

# Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

## CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Seldon, visibly impressed, put down his knife and stared at her.

"Say! For a fact, now?" Julietta nodded.

"Yes. One of the best friends I have in the world."

"Oh! Jed dropped a sly wink. I see! A young man, eh?"

"Oh! Thought ye might be goin' to spring a bit of news."

"News?" repeated Julietta demurely.

"Yep. Thought ye might be gettin' married." Seldon rose from his chair and stood looking down at her, stroking his gray beard reflectively.

"Money's money, out o' man's pocket or a woman's. Yep. I'll sell right enough. Sixteen thousand for the three hundred an' twenty. That's fifty dollars an acre, an' dirt cheap."

"I suppose you'd give me an option for thirty days?" inquired Julietta carelessly.

"My word's good."

"Sure. But, Mr. Seldon, my friend might change her mind, and in that event you could keep the option money. I'll give you two hundred dollars to-morrow, and the option can be made out in my name as agent—see?"

Ten minutes later Jed Seldon left the room. His wife, a pathetic, work-worn woman, gazed at Julietta with uncertain eyes, and Julietta felt uncomfortable.

"So you've been here twenty years, Mrs. Seldon?"

"Yes." The other woman smoothed her apron with wrinkled hand. "Hard years too. You—don't mind me tellin' you something, my dear? This friend of yours, she's a woman like you an' me—well, somehow I can't stand to see another woman get taken in on this kind of ours. Don't tell Jed I said so, of course, but don't you advise her to buy."

"Oh, you darling!" Julietta put her arm about the worn shoulders. Mrs. Seldon flushed.

"Mebbe it ain't loyal—to Jed. We need the money bad, but— She hesitated. But somehow I wanted to tell you that about not wanting another woman."

"Another woman!" exclaimed Julietta, laughing. "And you've lived here twenty years and never guessed? And you don't even suspect me now?"

Mrs. Seldon gazed at her with wondering eyes. But Julietta turned serious.

"Perhaps I've got too much conscience," she said bitterly. "I am the woman who won't buy this ranch. Don't you see, Mrs. Seldon? You'll get oil by drilling—beyond a doubt. A single oil well on this place will make your fortune, and with luck you may drive a dozen wells."

Into the faded eyes leaped a gleam—that died swiftly. Mrs. Seldon shook her head.

"Jed's a sheepman, Miss Dare. He can't know nothing else, and he can't turn a den with losin' money on it. Some men is that way."

"But don't you see?" cried the girl. "I'm not going to buy the ranch—now. I'm telling you about the oil—I couldn't rob you."

Mrs. Seldon's stolidity forsook her, and she pulled her apron up to her eyes, while Julietta's hand met a convulsive grip.

"Now listen, my dear!" said the older woman unexpectedly. "You're smart, and—and we're plain bat-blind folks as can't see anything in front of us. It's no use talkin' oil to us, my dear. Somebody would come along and get the ranch away from Jed, oil and all. He's fine for sheep, but he can't put through a deal. If you can get our sixteen thousand out of it I'll be thankful to you all my life."

"Then you'll not tell Jed about the oil?"

"No. Jed'd only lose it anyway, in the end."

Julietta leaned forward, her face flushed with excitement, her eyes like stars.

"Listen, Mrs. Seldon! If that's your attitude, then I'll go forward, take the option, and if the oil proves a success assign you enough of an interest to make you rich for life. First of all, I'll have to raise the sixteen thousand, of course, and I'm gambling my two hundred on the option that experts will give a favorable decision about the oil. Then it's only a question of selling enough stock to—"

"God bless you, my dear!" broke in Mrs. Seldon, her arms going out to Julietta. "I-I guess I'll go to church now—and—and thank God for sendin' you here—and I won't tell Jed a word o' what you've said."

Julietta laughed, a greater happiness in her heart than she had known for weeks.

