

Tired?—Nature's Sweet Restorer



Abounding in stimulating goodness, a most healthful and pleasing beverage. Its sustaining and invigorating qualities are beyond dispute.

Black, Mixed and Natural Green, 40c, 50c, 60c and 70c per lb.



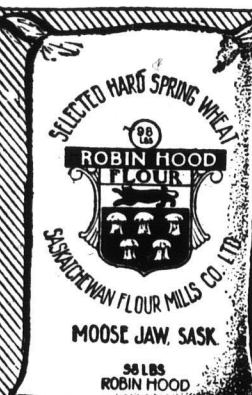
This Kid is

"Spreading Out" and fully realizes that he is "the coming man."

Don't let precedent and prejudice hold you in a rut so that progress turns out and goes around you! Buy

ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR

Manfd. by Leitch Brothers Flour Mills, Oak Lake, Manitoba, Canada.



ROBIN HOOD FLOUR IS DIFFERENT

Every housewife who uses flour must be interested in ROBIN HOOD "the flour that is different."

You hear it makes a bigger loaf, that the loaf is sweeter-flavored, more nutritious, more easily assimilated than bread made with other flours.

We can tell you why ROBIN HOOD Flour makes that kind of a loaf, but what ought to interest you more than "why it does" is that "it does."

You can prove what we say as true at no risk of loss to yourself.

It is largely a matter of making up your mind to use "Robin Hood."

The Saskatchewan Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.

P. S.—Ask your grocer about our guarantee, and when you use Robin Hood add more water than usual.

Yanto the Waster.

By JOSEPH KEATING.



HE night before, in the "Collier's Arms," Yanto the haulier, an elaborate composite of good and evil—some said mostly of evil—prophesied disaster.

"I tell you straight," said he, handing the pint to the next man whose turn came to drink from it, "they're drivin' into Jerry's deep in the old workings, and the old workings is full of water. We'll be drowned—all of us—like rats!"

As Yanto, before his mother died, had studied these things—she wanted to see her son a manager—no one felt justified in calling him a fool for hinting at such a horrid possibility.

The next day they wondered why they ever doubted him.

About noon, Prince, the excellent collier who "drove on" the level in the Glamorgan Company's No. 2 pit, found the coal suddenly become soft.

"Funny!" he exclaimed. Prince—being a collier—did not frequent the Collier's Arms. He left such places to scamps of hauliers—like Yanto: so he knew nothing of the haulier's prognostications.

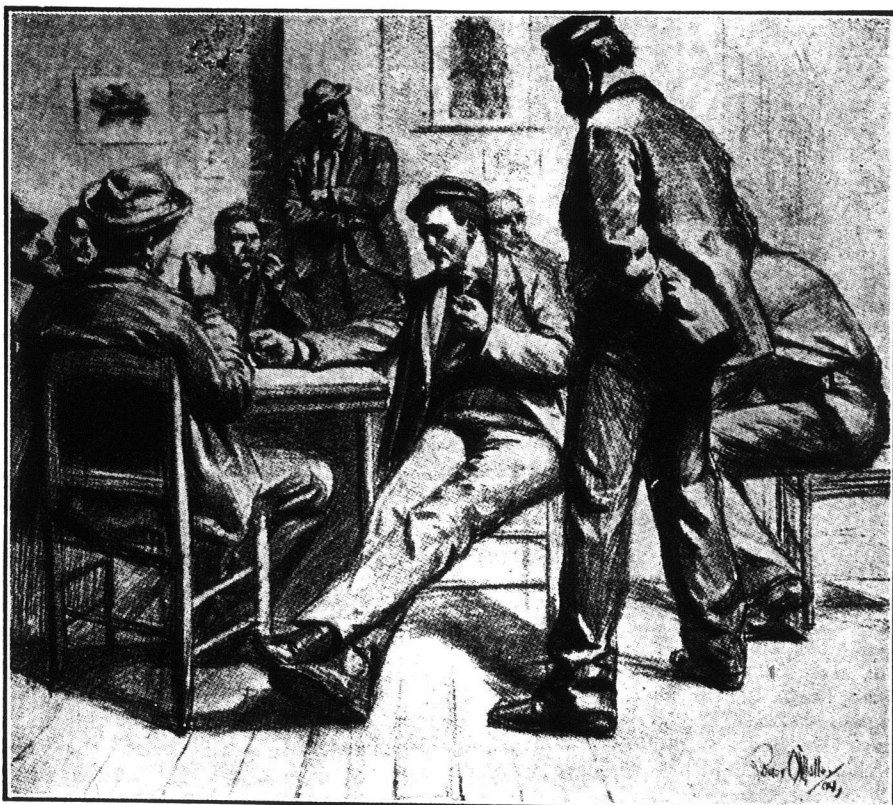
His light flashed upon an opening on his right hand which led to the lower workings and the double parting—the distributing junction. If he took that road he could get to his boy and take care of him. A door stood at the top to guide the air-current down to his own working-place. Well aware that this door opened against him, he thought that if he could reach it, and get inside, the door itself might hold back the water for a time.

