

JOY FOR GIRL OR BOY—WIN



This **Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, The Marvellous Boys and Girls Real Gasoline Auto.**

A Genuine Motor Car—Not a Toy!
Has real pneumatic tires, steering wheel and gears, steel springs, powerful brake. Easy to drive. Runs 30 miles an hour. Uses little gasoline.

**Something We All Do
Something We All Eat
Something We All Want
Something We All Wear**

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 worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain white 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 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 Girl's Wrist Watch, value.....	25.00
Third Prize - Genuine Autographic 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 Prize - 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, Junkins, Alta.
\$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
\$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.
\$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
\$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, 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 PRIZELMAN, Dept. 33**
253-259 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

Steele, Briggs' Seed Catalogue 1920

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WINNIPEG

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MANITOBA

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

"By Way of Restitution"

By Laura A. Doran

THE dull December day was hastening to a close, making even drearier the aspect of the very dreary streets. The bedraggled townspeople jostled along in the slushy snow, shoulders hunched against the drizzling rain. All sorts and classes, intent upon the unfriendly weather, their own business and nothing more, they formed the ceaseless throng that surged beneath the arc lights in the busy streets. Trucks and delivery wagons rumbled up and down in the Saturday evening rush. Half-hearted newsboys called out their edition of the evening paper. Every where throbbed the life that carried on the business of the great town.

In one of the larger houses at the corner of one of the principal residence streets, a man sat near the window looking out upon the street. The evening paper lay across his knees. It had long since been too dark to read it but he had not preferred to turn on the light. He was in a restful mood. Almost mechanically he noted the passersby. A begrimed laboring-man with a dinnerpail in his hand returning from work, a shabbily dressed dry goods clerk hastening down town to resume the evening's work, a woman with a shawl over her head, carrying a baby and dragging a crying child by the hand, a couple of well-dressed women, wrapped in furs, Sat-

for some one, but he looked to neither the right nor the left. Once or twice he hunched his shoulders as though against the trying weather, and shuffled from one foot to the other, still looking straight ahead of him from under the bent rim of his hat. A ragged boy with a pinched face, turned the corner carrying a bag of newspapers slung over his shoulder. He approached the man and thrust one out with his ever-ready petition. The tall man jerked his head toward him with a savage retort and the lad retreated hurriedly, glancing back over his shoulder as he went. A moment later the man turned his coat collar up higher, thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and strode away down a side street.

The man in the window across the street watched him curiously. He knew the type. Could he have seen his face distinctly, it would be swarthy, heavy jawed, shifty eyed. Out of work, none to get or more likely none wanted. But a living somehow. One of the great many that fain would be benefited by the Social Uplift. Again the reminiscent pucker appeared between the man's eyes. He could visualize a figure like that so easily. But in ten years what things may be accomplished. He was now the successful manager of Mortan and Carney Steel Plant. Money, influence, friends. It was a comfortable thought.



BRITISH PREMIER ON HOLIDAY VACATION

Premier Lloyd George and his family spending the holidays at their home at Criccieth, Wales.

urday evening bargain hunters, two or three jostling school boys, the little candy store clerk from across the street and so the endless procession came and went. The majority of these people were poor as was evident from their attire, their carriage, their very walk. Ordinary everyday folk toiling and striving honestly for their daily bread. So many poor among so few rich. Why should it be? Wherein lay the cause? Whose was the blame? Had they not all the same chance?

The evening paper had discussed at length just such questions. Articles on Capital and Labor, Prevention versus Punishment of Crime, columns on the General Social Uplift of the Human Race, etc., etc. Could the problem be solved in the practical impersonal way in which aspiring writers would have the world go about it? Was the personal touch, the touch that makes all the world kin, impossible in the spanning of the gulf between the great classes, the Rich and the Poor, the Right and the Wrong? The man looked out upon the people with the eyes of one who knows. He thought of the munificently furnished room in which he sat and a pucker of reminiscence wrinkled his brow.

A tall man in a sloe hat and a worn body coat passed down the street. At the corner he stopped, hesitated, and then stood with his back against the electric light post. With hands thrust deep in his pockets, and his coat collar turned up about his ears, he stared across the street. He might have been waiting

He sighed complacently. It had been a busy day at the firm and he felt slightly tired. Leaning back in his Morris chair, he slept.

Hours later he awoke. The town clock was striking twelve. He had overslept himself—the strain of the day's work. Yawning, he reached his hand for the electric light switch over his head. A sound in the next room made him pause. He listened. It came again. The creak of a drawer being closed. There was no one in the house. None of the family was to return until the morrow. Then, a step, easy, stealthy crossed the floor of the outer room. The man slipped off his shoes and noiselessly pulled out the drawer of his bookcase. His fingers clutched a revolver and cocked it. The stealthy steps approached the door. The handle turned easily and it swung inward without a sound. The ray from an electric torch fell along the floor. "Hands up; I've got you covered," said the man, "Don't move."

The electric torch went out but the man's left hand was at the electric light switch almost at the same instant and a flood of light from the ceiling globe illumined the room.

"Hands up," he rapped out again. "Lively there or I'll —" The figure at the door raised his hands above his head. It was a tall figure, very tall without the assistance of the upstretched arms.

They eyed each other for a moment. The man's face was frowning, the burglar's sullen and resentful.

Continued on page 25