## CHAPTER VI.

She Embarks on a Second Enterprise. Mines move in a mysterious way their wondrous to perform. An industrious chicken, scratching on the bank of a creek, uncovered the mineral



wealth of Colorado; a runaway donkey, scrambling up a steep mountain in Idaho, kicked the lid off one of the richest mines in the world; a combative male sheep butted a school teacher off a fence in California and the Big Ram Oil Company resulted.

Above the desk of the president of the Big Ram Company hung an enlarged photograph of Jed Seldon's truculent ram. The billboards of Los Angeles were plastered with the same likeness advertising the golden stories of the Colorado chicken, the Idaho donkey, and the California ram. The argument was subtle and extremely powerful.

Paul Morrow noted the argument subconsciously; he could not help noting it in some fashion, for the street cars, signboards, and newspapers flaunted the Big Ram in his face. It did not appeal to him, however.

He had four days in which to cover the Los Angeles territory, then strike south at San Diego and uncover new territory, and he was busy. Also, he had not heard from Julietta for ten days, and was worried. Beyond considering that the Big Ram possessed an advertising genius, he passed the subject by.

On his second day in the city, Morrow received a brief note stating that the president of the Big Ram Company wished to see him on a matter of importance. He chuckled and tossed the note into his waste basket. "An advertising genius, all right!" was his amused comment. "But they can't sell me stock. I'll die poor some other way. 'Pon my soul, why doesn't Julietta write?"

He called up Mrs. Drake, but she had not heard from Julietta either. The next morning, Morrow received a special delivery letter. He read it several times, wondering that it bore no personal signature; yet it was not a form letter.

Dear Mr. Morrow: Please call at our office this morning without fail. We do not desire to sell you any stock, but if you fail to pay us the courtesy of a call it will be to your extreme disadvantage.

Very truly yours,  
Big Ram Oil Company.

Morrow gasped.

"'Pon my soul—how did they guess my very idea about selling me stock? I never mentioned this wildcat company to a soul—except Mrs. Drake. If they don't want to sell me stock, probably they want me to sell stock. Nothing doing! No get-rich-fast stuff for this baby!"

He grumbled, but at ten that morning he stepped from the elevator at the eighth floor of the Union Trust Building. Morrow found himself confronted by a curly-haired ram's head painted on the door directly opposite, with the legend of the firm's name. He entered and a girl seated before a typewriter looked up inquiringly.

"I was asked to call," he explained, "to see the president of your company. My name is Morrow."

"Oh, Mr. Morrow!" the stenographer jumped up and unclasped the swing gate. "Go right in, please. The president is not busy just now."

"Queer kind of president, then," commented Morrow to himself. He walked toward a ground-glass door bearing the word "President," and knocked.

"Come in!"

The voice was clear, cool, vibrant. Morrow started, grugled incoherently, and accepted the invitation.

"You!" The word broke from his lips at sight of Julietta seated at a desk before him, chic, charming, inscrutable. She leaped up to meet him, wild delight in her face.

"Yes I. Exactly!" Julietta laughed happily, her cheeks rosy under his intent gaze.

"'Pon my soul!" Morrow plumped into a chair, breathing hard, as Julietta quietly closed the door. "Why, I thought you were teaching school up near Bakersville, girl?"

"I resigned. One can't be in two places at once, you know."

"Oh! Then you're working here?" Julietta vouchsafed her brief little nod, her eyes dancing.

"Um!" Morrow stared around the office. "Why didn't you have a word with me first, my dear girl? I don't like your working for these wildcat promoters."

"Please don't call me names, Uncle Paul."

"Call you names—what the dickens do you mean?" He frowned, perplexed, as her clear laugh rang out.

"Why, I'm the school teacher whom the big ram butted off the fence! I'm the wildcat promoter just referred to. My dear Uncle Paul, the Big Ram Company is me, me—J. Dare, Esquire!"

Morrow drew a deep breath, staring at her.

"Why, 'pon my blessed soul, you're in earnest! Of course you are. What—what on earth will you do next?"

