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Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
Near the post-office they were hailed by a man in a dusty buckboard drawn by a pair of mules. Burt slowed down and drew in his team, while the man, evidently a rancher, leaped to the ground and strode up. He was elderly, small, and wore a bristling goatee; his face was red, his eyes angry.

"Am I goin' to have that water?" he demanded abruptly.
"Hello, Dean!" was Burt's suave response. "Meet Miss Dare—Jim Wurrell's niece, you know. Used to be a neighbor of yours when she was a little girl."

Julietta leaned forward, hand extended.
"Why, it is Mr. Dean! How do you do?"
The rancher removed his hat and shook hands. Then he faced Burt anew.

"Did you get my question straight? Am I goin' to have that water, or ain't I?"
"You'd better see me some other time, Dean; right now I'm kind of rushed."

Dean grasped the dashboard, thrusting out his goatee. "You've said that all summer, but by Jupiter, I want to know now! Am I or ain't I goin' to get that water?"

Attracted by the scene, a little group of suburban men, ranchers for the most part, had turned and were watching, apparently keenly interested in Burt's answer.

"Why," said the banker nervously, "if you must know, Dean, I can just about use all the water there is, what with the ditch running low—"

For a moment the rancher's eyes blazed, then his hand dropped and he turned away, dejected and listless. Burt drove on, but the post-office little group before the post-office, Julietta was keenly conscious of an unkindly scrutiny. With a little shock she saw the tall figure of Clay Thorpe emerge from the doorway, a flash of amazement crossing his face at sight of her. She nodded smilingly; he lifted his hat, then gravely turned his back.

Julietta's cheeks were still burning with remembrance of wonder and discomfort when the smithy was reached and she was able to leave the buggy. "Well, ta-ta!" said Burt easily. "Guess we'll be right good friends, Miss Dare. Give my regards to the folks. I'll be out one of these days for a friendly call. So long!"

Julietta walked slowly into the smithy. That expression on Clay's face rankled. It made her feel as if to be seen with Andy Burt was conviction of disloyalty. The brief visit with Maggie had left her exalted, compassionately tender; and now it was as if cold water had been dashed upon her soul. Even old Dean's face, beaten look, and the faces of that little group of men.

"See Maggie?" Fitzhorn's voice roused her, and she nodded. The smithy eyed her keenly. "Huh! Don't you be upset about Maggie. She's been treated rough. I know, but humans is like horses—it takes considerable fire and poundin' to shape 'em true, and I guess the Great Smith knows His business. The trouble with us folks is we're afraid of the fire, not knowin' what'll come of us; and we don't know that let's back of every stroke of His hammer—well, you take my word for it, Maggie's comin' out of her fire, clean and fine and a lot better for it, she bein' so flighty before, but good clean metal underneath."

Julietta smiled up into his earnest face, her eyes misty.
"I know—I know," she said simply. "I feel a good deal better, thank you."

Slowly she rode home through the shimmering heat, through the clouds of thick yellow dust that trailed in the sultry air. Dean's face would not leave her mind's eye, and the face of Thorpe, and those other faces. It was wretchedly unjust, of course, that Burt would not sell them water.

Suddenly Julietta lifted her eyes to the purple hills. For a moment she looked startled, almost frightened; then a glow of color leaped into her cheeks, and from her lips broke a single quick laugh as she clapped in her heels and sent the bay mare bounding ahead in indignant surprise.

"Why, of course!" she said gaily. "Of course! And this time it's a real idea!"

CHAPTER XI.

She found Mrs. Wurrell sitting on the veranda. The older woman opened on her pettishly.

WAR'S INSISTENT CALL TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA

Canada Appeals to Her Daughters to Rally to Her Aid in This Greatest Crisis in History—Enlist For Food Saving and Food Production.

With the insistent note of a clarion call to service, the message has gone forth: "To the farms!"

For months past it has waivered across the country, and the echo has been caught up and thrown back from time to time. But now it comes with a direct challenge that is as irresistible as the soldier's bugle call.

