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Don't Telephone

Read the Rules of The Guardian "Famous Canadians" Puzzle Contest. They will answer every question.

Rules Governing Guardian "Famous Canadians" Contest

Everyone who is a paid in advance subscriber excepting employees of The Guardian and their families may take part. As many members of one family as a paid in advance subscriber may compete as desired and any subscriber may send in as many sets of answers as he or she wishes, but each set must be complete and will be judged individually.

The successful competitors whose subscriptions are paid farthest into 1932 will have the preference.

Clip the picture and coupon underneath it every day and write the answer on the blank line. Save all your clippings until the end of the contest and then send them to the "Famous Canadians" Contest Editor of The Guardian in one batch. Name and address should be included, clearly written or printed, and securely attached to your solutions. It will facilitate handling if you bind your solutions by sewing along the top, or using paper fasteners.

In sending more than one solution, each solution must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

Please attach sufficient postage as, otherwise, it may be necessary to refuse acceptance of the mail.

In case of a tie The Guardian reserves the right to publish one or more tie-breaking puzzles.

The judges' decision will be final in all matters, and The Guardian will not undertake to enter into correspondence with any individual regarding the decision of the judges.

Start Today to Win a Cash Prize



This is my answer to the above puzzle "FAMOUS CANADIAN" CONTEST.

Put Surname of Famous Canadian only

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Each puzzle represents the name of a famous Canadian, past or present. Forty of the fifty correct solutions appeared on the printed list published from Oct. 10 to 17. Read the rules. If the same name admits of variations in spelling, spelling on the printed list only will be accepted. Spelling however, will not disqualify any contestant if the correct solution is a name not appearing on the printed list.

The Charlottetown Guardian



(Continued) "It isn't," said the Jam-wagon, and I could see the flame of fight brighten joyously in him. "But I'll soon make it mine!" Quick as a flash he dealt the other a blow on the cheek, an open handed blow that stung like a whip lash. "Now fight me you coward." There and then Locasto seemed about to spring on his challenger. With hands clenched and teeth bared, he half bent as if for a charge. Then, suddenly he straightened up. "All right," he said softly; "Spitzstein, can we have the opera house?" "Yes, I guess so. We can clear away the benches." "Then tell the crowd to come along; we'll give them a free show."

I think there must have been five hundred men around that ring. A big Australian pugilist was umpire. Some one suggested gloves, but Locasto would not hear of it. "No," he said, "I want to mark the son of a dog so his mother will never know him again." He had become frankly brutal and prepared for the fray exultantly. Both men fought in their underclothing. Stripped down, the Jam-wagon was seen to be much the smaller man, not only in height, but in breadth and weight. Yet he was a beautiful figure of a fighter, clean, well-poised, free-limbed, with a body that seemed to taper from the shoulders down.

Locasto looked almost too massive. His muscles bulged out. The veins in his forearms were cord-like. His great chest seemed as broad as a door. His legs were statuette in their size and strength. In that camp of strong men probably he was the most powerful. And nowhere in the world could a fight have been awaited with greater zest. These men, miners, gamblers, adventurers of all kinds, pushed and struggled for a place. A great joy surged through them at the thought of the approaching combat. Keen-eyed, hard-breathing, a-thrill with expectation, the crowd packed closer and closer. As the two men stood up it was like the lithe Greek athlete compared with the brawny Roman gladiator. "Three to one on Locasto," some one shouted. Then a great hush came over the house, so that it might have been empty and deserted. Time was called. The fight began.

With one tiger rush Locasto threw himself on his man. Right and left he struck with mighty swings that would have felled an ox, but the Jam-wagon was too quick for him. Twice he ducked in time to avoid a furious blow, and before Locasto could recover, he had hopped out of reach. The big man's fists swished through the empty air. He almost over-balanced with the force of his effort, but he swung round quickly, and there was the Jam-wagon, cool and watchful.

