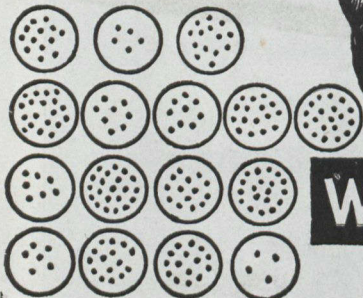


FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS **This Lovely Pony or \$100.00 Cash**

Can You Solve This Great War Puzzle?



WHO WANTS ME?



Four Things That Will Win The War

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE 16 Circles above can be made to spell out the names of the four chief things that are going to win the war. Our bright loyal Canadian boys and girls can help provide at least one of these things. Every boy and girl should know all of them. Can you tell what words the four magic circles represent?

How to solve it.—Each circle represents a letter of the word called for. The number of dots in the circle represents the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by a circle with one dot because it is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" would be represented by a circle with two dots because it is the second letter. "C" would be represented by three dots, "D" by four dots and so on. You must correctly count the dots in each circle, figure out the letter represented by its position in the alphabet and when you have them all figured out put them into proper rotation to spell the name wanted. It's not an easy puzzle but if you can solve it correctly you may win this lovely shetland pony or one of the grand Cash prizes above.

THE PRIZES

1st Prize Beautiful Shetland Pony or \$100.00 Cash	3rd Prize \$15.00 Cash
2nd Prize \$25.00 Cash	4th " 10.00 "
5th " 5.00 "	6th " 5.00 "
7th " 3.00 "	8th " 2.00 "
9th " 2.00 "	10th " 2.00 "

25 Extra Cash Prizes of \$1.00 each

GET your pencil and paper right now. Try to figure out the words and when you think you have them, write them out as neatly as you can and send them to us. We will reply right away telling you if your solutions are correct and sending you the complete illustrated list of grand prizes that you can win. Use one side of the paper only, putting your name and address in the upper right hand corner. If you want to write anything besides your answer to the puzzle use a separate sheet of paper. Be neat and careful because in case of ties the prizes will go to the boys and girls whose answers are neatest and best written. Proper spelling and punctuation will also count.

What Others Have Done You Can Do

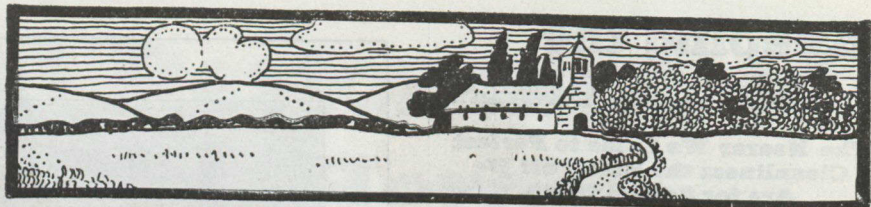
Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes.
 Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith Edmonton.
 Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
 \$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
 \$50.00 " Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
 \$25.00 " Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
 We will send you the names of many others too.

Send Your Answers This Very Evening!

Only boys and girls under 16 years of age may send answers and each boy or girl desiring his entry to stand for the awarding of the grand prizes will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The Contest will close on September 30th and the prizes will be awarded immediately after. Send your entry today.
 Address: The Ponyman, c/o RURAL CANADA, Dept. I. Toronto, Ont.



As gentle and playful as a dog, providing healthful fun for the whole family.



My Lady Caprice

(Continued from page 7)

"Many a time," I answered: "and generally with a chuckle."

"Oh, I should like to read about him!" said the Imp with a deep sigh; "will you lend me your book about him, Uncle Dick?"

I shook my head. "Unfortunately, that, together with many other valued possessions, has been ravaged from me by the ruthless maw of Time," I replied sadly.

The Imp sat plunged in deep thought, trailing his fingers pensively in the water.

"And so your Auntie Lisbeth is going for a row with Mr. Selwyn, is she?" I said.

"Yes, an' I told her she could come an' be a pirate with me if she liked—but she wouldn't."

"Strange!" I murmured.

"Uncle Dick, do you think Auntie Lisbeth is in love with Mr. Selwyn?"

"What?" I exclaimed, and stopped rowing.

"I mean, do you think Mr. Selwyn is in love with Auntie Lisbeth?"

"My Imp, I'm afraid he is. Why?"

"Cause Cook says he is, an' so does Jane, an' they know all about love, you know. I've heard them read it out of a book lots an' lots of times. But I think love is awfully silly, don't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Occasionally I greatly fear so," I sighed.

"You wouldn't go loving anybody, would you, Uncle Dick?"

"Not if I could help it," I answered, shaking my head; "but I do love some one, and that's the worst of it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Imp, but in a tone more of sorrow than anger.

"Don't be too hard on me, Imp," I said; "your turn may come when you are older; you may love somebody one of these days."

The Imp frowned and shook his head. "No," he answered sternly: "when I grow up big I shall keep ferrets. Ben, the gardener's boy, has one with the littlest, teeniest pink nose you ever saw."

