

WAR MAP OF EUROPE IN COLORS

Size 20 in. x 30 in.

This Map is correct in every detail, and, in addition, will show vital statistics regarding numerical strength of armies and navies of the nations engaged in conflict.

PRICE 25 CENTS—Sent postpaid upon receipt of price.

Stovel Company, Limited
Map Makers and Publishers WINNIPEG

\$200.00 IN CASH GIVEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS The Great War Puzzle

16 10 20 7 12 15 11 15 1

A Great English General

2 4 20 20 6 15 19 12 10 5 19

England's Best Defence

19 8 6 17 10 15 1 19

What the nations depend on

9 1 4 11 7 15

England's Friend

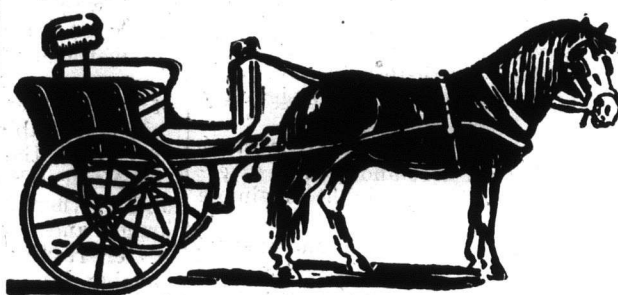
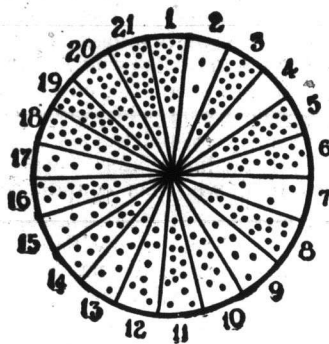
What words or names do the figures spell? The magic circle will tell you.

Each number in the words called for above stands for a letter of the alphabet. When all the numbers in each word are found and placed in proper rotation you will have the word asked for. What words or names do the figures spell? That is the puzzle for bright girls and boys.

How to solve this great puzzle

Look at the magic circle and you will see that each section has a number and contains a certain number of dots. In the words above each number stands for a corresponding section of the magic circle. The sections of the circle in turn each stand for a letter in the alphabet. You find the letter by counting the number of dots in the section. For instance "A" is represented by section 4 containing one dot because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" is represented by two

dots because it is the second letter of the alphabet. "C" is represented by three dots (section 7) because it is the third letter in alphabet, and so on. In order to help you, we will tell you that the first letter in the first word is "K". It is represented by section 16 and this section contains 11 dots, because "K" is the 11th letter in the alphabet. Now find the letters represented by the other numbers, and send your answers in to us.



Special Prize

Handsome Shetland Pony and Cart

As the entire prize fund of \$200.00 in cash prizes that will be awarded to lucky boys and girls this handsome Shetland Pony and Cart (or his cash prize) will be awarded to the boy or girl sending us the best letter of not more than 60 words, giving us their experience with our goods. (See how to enter the contest below)

How to enter this great contest

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF ALL COST OR EXPENSE OF ANY KIND EITHER NOW OR HEREAFTER

We are the manufacturers of the famous "Hearts of Flowers" Parisian Perfume, an absolutely new and exquisite perfume, which we want to quickly introduce to as many ladies as possible. Therefore we ask every boy or girl who enters this contest or sends an answer to the puzzle to compete for the prizes, to help us advertise and introduce this famous perfume. We have specially prepared a beautiful, big 10c sample size of this lovely perfume and in order to qualify your answer to the puzzle to stand for the judging for the prizes we will send you just 20 of these dandy sample size of "Hearts of Flowers" to distribute for us among your friends and neighbors at our special introduction price of only 10c each. This will be as

easy as fun. We will send six of the most popular and best selling odors, White Rose, Lily of the Valley, Wood Violet, Heliotrope, Lilac, and French Carnation—it will be no trouble at all—you will sell them in a few minutes. "Hearts of Flowers" is so delicious, fragrant and lasting that many ladies buy 4 or 5 as soon as they see them. This is the only condition necessary to qualify for entry to the contest. Every girl or boy selling the perfume receives at once a handsome gift as a reward. We will send you a picture of these gifts or premiums when we get your answer. They are special rewards for your work in introducing the perfume and are entirely in addition to both the cash prizes and the pony and cart.

Boys and Girls—Observe the following simple rules:

1. Only boys or girls under 16 years of age may enter this contest. Give your full name and address and state your age. Age of contestant will be given consideration in making the awards.
2. More than one member of a family may compete but only one cash prize will be awarded in any one family or household.
3. Boys and girls may obtain assistance to solve the puzzle but the answers must be written by the contestant personally.
4. Winners will be chosen from among the boys and girls sending correct or nearest correct solutions to all four names, whose answers are decided to be (age being considered) 1-nearest, 2-best written. The general neat-

- ness of the reply or letter containing it will be the deciding factor in case of ties.
5. Every boy and girl entering is to sell 50 of Yvonne's Hearts of Flowers at 10c each in order to compete. Beautiful premiums of value (entirely separate and apart from prizes) will be given to every boy and girl for this service.
6. Four gentlemen, having no connection with this firm or no personal knowledge or acquaintance with any competitors will judge the answers for the awarding of prizes.
7. Boys and daughters or relatives of any member or employee of this firm will not be allowed to compete. Get your answers in at once, addressed to

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Contest Dept. 50 TORONTO, ONT.

How Oil was Discovered in S. Alberta

By Max McD.

