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IT HAS ROUSED THE CURIOSITY OF THE WHOLE WEST

"Do you really think" one housewife will say to another "that this new flour can be better than the flour we are using?"

Madam, there is no doubt about it.

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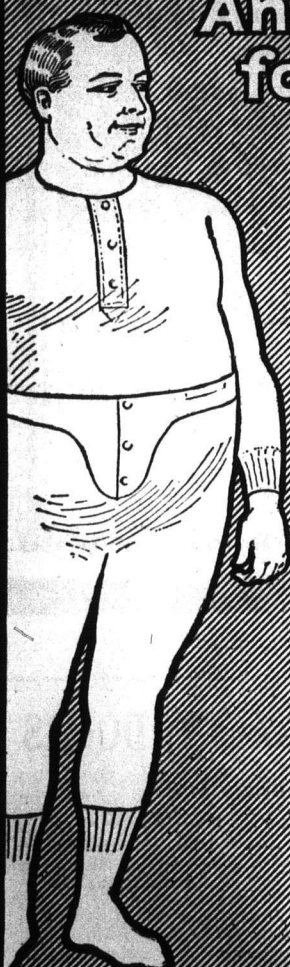


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FLOUR MILLS CO.**

LIMITED

**MOOSE JAW
SASK.**

An accurate fit for every man



In the Hewson line there's an accurate, comfortable fit for the big, as well as the average men.

Hewson Underwear is made in oversizes as well as regular sizes.

Cut by a special system so as to fit snugly around neck and under arms—to fit accurately everywhere.

Hewson Nova Scotia Wool—a heavy, elastic ribbed garment—is recommended especially for warmth, comfort and long wear.

Hewson Woolen Mills, Ltd.
Amherst Nova Scotia

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HEWSON'S UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

walnut tree, if the moon doesn't shine."

"Yes," I said, "but how can we find the berries if it's pitch dark, Vic?"

"Oh," she said, "it won't be dark long; it can't, because everybody knows it's time for the sun to rise when the moon goes down; and lots of times I've seen the sun and moon shining both together in the sky, haven't you, Georgie?"

"Yes," I said, stumbling into a thorn bush, and beginning to cry, "but Vic, this doesn't seem like the path; where's the black walnut tree, and flat rock? They ought to be here, but they aren't here!"

"We may be a little out of the path, Georgie," she said bravely, "but anyway, we are in the right pasture, and here's a rock with a back to it, so let's sit down and wait," and she put her arm in a motherly way around me, and pillowed my red hooded head upon her shoulder. "I'm glad I didn't put up my hair."

"So'm I, Vic," said I, as I nestled against the soft cushion. "Your hair is the loveliest I ever saw, Vic and mine is short and stiff like bristles."

"But you're real good, Georgie, and as soon as ever we get home I'm going to give you a real boughten doll," she said, "to have for your very own birthday, and to keep always."

Grandmother Gibbons did not need to tell the children that she had kept the "boughten doll"; they had all seen it. She sometimes stopped for a little, right here, till the children cried out, "Go on, please, go on, grandma; tell us what happened next."

"Well, children, the next thing, it seemed the stars all faded, and the darkness deepened around us. I don't know how long we waited, while I lay with my head pressed against your great-aunt Victoria's shoulder, but I heard her calling to me, 'Georgie, this will never do. You must not go to sleep, we must get up and walk around.'"

"I don't want to walk around, Vic, I said. 'I want to go home, that's what I want.'"

"We'll walk toward home," said Vic, taking hold of my hand, and starting up. "We're not in the path, but we can't be far from it, and we must keep walking, for you must not go to sleep. Here's the black walnut tree."

"Vic gave a sudden spring forward, and fell. She told your great-grandmother Howe, after it was all over, that it seemed as if she fell miles and miles. Then it came over her like a flash, we had come through the wrong bars, and were over the gorge! That dreadful gorge where we were never allowed in broad daylight! Vic fell till she stopped on a ledge not larger than her two feet, but her hair had been caught by an out-reaching tree branch, and it held her. True to her nature, her first thought, even then, was for me."

"Georgie, are you up there?" she called. Her voice sounded through the darkness far away.

"Yes, Vic, I am here!" I think my teeth chattered. "Where are you?"

"Stand still! Don't stir a step! Don't go to sleep, we're over the gorge. I'm caught by my hair and we must wait."

"No one will ever know, children, how long we waited. It seemed to me as if all at once I grew to be a woman. It seemed to me as if God had given Victoria's life into my keeping. I kept calling down to her, telling her that it would soon be lighter, and that I felt sure that some way, somehow, I could save her."

