

10. QxB, would generate the expected margin of superiority. Here, instead, 10. P-K6ch, PxP; 11. BxR, Kt-QB3, threatening Kt-B3, is in Black's favor.

(g) The value of this advance disappears upon investigation. That Black threatens to get clear of all danger, is some inducement, however.

(h) Obviously P-B3 should have been played.

(i) And here 11. ... P-Q3 (threatening B-Kt6 and then to R4); 12. P-KR3, B-KB4; 13. Kt-KR4, Kt-K4 was correct.

(j) If 15. ... Kt-Kt5, then 16. Q-B3, threatening mate and the piece.

(k) It was unfortunate that 16. B-Bsq, (preventing the Black King from finding an outlet), would have let in the evil 16. ... Kt-Kt5.

(l) And this advance, whilst dissolving the imprisoned Rook, gives little compensation.

(m) K-Ktsq would be very hazardous as Black would double up on the file.

(n) A bad mistake. The Queen could have gone to R4 with advantage.

(o) Morrison fails to correctly solve the problem. The correct method was 27. R-R7ch, K-Kt3; 28. BxP! If 28. ... R-KBsq, then 29. B-K4ch, B-B4; 30. Kt-K6!! Similar play would follow from 28. ... R-QKtsq. If 28. ... BxKt, then of course 29. BxR, threatening to Queen the Pawn.

(p) The capture of the Pawn apparently should have been deferred. The fluctuations now cease, Morrison having everything plain sailing.

(q) If 30. ... K-K3, then 31. R-R6,

etc. If the Black King goes elsewhere, 31. RxP leaves two Pawns en prise.

(r) Prettily played.

END GAME NO. 39.

By K. A. L. Kubbel.

(From the British Chess Magazine.)
White: K at QKt3; R at Kt3; B at Kt2; Kt at QB2; P at Q3. Black: K at QKtsq; R at Q3; Ps at QB2, Q7 and K4. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. R-Kt8ch, K-R2; 2. Kt-K3, RxPch; 3. K-B2, RxKt; 4. KxP, R-QKt6; 5. R-R8ch, K-Kt3; 6. R-Kt8ch, and wins the Rook. The check must be given the first move, for if 1. Kt-K3?, then follows 1. ... RxPch; 2. K-B2, P-Q8 (Q) ch; 3. KtxQ, RxR, and draws. An easy but pretty composition; the trapping of the Rook being neatly managed.

The Lost Naval Papers

(Continued from page 28.)

believe that Dawson likes me, that he sees in me a kindred spirit as patriotically unscrupulous as himself.

He jumped up and gripped my hand. "You are right. I will put in a few hours' sleep, and then to work once more. This time I am up against a man who is nearly as smart as I am myself, and I can't afford to carry any handicap."

I led him to the door and put him out, and then turned to Cary with a laugh. "And I, too, will follow Dawson's example. It is past one, and my head is buzzing with queer ideas. Perhaps, after all, the Germans have more imagination than we usually credit them with. I wonder—" But I did not tell to Cary what I wondered.

We were sitting after breakfast in Cary's study, enjoying the first sweet pipe of the day, when the telephone bell rang. Cary took off the earpiece and I listened to a one-sided conversation somewhat as follows:

"What! Is that you, Mr. Dawson? Yes, Copplestone is here. The Antigone? What about her? She is a sister ship of the Antinous, and was in with damage to her forefoot, which had been ripped up when she ran down that big German submarine north of the Orkneys— Yes, I know; she was due to go out some time to-day. What do you say? Wires cut? Whose wires have been cut? The Antigone's? Oh, the devil! Yes, we will both come down to your office this afternoon. Whenever you like."

Cary hung up the receiver and glared at me. "It has happened again," he groaned. "The Antigone this time. She has been in dry dock for the past fortnight and was floated out yesterday. Her full complement joined her last night. Dawson says that he was called up at eight o'clock by the news that her gun-wires have been cut exactly like those of the Antinous, and in the same incomprehensible way. He seems, curiously enough, to be quite cheerful about it."