IT IS now long since holes in the ground in the southern portion of Southern Alberta flowed the only mixture that has set men crazy in all the ages of the world. The fact has been demonstrated beyond peradventure that an oil field exists somewhere in the bowels of the earth adjacent to and beneath the Rockies in Southern Alberta. It is known because men have drilled and found it. The writer of this article has seen the wells drilled, the oil struck, the pumping machinery put down, the crude petroleum lifted to the tanks above, and afterwards refined into twelve different and distinct ingredients. Seeing is believing, and to scores of persons the presence of oil in the South Kootenai Pass of the Rockies is a reality.

Well, then, why is development work not in progress there as in other fields in the province? But thereby hangs a tale; and that tale is the beginning of this story of oil in the South Kootenai Pass.

Everybody in Southern Alberta knows "Bill" Aldridge. He is a Mormon pioneer. Once he lived under the shadow of Bear Mountain on the shore of the Middle Waterton Lake. That was some time after "Kootenai" Brown, now superintendent of Waterton Lakes Park, came to settle in what is now the Province of Alberta. "Kootenai" and "Bill" were neighbors and pals. They went into the mountains together trapping and hunting, while their large bands of cattle and horses fed on the prairie grass along Waterton River.

There was no "Waterton" Lakes or river then. The Kootenai Indians hunted and fished in that district, and from them the big waters took their names. "Kootenai" was the first and local name. John George Brown was called by the same name, and to-day his intimate friends refer to him as "Kootenai." The "e" has been dropped because it is unnecessary and was only used at all to bring out the long vowel pronunciation used by the Kootenai Indians in speaking the word. "Waterton" was what the government authorized to be written on the maps of Canada, but the old-timers of the West still hold to the name Kootenai.

It will probably never be known whether "Kootenai" Brown or "Bill" Aldridge first discovered oil on Oil Creek. As a matter of fact, oil was discovered on this little creek in the high mountains. "It was floating on the water," so "Bill" told the writer, and to make sure it was oil he skimmed it off and found it would burn. Then the pals went up the creek to a point almost on the British Columbia line, and there oozing out of granite cliffs and limestone was the same deposit as they had found on the water of the creek. There was no mistaking. It was oil.

Don't look for "Oil" Creek on the map. It isn't there. This, too, is a local name, and what could be better than "Oil" for a creek where even to-day you can skim the stuff off the water with your hand? But the geographers said Cameron Creek. No one, not even "Kootenai" Brown or "Bill" Aldridge know who named it or when. But that doesn't matter. The oil was there, and that was the important thing.

Whether "Bill" Aldridge was more enterprising than "Kootenai" Brown is not the point to be decided here. The fact is that it was "Bill" Aldridge who took a pack horse up the narrow and dangerous Cameron Creek once and again, and brought out to the prairie, in buckets balanced on the cayuse's back, literally barrels of crude oil. This went on for some time. The oil was refined in a crude refinery constructed by the man who discovered the crude material, and was sold to the early cow-men of the foothill country. That was before there was a Cardston or Pincher Creek, towns within a few hours' drive of greaseland. There was no coal oil in those days nearer than Macleod; but there was no trail to Macleod, and packing coal oil with the back of a cow horse for a reservoir was no cinche.

And so, wise old "Bill" saw in his crude oil a fortune. He had his market right at his door, and the desire to manufacture on a larger scale took hold of the old man. He moved with his family into the Pass where he built cabins miles from civilization, and there he prosecuted the work of taking apart the black paste that oozed down the mountain side, lighting his own log cabin and the shacks of his fellow-ranchers on the prairie beneath him.

Packers travelling through the South Kootenai Pass to-day stop at the old Aldridge buildings on Cameron Creek, and if they know where to find it, place a mountain flower on a little mound that holds the remains of "Bill's" little girl, born and buried on the creek that promised her father great riches.

Just how many years "Bill" Aldridge carried on this business in oil is hard to determine. "Bill" forgets. But it is known that when settlement came to the prairies of Southern Alberta the story of the discovery leaked out, and there was a stampede for the Kootenai Pass oil district. Men of all nationalities came; men who had drilled and pumped in Borneo and Sumatra; some who had seen service on the pole rigs of California; others who in old Ontario had put wells down in their own back yards; they all came in a rush—walking, riding, with wagons and democrats, fording swollen streams and cutting roads through the brush and timber, filing everywhere, some of the claims running away up to the mountain tops. Immediately behind these prospectors came the surveyors and engineers, for no proper survey of the pass had been made. They had heavy wagons to carry them as far as they could drive, and then a little donkey pack took them the remainder of the way, and packed their tools. It was a matter of only a short time till all the country was surveyed for filing, and in a few weeks every claim was staked.

But staking the claim did not produce the oil. Old "Bill" was careful enough to register his seepage on Oil Creek, and when the time came sold for a good sum, reinvesting the money in stock in the company that bought. "Bill" continued to refine his seepage oil and peddle it to the prairie, till a development company came in and monopolized the right to use the crude material. The old man lived with his family in the pass for a time; but there was nothing there for "Bill" now, so packing up one fine day he loaded his effects on a prairie schooner and hid himself to Cardston, where he is passing the remaining days of his life in comparative peace.

The Babbling Brook

Afar upon a mountain-side
I paused to watch a streamlet glide.
"Pray little stream," to it I say,
"Why do you murmur thus away?"
"Well, I can't rest," the brooklet said,
"Because there's boulders in my bed;
And when the sun is hot and high
My mouth gets very parched and dry;
And now the huntsman's gun and lead
Have shot the hares off of my head;
But I'll be dammed if people see
The power that there is in me,
And when to steel and wheel I'm fast
Then I will get my turn at last.
That's what they say about the worm,
So this is why I always murmur."

Why?

Why is it that people sit t-h-i-s
w-a-y
In the car we miss,
And in the car we finally catch
Are crowdedlikethis?

Of Literary Turn

When autumn days are growing brief
The forest quickly turns the leaf,
Until, no longer green, 'tis said
She is remarkably—well, red!