"Goodness knows," she responded seriously. "Things that are worth happenin' seem to happen all of a sudden, Uncle Paul. Here's the way—" She threw upon the screen the vivid drama of the Big Ram Company.

"Three experts agreed that it was a sure thing, you see," she concluded. "So I came down here, got hold of your old lawyer, and started to sell stock."

"Oh, I might have known it was your work!" he ejaculated admiringly. "But, girl, why on earth didn't you tip me a hint?"

"I was afraid." She colored.

"Afraid! Why, in the name of heaven?"

"Well, if I dragged you into another failure I'd never have forgiven myself. And I was really dreadfully afraid that you'd kick up an awful fuss and pooch-pooch the whole thing."

Morrow's head fell.

(To be continued.)

Onions cooked with milk, cheese or a meat flavor make a satisfactory dish.

## Cream Wanted

SWEET OR CHURNING CREAM  
We supply cans, pay express charges and remit daily.  
Our price next week forty-eight cents  
Mutual Dairy and Creamery Co.  
743-5 King St. West Toronto

## Food Control Corner

If you were to spend half a day in the Licensing Division of the Canada Food Board you would come to the conclusion that something bigger than you dreamed of is going on just there—something that is upsetting old standards and imperceptibly revolutionizing the trade of Canada. The results will not be apparent in a day. The undertaking is immense but every week sees fresh strides being made and dealers of all kinds and degrees being brought into line. One of these days the people of Canada will be wakened up, rub their eyes and wonder that so much has been happening without their knowledge.

There is nothing stationary about the Licensing Division. Just picture it. Up to date something like 125,000 application forms have been sent out. The returns are coming in every day. On an average 900 are handled in one day but the figure has been known to go as high as 1400. Already over 25,000 licenses have gone out, covering retail and wholesale grocers, wholesale fish dealers, bakers, wholesale produce dealers, fruit and vegetable dealers, millers and cereal manufacturers. During a recent week 40,000 application forms were sent out to the public eating places of Canada. This spells a further deluge of returns. You could scarcely imagine a busier office. Everything has to be minutely checked. There is no let up in the work.

There are people who whine about this licensing system—just as they whine about every other kind of legislation—saying that the fee is going to come out of their pockets after all. This is ridiculous. The licensing fee is merely nominal in the case of small businesses, but when multiplied by tens of thousands, while affecting the consumer not at all because of the wide distribution of area, it is a source of revenue for the Canada Food Board sufficient to cover current expenses.

## MUST MAKE REAL SACRIFICES.

### Americans Are Urged to Alleviate Food Conditions in Europe.

The American Labor Mission, before departing for America after making a comprehensive study of conditions in England and France, made the following statement regarding food conditions:

"Since landing in England, the members of the Committee have visited a number of cities and interviewed a large number of people regarding the food situation as well as other matters arising from the war, and we feel it our duty to impress upon the American people the fact that they should endeavor to conserve food in a larger measure than we supply with the thing necessary for their subsistence.

"There is no doubt that the people of Great Britain and of the allied countries are making untold sacrifices—more than America realizes. Notwithstanding these sacrifices, no member of the Mission has heard from them a single word of complaint."

Edwin T. Meredith, Administrator of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, a prominent member of the Mission, said:

"The people of the Allied countries realize that everything the free people of the world hold dear is at stake in this war and are perfectly willing to make any sacrifices that the cause of Democracy may prevail. Food is scarce and it is up to America to alleviate that scarcity. Great Britain and France are suffering more than can be described. I urge our people to give greater consideration to the interests of the Allied countries and to emulate the sacrifices there, especially as manifested in the matter of food by the people, without complaint."

"By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the disease of the body, and philosophers of the mind."—Justin.

The soil in the garden should be kept mellow, so it will absorb and hold water. Then when watering give sufficient water to soak well down into the soil.

