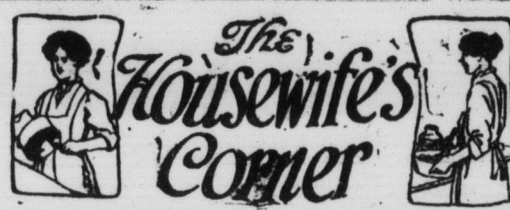


Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER XIII.
She Discovers Her True Kingdom
The Thorpe ranch was not as Julietta remembered it. The old frame house was gone, and in its place was a sandstone building erected around three sides of a patio, nestling in a group of tall eucalypti that were ever green. And now, coming upon it, lanced through the trees by the soft moonlight, Julietta exclaimed in surprise:
"You said you'd built a new house, but why on earth didn't you tell me more?"
"You like it?" he queried, smiling. "Like it? It's a dream place! Wherever did you get the idea?"
"From a ranch I saw in Mexico," Julietta turned upon him amazedly. "You—in Mexico?"
"Why not?" He laughed. "Can't a ranchman see a little of the world? But here's Tom."
A Chinaman opened to them, and Clay led the somewhat dazed girl up the steps and into the house.
Celestial informed Clay that his aunt had gone to bed, so, ordering some lemonade and seed cake brought to them, the young rancher led Julietta to what he called his "office."
It was an office in reality, she saw with fresh surprise—a severe room lined with books, many of these being law books. In the centre of the room was a large flat-topped desk with a typewriter beside it.
"You're not—not a lawyer?" He asked.
"No, I'm not; but I'm to be examined next month for the bar. Here, sit down." He placed her in a chair near the desk and, sitting down by the typewriter, slipped a sheet of paper into the machine and set to work.
Julietta watched in idle, strange contentment. She liked this place—Clay's home. Home! As though through a window of colored glass she mistily perceived things new to her, things that had never appeared previously to what was deepest within her.
The harsh, elbowing world of business—that was not woman's kingdom of the spirit. In the newer realm, or newer as Julietta saw it, there was a deeper "business," a higher and more ennobling field of action. She thought vaguely, shyly, of children, and thrilled even as she dismissed the thought. The woman, she reflected, was the home-maker; the true sphere of a woman was strictly business, which was not saying at all that women could not strike pay dirt in the field of man's business.
"A penny for your thoughts!" Julietta glanced up to find Clay's merry dark eyes peering at her above the machine.
"Oh, just thinking! Why are you studying law, Clay?"
"Oh, just to know the law!" he mimicked her tone.
"Well, why?"
"I'm bit interested in good government."
She nodded gravely.
"I'm glad you didn't say 'politics.' I'd hate to have you a politician."
"Then—you care about what I do or am?"
His eyes were suddenly widened, tensed upon her, but she was on guard.
"Of course, why not?"
The clicking recommenced. Julietta surveyed the littered desk. She noted the great inkwell formed of a steer's horn mounted in silver, the polished Mexican dagger, the documents, a file of blank deeds.
For a moment her eyes dwelt upon the file of deeds, slowly dilating as the idea seized upon her with growing force. As the typewriter fell silent she turned impatiently, that idea now excluding all else.
"How's this?" Clay ran out the paper, and began to read while Julietta forced her attention to the words. She suggested a change here, another there; frowningly he found her suggestions good, and complied. As finished, that petition, if ever signed by Andrew Burt, would give everyone in the valley exactly what they wanted. "Chances are he won't sign it," laughed Clay, putting in a fresh sheet of paper and falling to work on the job of copying the corrected petition. "But at least it will make clear what everyone wants, and who wants it." Julietta leaned forward and took up one of the blank deeds. When at length he had completed his task she passed the form to him.
"I wish you'd make me out a deed," she said quickly.
"His brows lifted in surprise.
"Think I can't do it? Well, don't gamble on my ignorance, young lady." He cleared his throat with assumed importance. "What are the metes and bounds?"
"The which?"
"The metes and bounds—the description of the property."
"Oh!"
Enlightened, Julietta took from her blouse a folded sheet of paper.

