

Our

Money Back Guarantee

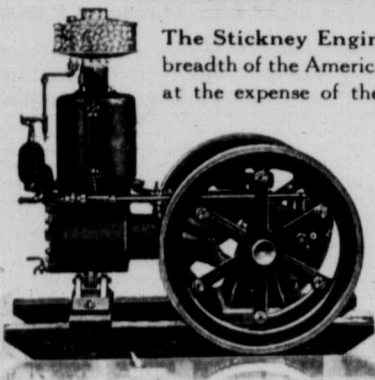
ROBIN HOOD FLOUR is guaranteed to give you better satisfaction than any other flour milled in Canada. Your dealer is authorized to refund the **FULL PURCHASE PRICE WITH A TEN PER CENT. PENALTY ADDED**, if after two bakings you are not thoroughly satisfied with the flour, and will return the unused portion to him.



Robin Hood Mills
Limited

THE FAMOUS Stickney Gasoline Engine

Going at Special Sale Prices



The Stickney Engine is known throughout the length and breadth of the American Continent. It is no mere experiment at the expense of the farmer. This is the first occasion

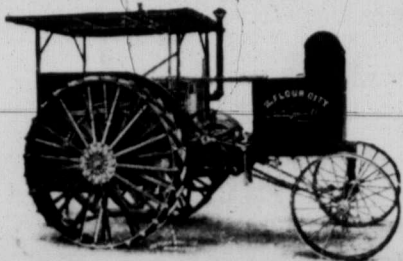
we have ever offered the Stickney at less than catalogue prices. There is only one reason—we are over-stocked. If you want an engine—you need the Stickney, the engine that has stood the test of time and satisfied thousands of farmers. It is built to stand up and is sound through and through. We have sold the Stickney for the last ten years—judge for yourself.

DON'T LET THIS CHANCE SLIP BY!

Write us to-day and get our special price on whatever size you contemplate purchasing. All sizes from 1½ to 20 horse power.

TRACTORS

We have several Flour City second-hand tractors on hand of 30 and 40 horse power. The engines have been thoroughly over-hauled and repainted. Just the thing to do your threshing or fall plowing. Going at less than half the original price.



Write us for further Particulars

Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company
(Western Branches) LIMITED
WINNIPEG, Manitoba CALGARY, Alberta

A Forest Free Lance

A NOVELETTE

By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Gerald Peyton, a lumberman, has an option on 75,000 acres of timber land and has invested all his capital in a mill and logging road. The bank has promised to lend him the money which he requires to take up the option, but at the last minute, thru the influence of Grimes and Gottschalk, otherwise the lumber trust, the loan is held up for a few days. Peyton's only hope is to get the option extended and wires his daughter Glendora to find James Kernan, the owner of the land, and arrange the extension. Kernan, however, has been taken into the woods by Grimes, but Glendora falls in with Caldwell Chivington, a surveyor, who has just been discharged by Grimes and Gottschalk because he refused to swear to a false survey, and together they board a workmen's train for the camp. They are given a hostile reception, and after a desperate fight between Chivington and Deems, the woods boss, they discover that Kernan and Grimes have left the camp by wagon. To prevent Glendora and Chivington following Kernan to town they are locked in the roundhouse by Grimes and his men. They escape by taking thru the doors with the engine. Reaching Hattiesburg at midnight they rouse Kernan from his bed. He refuses to extend the option, which will expire at 6 o'clock in the morning, and declares he will sell to the first cash customer who presents himself. At Chivington's request he puts this statement into writing, but remarks that Peyton's case is hopeless because Grimes is in town with \$200,000 in cash and will be on hand at 6 o'clock to secure the land.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Kidnapped Coach

The strain of the night had begun to tell on the girl. As they reached the sidewalk in front of Kernan's home she began to cry.

Chivington placed his hand on her arm.

"Don't," he whispered tenderly; "please, don't. We haven't been beaten yet."

"But what else is there to be done?" she cried piteously. "We've found Mr. Kernan, and failed utterly. Don't think I care for myself," she rushed on quickly. "It's only because of father. He's worked so hard to establish himself in his business, and it will break his heart to lose now—and all thru a trick of an unscrupulous man."

"We haven't been beaten yet," reiterated Chivington gently. "We've gone thru too much to quit now."

She checked her sobs with an effort and seized his hand with a girlish impulse.

