

Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

Chapter I.—(Cont'd.)

"Dare!" She faced him, and as he came up her arms went round his neck. "Really, and, please, you mustn't come with me—or say I'm not!" She turned and sped away again, her brown feet riffling the yellow dust in little trailing clouds. And, young as he was, Clay Thorpe recognized the finality in her voice and in that good-bye pressure of her slim arms. He stood by his horse, watching until the little figure had vanished into the shimmering distance, then slowly rode home.

"I won't tell her folks," he loyally resolved. "I won't tell anybody at all." The sun was dropping behind the snow-capped Sierras. Far down the valley a cloud of smoke drifted. By this sign the little runaway knew that the Transcontinental would soon pause for a panting moment at the La Vina station. Lizzie stared at the smoke as the immensity of an idea seized her. Would two dollars take her to Los Angeles?

That was her first lesson in the usefulness of the dollar. She never forgot it. She sedately walked to the Pullmans. A grinning black man, who stared curiously at her bare brown legs and hatless head, helped her mount the vestibule steps; her air of confident poise was oddly convincing. Possibly the porter thought she belonged to the lady in rustling silk who preceded her, or to the stout drummer who followed on her bare heels.

She followed the lady in silk down the aisle of the Pullman, and dropped into an empty seat. The stout drummer did not sit down at once; he produced a little card and examined it, then stared at a number far above Lizzie's head, gave Lizzie a quizzical glance, smiled genially, and seated himself beside her.

The car began to move with a gentle swaying motion very pleasant to the tired body beside the window; the speed increased, telegraph poles became a blur, and almost insensibly Lizzie Dare relaxed in the cushions and closed her eyes to the crooning lullaby of the wheels. The stout man rang for the porter, whispered, and presently a pillow was carefully inserted beneath the thick chestnut curts.

The thunderous roar of the passage across a long bridge awakened her. For a moment, she blinked at the lights, then remembered everything. She was on the train! Beside her was the stout drummer, absorbed in a magazine. Lizzie sat up and peered eagerly at the picture of a young woman, gloriously beautiful, gloriously gowned. A fervent desire swept over the child.

"Hello! Awake?" The stout man beamed down at her. She nodded gravely, pushing back her tumbled curls with one little sun-browned hand. "Well, well! Jiggled right off to dreamland, and back again, eh?" She nodded again, her eyes appraising, questioning, pondering. This big jolly man with the kindly brown eyes and ready smile was very nice indeed.

"My name's Paul Morrow. What's yours, little girl?" A flush darkened her cheeks. Her eyes fell, and by chance lighted upon the picture of the beautiful woman. Underneath was a name in big black print. "Julietta! Just Julietta!"

Into the stout man's eyes crept a puzzled expression. Then he glanced at the magazine, and chuckled suddenly.

"Pon my soul! You're a great actress yourself, eh?" "That's my name," she said firmly. "Well, Julietta, what do you say to tackling the diner? All right! Come along!"

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NOW there is just one WALKER HOUSE in ONE TOWN where I stay. And, say, you ought to see me grin when my trip heads that way.

The only other time I was so happy, Goodness knows, Was when a kid Dad bought me Red topped boots with copper toes.

When other travelers hit that town, They, too, don't want to roam, For they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE It's just like staying home." Where is the ONE TOWN where that WALKER HOUSE is? Don't you know? Why, it's that good old burg spelled T-O-R-O-N-T-O.

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Chapter II.

A taxicab sped away from Mrs. Drake's academy in Pasadena, and slipped through the foggy night into Los Angeles. Inside the taxicab sat a young woman who crumpled a yellow telegram in her hand, then smoothed it out and read it again, a smile curving her lips. The message was addressed to Miss Julietta Dare, and read:

Love and congratulations to my little girl on her eighteenth birthday. Home-to-day. Alexandria. Dinner. Theatre.

Uncle Paul, in the drawing-room of the Alexandria, Paul Morrow was holding her at arm's length. He had not seen her for ten months—the new president of the Truitt Shoe Company was a busy man—and a great deal had happened in that ten months.

He had last seen Julietta with her hair in a thick braid, her skirts about her ankles, girlhood delightfully upon her. She stood before him now a slim, coiffured, gowned woman, and Morrow was shocked. It had not occurred to him that Julietta would grow up. But the swift sadness in his eyes was gone in exaltation.