"Here's the description as I copied it from the records—the Wurrell ranch, my ranch."
His eyes met hers with sudden gravity.
"You're going to sue Wurrell—make him disgorge, then?"
"No and yes," returned Julietta thoughtfully. "I don't want the place myself. But it's my ranch—mine. Well, I'm going to deed it to Maggie Wurrell—and Maggie's baby."
Clay's mouth tightened for a moment. He was still thinking of the Wurrells.
"You'd better make them give up some of the accumulated profits for the baby also," he said. "They'll try to fight, and you'll have to smash 'em."
"No!" She held up a protesting hand. "Jim Wurrell is good at bottom—he'd be a lot different if it weren't for Auntie. She's good too, but she's crushed her spirit with selfishness, hardness, jealousy, and petty spite, and she's poisoned herself with spiteful intolerance. She just got started wrong, and it's grown and grown until the real woman is all covered up."
She leaned forward earnestly and unburdened her soul to him. "I've been thinking a lot about it since coming back. If a woman like Auntie Wurrell gets her thoughts started wrong, they just run down hill with her all the time. If I can force her back into her real self, if we can break the crust and bring the real Auntie out from beneath—well, I think it will make things a lot different. So make out the deed, Clay."
He turned silently to the typewriter and obeyed.
With a soft patter of feet the Chinaman entered the room, bearing refreshments which he placed on the desk. While Clay worked on the deed, by slow degrees they ate and drank; then, the deed made out, he handed it to her. She surveyed it with a satisfied air.
"I'll have it recorded to-morrow," she said with cool finality, and for the most part silently. At the darkened Wurrell ranch he helped her out to the veranda step.
"Good night," she said, extending her hand. "And thank you so much."
—vainly she tried to adopt the old business tone—"for taking me into partnership on this water-right affair."
His hand tightened upon hers. She was never very sure how it happened, for neither of them said a word more, but somehow his face had come to hers, and—
She stood inside the door, alone, breathless, trembling, her lips afire. She touched them, curiously—Had she kissed him, then?—She reached out a steady hand to the table, thankful for the darkness that cloaked her in friendly secrecy.
CHAPTER XIV.
She Comes to a Hard Reckoning and Faces it Squarely
At the breakfast table the next morning Mrs. Wurrell eyed her niece furtively. At last speech broke through her suspicious bulwarks.
"Andy Burt did it, like your running off with young Thorpe last night, Lizzie, after he took the trouble to drive out from town to see you."
"I'm sorry," murmured the girl.
"He talked a lot after you went off. From what he said, I guess Andy is kinder took with you. He ain't so young, but he ain't so old neither; a girl could do a sight worse."
Julietta studied her coffee cup.
"Did he commission you to speak on his behalf Auntie?"
"Well, Andy did talk kinder free," admitted the other. "He's just like a boy about not being able to keep his feelings to himself. He says he's always been 'one of them' as laughs when folks talk about love at first sight; but he won't never laugh at it no more, because you're the girl he's been waitin' for all these years."
"Oh!" said Julietta pensively. "Perhaps he's more interested in a certain note than he is in me."
Mrs. Wurrell's fork clattered noisily to her plate.
"Land talks, child! What are you drivin' at?"
So terrified, helpless, and suddenly aged did the older woman seem that Julietta repented.
"Nothing," she said kindly. "I say silly things at times, Auntie."
"I feel all shook up," muttered Mrs. Wurrell. "I feel—" She broke off, staring at the door as Jim Wurrell came rushing in.
"Andy Burt's big haystack was set afire last night!" he cried excitedly. "Why, 'course 'o' this!" Wurrell opened his hand, disclosing a dirty



The Housewife's Corner

COOKING WITH OILS.