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awaiting his next attack. Locasto's face grew fiendish in its sinister wrath; he shot forth a foul imprecation, and once more he hurled himself restlessly on his foe. This time I thought my companion must go down, but not! With a dexterity that seemed marvellous, he dodged, ducked and side-stepped; and once more Locasto's blows went wide and short. Not one of his sledgehammer smashes reached their mark, and the round closed without a blow having landed. I was at the ringside. At the beginning I had been in an agony of fear for the Jam-wagon. But now I took heart and looked forward with less anxiety. Time was called and Locasto sprang up, seemingly quite refreshed by his rest. Once more he plunged after his man, but now I could see his rushes were more under control, his smashing blows better timed, his fierce jabs more shrewdly delivered. Again I began to quake for the Jam-wagon, but he showed a wonderful quickness in his foot-work, darting in and out, his hands swinging at his sides, a smile of mockery on his lips. "Who is he?" those at the ringside began to whisper. Time again it seemed as if he were cornered, but in a marvelous way he wormed himself free. I was all keyed up, on edge with excitement, in eager for my man to strike, to breathe and weight. Yet he was showing that he was not a mere ring exhibition. But the Jam-wagon bided his time. And so the round ended, and it was evident that the crowd was of the same opinion as myself. "Why don't he mix up a little?" asked one. "Give him time," said another. Locasto came up for the third round looking sobered, subdued and grimly determined. Again he assumed the aggressive, gradually working the Jam-wagon into a corner. Suddenly Locasto closed in. He swooped down on the Jam-wagon. He had him. He shortened his right arm for a jab like the crash of a pile-driver. The arm shot out, but once again the Jam-wagon was not there. He ducked quickly, and Locasto's great fist brushed his hair. Then, like lightning the two came to a clinch. Now, thought I, it's all off with the Jam-wagon. I saw Locasto's eyes dilate with ferocious joy. He had the other in his giant arms; he could crush him in a mighty hug, the hug of a grizzly, crush him like an eggshell. But, quick as the snap of a trap, the Jam-wagon had plinked his arms at the elbow, so that he was helpless. For a moment he held him, then suddenly releasing his arms, he caught him round the body, shook him with a mighty side heave, gave him the cross-buttock, and before he could strike a single blow, threw him in the air and dashed him to the ground. "Time!" called the umpire. It was all done so quickly it was hard for the eye to follow. Locasto rose to his feet. He was shamed, angered beyond all expression. Heaving and panting, he lurched to his corner, and in his eyes there was a look that boded ill for his adversary. Time again. With the lightness of a panther the Jam-wagon met Locasto, and now his intention seemed to be to draw his man on rather than to avoid him. He had resumed his serpentine movements, advancing and retreating with shadow-like quickness, feinting, side-stepping. Then I saw the Jam-wagon edging up to Locasto. He feinted wildly, then, stepping in closely, he swung a right and left to Black Jack's face. A moment later he was six feet away, with a bitter smile on his lips. With a fierce bellow of rage Locasto charged him. He smashed his heavy right with all its might for the other's face, but, quick as the



With a Fierce Bellow | Rage Locasto Charged Him.

wind of fury Locasto hurled himself on the Jam-wagon, his arms going like windmills. Dugging, ducking, side-stepping, blocking, the Englishman felled the other at every turn, and just before the round ended, drove his left into the pit of the big man's stomach, with a thwack that resounded throughout the building. Once more time was called. The Jam-wagon was bleeding about the knuckles. Several of Locasto's teeth had been loosened, and he spat blood frequently. His face was sober now, strained, anxious, and he seemed to be waiting with menacing eyes to get in that vital smash that meant the end. (To Be Continued)

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Springfield and Vicinity

Mr. A. E. Murphy, Emerald, was a visitor to Bedque on Sunday.

Messes Bert Hammill and Elmer Roberts, Middleton, were in Emerald on Saturday last.

Misses Erma and Mattie Constable, New London, were visitors to Springfield last Saturday.

Mr. Reggie Smith, Iona, spent last week end in Emerald, visiting his mother, M's, Regina Smith.

Messes Lenus MacDonald and Arthur Lambe, Springfield, were visitors to Bedford on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John Deegan and son Ernest, of Carleton, spent Sunday afternoon very pleasantly in Springfield.—E.

Messes Bill Curly, Summerfield, and Matthew White, South Free-town, were visitors to Darnley on Sunday evening.

Springfield School is progressing favorably under the capable management of Miss Helen A. Buntain, Rustico, as teacher.

Mr. Morris Curley, teacher of Darnley School, spent 1st week end as the guest of Rev. Francis MacDonald, Summerfield.

Miss Winnifred Sinclair, Char-

lottetown, who has been visiting in Springfield for the past week, returned by motor on Saturday last.

Miss Eileen Lambe, nurse in training in Prince County Hospital paid a visit to her home in Springfield on Sunday, the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. P. Lambe.

Miss Grace Campbell, nurse in training in Prince County Hospital, spent Sunday afternoon very pleasantly at her home in Graham's Road, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Campbell.

Miss Muriel Haslam, of Springfield, has returned to her home from the Prince Edward Island Hospital, where she recently underwent an operation. Her friends are glad to hear of her return home and hope to hear of her continued improvement.

The chicken supper, which was recently held in St. James Hall, Summerfield, was quite a success despite the heavy rain. The supper was a credit to the women of the parish; and bingo and other amusements were a source of pleasure to all present. Approximately \$90 was realized.

Messes Gus MacDonald, Springfield and Charles Cash, Graham's Road, were visitors to Kinkora on Friday last.—E.

Dr. Wood's A Severe Cold A Hacking Cough Norway Pine Syrup Mrs. M. K. MacNid, Iona, N.S., writes: "I took a severe cold and developed a hacking cough. I kept on neglecting it thinking it would leave me like some previous colds I had, but it got worse. I tried every cough medicine I could think of. A friend dropped in to see me and advised me to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I purchased a bottle and before I had finished half of it I was completely relieved." Price 35c. a bottle; large family size 65c.; at all drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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FOX FEED

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