"Pon my soul!" he cried. "I—why, my dear, you're full of surprises! Here you are a real sure-enough woman!" "Do you remember how we came into town that—that first night?" Morrow's eyes were twinkling now. I got you a pair of silk stockings at a pawn-shop, and a pair of sample shoes from my bag."

"And how I said then and there I'd always wear silk stockings because they felt so nice?" She broke in with a chiming laugh. "And how we went to Mrs. Drake's—"

"And how nice you said she was? Do you still think so?" "Yes, of course I do, Uncle Paul. And you too—aren't you going to kiss me?" Morrow reddened.

"Why—why—pon my soul, Julietta! Of course I am." They passed into the dining-room. Morrow eyed her gown—she was in blue from hat to slippers—and remembered that first night. "You like me grown up? Am I so different from the little girl of La Vina?"

"Rather. Eight years have made a heap of difference—just eight years. My dear, close your eyes and lean forward, and don't ask a single question." "Now, look!" She turned to the mirrored wall. "Oh! A—pearl pendant! Oh, Uncle Paul, isn't it beautiful!"

"A little birthday gift." Morrow stared at her, fascinated by her beauty, fascinated by the sight of that single pearl, lustrous against the satin-white of her skin.

"My first piece of jewellery." She touched the pearl with her finger tips. "Uncle Paul, I think it is about time that I fenced for myself."

"You're a dear good uncle," she went on quietly. "You've been a real fairy to me, and I've let you. But some day I shall pay back all this expense; and I shall pay you not in love alone, dear uncle." Her tone became matter-of-fact. "You see, I've been

thinking a lot about—about myself and the world. I—"

"What's all this nonsense?" exclaimed Morrow, staring at her. "Forget it! When you leave Mrs. Drake next month you're going on to the University. Your application has been in for the last four years. You—"

"I've decided not to go." She smiled gravely at him. "Not—to go! I've set my heart on your going."

"I'm sorry, Uncle Paul. I've made other plans. I'm going to take up a business career. I don't like poverty."

"Poverty!" Morrow wore a blank, helpless expression. "Why this talk of poverty? Does the feel of that pearl hint at poverty? I'm not a poor man—"

"It's not that at all, and you know it. It's something within me, Uncle Paul. It's something that's taken hold of me; something that has come to me day and night; something I know!" She leaned forward earnestly. "I'll not be dependent upon you, Uncle Paul, except for love. I could be dependent on no one! I'm going into business. There's a big field for women in business."

"My dear young lady," exclaimed Morrow, "the cities are teeming with women in business. The woods are full of 'em. Women lawyers, women doctors—"

"You miss the idea," said the girl calmly. "I'm not talking about stenographers and the kind of women who deliberately takes up the type of work for which a man is better fitted; I am neither a drudge nor a masculine girl. I fervently hope. Am I?"

"Eh? Why—pon my soul! No!" "I'm talking about real constructive business, big business. I'm going to enter the lists and shiver a lance with 'big business,' she went on. "I'm going to make money—not a pittance, but loads of it."

Morrow laughed suddenly. "My dear, do you know how hard men hang on to money? Do you know that 'big business,' or little business either, counts every mill and grips it hard—You have a fine ambition, but, my dear Julietta, you don't know—"

"Don't know!" she broke in. "Don't know what? The practical side of it. Granted, I intend to learn that side of it right away. I'm going to play the game, Uncle Paul."

He nodded. His face became grave as he watched her, appraised her, weighed her in his mind's eye. "Listen, little girl! Business is a life study. You were made for love, not for dull scrutiny of books and men; you were made to take your high place in the world—"

"Did anyone make your place for you?" she flashed at him. "Or did you make it?" "The shot went home. "What do you want to do?" he asked helplessly. "In concrete terms?"

"May I do it, first?" His hand went across the table and enfolded her slim fingers. He looked down at them for a moment, then met her eyes with his quizzical.

"Dear Julietta, you may do anything in this wide world you want to do, and you may always know that behind you stands Paul Morrow and all that he has. Yes, you may do it. It will bring you sorrow and trouble and failure, but I shall stand waiting when your dear voice calls to me. Now, what is your wish?"

(To be continued.)

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Potato Waffles.—One cupful of grated raw potatoes, one cupful of milk, one egg, mix thoroughly and then add two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one tablespoonful of syrup, one-half cupful of cornmeal, one-half cupful of rye flour, three-fourths cupful of barley, rice or potato flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Beat hard to mix and then bake in hot, well-greased waffle iron. Serve with honey or syrup.

