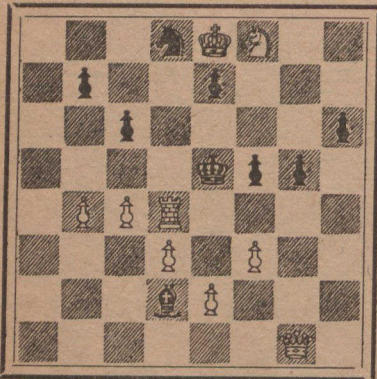


C H E S S

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Solutions to problems and other correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 146, by B. Huelsen.
Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.
White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 144, by E. E. Westbury.
1. Q—Kt5! B—Q8; 2. B—Ksq mate.
1. R—Q7ch; 2. B—Q4 mate.
1. Kt—Kt6; 2. Q—KB5 mate.
1. threat; 2. Q—Ktsq mate.

To Correspondents.

W. K. Merrifield. You overlook other

Boys-Boys

Some boys have heard my call and are at work every week earning a nice sum of

POCKET MONEY

They do it by selling the Canadian Courier to their friends. You have friends and the Courier will make more for you. Look over THIS number and decide you can sell it.

ON MY GUARANTEE you can make at least 50c per week.

Sales Manager,
Canadian Courier, Toronto.

JUST OUT—Sound, Sensible HOW TO GET A POSITION

This is one of the most sensible little books of advice ever offered to the young man or young woman seeking employment. Mr. Hall has been with a large correspondence school, and has had much experience in getting positions for young men. Above all, he would have the young man drop all foolish notions about the getting and holding a position. Hard work alone makes good. He gives much practical advice on letters of application; personal application; what is good and what is bad form, etc., etc.

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AND HOW TO KEEP IT

By S. ROLAND HALL.
UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.
8 University Ave. : Toronto

Black defences, e.g., 13. Q—B2 or Q2. B. Gordon. Your contribution was acknowledged some time ago. The strategy is too lean and the White King too glaringly in danger. Try again!

Chess Among the Enemy.

A triangular tournament of some importance was contested during last December in Vienna, between Carl Schlechter, Dr. M. Vidmar, and the less famous Dr. H. Kaufmann. Six games were contested between each contestant, thus making eighteen games in all. No less than thirteen of these were drawn! Schlechter and Vidmar each won two of the remaining five and Kaufmann one. Final score, Schlechter 6½ points, Vidmar 6, and Kaufmann 5½. The following is an interesting specimen of the play, with notes from the "Field," via the "American Chess Bulletin."

Ruy Lopez.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| Schlechter. | Vidmar. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—Kt5 | 3. P—QR3 |
| 4. B—R4 | 4. Kt—B3 |
| 5. Castles | 5. KtxP |
| 6. P—Q4 | 6. P—QKt4 |
| 7. B—Kt3 | 7. P—Q4 |
| 8. Pxp | 8. B—K3 |
| 9. P—B3 | 9. B—QB4 |
| 10. Q—Q3 (a) | 10. Kt—K2 (b) |
| 11. Kt—Q4 | 11. B—Kt3 (c) |
| 12. B—B2 | 12. Kt—KB4 (d) |
| 13. B—K3 | 13. P—B4 |
| 14. KtxKt | 14. BxKt |
| 15. R—Qsq | 15. Kt—Kt6 (e) |
| 16. Q—Q2* (f) | 16. BxB |
| 17. QxB | 17. Kt—K5 |
| 18. Kt—Q2 | 18. P—B4 (g) |
| 19. KtxKt | 19. BpxKt |
| 20. Q—Q2 | 20. P—Q5 (h) |
| 21. Pxp | 21. Pxp |
| 22. Bxp | 22. QxB |
| 23. QxQ | 23. BxQ |
| 24. RxB | 24. R—QBsq |
| 25. QR—Qsq | 25. Castles (i) |
| 26. P—KR4 | 26. R—B7 (j) |
| 27. P—K6 | 27. R—Ksq (k) |
| 28. R—Q8 | 28. R—QBsq (l) |
| 29. RxB (K8) | 29. RxB |
| 30. R—Q6 | 30. P—QR4 |
| 31. K—Bsq | 31. K—Bsq |
| 32. R—B6 (m) | 32. R—Qsq |
| 33. K—K2 | 33. K—K2 |
| 34. R—B5 | 34. R—QKtsq (n) |
| 35. R—K5 | 35. R—QBsq |
| 36. RxBtP | 36. R—B7ch |
| 37. K—K3 and white won (o) | |