"At last it came, children, the first streak of morning! I stooped over, and looked down that awful abyss, but the sight only gave me courage. 'Vic,' I cried, and my teeth didn't chatter this time, for when God wants us to do anything, children, no matter how difficult, He'll give us the will and the strength to do it. 'Vic, I can see you, you are not half way down. Don't look up—don't look down, but keep still a few minutes, and I can save you.'"

"How did you do it, grandma?" always asked the children.

"I didn't know how I was going to do it at first, but I began, very slowly, to make my way, not straight, but in a zigzag fashion, slowly and carefully down to the shelf over which Vic hung. There was a little platform of rock, on which I stopped. It was growing lighter every minute, as I reached up to the twisted tree branch. Then God let me see how I was going to be able to save my sister. You know how I did it, children."

"You untwisted her hair," from the children in chorus.

"Yes, those beautiful, strong locks of hair, all kinked and snarled and held as in a vise, partly with my teeth, partly with my fingers, I loosened every golden thread."

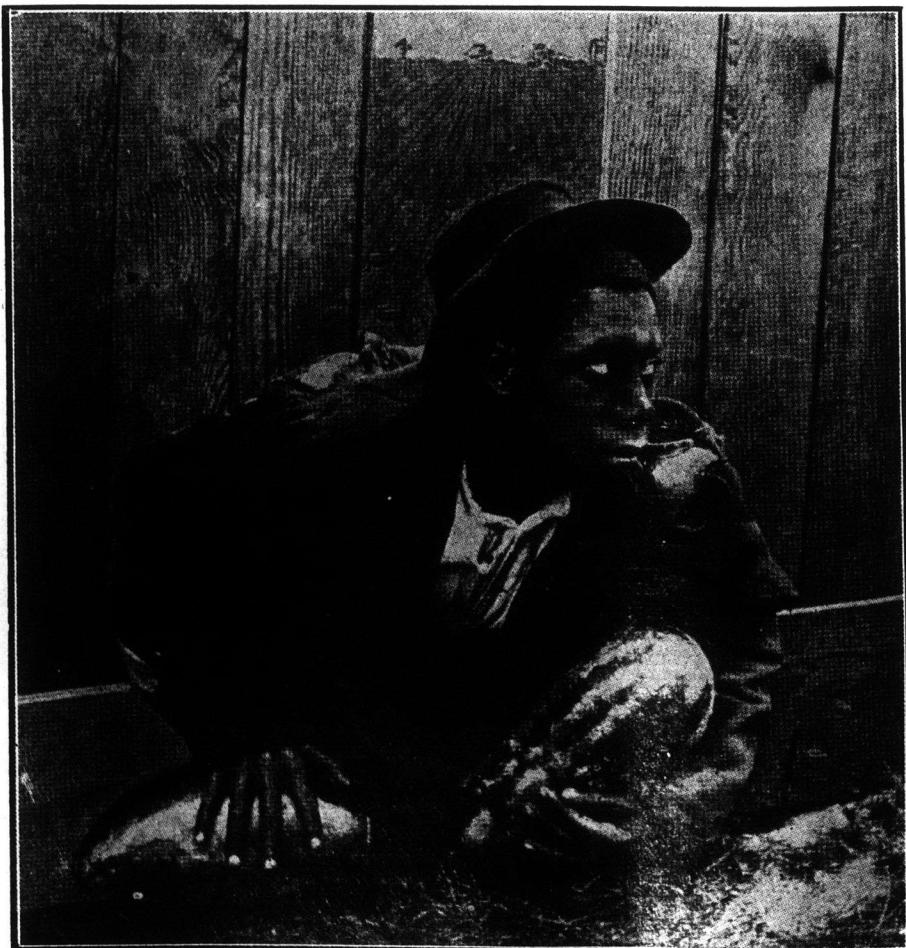
"Now," I said, "Vic, you are free! Catch hold of this limb that I swing down to you! Catch hold and climb!"

"Oh, Georgie," she cried, "I can't! I'm dizzy! I shall faint."

"I could see that her strength was failing, but I wouldn't give up that I could save her; so I put all of myself into my voice, and I may have prayed, but I didn't know it, then."

"No, you won't faint, Vic," I called. "You won't faint; you won't fall! You can't; you've got the limb. Now here's my hand; let's climb! We can see every step now, Vic."

"We climbed slowly, step by step, zigzagging, picking our way up, and gaining courage until at last we fell in each other's arms, on to the level at the top, and that is the way I met an emergency, the Thanksgiving and birthday we never forgot. And that is the way I saved your great-aunt Victoria."



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.