It sounds from end to end of the country. Men and women are hearkening. They are thinking about it; talking about it. But there is no time to play battledore and shuttlecock with such an issue. There must be action—immediate, clear-cut, whole-hearted action.

The challenge is to men and women alike. Equality of service is demanded of them. Employer and employee are asked to help; the rich and the poor; the busy and the idle. There is no intention that any industry be put out of joint or business disorganized. There is every intention that all the resources of the country be judiciously used in making the most of Canada's harvest this year. The need is imperative. Nothing can offset this fact.

What the women of Europe have done to save the crops is an old tale; yet ever new in the wonder of it. What the women of Canada have done in this line is negligible yet, although there has been some brave pioneering in Eastern Ontario, and for years past in the West, when no other labor was obtainable, the farmer in desperation enlisted his wife's help in the outdoors. Not even the deeds of the thousands of men who are daily sacrificing



Men Must Fight—and Women Must Reap.

themselves on the battlefields of Europe have eclipsed the heroism, the endurance, the patience of the women of France, Belgium and Great Britain. They have known the extremity of suffering. They have tasted the dregs of war. They have lacked the stimulus of the excitement of war. Yet they have nobly "carried on." Even as their men have fought, they have worked.

What they did in the fields of Europe temporarily staved off the wolf of starvation from the doors of the people. What they did in the munition shops kept the guns supplied with shells. What they did in office, in factory, in work-shop, in every phase of industrial life, kept the wheels of commerce turning and steadied the fluctuating pulse of an over-wrought nation.

It was in those early days when the men were suddenly called to arms and the crops would have rotted had the men first showed their mettle and rose to the occasion voluntarily. As Lloyd George said of them:

"They know their country is in the grip of grim tragedy. In Flanders, girls harnessed themselves to heavy barges and plod along the towpath, thanking God they've released—not a man, but a horse to help in the war."

In Russia and Italy the women plow, sow and reap. Even on the beautiful Riviera the shadow of war has fallen, and the young girls in the work of transportation stagger under kegs of wine or water weighing eighty pounds.

In Scotland, girls single turnips, plant potatoes, drive horses and carts in the fields, and help in every kind of farm work. In Britain to-day, there are 5,000,000 women taking the places of men in various forms of work. There are 300,000 engaged in agricultural work alone.

The women of Canada can do these things. They have been spared the

man from the city while she fills his shoes.

In fact—every woman and every man-age girl can do SOMETHING during July and August towards assuring the country of the full benefit of those crops which Nature so bountifully yields, war or no war. It is one of the biggest things ever asked of a woman. It is for the sake of our Allies. But most of all—for our men "over there." They provide the irresistible argument why every woman should turn her hand to food conservation, to food production, or to both.

Food Control Corner

Bolsheviki doctrines have brought Russia down from one of the greatest food producing countries on the globe to a condition of starvation. Drink with liberty, which they did not understand, filled with idealistic notions about the equality of men, and lacking individual initiative, production in Russia has practically ceased, according to the evidences reaching the outside world. Transportation and distribution is so disorganized that even were the peasants of the land producing their usual amount of foodstuffs, the people in the manufacturing population would still be without the necessary food supplies to sustain them in safety and comfort. Unless the people of Russia steadily down and organize themselves or allow other authorities to organize them, there is the possibility of one of the most stupendous disasters to a nation and a great people that every occurred in history. Without authority for whom they have fear and respect, the Russian peasant seems to be without motive or initiative. We read of peasants in their anger against the property holding class of the late aristocratic regime, destroying not only the personal effects of the nobility and the owning class, but the very crops which they had themselves under the former social organization produced for the nation at large. In their re-action against property owning, they have destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs. We read of peasants in certain villages having gone to such extremes as to seize the cattle of the local land owner, now depopulated, they then alive and turn them loose. Without the old motive of compulsion to cultivate the land for the land-owner, now that the land has reverted to the peasants and they themselves are the owners, they have neglected to work and to produce the necessities of life. To such a pass is the nation drifting that recent dispatches have reported that the so-called Government of present-day Russia are sending plenipotentiaries to China, the formerly despised and so-called decadent neighbor to the east, to make arrangements for provisions to tide them over next winter. It is difficult to imagine China, one of the most densely populated areas in the world, living largely on rice and very meagre fare, having sufficient surplus to feed 150,000,000 people in starving Russia.

