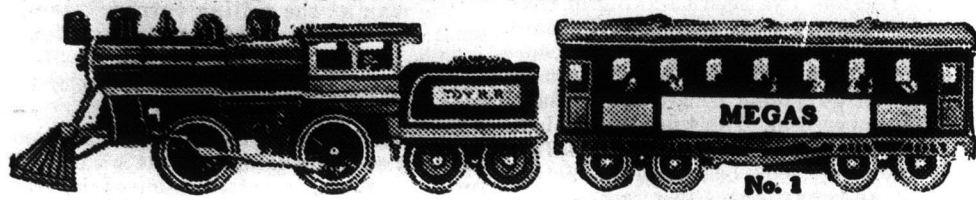


\$100 in Christmas Prizes

WHAT PRESENTS ARE IN THE CARS
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS \$100 IN CASH PRIZES FOR
THE BEST REPLIES



SO that we may become acquainted with more young people this Christmas, we are giving you this train loaded down with Christmas presents. Each car contains one kind of present and the name is on each car but the man who painted the name got the letters all jumbled. Worse still, the man who coupled the cars got them in the wrong order. Now, can you straighten things out and re-arrange the letters in the names of the presents in each car and put the cars in their right order behind the locomotive?

Car No. 6, DOES ILL, contains "Dollies." The other cars may contain gloves, candy, baseballs, animals, bicycles, building blocks, skipping ropes, nine pins, engines, skates, Noah's Ark, perfume, lanterns, tools, footballs, games, or something else. It is for you to find out.

Should you get the cars behind the locomotive in their right order, you will find that the first letter of the correct name of each Christmas present in each car when these first letters are all put together will spell out the name of a great Nation in Europe, one of the Allies—a Nation whose Navy controls the Oceans.

On Christmas Day, Uncle Peter, who edits the Bunny Page in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, will judge the answers and award the following big cash prizes to young people under seventeen years of age complying with the conditions of the contest, whose answers are all correct or nearest correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an answer to-day, and this Christmas Season may be the happiest you have ever had.

The Big Cash Prizes

\$25.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl who sends us the best reply. \$15.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl sending the second best reply. \$10.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl sending the third best reply. DOLLAR BILLS. Fifty bright, new, crisp \$1.00 bills to the fifty next Boys and Girls with the 50 next best replies.

If you are bright and quick you will also have the opportunity of winning a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle and many other fine prizes in a pleasant contest even more interesting than this one.

Write your answers in pen and ink, using only one side of the paper. Put your name, address and age, in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.

Send Your Answer This Very Evening!

THERE are 53 Cash Prizes and in addition other fine awards for every young person who qualifies his or her entry in this fascinating contest. Each boy or girl desiring his or her entry to compete for one of the fine prizes will be required to perform a small service for Everywoman's World for which additional Reward or Cash Payment will be given. Wouldn't you like \$25.00 Cash? Wouldn't you like a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle? These fine prizes will go to our young friends and we would like you to get the best of them. Address your answers as follows:

Uncle Peter, c/o Everywoman's World, 33 Continental Building, Toronto.

geant, there was a strong friendship between the two, and each respected the judgment of the other, for they had fought together through the Philippine War, and had been brave, unflinching companions under fire and hardship.

"Sit down, old fellow, and tell me why I must not send a 'boy and girl out to that God-forsaken place,' as you term it. You know we can't afford to detail a seasoned fighter to rot from sheer disuse in that sleepy post—out with it! What are your reasons?"

The sergeant disregarded the proffered chair, and leaning over the rail, looked steadily into the enveloping darkness.

Then, slowly: "I'll tell you two a story, and perhaps you'll know how I feel. I ain't got th' gift o' words, but perhaps I can make you see."

"The last man they sent out to take charge o' the post was a boy of twenty-two or thereabouts. He was a fine, clean chap, with a frank, honest face and clear eyes that looked straight into your'n an' never wavered. With him he had his little girl-wife. She was only a slip of a girl, not strong like, nor hearty enough for th' rough life, but the way she'd look at him with them big eyes of hers showed that she didn't dread nuthin' but the thought of partin' from him. 'It won't be very long,' she'd say to me of an evenin' when I'd be off duty an' drop in to chat, 'It's only two years and then Jack will be promoted, and we can live in the States—home!' and then she'd smile, gentle and wistful like."

evenin' she'd sit in the porch with the Luck in her arms, watchin' the sun set in the sea an' the light would shine on her face an' hair, an' remind you of a pitcher of the Holy Mother.

