

# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. C. F. Davie, chess editor of the Victoria "Colonist," is preparing a biographical dictionary of accredited chess players, and would like to hear from players who would be entitled to inclusion.

The Handicap and Gambit Tournaments of the Toronto Chess Club are now in progress. In the Handicap, R. G. Hunter leads with 5 wins and 0 losses. Next stand M. Sim and W. H. Perry, with 3 wins and 0 losses each. All are scratch players.

D. J. Denimore, of Brooklyn, who contributed a few problems to our columns, passed away June 24 last. He was a warm correspondent of the editor's, whom he astounded with masterly skill at construction. He was 48 years of age. His death only came to our notice recently.

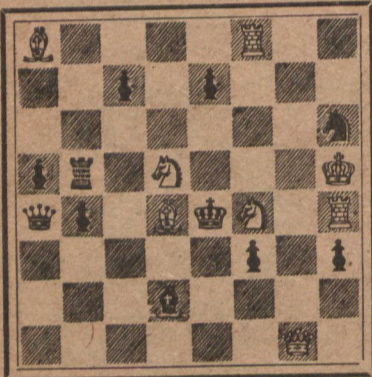
A double-round tournament, with six entries, was recently contested in Warsaw. Rubinstein captured first prize with 5 points, Lowtsky 6½, Flamberg and Belzmann 6.

### Toronto Chess League.

The following is the standing to December 1:

Team	Won.	Lost.
Parliament	3	0
Judaean	1½	½
Toronto	1½	½
Beaches	2	1
W. End Y. M. C. A.	1	1
Gen. Y. M. C. A.	0	3
Varsity	0	3

PROBLEM NO. 166, by G. Guidelli  
First Prize, Good Companions Club,  
November, 1917.  
Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.  
Correction.

In Problem No. 163, the Black Rook on the K.R. file should be white.

### SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 164, by V. Marin.

1. Q-B2, B-Q5; 2. R-KB5 mate.  
1. .... R-Q5; 2. B-Bsq mate.  
1. .... QxQ; 2. B-QKt2 mate.  
1. .... threat; 2. P-Kt7 mate.  
Correct solution of Problem No. 164, received from John McGregor, Tamworth.

### CHESS IN TORONTO.

An interesting game played in the Handicap Tournament at the Toronto Chess Club.

(Remove Black's KB Pawn.)

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| White.          | Black.        |
| W. J. Faulkner. | M. Sim        |
| 1. P-Q4 (a)     | 1. P-Q4       |
| 2. Kt-KB3       | 2. Kt-KB3     |
| 3. B-Kt5        | 3. P-K3       |
| 4. P-K3         | 4. B-K2       |
| 5. B-Q3         | 5. Castles    |
| 6. Castles      | 6. P-B4       |
| 7. P-B4         | 7. QKt-Q2 (b) |
| 8. Kt-B3        | 8. P-QR3      |
| 9. PxQ8         | 9. KPXP       |
| 10. BxKt        | 10. KtxB      |
| 11. PxP (c)     | 11. BxP       |
| 12. Kt-K2       | 12. B-KKt5    |
| 13. Kt-K5       | 13. Q-K2      |
| 14. BxPch (d)   | 14. KxB       |
| 15. Q-B2ch      | 15. K-Ktsq    |
| 16. Kt-Kt6      | 16. Q-K5 (e)  |
| 17. QxQ         | 17. KtxQ (f)  |
| 18. KtxR        | 18. RxKt      |
| 19. Kt-B4 (g)   | 19. P-Q5      |
| 20. PxP (h)     | 20. BxP       |
| 21. P-KKt3?     | 21. P-KKt4    |
| 22. Kt-Kt6 (i)  | 22. BxPch     |
| 23. RxB (j)     | 23. RxB       |
| 24. R-Ksq       | 24. B-B6! (k) |
| 25. Kt-K7ch (l) | 25. K-B2      |

Resigns.  
(a) 1. P-K4 is more forcible at the odds of Pawn and move.

(b) 7. .... Kt-B3 would leave the King's side in great danger.

(c) Better would be 11. Kt-K5.  
(d) An ingenious coup which does not advance white's game.

(e) An interesting retort.

(f) This looks risky in view of white's P-B3.

(g) If 19. P-B3, then 19. .... BxPch;

20. K-Rsq, Kt-Q7, preventing 21. PxR.

(h) Far better would have been 20. Kt-Q3.

(i) Not 22. QR-Ksq, Kt-Q7.

(j) If 23. K-Kt2, then 23. .... B-B6ch;

24. K-R3, P-Kt5ch; 25. K-R4, R-B2;

26. Kt-B4, R-R2ch; 27. Kt-R5, B-K6;

28. RxR! PxR and the Black Pawn proves fatal.

(k) Threatening mate in two.