Bolshevism is sometimes quoted in this country as an ideal worthy of imitation. The pass to which Russia has drifted is a warning that Bolshevism and insanity are not very far apart. The nation that will weather the storm of this war the best, is the nation that organizes most efficiently and disciplines itself most strictly. Production must be carried on to a limit of our power. Destructive criticism and petty fault-finding are weaknesses and dangers. Unity of purpose and constituted leadership is essential. It is a case of a strong pull, a long pull and a pull together. Men must be found for the army, for munition making and for food production. Non-essential industries must provide men for essential industries. Women in this country must take the places of men to the limit of their power when called upon. Farmers must recognize the necessities of war and the public in general must unite to save the harvest of 1918.

Garden crops will not give good results unless the soil is kept well cultivated. At a sale of school lands in North Battleford district prices ran from \$10 to \$55.50 per acre for raw land. No need of your screen doors or windows rusting if you will paint them as soon as purchased, with good paint and oil. Wilmar local of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association has recommended that all poolrooms and bowling alleys be closed during the war.

Soil will help the farmers through the arduous period ahead of them. How about the women? Canada needs her daughters to rally now. She needs the help and the inspiration of every one of them. There is none so weak that she cannot do something, and surely none so craven that she would not do something.

No true Canadian woman would let the grain spoil on the stalk were she actually to see it wasting before her eyes—the grain that is now more precious than gold or rubies. But when it begins to rot would be too late. The time to act is now! It does not matter a scrap what a woman is or ever will be; what her social status, her occupation or her share of this world's goods. There is a new democracy abroad—a wonderful levelling of grades. Usefulness and service are the things that count.

Every woman must search her soul and ask herself how she can best help in taking care of the harvest of 1918. She does not need to be a trained farmerette, though if she is, it's all the better.

If she is a city girl who was brought up on the farm, she should be useful right out on the land.

If she is a good housekeeper, she can volunteer to help the farmer's wife for a time.

If she knows of any male loafers, she can report them and have them sent to "pastures new" to pitch hay.

If she can take a man's place temporarily in the city, then by all means let her do it and add one man to relieve the labor situation.

If she can give up her holidays this year to work on the farm, she will be doing a plucky and patriotic thing.

If she is a girl of leisure, it is up to her to go out on the land or send a

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UNEASY LIES THE HEAD—

The Army Bed is Really a Serious Subject at First Acquaintance.

A mere civilian does not know what a bed is. To him it is something soft and yielding, something the body can lounge in and the soul can dream in. What a delusion! I speak from experience when I say that a bed is no such thing. There is only one kind of bed nowadays—one kind, at least, worth reckoning. It consists of three boards, a couple of low tressels, a mattress more or less stuffed with straw, and three blankets.

"No 'ot-water bottles this trip," says the red-checked sergeant. You grin, to show your appreciation of the point. If the sergeant says so, it is so. And then you examine the structure which is going to turn you from a flabby, namby-pamby, puny molly-coddle (the sergeant's phraseology, this) into a real live man.

The boards, you discover, are really boards. There is nothing yielding or elastic about them. To look at them, you might take them for innocent deal boards in need of a scrubbing. But when you have spent one night on them you have a fairly vivid notion of how the adjacent martyrs felt after a course on the rack.

And the mattress! It is a snare and a delusion! It has lumps in it. There are some big lumps and small lumps, and there are also spaces where the top and bottom meet through lack of straw.

Still, with luck, you occasionally fall asleep on the lumps, and dream that your ear is on Mount Everest, your shoulder in the Thames Valley, and your legs on an escalator. But you need not worry. The dream won't last for ever. There are various ways of waking up. One is by suddenly striking the ground with your hands, for the tressels raise you only a few inches above it. Another is the collapse of the tressels themselves.

