

BADEN-POWELL AS A CHESS PLAYER.

The following amusing story is culled from an English magazine:

The versatile Baden-Powell, when returning from India, had, for a fellow passenger, a Dr. Higgins, now of Huddersfield. The Doctor had lived in India a number of years, and, in leaving for his native land, was presented, by the Maharajah of Jeroochabad with a beautiful set of ivory chessmen. In fine weather the Doctor spent the time very agreeably in solving problems from some back numbers of the Illustrated London News, but if the steamer rolled at all the chessmen had an aggravating way of deserting their stations on the board, and capering about the deck; then the language used about them, their dusky donor, and the ivory carvers of Jeroochabad, was worth hearing. All the available problems were mastered, with one exception, which defied the Doctor's skill. With the assistance of the steward, Baden-Powell obtained possession of the paper containing this problem, and tried in vain to solve it privately. Then the services of the chief officer were called into requisition; but as neither of them knew much about the game, their combined efforts proved futile. But help came from an unexpected quarter. The steward found a later copy of the Illustrated London News with the full solution of the problem. The published answer was carefully committed to memory. Next day, when Dr. Higgins fixed up the problem for another trial, Baden-Powell strolled up and commenced to chaff him about the difficulty experienced in solving a simple chess problem, and made a bet that he could find the answer in ten minutes. The wager was readily accepted by the Doctor, who had spent twelve hours over the chess-nut without getting at the kernel. A time-keeper was appointed, and Baden-Powell went to work, apparently plunged in the deepest thought. Several unavailing key-moves were intentionally tried, the correct defence being promptly shown by Dr. Higgins. A group of passengers and deck hands were now gathered round, and bets upon the result were freely made. After nine minutes' intense study, Baden-Powell demonstrated the correct solution of the problem, to the intense surprise of Dr. Higgins and the amusement of the onlookers.

"THE RIGHT DREAM TO COME TRUE."

A Vancouver despatch to the Montreal Star says: "It having been found impossible to profitably can salmon in British Columbia under present conditions, owing to the class of Japanese and white fishermen and ruinous strikes, English capitalists are striving to buy up the canneries, 73 in all, with the object of running the industry on the co-operative plan, excluding Japanese and giving the white employees good wage and a share of the profits."

Mick Murphy's Yarns.

The Woon' iv Tammy O'Neill.

Whin wan begins prophesyin', he niver knows where it'll end, an' the owld gipsy sayin' fortunes that towld Tammy he'd niver coort a woman forgot to rimember that a woman might coort Tammy.

Sally McTaggart wuz a brave slip iv a colleen, an' niver axed nobody's lave about doin' things. To tell the truth, Sally cud do as much work champin' turf as any two men, an' wan day Tammy wuz passin' the bog, sez he to himself: "Shure, she's a mighty fine worker, so she is; an' no wondher, fur she's as big as any man that iver ate mate, or dhrew breath in hez body, an' that's no lie."

"Orra bliss me sowl, child, what are ye doin' here widout yer mother?" sez Sally, lookin' down frum her work.

"Beggin' yer pardon, ma'm, but I'm able to look afther meself widout any wan's mother a-helpin' me, so I am. But shure an' it's yerself wud take heaps iv lookin' afther, so it wud, fur wan iv yer size," sez Tammy, hittin' back at her.

"Am sayin', me boyld little fellow, if ye go makin' fun iv me size, I'll put ye in a snuff-box till ye sneeze the impertinence out iv yer smal' countenance, or me name's not Sally M'Taggart."

"Sally M'Taggart, orra bliss us an' save us, shure ye're thruly not 'Fightin' M'Taggart's' own daughter?"

"I'm that same daughter, so I am; an' may I be bowld to axe ye who's yer father, child dear?"

"Child, d'ye say? When did ye iver see a child wid hair growin' on its face?"

"Most sartinly, sor, I can imagine a thrace iv suspicion iv a beard growin' on yer upper lip. But tell me, as I've already axed ye, who's yer father?"

"Gorra, I'm towld owld Paddy O'Neill wuz me father, but I know fur sartin who me own mother is."

"Then you's Tammy O'Neill, the cobbler?"

"The same, that's me, shure enough," replied O'eill. "Does yer shoes want fixin'?"

"What wud ye charge me fur half-solcin' an' heelin'?"

"Well," sez O'Neill, "I ginerally charge eighteen pence, but begorra, I'm afraid ye wud need a mortal size iv leather fur shoes that'll fit the likes iv you. I'm thinkin' it wud take half a crown to buy leather that wud keep the likes iv you frum touchin' the flure wid yer bare feet."

"Half a crown, d'ye say? Troth, that's more nor I am worth meself, shoes an' all."

"Is it jokin' ye are wid me, Sally M'Taggart? Shure wan look iv them eyes is worth its weight iv golden coin."

"Now, Tammy, only ye're a smal' matther in the way iv a man, I'd bay afther thinkin' ye're throwin' out hooks to catch the cockles iv me heart, so I wud;

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