

**DRAUGHTS-CHECKERS**

GAME XLV.—DOUBLE CORNER.  
From the Turf

Played in July last, under the beeches in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace, near London. By James Hill, of Teddington and Cyrus Judkins, of Colorado, U. S.

9-14	2-6	12-19	15-24
22 18 17 14	9 6 28 19		
5-9	1-5	14-18	31-26
25 22 25 22	6 2 22 17		
11-16	6-9	d 7-11	14-18
22 17 14 10	2 7 19 15		
9-13	7-14	11-16	26-22
18 9 22 17	7 11 17 13		
13-22	14-18	5-9	18-23
26 17 17 13	11 20 15 10		
6-22	9-14	9-14	22-18
30 26 31 26	20 16 10 6		
a-10-15	b 3-7	4-8	18-14
26 17 2-27	23 16 23 6	1	
16-19	18-27	18-27	23-26
23 16 32 16	26 22 1 5		
12-19	8-12	27-31	
29 25 c-13	9 24 19	drawn	

It was a summer afternoon, and I was admiring one of the many beautiful designed flower beds in Hampton Court Palace Gardens; particularly one laid out in squares of red and white flowers like a draught board, when a tourist, who was standing by, turned to me and said, "By gosh, stranger, that beats all the checker boards I ever saw!"

"It is very beautiful," I replied. "But you are an American," I said, "or you would not call the game 'checkers.'"

"You needn't guess twice on that, stranger," he said, handing me his card. "And I ken guess within a thousand miles whaur you hail from." On his card read: "Cyrus Judkins, Sale and Livery Stables—Col. U. S."

"Shake," he remarked, as I handed him my card; "I've heard of you; I take the Turf."

Then, as we strolled about the gardens, he told me he was visiting the sights of Europe with his wife, who was then in the Palace looking at the historical pictures, for which he had no liking.

"But," he said, "we must have a game now we have met."

"I'm afraid we can't manage it," I replied. "We have no board."

"Hold on just a minute," he said, "I've some poker chips in my little grip here, and a folding map of London. On the back of the map I can pencil the squares, and we'll use the red and white chips for men. How's that for Yankee ingenuity, eh?"

So this was done, and down we sat on the greensward, beside a statue of one of the old British kings, in a secluded part of the garden, where nothing but the swans floating by on the serpentine water and the swaying branches of the ancient beeches overhead disturbed our quiet game.

a Original. First played in Providence with Mr. Studley in 1885:

(1)

In our third game Mr. Judkins varied as follows:

25-22	9-13	14-7	1-6
6 9 17 14	3 10	black	
31-26	7-10	21-17	wins.

b This improves my previous play. The position is now critical and interesting

c "Oh, no! You can't play that on your Uncle Judkins!" he exclaimed (referring to 21 19, 15-24, 28 19, 4-8, &c.). "I've held the 'ribbons'

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over too many trotters to be caught in a 'pocket,' he added with a wink. d 7-10, 2 7, 10-14, 7 11, 5-9, 24 20, 9-13, and a snug draw.

(2)

Judkins was of the opinion that he should have won here in the other game, so at the third trial varied as under:

13 9 8-11	9 6 5-9	6
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Here Mr J. was nervously curling the end of his ample goat in the effort to find a draw, when the dulcet tones of his wife's voice startled him and he, as she exclaimed:

"Now Cyrus Judkins, this is really too bad! You promised to meet me at the 'Mezo' at six o'clock, and here it's after eight; and I have dragged this kind policeman all over the grounds to find you. I thought sure you'd fall into a fit somewhere. You're—you're too provoking! And you've got tickets in your pocket for the theatre, too, and now we'll be too late."

"By gosh! so I have!" said Judkins, as he hurriedly picked up the chips.

Here the policeman stepped forward and said:

"I'm sorry, gents, but I shall have to take you before the inspector. It's against the law gambling in the Palace Gardens."

"Gambling!" exclaimed Judkins, "Gambling, why its only checkers!"

"Oh, you can't humbug me with your American games—I saw the counters! Have to 'take you in.' Come along," said the bobby.

And off the four of us marched to the Inspector's office, while all the way Judkins was damning the density of the British bobby.

As soon as we explained the harmless game the Inspector saw the joke, and, chaffing the dolt who "took us in," set us free.

After a hearty laugh at our late predicament, and a piping drink, we said good bye, agreeing to meet in Paris and play a game at the summit of the Eiffel Tower. The incidents connected with that well and highly played game I may send you later.

JAMES HILL.

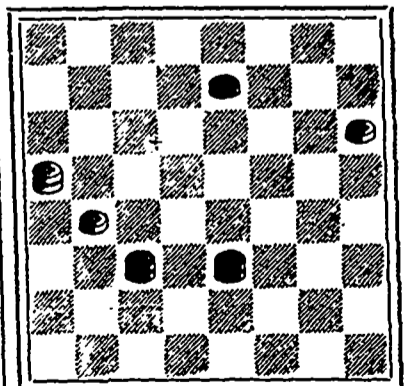
—West Lothian Courier.

Solution to problem No. 150 will be given next week.

PROBLEM No. 152.

By William Brooks, Dartmouth.

Black man 7, kings 22, 23.



White men 12, 17, king 13.

Black to play and win.

This problem is both neat and original, and we look upon it as a bright little gem.

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