(l) If 25. R-ORsq, Black wins three Pawns. If 25. K-Rsq, then 25. .... BxKtP;

26. P-R3, R-R7 and wins the QR Pawn. 27. K-Ktsq, to permit RxKt, not being feasible.

## Anticipating Christmas

(Concluded from page 19.)

WE are not wholly cynical. Wait a week and the Christmas spirit will have us in its grip. We all love to give Christmas presents to people we like and if we can't send them the things we like, let us choose appropriate Christmas cards or send greetings in a note that will express the love and good wishes we actually feel. The thoughtless expenditure of money is surely out of place just now.

Christmas played such an important part in our young lives. We cannot set it aside at will. Our childhood's

days were lived from Christmas to Christmas. It was the great day of the year and it will always be the children's day. It is a day, too, when we especially remember the poor, when we remember them gladly, in the proper spirit, bearing in mind that: "Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,

Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."

It is the day when most of all we think of the absent ones, that is the real reason we are all scowling so much. We are remembering those who have fallen, we are thinking how very uncomfortable Christmas must be in the trenches. But don't let us do it. Let us stop scowling for the children's sake, and be glad.

## The Matchbreakers

(Continued from page 10.)

you might wish to avoid him. I'll do my best to keep him away from the places that you're going if you'll tell me where they are. What's the matter?"

Miss Bennett was staring at him, affrighted, her eyes big with excitement of some kind, her soft lips parted. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley," she exclaimed. Her voice had lost all its chill. It was sheerly a girl's voice, low, tremulous, appealing.

"Oh, Mr. Ardsley, it's too perfectly dreadful for any words. Listen, I am going to the Paul Revere House, myself to meet Rhoda. There was a note from her waiting for me when I got back from New York, telling me that she was only going to be here for a day and a night and begging me to come to her as soon as possible. Oh, we must keep them apart. You can't realize how embarrassing it would be if they met. I know they haven't laid eyes on each other for six months."

"What shall we do?" he asked, immediately sympathetic.

She considered the question, her lids downcast, reverie lying like a shadow over her face. "Oh, I'll tell you." Her whole look bloomed in the smile of her sudden triumph. "I'll

pretend to be sick and I'll make Rhoda stay with me every blessed minute. Not that it will be hard, for she's such a devoted dear when there's anything wrong. I'll pretend not to be able to go downstairs to eat, and we'll have dinner and breakfast served in our room. Then I'll get her home to my house the first thing to-morrow morning. If you keep Mr. Yerrington away all the afternoon golfing—there isn't the slightest possibility of their meeting."

"You don't think it would be desirable for them er — er to see each other," he said tentatively.

She stiffened immediately. "Certainly not. Nothing but pain for them both could result from such an encounter. Besides there's no knowing what ideas it might put into their heads. And they're the last people in the world who ought to be allowed to marry. They're not one least little atom in the world suited to each other. Don't you think so?"

"I—I don't know—I don't see why not," he stammered weakly.

She gave him a glance of ineffable scorn. "It would be spiritual suicide." She brought the last words out with appalling distinctness.

They had passed through Lexington and again they plunged into open country on their way to Concord. He looked in her direction once or twice, but she had turned her head and was resting it against the arm which extended over the back of the seat. He could see the round of one cheek, over which her eyelashes hung, long, shadowy. Her upper lip protruded a little beyond the lower one, forcing it into ripples that ended at the corner of her mouth in a pool of soft shadow. Even as he slyly studied her, she jumped to an upright position and her eyes fixed themselves upon him. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley!" she called wildly.

"I've been thinking about it all. It occurred to me that maybe Dick Yerrington may have heard that Rhoda was in Concord, and came out to see her. They may have met. How can we keep them apart?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so. He's been up here for two or three days, but he didn't mention her in his letter to me. Perhaps Miss Wrentham heard that he was here and —" He stopped overpowered by the blaze in his companion's eyes. "I think he would have mentioned it to me if he expected to see her," he ended lamely.

Miss Bennett sighed. "Oh, dear, I am worried," she admitted wistfully.

"Don't worry," he begged, dropping his voice until it was full of tenderness. "I don't think there's any need of that."

"But—" She bit her lips and did not go on.

"We shall reach the Paul Revere House in another moment," he warned her.

"Oh!" She arose and walked to the other side of the car. He followed her, and, together, they stood, looking out.

The big colonial hotel came into view. Two figures—a young man and a young girl—came rushing down to meet the car.

Miss Bennett began to tremble. She seized her companion's arm in a grip that testified to the development of muscles, unexpected in a girl. "It's an appointment," she breathed.

The car stopped. He helped her off. "Barb—dear—oh, Barb," the girl cried. "I've got such news for you."



# Make the Most of Travel

THE passenger to the Pacific Coast is to-day offered a choice of routes that renders it unnecessary to re-trace his steps and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

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