(a) This move is seldom played, and has not yet been much analysed.

(b) The question as to Black's best reply to White's last move is yet undecided. In a game Burn vs. Tarrasch, in the championship tournament at Ostend, Tarrasch played 10. B—Kt3 and lost. A problem-like variation may occur if Black plays 10. Castles, e.g., 10. Castles; 11. QKt—Q2, P—B4; 12. Pxp e.p. KtxP(B3); 13. Kt—Kt5, Q—Q2; 14. KtxB, QxKt; 15. Kt—K4, QxKt (not 15. KtxKt, because of 16. Bxp, winning the Queen); 16. QxQ, KtxQ; 17. Bxpch, K—Rsq; 18. BxKt(K4), and white, being a Pawn ahead with the better position, should win.

(c) 12. P—QB4, and if the Knight retires, to win a piece by 13. P—B5.

(d) Better would have been 12. P—QB4 in order to dislodge the Knight at once from its commanding position at Q4, followed, if 13. Kt—K2, by 13. B—

KB4, or if 13. Kt—B3, by 13. Castles. Black should have retained his Knight at K2 for the present to make his Queen's Pawn secure.

(e) After this move Black loses his Queen's Pawn. He could have defended it by retiring his Bishop to K3, but White would then have obtained the superior position, e.g., 15. B—K3; 16. P—B3, P—B5; 17. Q—K2, Kt—B4; 18. P—B4, threatening 19. P—B5 with advantage for White, as Black's Queen's Pawn would remain permanently weak.

(f) Qxp, at once, might have been played, but the text-move was simpler.

(g) If 18. KtxKt, then 19. QxKt, winning the Queen's Pawn.

(h) By forcing the exchange of Bishops, Black made it more difficult for White to win with his extra Pawn.

(i) K—K2 would have been better, but with correct play the game was won for White in any case.

(j) And now Black should have played 26. P—K6. After the text-move Schlechter forces the win in fine style.

(k) The only move to prolong the game. If 27. R(Bsq)xP, then 28. R—Q8ch, R—Bsq; 29. P—K7, and wins. If 27. R(B7)xBP, then 28. P—K7, and wins. If 27. RxBtP, then 28. R—Q8, and wins.

(l) Forced. If 28. K—Bsq, then 29. R(Qsq)—Q7 (threatening 30. R—B7ch), R—Bsq (not 29. RxB, because of 30. P—K7ch); 30. R—B7ch, K—Ktsq; 31. R(Q8)—Q7, RxB; 32. RxBch, K—Bsq; 33. RxB, K—Ksq; 34. R—R7, K—Qsq; 35. R—R8ch, R—Ksq; 36. RxBch, KxB; 37. RxB, and wins.

(m) To prevent Black from taking possession of the Queen's Bishop file with his Rook.

(n) If 34. KxP; then 35. RxB, R—QRsq; 36. K—K3, and wins.

(o) The game was prolonged for about twenty more moves, but—winning for White was only a question of routine. The process would probably be somewhat as follows: 37. KxP; 38. P—QR4 (to prevent P—QR5), P—Kt3; 39. P—KKt4, K—B3 (Black can only mark time with his King); 40. P—Kt3, K—K3; 41. KxB, RxB; 42. RxB, and White wins easily with his two passed Pawns.

Elusive Mr. Square Face

(Concluded from page 20.)

