

64 received from "Yukon," Dawson City, = 44 points.

There were no correct solvers of No. 69, the 4 mover by W. Pauly. Mr. Faulkner sends a cook, however, by 1. P-B3; 2. R-KK7 or KR7, etc.

Our column of Sept. 9 was unfortunately published without proof examination. The submitted problems should number 75 and 76. In the last variation of the commentary on Kohnlein's 7 mover, 1., B-R4 at once, is, of course, at Black's command.

In column of Sept. 2, the problems should number 72, 73 and 74.

Mr. Hunter's solution of No. 65 was overlooked. We have added the two points to his score.

To Correspondents.

(J. R. B.) In No. 68 1. Kt-K3; 2. Q-Kt4? B-Kt4? no mate.

(P. W. P.) In No. 70. 1. PxP, QxQ! no mate.

Bolt from the Blue

(Concluded from page 18.)

shimmering seas and the spacious, noble South.

Fred was the first person to greet me on the Santa Dominica platform. His face was beaming from ear to ear; his hand closed on mine in a grip of steel; he hugged me like a bear, and waltzed me exuberantly into a brakeman, and then into a checkerboard parlour with an eyeglass. Say, but wasn't he glad to see me! Say, but it was corking to see me! Say, he hoped I'd overlook the late unpleasantness, and come to the wedding! Yes, by Jupiter, his and Elinor's! Splendid, wasn't it! Simply great, eh? Who'd have thought it a month ago? Hadn't I heard? The Purple Brother had skipped. Yes, had skinned out like the Arab! Hadn't even stayed to fold up his tent, but had melted like hot wagon grease! Had been traced to San Diego and across the border into Mexico, scooting for all he was worth!

And the New Religionists?

All back at the old stand, except Mr. Paton, who had gone to Europe, and the Titcombes, who were recuperating at Paso Robles Hot Springs. Great wasn't it! Just as I had said, little though he had believed it. Nothing doing without the Purple Brother, you know.

Something in my look startled Fred, for he stopped in mid-career and gazed at me with open mouth.

"This isn't any news to you," he said suddenly. "You can't fool me! You knew it already!"

"I did and I didn't," I answered, evasively.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Only that I am the modest hero of this occasion."

"What's that? I don't understand."

"Only that I seen my duty and I done it."

"Then you did have something to do with getting rid of him."

"Oh, yes," I returned. "In fact, I had a whole lot."

"A whole lot?" repeated Fred, more mystified than ever.

"To cut a long story short," I explained, "and not to bore you with the mental processes that led me from one brilliant deduction to another till I reached the intellectual culmination of my life, let me say that I walked into a Broadway telegraph office, and lightly taking a pencil tied to a string, asked (in the hope that it had been reduced) what was the rate for ten words from New York to California. Undeterred by the fact that a soulless corporation still insisted on a dollar, I gracefully seized a form, and—"

"And wrote, of course," put in Fred hurriedly. "Wrote what, that's what I'm after?"

"I just took a chance, old man, a million to one chance, and with no more to go on than my natural intuition and general disbelief in prophets, I telegraphed: 'Ram Zafaryab Chadortee, B.A., Santa Dominica, California. Leave New York to-night. Meet me at the train. Blue Eyes.'"

Work for Women

(Concluded from page 13.)

are made glad by the note of the thrush and the blackbird. The Home is called Blue Bird's Nest, in anticipation that the happiness of Maeterlinck's Blue Bird will reign there. All

the hangings, woodwork, and furnishings are of various shades of blue. In carrying out this idea, Lady Byron concurred with the colour specialists of the day—that blue is the colour most restful to the nerves. Nurses from South Africa, Australia, Canada, as well as from all points in Britain, have rested here, and gone back to their work, renewed in the strength essential to them, by the kindness and thought of Lady Byron.

As chairman of the Polish Relief Fund and on the Committees of Serbian and Montenegrin Relief and Italian Relief, Lady Byron does good service. Perhaps because the Tobacco Fund is so essential to the personal comfort of our men, Lady Byron is also interested in it and is on the committee. Realizing our obligation to look after the comfort of the soldier at the front in all ways, Lady Byron has given of her thought, of her means, and of herself to the work. After the

war, when the various workers have scattered to their homes in the different Colonies, many a grateful thought will be wafted back to Blue Bird's Nest and its kind founder, by the Sisters who found there a touch of home and its comforts.

A City Treasurer.

MISS MARY GALBRAITH, the Assistant Treasurer of the city of Winnipeg, is an unusual woman in an unusual occupation, who has made unusually good. So good, in fact, that to her fellow-citizens she has become an institution as useful and unquestioned as the City Hall itself. For over 18 years Miss Galbraith has been an efficient worker in the City Treasurer's department in Winnipeg. At first and for some years she was simply an assistant to the Treasurer, but for the past decade she has held the position of Assistant Treasurer, and has been invested with all the powers which that position entails,

notably that of conducting the whole department in the absence of her chief. As the Treasurer's office in Winnipeg handles in the course of the year a sum of from \$10,000,000 to \$14,000,000, it can be readily seen just what this means. Miss Galbraith is an enthusiastic Daughter of Empire, and has been Regent of the Lord Selkirk Chapter for the past two years. She is a feminist and an advocate of the extension of women's activities in larger spheres, but better than the mere belief in these things she is a fine exponent of the best ideals of what woman may be, and commands both affection and respect from all who knew her.

THE COME BACK.

Said he: "You do not bake the bread

Like mother used to bake!"

Said she: "You do not make the dough

That father used to make!"

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