Well, never mind! You have three blankets. The civilian idea of a blanket is something white and fluffy and soft and warm. The Army blanket is not designed to fulfil these requirements.

A little disinfectant sprinkled on the straw litter in the coop will keep down vermin.

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

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FRANTIC CALL FOR HELP FROM A TORPEDOED VESSEL.

No Man Hates Germany More Fiercely Than He Who Has Picked Up An "S O S" At Sea.

I have just stepped ashore from a New York liner, and because of my interest in wireless telegraphy, I was permitted to spend most of my time en route in the wireless cabin, says a newspaper writer.

Three times we were called by German submarines. Apparently they knew just when we had left New York. Apparently they knew just where we should have been—in peace time—on our ocean lane. If we had not been far off our usual course, I have no doubt we would have been sunk.

They called us in the line's own code. All three calls came about midnight. "H B, H B, H B" came the call—our call.

Each time the operator—a boy of nineteen who has been torpedoed once and shelled twice—answered the call. "Have important message for you. Please give position," the message ran each time.

A Far, Faint Call.
Each time the captain was notified. "Tell them to give their message," he said. "Probably a submarine," he continued, and evinced no surprise.

"Give your message," replied the operator.
"Can't give message unless I know your position. Please give position." But it was too old a trick to work. On the seventh night out from New York I heard two ships torpedoed.

Neither call was in code, but the first was very short. Poor devil, they must have gone down in a hurry. The latter call, however, I shall never forget. I can put down most of it from memory, for it is fairly burnt into my mind.

Keeping in Touch.
"S O S, S O S, S O S" it came without warning out of the slow crackle of the night. "Unidentified," said the operator. "Somebody's caught it." "Will we answer?" I asked him. "Fat chance!" he said. "It's too easy to fake an S O S. We generally tell the Old Man—there, somebody's picked her up. No take about that."

I could hear that answer very faintly, distinctly the voice of some stranger in the night.

"What ship in distress?"
A long pause.
"Who are you? Hurry. Sinking rapidly!"

"What ship in distress?"
"For God's sake, hurry. Who are you?"

"American destroyer—. Coming to your assistance, full speed."
"How far off?"

"Sixty miles. Shall we be in time?"
"What speed have you? Hurry. We are the—. London. Sixty-two all told."

"Will arrive in two hours. Can you keep up in your boats?"
"Two boats fouled already. Hellish sea."

"Hang on. We are hurrying. How long will your wireless last?"
"For God's sake, hurry! All over in a minute."

"How were you sunk?"
"Torpedoed. No warning. Too late! Another boat capsized."

Too Late!
"How far have you settled down now?"
"I've got you. Our bows are under."

"Save yourself. We are coming fast."
"What spe—?"
"Can't hear you."

Silence.
The—. of London, had gone down in a hellish sea.

3 VICTORIA CROSSES GIVEN.
British Sergeant Held Six Hundred of Enemy at Bay.

Announcement of the award of three Victoria Crosses, including one to Sergeant Albert Mountain, West Yorks, whose act was an outstanding example of supreme fearlessness and initiative, is made in a recent number of the Official Gazette.

Mountain's company was compelled to fall back before the advancing enemy mass. Volunteers for a counter attack were being called, when Mountain and ten men stepped forward. He advanced on the flank with a Lewis machine gun and enfiladed an enemy patrol, of which about 100 were killed.

Mountain rallied and organized the party for defence and covered the retirement of the rest of the company. With one non-commissioned officer and four men he successfully held at bay 600 Germans for half an hour.

Later he took command of a flank post and held on for twenty-seven hours, until finally surrounded. Mountain was one of the few who managed to fight their way back.

We have gathered a bunch of posies from other men's gardens, and only the string that binds them is our own.

Some sugar refineries at Honolulu have installed furnaces that burn heretofore waste molasses as fuel, the ashes being valuable as a fertilizer.