In the Casino cafe at five o'clock we sat—His Highness, his friend, and I—and we were eating heartily. Of course I was patting myself on the back and here I thought is where I get a good stand in with royalty and possibly an invitation to spend a season in mystic India.

"Your Highness," I began, "That was a good night's work—"

"The night's work is good," he returned in his quiet way—"Just splendid. But to you I am no longer His Highness—"

Getting in right, I thought! Next thing he will be telling me to call

him Bill, and I will be telling him to call me Jim, and we will begin to believe we have been school-mates together.

"No," he proceeded to explain, "Now that Square Face is caught I might just as well introduce myself—"

He threw a card on the table and picking it up, I read:

ANTHONY PEZZUTO

Dominion Secret Service.

"And my friend here," he pointed to the other—"Is Mr. Langdon of the same."

I looked from one face to the other. I was dumbfounded and in my strange costume I must have appeared doubly ridiculous.

"And Square Face?"

Pezzuto snapped his jaws together and looked hard.

"Is the cleverest Black Hand artist that ever stood in shoe leather. You have heard of the Cammorists? Yes. For six months, Langdon and I have been after this fellow, but we couldn't get anything on him. Then we decided to work that Nizam gag—he fell for it, as we expected he would—and you working on the case through a colossal accident, as it were, have succeeded where we might have failed. Young man, there is a position at Ottawa for you—it is better than building plots—"

"But the Nizam of Hyderabad?" I couldn't get it through my head that I could be fooled like this.

"You must know!" He pulled a paper out of his pocket—a paper dated Saturday, August 16th, found an item in it, pointed to it with a long slender finger and handed it to me.

I grabbed that printed sheet, rubbed my eyes, and read the following despatch from France:

"His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad inspected the Indian troops at C— yesterday. He was accompanied by Sir Pertrub Singh, commander of the Indian forces in France. Sir Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of War, was an interested spectator."

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"WELL?" she was asking, as she lolled artistically in the silk-covered easy chair in her pretty room, upholstered in carnation pink. "So you can't see him till to-morrow? I'm very disappointed," she added, pettishly.

"No," replied the young man, who, fair-haired and square-jawed, was of distinctly German type. "I'm sorry. I tried my best, but I failed."

"H'm. I thought you were clever enough, Carl. But it seems that you failed," and she sighed wearily.

"You know, Molly, I'd do anything for you," replied the young fellow, who was evidently of quite superior class, for he wore his well-cut evening coat and soft-fronted dress-shirt with the ease of one accustomed to such things. And, if the truth were told, he would have been recognized by any of the clerks in the bureau of the Savoy Hotel as one of their most regular customers at dinner or supper.

"I know that, Carl," replied the

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

handsome woman, impatiently. "But, you see, I had made all my arrange-

SERIAL BULLETIN.

OWING to a discovery that the Canadian publishers of "The Yukon Trail" have no control of serial rights in Canada, we are compelled to announce with great regret that we shall not be able to publish it in the Canadian Courier. We shall need to do some extra discovery work to get another as good. But we shall do it—if it takes two weeks.—The Editor.

ments. The information is wanted hourly in Berlin. It is most urgent." "Well, they'll have to wait, my dear

Molly. If I can't get it till to-morrow—I can't."

"Why not?"

"Oh, what's the good of explaining? Heinrich has gone off down to Brighton with a little friend of his—that's all. He's motored her down to the Metropole, and won't be back till to-morrow. How, in Heaven's name, can I help it?"

"I don't suppose you can, my dear boy," laughed the big, overbearing woman, who held the son of the "naturalised" German financier in the grip of her white, bejewelled fingers. "But, all the same, we have both to remember our duty to the Fatherland. We are at war."

"True! And haven't I helped the Fatherland? Was it not from information given by me that you knew the truth of the blowing up of the battleship Bulwark off Sheerness, and of the loss of the Formidable on New Year's day? Have I and my friends in Jermyn Street been inactive?"

"No, you haven't. Our dear Fatherland owes you and your friends a deep debt of gratitude. But—Well, I