## Canuck Bread Mixer



Eliminate all guess work. Makes bread, rolls, etc., without trouble. Saves flour and helps conserve the Nation's food supply.  
Convenient, quick and clean—hands do not touch dough.  
Delivered at charge paid to your home, or through your dealer—four foot size \$2.75; six foot size \$3.25.  
L. T. WRIGHT CO.  
HAMILTON CANADA



## UTILIZING THE POTATO.

Without danger of making the burden too heavy, it is possible in nearly every farm home to make a few bushels of potatoes into a food product that will keep indefinitely, i.e., starch. The time to do it is now. A little later the more strenuous work on the farm will have begun and the potatoes will not be in as good condition for the sprouting changes some of the starch into sugar. If one has a fair market for the best potatoes, remember that the small ones are just as good for this purpose.

The process described below is a very simple one, the time required but two hours. With a larger and better equipment the time could be materially reduced. In homes where there are children the work can nearly all be done by them and this chance to be a kind of work which they like to do, make something new. The writer lays no claim to originality. It is an old process revived and simplified. Our grandmothers used to make this starch by the slow and oftentimes painful process of grating the potatoes.

### Potato Starch

Material.—One peck of potatoes, a colander or sieve, food grinder, several pans and basins, stiff vegetable brush and plenty of cold water.

Process.—Scrub the potatoes with the vegetable brush, using plenty of water. Rinse thoroughly. The larger ones should be cut in several pieces, the smaller ones in halves. The size of the pieces will depend upon the size of the chopper used. The writer was equipped with a No. 2 chopper, and used the nut-butler grinder. With a chopper of larger size less cutting would be necessary and less time would be used in grinding; but the fine potato is ground the greater the percentage of starch saved. Grind.

Some of the liquid will drip from the chopper in the process of grinding. Save this carefully as it contains a large part of the starch. Put the pulp into the large colander or sieve which has been previously placed over a pan large enough to allow the colander to reach part way to the bottom of it. Turn on water enough to fill the pan nearly full. Stir the pulp thoroughly for several minutes with a stick or a large spoon. Remove the colander to another pan and repeat the process. Less starch will come from this washing. Three washings will be sufficient. Allow the water in which the pulp was washed to stand undisturbed a short time until the starch has settled to the bottom of the pan. The water will be of a dark reddish color. Turn this off carefully and put on fresh. Stir the starch well from the bottom. Strain through coarse cheesecloth. This removes the finer particles of pulp which passed through the colander. When the starch has again settled it will be found that this water is much cleaner. Change the water as many times as is necessary to remove the impurities. When the water looks clear turn it off and allow the starch to dry. The process may have hastened by breaking it up and removing to shallower pans after it has dried a short time.

Result: In this case one and one-quarter pounds of starch.

The experiment was then tried of paring the same amount of potatoes but this process required more time and gave but one pound of starch and nearly as many washings were necessary in order to clear the starch of foreign matter. The refuse pulp was cooked and fed to the fowls. It was eagerly devoured so there was absolutely no waste.

Custard.—One cup of rye flour, (barley may be used and will make a crust of lighter color), quarter of a teaspoon of salt, three tablespoonfuls of any lard substitute. Mix the ingredients as usual but be careful when adding the water to use as little as possible or the dough will be sticky. Line the pie-tin with this crust and bake in a quick oven. When done fill with the custard and return to the oven for a short time.

Custard.—One pint of milk, one tablespoon of potato starch, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoon of grated chocolate, half a teaspoon of vanilla, quarter of a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of butter. Mix the starch, sugar, chocolate and salt, add a little of the cold milk and the egg well beaten. Heat the remainder of the milk nearly to the boiling point in a double boiler. Stir the mixture into this, add the butter and cook two or three minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and add the vanilla.

If desired the white of the egg may be omitted and a half spoonful more of starch used. The white may be

whipped till very stiff, a teaspoonful of powdered sugar added and the mixture spread on the top of the pie. It should then be returned to the oven to brown.

