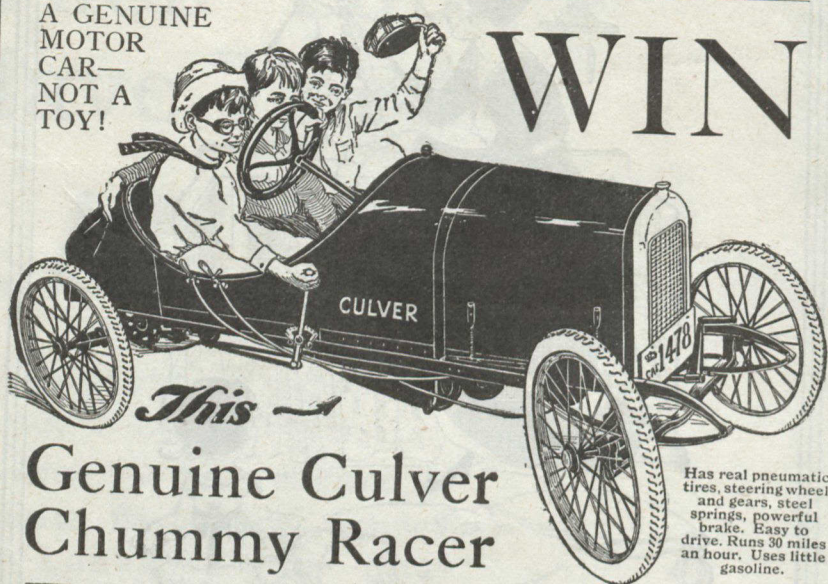


JOY for Girl or Boy

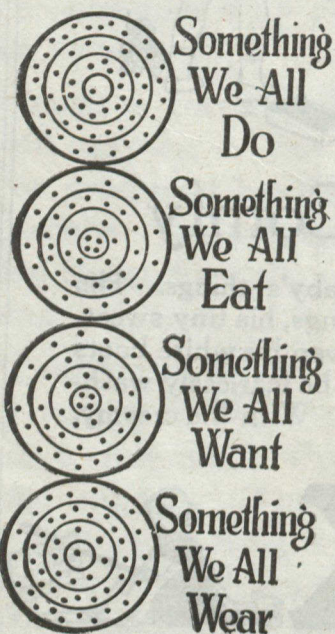
A GENUINE
MOTOR
CAR—
NOT A
TOY!



**Genuine Culver
Chummy Racer**

Has real pneumatic
tires, steering wheel
and gears, steel
springs, powerful
brake. Easy to
drive. Runs 30 miles
an hour. Uses little
gasoline.

The Marvellous Boys' and Girls' Real GASOLINE Auto



Solve This Puzzle!

FOR Johnny's birthday his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"



Can YOU Puzzle It Out?

Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him **HOW TO DO IT**. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are certainly worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

THE PRIZES:

First Prize, Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, value . . .	\$250.00
Second Prize, Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain or Girls' Wrist Watch, value . . .	25.00
Third Prize, Genuine Auto-graphic Kodak Folding Camera, value	20.00
Fourth Prize, Solid Gold Ring for Boy or Girl, value	15.00
Fifth Prize, Moving Picture Machine, with Film, value	10.00
Sixth to Tenth Prizes, Self-Filler Fountain Pens, value, each	2.50
And 2,000 Extra Special Prizes Valued at \$3,000.00.	

What Others Have Done, You Can Do!

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

Shetland Pony and Cart—Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
\$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
\$50.00 Cash—Helen Benesch, Jun-kins, Alta.
\$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Am-prior, Ont.
\$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Lea-mington, Ont.
\$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
\$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Pro-cer, Vancouver, B.C.
\$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too.

Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us.

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m.

Send your answers this very evening. Address—

THE PRIZEMAN, Dept. 1, 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto



CUPID

(Continued from page 9)

the story in confidence to his best friend; and this one told it to his wife, and in two hours it had gotten all over the town. Hence the quarrel.

The husband, worn out with misery and expostulation, presently gave over pursuing his wife and rested on a twig. "That's right!" his wife taunted him from a safe distance. "You let me alone!"

"Oh, Jenny," he cried, "I believe you wouldn't care two straws if I were shot dead at your feet."

At that moment Dan's arrow struck the little man full in the chest, and knocked him clean off the limb where he was standing. He was so surprised that he didn't use his wings to right himself until he was within a foot of the ground. But he landed on his feet and stood dazed, mortified and amazed. Only for a moment. The little wife descended to him, swift as a little gray thunderbolt, screaming and begging his pardon at the top of her lungs. "Don't tell me you're not killed," she said. "I know you are. And it's my fault—my fault."

"I should think you could see for yourself," he said testily, "that I'm not dead yet. But I dare say"—and he looked very sorry for himself and very pitiful—"that I've received internal injuries which will be the end of me. But it will be a lesson to you, I hope, and teach you to keep your nasty temper in better control."

"Please," she said, "don't scold me; only forgive me, and love me, and love me."

"Well, all right, I will this once. Only don't do it again."