"Certainly a ferret has its advantages," I mused. "A ferret will not frown upon one one minute and flash a dimple at one the next. And then, again, a ferret cannot be reasonably supposed to possess an aunt. There is something to be said for your idea after all, Imp."

"Why, then, let's be pirates, Uncle Dick," he said with an air of finality. "I think I'll be Scarlet Sam, 'cause I know all about him, an' you can be Timothy Bone, the boatswain."

"Aye, aye, sir," I responded promptly; "only I say, Imp, don't roll your eyes so frightfully, or you may roll yourself overboard."

Scorning reply, he drew his cutlass, and setting it between his teeth in most approved pirate fashion, sat, pistol in hand, frowning terrifically at creation in general.

"Starboard your helm—starboard," he cried, removing his weapon for the purpose.

"Starboard it is!" I answered.

"Clear away for action!" growled the Imp. "Double-shot the cannonades, and bo'sun, pipe all hands to quarters."

Hereupon I executed a lively imitation of a boatswain's whistle.

MOST children are blessed with imagination, but the Imp in this respect is gifted beyond his years. For him there is no such thing as "pretence"; he has but to close his eyes a moment to open them upon a new and a very real world of his own—the golden world of Romance, wherein so few of us are privileged to walk in these cold days of common sense. And yet it is a very fair world, peopled with giants and fairies; where castles lift their grim, embattled towers; where magic woods and forests cast their shade, full of strange beasts; where knights ride forth with lance in rest and their armor shining in the sun. And right well we know them. There is Roland, Sir William Wallace, and Hereward the Wake; Ivanhoe, the Black Knight, and bold Robin Hood. There is Amyas Leigh, old Salvation Yeo, and that lovely rascal Long John Silver. And there, too, is King Arthur, with his Knights of the Round Table—but the throng is very great, and who could name them all?

So the Imp and I sailed away into this wonderful world of romance aboard our gallant vessel, which, like any other pirate ship that ever existed—in books or out of them—"luffed, and filling upon

another tack, stood away in pursuit of the Spanish treasure galleon in the offing."

What pen could justly describe the fight which followed—how guns roared and pistols flashed, while the air was full of shouts and cries and the thundering din of battle; how Scarlet Sam foamed and stamped and flourished his cutlass; how Timothy Bone piped his whistle as a bo'sun should? We had already sunk five great galleons and were hard at work with a sixth, which was evidently in a bad way, when Scarlet Sam ceased foaming and pointed over my shoulder with his dripping blade.

"Sail ho!" he cried.

"Where away?" I called back.

"Three points on the weather bow."

As he spoke came the sound of oars, and turning my head, I saw a skiff approaching, sculled by a man in irreplaceable flannels and straw hat.

"Why, it's—it's him!" cried the Imp suddenly.

"Heave to, there!" he bel-lowed in the voice of Scarlet Sam. "Heave to, or I'll sink you with a 'murderous broadside!' Almost with the words, and before I could prevent him, he gave a sharp tug to the rudder lines; there was an angry exclamation behind me, a shock, a splintering of wood, and I found myself face to face with Mr. Selwyn, flushed and hatless.

"Damn!" said Mr. Selwyn, and proceeded to fish for his hat with the shaft of his broken oar.

The Imp sat for a moment half frightened at his handiwork, then rose to his feet, cutlass in hand, but I punted him gently back into his seat with my foot.

"Really," I began, "I'm awfully sorry, you know—er—"

"May I inquire," said Mr. Selwyn cuttingly, as he surveyed his dripping hat—"may I inquire how it all happened?"

"A most deplorable accident, I assure you. If I can tow you back I shall be delighted, and as for the damage—"

"The damage is trifling, thanks," he returned icily; "it is the delay that I find annoying."

"You have my very humblest apologies," I said meekly. "If I can be of any service—"

Mr. Selwyn stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, I think I can manage," he said; "but I should rather like to know how it happened. You are unused to rowing, I presume?"

"Sir," I answered, "it was chiefly owing to the hot-headedness of Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Selwyn with raised brows.

"Sir," I went on, "at this moment you probably believe yourself to be Mr. Selwyn of Selwyn Park. Allow me to dispel that illusion; you are, on the contrary, Don Pedro Vasquez da Silva, commanding the Esmeralda galleon, bound out of Santa Cruz. In us you behold Scarlet Sam and Timothy Bone, of the good ship Black Death, with the 'skull and crossbones' fluttering at our peak. If you don't see it, that is not our fault."

Mr. Selwyn stared at me in wide-eyed astonishment, then shrugging his shoulders, turned his back upon me and paddled away as best he might.

"Well, Imp," I said, "you've done it this time!"

"Fraid I have," he returned; "but oh! wasn't it grand—and all that about Don Pedro an' the treasure galleon! I do wish I knew as much as you do, Uncle Dick. I'd be a real pirate then."

"Heaven forfend!" I exclaimed.

(To be continued)

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