"But the summer heat set in. Day after day the sun blazed like a red-hot coal in a sky of heated copper. The nights were worse than the days. The darkness set in an' smothered us like a heavy blanket o' black velvet. The Luck was too little an' delikit; it couldn't stand the heat. It died. It never had been strong, anyway. The men was heart-broken, an' the boy sobbed like a child when the post doctor said it was gone. We buried our Luck at the edge of the marsh in the jungle, in a little packin' box. It was the best we had, an' we painted it white an' lined it nice inside."

"From that time on, the girl seemed to fade. When the boy was away, she'd creep about so white an' sad-like that it was pitiful to see her, but when he was with her, she'd try to be cheerful an' bright. She'd count the months 'till they would go home, an' joke an' talk o' his promotion, an' what they'd do with the extra pay."

"After a while, the boy seemed to get over the loss o' the Luck, an' he tho't she had, too. But I'd see her sittin' with empty arms, lookin' out to sea, an' by her white face an' hungry eyes, I'd know she hadn't forgot."

"It's queer he couldn't see her fadin': all we others could. But we didn't say nothin': we thought he'd be moved to the



There is waiting for the Hun aviator who comes within range of this big British gun, an exceedingly warm reception. The gun and its crew are stationed somewhere along the east coast of England, and they are on the lookout for manifestations of ruthlessness from the air. This anti-aircraft piece is evidently a naval gun, for it is manned by a gun crew of sailors. It is mounted on a railroad truck, and is mobile, so that it can be brought into action wherever danger from the air threatens. The photo shows the crew loading it for use against the German airmen.—British official photograph.

"They had a little bungalow frontin' on the sea, an' a little porch where she'd always sit an' watch for the mail ships. The back of the bungalow looked toward the jungle an' the marsh—you know what it's like, Colonel—the black, heavy jungle an' the marsh, hungry to swallow you up—the slitherin' snakes that twist around your ankles as you plow thro' the drippin' undergrowth, an' the spiders as big as saucers—and crawlin' things; oh, it's a nightmare! But the boy, he loved the jungle an' the marsh. They're human,' he'd say: 'if you love an' trust them, they'll give you their best, but if you hate them they'll sure get you.'"

"We men were most of us old-timers at the post, an' we'd had other commanders, but none like this boy. All the men loved him. An' the girl—well, they'd have gone thro' fire an' water for her. Towards the end of their first year at the post, a little baby came—a little girl, it was, tiny an' pink—like a rosebud. The boy was that proud of it—an' the men, well, they was tickled to death."

"They called it the 'Luck' of the post, an' on the next mail ship that came, ordered a big silver lovin' cup from the States, with 'Luck' on th' outside an' the date an' the name o' the station. The ship was to bring the cup on its next trip—that was in three months."

"The girl didn't say much, but in the States, before she got real sick. When the time before they were to go got so short, we could count it in weeks, she took to her bed, an' the fever, loosed from the swamps by the winter rains, an' risin' in the thick white mists every night, got its grip on her."

"I think she knew she was goin', but even then the boy couldn't see it. He'd sit on the edge of her bed an' talk of how soon they'd be out of this God-forsaken hole, an' on their way to the States. She'd get better then, he said—the change would help her. An' she'd smile into his eyes, gentle an' wistful-like an' agree with all he said."

At last, one day about a week before the ship was to come to take them home, the doctor told us it was no use: she never had had any stamina, an' the fever had eat up all her vitality. 'She ain't dyin', he said, 'because she's too sick to live, but because she's just too weak.'"

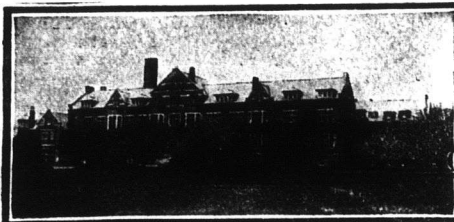
"The boy took on awful when the doctor told him, grabbed him by the shoulder, an' shook him. 'Oh, Doc, you're jokin,' he cried, hoarse an' trembly, 'why she's not sick—she's goin' to get well an' go back home next week. Surely you don't mean it?'"

"The doctor laid his hands on the boy's shoulders, an' looked him in the eyes—'Brace up, old man,' he said gently, 'an' go in there to her, for she's passin'—"

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