Presently they flew off to their half finished nest, and she was so good to him and so contrite, that in another ten minutes he had really forgiven her, and loved her as much as ever.

So Dan's blunt arrow brought happiness to one couple. But Dan rejoiced for a different reason. He had credited himself with one buffalo, and had sent the meat off to his people by swift runners.

Then there flew into the glade a mocking bird buffalo, who for a long time was so restless as to present nothing but a moving target. At last, though, he perched on a branch about the height of a man's shoulder from the ground, and began to make fun of all the people he had seen that day, and of all the things he had heard them say; and occasionally he varied his vaudeville performance by proving that he had also a genuine and exquisite gift of creative melody.

Dan realized, just a second too late, that the mocking bird buffalo was in direct line with a man and a girl riding horseback in the Sand River. He saw

his arrow pass close to the buffalo's tail feathers, and, curving downward slightly, strike the man squarely in the right eye. And he saw the man toss his arms wildly and fall on his back in the sand, and he heard the girl cry:

"Oh, my God! Oh, Phillip!"

And he saw her slide from the saddle and gather the man's head and shoulders in her arms.

Miss Livingston was aware, presently, of a little naked boy, whose face was stained with blood and tears, who pulled at her sleeve, and kept saying: "It was an accident."

"You nasty little devil," she cried. "Can you ride? Then get on that horse and ride for the doctor."

Aiken remembers to have seen a little naked boy go by upon a great bay horse, that he beat as he went with a toy bow. He reached the doctor's house, and there was the doctor just stepping into the gig.

"You're wanted in Sand River," cried Dan. "A man's been shot in the eye!"

THE DOCTOR, driving his foaming horse at a gallop through the heavy sand, saw in the distance a girl who rode and a man who walked by her side. They waved to him to stop. "Where's the man who's been hurt?" he said sharply. "You?" There was a handkerchief over Campbell's right eye.

The doctor jumped out of his gig and lifted the handkerchief.

"Hum," said the doctor. "It looks nasty, but it's only bruised. You won't lose it."

"It wouldn't matter much if I did," said Campbell, who in spite of his pain was smiling peacefully. "I've got one other that's just as good, and two that are ever so much better."

At first the doctor didn't understand. But he was an old friend, and they told him. Then Dan came on the scene riding Campbell's horse. He had delayed at the encampment of his people to put on his clothes.

Dan leaped to the ground and bowed bashfully. "I want to apologize," he said.

"That's all right, old man," said Campbell. "Don't mention it."

"I won't, indeed, I won't," exclaimed Dan enthusiastically, "if you won't."

Then they all laughed. "Little boy," said Miss Livingston, "I called you some very horrid names. What I really meant to say was that you are the dearest, darlingest little boy in all the world."

"I don't know how good a shot you are," said Campbell, "but you're a mighty lucky one."

Out of the Struggle

(Continued from page 57)

His passionate desire to give the child everything that he, himself, had lacked, bit into his very soul, and expressed itself in an absurd stocking of the nursery. Before Lawrence Paget was six months old, he possessed the nucleus of a modern arsenal, much cutlery, things that croaked, squeaked, popped, burst, exploded. He was still toddling about, bumping his head on corners, when his father gave him a pair of boxing gloves and a succession of bloody, swollen noses. On his fourth birthday, George Paget flung him into twenty feet of water, and with a white, set face, watched his frantic struggles toward the dock.

For the first time Elinor cried out in protest against her husband's brutality. And for the first time he answered her in anger. "A baby?" he echoed. "Of course he is a baby, but remember that he is also a potential man. The sooner he feels it, the better! Confidence, courage, the will to conquer—these are what he must learn, and learn them early, or at best he will be able to hide his yellow streak behind self-control or subterfuge." He held out shaking hands to her. "Even I can pretend courage, but everyone knows it is only pretense. Would you have him the coward that his father is?" he demanded bitterly. It was his indisputable justification.

"I believe you would set him on an elephant and send him into the jungle to shoot tigers," Elinor accused. "You have allowed a principle, splendid when

moderately applied, to become a perfect juggernaut. I tell you, George, it will overwhelm all of us and crush us!"

He would not listen, and it was this extreme method of teaching the boy self-reliance and manliness, that resulted in the purchase of the pony.

"Oh, George, not a pony—not yet!" Elinor had begged. "I try not to interfere, you must give me credit for that, dear, but this time—it has caused me such torture as you will never know to see you risk his life in such awful, brutal ways. I know what you will say," she went on a little wildly, "that he has escaped, that he is better for it, and that he is the most courageous little gentleman in the world. And so he is, George, but there are limits. Don't tempt Providence, I implore you, dear. Be guided by me, and don't do this thing!"

"When do you think youngsters on ranches learn to ride?" inquired her husband, gravely.

"I don't know! I don't care! All I know is that my baby is too young! Next year, perhaps, or the year after—"

"Next year you will be no more ready to risk his life than you are to-day, Elinor," said Paget, "and when he is older, not only his desire but his confidence will have weakened; he will have become infected with your fear—your fear and mine," he added. "One does not feel the passion for conquest always, dear. One grows resigned to failure. . . . The pony will be here tomorrow."