of human interest there is in the temperance question and produce preachment against booze which sets the bacchanalian old fuddler's cap awry and sends him scuttling for the tall timbers. "The Long Lane's Turning," written by Hallie Erminie Rives, is one of the most clever pieces of prohibition propaganda that have appeared to date. Primarily, it is an excellent piece of dramatic fiction and the preachy part of the parable is never allowed to obscure the reader's interest in the plot of the story. The conflicting personalities of Sevier, a brilliant young lawyer; Echo Allen, the daughter of a prominent jurist; and Cameron Craig, a dominant character, who is head of the liquor trust, have been woven by the writer into an intensely interesting story which, as an indictment of the liquor traffic, is more damning than a whole wagon load of bromidic brochures on the "thou shalt not" theme which so many of the temperance crusaders harp upon.