"He has had a few hours' sleep. And, besides, he sees that his second case, so exactly like the first, makes the solution of his problem very much more easy. I am glad that he is cheerful, for I feel exuberantly happy myself. I was kept awake half the night by a persistent notion which seemed the more idiotic the more I thought all round it. But now—now, there may be something in it."

"What is your idea? Tell me quick."

"No, thank you, Dr. Watson. We amateur masters of intuition don't work our thrilling effects in that way. We keep our notions to ourselves until they turn out to be right, and then we declare that we saw through the problem from the first. When we have been wrong, we say nothing. So you observe, Cary, that whatever happens our reputations do not suffer."

(To be continued.)

RUBBERSET BRUSHES

How Rubberset Brushes Got Their Name

YEARS ago, under the old makeshift systems of brushmaking (employed to this day in many factories), it was not merely the common thing for brushes to lose their bristles—it was INEVITABLE. A brush might last a week, a month, a year—but sooner or later the bristle and the handle would part company "for keeps."

"Glue set" really meant "Don't use this brush in water"; "Shellac set" cried out "Don't put me in varnish"; "Pitch set" shrieked the warning "I'll get soft if I get warm!" cement dried out and crumbled with age, wire or staples corroded, cut the bristles loose, or let them work out one by one, fragile thread broke. Altogether, the brush user's life was a merry-go-round of "don'ts," hard luck, and new brushes.

In those days we were in the hard rubber business, but we knew all the bad points about brushes, and a whole lot of good things about hard rubber. So we perfected a process of embedding the butts of the bristle in soft rubber and then vulcanizing this entire portion of the brush into one solid unit of almost flint-like hardness—a grip impervious alike to heat or cold, to flood or drought, to use, to old age, or the chemical action of any compounds in which brushes may properly be used.

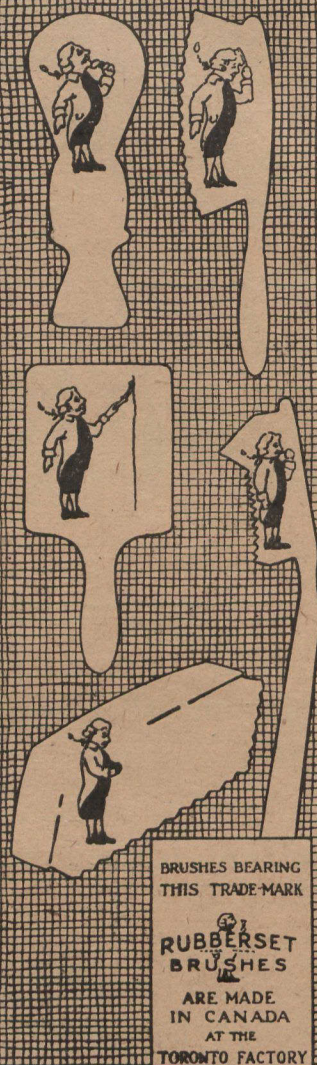
Thus came the adoption of the abiding principle, "Every bristle gripped everlastingly in hard rubber"—the establishment of the ironclad guarantee

"RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!"—the development of the line to include a standard brush for almost every use to which a bristle brush is put.

And because the name RUBBERSET on a brush means that it is made by the Rubberset Company, that it possesses every good quality possible to any brush, and the one outstanding feature which the ordinary brush cannot have, and because the original principle and the guarantee have been lived up to in sincerity through all these years, the better dealers throughout the Dominion will offer you RUBBERSETS to-day when you ask simply for the best.

RUBBERSET CO., Limited

Factory: Sullivan Street - - Toronto, Ontario





Barber & Ellis,

FRENCH ORGANDIE

Stationery

T

HOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your stationer for it.


\$1-7-18