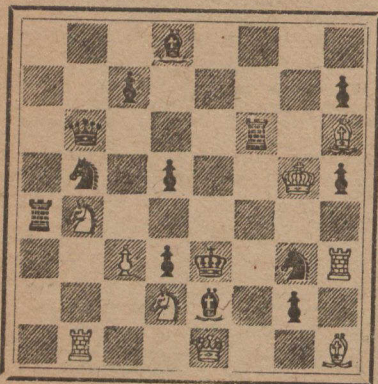




Address all communications to this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 136, by A. C. White.
From the Pittsburgh "Gaz.-Times."
(Task.)

Black.—Fourteen Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 132, by Comius Mansfield.

1. B-K4! KtxR d.ch; 2. Kt-QKt5 mate.
1., Kt-Q7 d.ch; 2. Kt-B4 mate.
1., KtxKt d.ch; 2. B-Q3 mate.
1., Kt-Kf d.ch; 2. R-Q3 mate.

Problem No. 133, by N. M. Gibbons.

1. B-K5, threat; 2. B-Q3 ch, KxB;
3. Q-Q6 ch, KxB mate.
1., Q-K2; 2. P-Q3 ch, KxB; 3.
Q-B5 ch, QxQ mate.
1., QxQP; 2. B-B3 ch, KxB; 3.
Q-Q4 ch, QxQ mate.

The mutual interference of the White Bishop and Pawn on the second White moves, in the two variations first given, form a White Pickabish.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

An interesting game played in London in the Metropolitan Chess Club's Championship Tournament. Notes from the "British Chess Magazine."

Sicilian Defence.

White.	Black.
E. A. Mitchell.	W. Winter.
1. P-K4	1. P-Q14
2. Kt-QB3	2. Kt-QB3
3. P-KKt3	3. P-Q3
4. B-Kt2	4. Kt-B3
5. Kt-K2	5. P-KKt3
6. P-Q3	6. B-Kt2
7. Castles.	7. B-Q2
8. P-KR3	8. Castles.
9. B-K3 (a)	9. P-KR3
10. Q-Q2	10. K-R2
11. P-B4	11. Kt-Ksq
12. P-KKt4!	12. Kt-B2
13. R-B2	13. P-QKt4
14. QR-KBsq	14. P-Kt5
15. Kt-Qsq	15. Kt-Kt4
16. P-B5	16. P-Kt4
17. Kt-Kt3	17. B-K4
18. Kt-R5	18. P-B3
19. P-KR4	19. B-Ksq
20. Pxp	20. BxKt (b)
21. P-Kt6 ch!	21. Bxp
22. PxB ch	22. Kxp
23. R-B5	23. B-Q5
24. R-R5	24. R-Rsq
25. P-K5 (c)	25. P-Q4?
26. Pxp	26. Pxp

CHAPTER I.

The Man of the Moment.

"THAT man knows too much!"
"Do you really think he overheard?"

"He may not have done.

But we must take no risks, my dear fellow. Remember we are at war! With people who know too much there's but one way—dismissal," declared Lewin Rodwell, the tall, well-groomed middle-aged man, in morning-coat and grey trousers, who stood in the panelled board-room with his chairman, Sir Boyle Huntley, the other directors having left after the weekly meeting of the board.

"He might talk—eh?" Sir Boyle remarked in a low, apprehensive tone.

"He would probably fear the law of Hbel," said Lewin Rodwell, fair-haired,

27. BxQP
28. B-K4 ch (d)
29. Q-Kt2
30. R-Q5
31. Q-B3
32. Q-B5
33. BxB
34. QxKt

(a) Threatening Q-Q2 and B-R6, which Black prevents, though he cannot stave off an attack.

(b) Black has considerably the worst of the position, and this makes matters worse still. BPxP should have been played.

(c) Now, however, White does not make his best move, since Black, as The Field points out, might have replied 25. ... KtxP, giving up the Exchange for two Pawns 25. P-B3 was better.

(d) The Field says: Q-Kt2 at once, instead of checking with the Bishop, might have led to the following problem-like finish, 28. Q-Kt2, QR-QBsq; 29. P-Kt5, KxR; 30. B-B7 ch, K-R4; 31. Q-Rsq ch, K-Kt5; 32. Q-K4 ch, K-R6; 33. Kt-B2 ch, K-Kt6; 34. Q-Kt4 mate. If, instead of capturing the Rook, Black played 29. ... RpxP, then 30. ... RxKtP ch and wins; or if 29. ... BxB ch, then 30. KtxB, RpxP; 31. RxKtP ch, PxB; 32. P-B7 ch, K-R2; 33. Q-R4 ch, K-Kt2; 34. Kt-B5 ch, KxB; 35. KtxQ ch, and wins. If, instead of 28. ... QR-QBsq, Black played 28. ... BxB ch, then 29. KtxB, Kt (Kt4)-Q5; 30. Kt-B5, KtxKt; 31. PxKt ch, KxR; 32. B-B3 ch, K-R5; 33. Q-Kt4 mate.

(e) Fatal. The game, however, was lost in any case, White having played with great skill throughout.

Books You'll Read

(Concluded from page 18.)

he witnessed on the trip he was privileged to make along the Franco-British front from the Somme to Verdun, in the company of Honorable James Beck, whose "The Evidence in the Case" has been of so much service to our cause. The book is brightly written and may be read as an introduction to THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME by Philip Gibbs (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Ltd.), in which the famous war-correspondent has gathered together in book form the letters sent by him from the front. Those who have read these articles as they have appeared in the newspapers will welcome this opportunity of preserving in permanent form these graphic accounts of the grim fighting that drove the Germans back.