Salmon Surprise.—Open a can of salmon and remove the skin and bones from the fish. Drain free from all moisture and then mold into balls the size of small apples. Cover with a coating of mashed potatoes one-half inch thick. Dip in beaten egg and fine breadcrumbs and fry until golden brown in hot cooking oil. Serve with tomato sauce, spinach, cole-slaw, baked apples and coffee to complete a tasty meal.

Russian Salad.—One-half cupful of cooked diced beets, one-half cupful of cooked diced carrots, one-half cupful of cooked string beans, two medium-sized onions, minced fine. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Apple Cornmeal Betty.—Two cupfuls of cooked cornmeal mush, two cupfuls of thick apple sauce, one cupful of syrup, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of raisins. Mix thoroughly. Place in a well-greased and floured mold. Bake for three-

quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with caramel sauce. Caramel Sauce.—Cook one-half syrup until it scorches a very dark brown. Remove from the fire and add: One cupful of boiling water, one-half cupful of syrup, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat to mix, thoroughly, while it is coming to the boiling point.

Cold Starching Collars and Cuffs. If you wish to have nice, smooth collars and cuffs which fairly glisten try this method: Wet the entire cuff or collar in warm water. Wring out as dry as possible. Mix up the cold starch also with very warm water, but not hot enough to scald. Put the moistened article into the starch, letting it soak a bit, then press with a hot iron.



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WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 16—POTATO FLOUR.

Everyone doesn't know it but the fact remains that delicious white bread may be made simply and solely from potato flour. This is not a war discovery. Long before August, 1914, and the beginning of the reign of bloodshed, potato flour was in use and bakers liked it particularly for making sponge cake.

There are enormous quantities of potatoes in Canada. The farmers know that; their wives know it; city people know it. What are we going to do with them all? Are we going to allow such valuable food material to go to waste?

Senator Colby, loaned by the United States Food Administration to the Canada Food Board, and who has just returned from the front, is impressing it on his audiences all over the country that he would not sit down at a table where there was one slice of pure wheat bread after what he saw in Europe. To eat it would seem to him like reaching his hand out and snatching it from the mouths of starving people. "Eat substitutes," he says. "Eat substitutes," the Canada Food Board has been preaching for months past. "Eat substitutes," echo all thinking and earnest-minded people.

Why not encourage the manufacture and the free use of potato flour? It is wholesome, makes a delicious loaf and does not rob the people of Europe of the thing they most need—wheat and the manufactured product, the staff of life. Bread is the basis of social order. Everything that makes life endurable in times of stress depends upon bread. People have bartered their souls before now for a crust of bread.

Indeed, starvation has reached such a point in certain districts of Russia that members of the improvised classes are selling their wives and children for bags of flour. Is it not essential then that we save white flour lest our Allies in Europe reach such a pitch as this? We have the wheat on this continent. The United States and Canada alone are in a position to meet Europe's desperate need for wheat. And still we go on using white flour freely! It is time for potato flour to be given a trial in order that increasing quantities of standard flour may be saved. Healthy men have lived and worked for months on a diet of nothing other than potatoes, oleomargarine and a little fruit. The food material in potatoes is 98 per cent. digestible. Potato flour is very fine in texture and has an agreeable flavor.

Spring Diet.

During the spring and summer meat may be entirely eliminated from the diet. It is a source of protein, it also produces certain acids that should be offset by foods of alkaline nature. Now that we are consuming large quantities of oats, rice, buckwheat, barley and corn, it behooves us to know that these same cereals will not counter-balance the acids left in the system from eating meat. Frequent-ly it will be found that the cereals will encourage this acid condition. The legumes, such as peas, beans, lentils and unpolished rice, may be turned into attractive dishes that will tempt an epicure.

Legumes are low in fat content, therefore it will be necessary to supply the amount that is needed. Beans contain calcium, which is a bone-building element. Eggs, fish, cheese may be included for variety's sake. Green salads and vegetables abound in vitamins and mineral salts, which cause the kidneys and liver to filter and refine the blood stream actively, thus removing many poisons from the body. These poisons would, under ordinary circumstances, revert into the blood stream and cause auto-intoxication, or spring fever. So, therefore, let us all

First. Eat good, plain, wholesome food. Second. Just enough to keep us at par.



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