"I'd be unworthy your friendship and your help," she declared, "if I broke down now. Please forgive me."

"Forgive!" he exclaimed feelingly. "Why, don't you understand I think you the most courageous woman in the world? If we still carry this thing thru it will be solely because yours is the sort of fighting spirit that makes things come right in spite of obstacles."

"Don't talk that way to me," she pleaded. "It makes me ashamed."

They turned into a dark side street that skirted the rear of the G. & G. mills, crossed behind the log pond, and finally came out upon the railway tracks. A quarter of a mile's walk brought them to the siding where Potter was keeping vigil in the stolen locomotive.

"Hello, Potter," greeted Chivington in an undertone. "Anybody disturbed you?"

"Nary a soul," answered the homesteader. "I've been sitting in the cab, taking things comfortable. Haven't heard a sound since you left."

"Are you still with us, Potter?"

"To the last drop, Mr. Chivington," he answered.

"Then we're likely to have to try your nerve again before the night's out. Things are beginning to look desperate, indeed."

The girl and the two men perched themselves in the cab of the engine, and for ten minutes conversed in excited whispers. Finally, with a handshake all around, Chivington and Glendora dropped to the track and hurried away in the darkness.

With extreme caution they made their way nearly a mile thru the company's railway yards. They spoke but occasionally, and only in whispers, keeping a sharp lookout for night watchmen, who were supposed to keep the mill property patrolled.

They passed behind a long string

of logging cars, treading on their tip-toes. A man with a lantern came along whistling, and they dodged under one of the cars, huddling close together until he had disappeared into the mill yard.

At last they reached the end of the flat-cars, and Chivington held the girl so she could peek out across the tracks. Almost directly opposite them a large passenger coach loomed in the darkness.

"Grimes's private car," breathed Chivington. "He's sleeping in there with his two hundred thousand dollars. There'll be a guard."

They stooped in their tracks, scarcely daring to breathe, and tried to see thru the darkness. All lights in the coach had been extinguished, and not a sound came from within.

As they watched they noticed a tiny glow of fire on the observation platform of the coach.

Chivington gripped Glendora's arm warningly. "That's the guard," he whispered. "He's smoking a cigar."

They waited a few minutes, but the guard remained motionless. Chivington found a heavy piece of bark beside the track and flung it recklessly into the darkness. The billet struck in a clump of bushes on the opposite side of the car.

The watchers saw the glowing cigar-end move quickly to the side of the platform, and then disappear.

"He's gone to investigate," exclaimed Chivington in an undertone. "Here's our chance! Wait for me here, and don't make a sound!"

With the stealth of an Indian he tiptoed his way to the side of the private coach, and crawled beneath the forward platform. He acted so swiftly that Glendora, in her concealment, scarcely realized he had left her side.

They could hear the watchman beating around in the bushes on the other side of the tracks. Presently he came back and walked around the coach, pausing occasionally as tho to listen. He made the circuit twice, and then resumed his seat on the observation platform.

Chivington could have touched the man's leg as he passed the second time, but he held his position beneath the coach, crouched and motionless.

Ten minutes went by, and the silence remained unbroken. Fifteen minutes elapsed, and Chivington began to grow anxious. The three o'clock whistle at the mill blew, and he took advantage of the prolonged shriek to shift his position to relieve his cramped muscles.

Ahead in the darkness there came the faint sound of a puffing engine. Glaring down the track, Chivington saw the red glow of the firebox, and then he heard the clanking of revolving gear.

With every nerve and muscle keyed for action he waited.

The engine was approaching, almost at a foot-pace, the steam chasing lazily back and forth thru the valves. He watched it with a thumping pulse.

Suddenly he heard footsteps beside him, and the guard advanced down the track.

"Here! Where you going with that engine?" Chivington heard him call.

"Look out there! You'll get run down!" came back Potter's voice from the cab.

"You can't get thru here!" shouted the guard. "You'll bump Mr. Grimes' car!"

"Then bump and be damned to you!" yelled Potter, and he drove the pilot of the engine against the private coach.

Before the bumpers touched, Chivington had leaped from his place of concealment. He seized the engine coupling and rammed it home, dropping the iron pin in place with his other hand.

"All right, Potter!" he cried. "Take her away!"

Potter threw on his reverse lever, and the sturdy little engine began backing with little coughs and jerks and a mad spinning of wheels, trundling the heavy coach slowly forward.