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

THE opening chapter of THE WAY OF THE WIND, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.40), shows the heroine, Janet Eversly, still somewhat crushed

by the recent death of her father, standing midway down the avenue of life. As she stands thus she looks back over the past and from it tries to read the future. The grey tones of the retrospect cast their gloom over the prospect, leaving her with the conviction that, if anything, the future was to be more cheerless than the past. Just at this time, there came into her life a spinster, wealthy, but a little soured by the lovelessness of her life, and her erring brother, one of those wild, wayward creatures whose "will is the wind's will" and who, as a consequence, are never rightly understood and are always causing pain when they mean to give pleasure. A summer, in which the sister tried to mould this wayward artist, for such the boy was by nature if not by training, proved to Janet that she, a woman of thirty, was in love with this unstable youth of twenty. What came of her love for him and of her efforts to reform him are told in a bright, spirited manner that sustains the interest to the end.

ODDMENTS.

It is a matter of great interest to know that simultaneously with the publication of Edmund Gosse's "Life of Swinburne," Mr. Hinemann will issue a considerable volume of "POSTHUMOUS POEMS."

The Home Rule question is one that is as full of interest for us as it is for the people of the old country. I have even heard one of our leading politicians express himself as being opposed to any closer federation of the Empire until this question has been satisfactorily settled. To all such it will be good news to hear that Hurst and Blackett of London will publish immediately Lord Ernest Hamilton's "THE SOUL OF ULSTER," which, it is said, will be a revelation to many as to what is at the back of the demand for Home Rule.

July 1st, 1917, will be the fiftieth anniversary of the federation of Canada. On account of the war the event will not be celebrated with the rejoicing fitting to so important an occurrence in our political history. In order, however, that the occasion should not go entirely unmarked the University of Toronto is issuing immediately a little volume, THE FEDERATION OF CANADA, 1867-1917, which traces the history of the movement for federation, describes the more important of the men who accomplished it, and shows the working of the Constitution during its fifty years of existence. A fourth chapter tells of the social de-

velopment and growth of the people. The publishers promise a valuable and interesting study of our political development—not a "high-brow" treatise on our political institutions, but an account of the country's government which the man-in-the-street can read, understand, and enjoy. The book will be distributed by the Oxford University Press.

Our Own Garden

(Concluded from page 25.)

to swell, thin them out and use them for greens. They are really nicer than spinach. Again when they are large enough to cook, pull them and top them, and the leaves, however large, are still a most palatable green. Carrot seed is so light and fine that you must perforce plant them more or less thickly. But you can allow them to grow until a finger's thickness before thinning, and even at that size they can be cooked, and prove a most savory delicacy. The long red variety of both beet and carrot will be found most manageable and profitable.

Half a pound or a pound of onion bulbs furnish a most desirable addition to your winter store, but it is not necessary to blister your hands punching holes in the ground to bury them. Make a drill sufficiently deep to cover all but the tips, lay them in about two inches apart, and cover. You will find they will thrive very well that way. About the middle of August tramp down all the leaves, and leave them a week or two. Then dig, and leave them to dry on the ground for a few days before storing away. As a boiled vegetable they are superior to the imported Spanish onion, and are supposed to be in most forms of exceptional medicinal value.

Next come tomatoes and cabbage. If you are a novice and wise, you will buy your plants, and not attempt to grow from seed. For the former we should recommend the late tomato variety as they seem to have a nicer flavour, and to bear more abundantly. The common orange red has been in our experience more profitable than the crimson red. Plant them about a yard apart sometime in June as your garden is ready, and the weather permits. Like cabbage, they will thrive well if set out before or during a rain. A dozen plants would furnish a small family with abundance for table use besides a surplus for winter canning, and all the different ketchups and sauces. Green tomatoes sliced and fried as you do onions make a delectable adjunct to the dinner, and of course are available for a host of different sauces, pickles and chowders.

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A NEW kind of Detective Story, born of the Great War. A story of German Espionage, as they had it in France, Russia, Italy, the United States, Canada—England. The diplomatic writers call it penetration. It's nothing but the German War Lord looking through the Hallowe'en mask of any German's "honest" face, seeing things at night, handing out German money for world secrets. How the scheme worked in England—up to a certain point—and was then pinched off short by the authorities is the theme of Number 70, Berlin. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

By WILLIAM LEQUEUX

sleek, rather refined, who, at the moment, was one of the most popular and patriotic figures in London—a man whose praises were sung constantly in the halfpenny press, and who numbered peers, Cabinet Ministers and diplomats among his friends.

His companion, ten years his senior, was of a different type—a somewhat uncouth man, with a reddish, bloated face, dark hair tinged with grey, deep-set crafty eyes, and a voice which betrayed his cockney birth and breeding, which even his Birthday baronetcy

could not disguise.

Both men, of humble origin, had won considerable fortune in the city and had worked together on the boards of many companies more or less prosperous. They were "keen business men"—which, in these days, seems to be the accepted description of those who are not above descending to sharp practices—and indeed, if the truth be told, had been guilty of certain financial juggling which would have looked very ugly against them if placed before a court of law.

Yet what they had done had been done within the law, and their hands were, consequently, just as clean as those of hundreds of other company-directors in the city of London.

Rodwell, with his back to the fire—for it was a cold, dark November afternoon in the year 1914—slowly lit a good cigar which he took from his