Potato Starch Pudding  
Three tablespoonfuls of potato starch, one quart of milk, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, two eggs. Mix the starch with a little cold milk, add the eggs well beaten and the salt. Heat the remainder of the milk in a double boiler nearly to the boiling point. Add the mixture to the hot milk, stirring all the time. Boil four minutes. Serve with maple syrup.

White Sauce  
One tablespoon of butter or vegetable fat, half tablespoon potato starch, quarter teaspoon of salt, one cup milk. Mix the starch with a little of the cold milk. Scald the remainder in a double boiler. Add the hot milk slowly to the mixture, stirring all the time. Return to the boiler and cook twenty minutes. Add butter or oil, and salt and remove from the fire as soon as well mixed.

Gravies  
Use potato starch to thicken all gravies. Remember that half as much starch as flour is needed.

Lemon Pudding  
Yolks of three eggs, one-third cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of potato



there was just one WALKER HOUSE in towns along my route. Then "drumming" would be joyous, and I wouldn't give a hoot For all the inconvenience of The trains that poke so slow, If there was just one WALKER HOUSE In every town I go. I'd hustle like the dickens, And take orders by the ton. Say, trav'ling then would be just one big round of solid fun. I wouldn't mind the rain or sleet, Or mud, or frost or snow, If there was just one WALKER HOUSE In every town I go.

The Walker House  
The House of Plenty  
Toronto  
Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

It does not seem to make much difference whether a horse is given drink before or after feeding, provided it is not given too much at a time and none at all while heated.

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## BOB LONG UNION MADE OVERALLS



My Dad wears 'em  
Known from Coast to Coast  
R.G. LONG & CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO CANADA

Two-thirds cup of sugar, one pint of milk, yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of potato starch, one tablespoon of butter. Caramelize the sugar, (have a very low fire or it will burn). Heat all of the milk except enough to moisten the starch. Add the heated milk very slowly to the caramelized sugar, stirring constantly. Add the moistened potato starch, beaten egg yolks, and place in a double boiler. Add the butter and cook two minutes, stirring all the time. Pour into a mold and serve cold with cream.

Laundry.—This starch is excellent for all laundry purposes. If directions are followed it is never sticky.

Clear Starch  
One tablespoon of potato starch, moisten in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Add one and a half pints of boiling water and one-quarter teaspoon of salt, stirring constantly. Boil for two minutes. Starch the clothes while this is hot.

Cold Starch  
Potato starch will be found just as satisfactory for this purpose as any of the starches used for this kind of starching.

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The Peerless Perfection Fence  
Divides your stock and they stay where you put them. The fence that serves you for all time. Can't rust, sag or break down. Holds any weather. Each joint securely held with the Peerless lock, all parts heavily galvanized, the strongest, most serviceable farm fence made and fully guaranteed.  
SEND FOR CATALOG of all kinds of fencing for farms, ranches, parks, countries, lawns, poultry yards, ornamental fencing and gates. See the Peerless line at your local dealer. Agents wanted in every territory.  
THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Ltd.  
Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario



## Ingram's Milkweed Cream

You are young but once but you can be youthful always if you care for your complexion properly. Daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream prevents blemishes, overcomes pimples and other eruptions. Since 1885 its distinctive therapeutic quality has been giving health to the skin and youthful color to the complexion. It keeps your skin toned up, soft and clean.

The refined way to banish oiliness and shininess of nose and forehead induced by perspiration, is to apply a light touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder. It also conceals the minor blemishes. Included in the complete line of Ingram's toilet products at your druggist's is Ingram's Zodenta for the teeth.

Milkweed Cream . . . 50c and \$1.00  
Velveola Souveraine Face Powder 50c  
Rouge (3 shades) . . . 50c  
Zodenta . . . 25c  
Milkweed Cream Soap . . . 25c  
Borated Talcum . . . 25c  
Complexion Tablets . . . 25c  
FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.  
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