As he reached the door the flood reached his heels. He pulled at the door, it opened a little way; then the flood rushed against it and closed it with a crash, before the man could get through.

The water swirled around him. He screamed and held up his lamp to keep it alight. The water rose and drowned the little light; the darkness of the pit followed; then came the greater darkness; and poor Prince never saw his boy again.

Water filled the place—from the tram-rails on the ground to the timber across the top, but the plank door with its framework of sturdy wood pillars and side-walls of compact, well-beaten turf, held it back so that it could not get down that way.

So our prophet Yanto going down the



"We'll be drowned—all of us—like rats!"

Prince put his lamp close to the coal. "Oh, Arglwyd [Lord]!" he shouted, very much alarmed; "water! comin' through."

He called to his boy down the lower side. The boy, frightened, scurried up.

Even before he reached his father the coal in the upper side burst, and the water came breaking through. The boy screamed and ran back through the face of the coal down the lower side. The water followed him. But he kept ahead. His father tried to run to him. But the whole face of the coal came tearing away from its place and water filled the open road.

For many days, it would seem, only a thin barrier of coal had remained to hold back the water. Now it broke through in a yellow, roaring flood, big enough to drown every man, boy and horse in the whole district.

Prince leaped back and ran. The water rushed after him. His little light threw back long rays of red upon the yellow death, roaring and muddy like a torrent rushing down the mountain side after a storm. He could not hope to keep ahead of that flood.

He knew every turn of the workings; and thought of a way of escape. A little way out, a road turned to the left—upward. He felt he could reach it, and perhaps evade the water for a time. But thoughts of the boy interfered with this plan.

heading behind his horse Warrior, with his lamp swinging on the corner of a full "tram" of coal—the last tram filled by Prince and his boy—went on singing his Welsh love-song.

His swinging lamp threw grotesque shadows of horse, tram, and haulier over the sides and roof.

The horse kicked up a thick black dust and made Yanto cough. He broke off in the middle of a line to resent this.

"Warrior," said he, "you're the clumsiest, laziest—. Pick up your big feet. Come up, yr hen ceffyl!"

As the road went down and their direction went downward, too, Warrior could not "Come up." But he took the spirit of the paradox; and after a toss of the head and a wild gleam of the eye—a look that wondered whether corporal punishment would follow—enlivened his pace and stirred up a thicker dust than ever. He swished his tail vigorously, and the black, glossy hair gleamed in the lamplight. His harness jingled, and the tram rumbled; and to this accompaniment Yanto sang his love-song as he sat on the "iron" behind Warrior.

If the door at the top gave way to the pressure of the torrent, the love-song would end with a flourish and a tragedy, as a love-song should. And Margat of the "Collier's Arms," the wench with Celtic black eyes, dark red cheeks, and ample bosom, who preferred