At no time of the year is the use of green vegetables in the diet of more importance than in the spring and early summer. When combined in a salad with a good vegetable oil, we have a tonic which is both appetizing and refreshing.
The body must have a liberal supply of mineral salts in order to maintain itself properly. Lettuce, spinach, cabbage, water cress, asparagus, celery, radishes, string beans and carrots contain a high percentage of minerals and should be freely used.
The vegetable oils, the most important of which are olive, peanut and corn oil, contain just as much fuel value as high-priced butter or combined with vegetables in a salad they furnish us with enough food without the additional use of butter.
Vegetable oils are pure, healthful and economical for all cooking purposes. While the cost is not noticeably much less than butter, the same amount will go nearly twice as far.
French Dressing for Green Salads.— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, dash red pepper, 6 tablespoonfuls vegetable oil. Mix the seasoning and stir into the oil. Add the vinegar and beat vigorously until the mixture thickens. Serve on fresh vegetables at the time of serving at the table.
Combination Salad.—Crisp lettuce, sliced cucumber, cooked string beans or cooked asparagus, celery, sliced radishes, French dressing. Wash the lettuce thoroughly in several waters; let stand until crisp then dry between towel and put in a cold place until ready to use. A little muslin bag may be kept for the purpose of keeping clean salad greens ready for use. At serving time arrange the lettuce on a large plate or in a salad bowl. Put the sliced cucumber together in one place, the sliced radishes in another, the celery cut into one-inch pieces in another pile, and the other vegetables each in separate piles. Just before serving mix in the French dressing in a big bowl.
Chocolate Cake.—5 tablespoonfuls oil, 1 cupful corn syrup, 2 squares chocolate, 1 cupful mashed potatoes, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful milk or water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls barley flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful nutmeg. Add the oil to the mashed potatoes, then the corn syrup and melted chocolate. Beat the eggs separately and add the beaten yolks to the mixture then part of the flour then part of the milk, the remainder of the flour sifted with the spices and the baking powder; turn into a well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven about forty to forty-five minutes.
Oatmeal Quick Bread or Muffins.—2 cupfuls rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful cooking oil, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful milk, 2 tablespoonfuls syrup, 1 cupful wheat flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt. Pour the hot milk over the oats and let stand until cold. Add the well-beaten egg, syrup and the oil. Then add the dry materials sifted together. Beat hard, pour into well-greased muffin pans and bake about one-half hour in a moderate oven.
I Find Time to Read.
I hear busy women say, "I never can find any time for reading."
The circumstances are rare in which any woman is obliged to work all of the time. Most of us have our hours for rest and relaxation, for calls or shopping and there can always be found some time for reading if the desire is sufficiently strong.
paper. "Found it pinned on the barn door this mornin', and Stebbins' milk driver told me there was one just like it fastened up on Andy Burt's bank in town."
Upon the paper was scrawled "Let the wicked beware, lest they burn!" in pencil. Mrs. Wurrell uttered a startled cry.
"It's that Jake Robbins! He's always sayin' 'nir scripture things. If Andy Burt don't throw him in jail for it he ain't got the spine of a jelly."
"Now, Auntie, don't worry about anyone setting fire to this place," demurred Julietta, and turned to her uncle. "May I have the horse and buggy this morning, Uncle Jim? I want to get to town right away."
The Wurrells exchanged looks, then Jim moved to the door half sullenly to fetch up. No automobile was on the ranch, almost out of the whole valley. (To be continued.)
Men Needed for Harvest.
According to the latest estimates of the authorities in charge of the production campaign in the various provinces in Canada, able-bodied men will be needed for the harvest as follows: British Columbia, from 2,000 to 3,000; Alberta, from 6,000 to 7,000; Saskatchewan, 20,000; Manitoba, 10,000; Ontario, 12,000; Quebec, 12,000; New Brunswick, 2,000; Nova Scotia, no outsiders needed; Prince Edward Island, no outsiders needed. These men will have to come from towns and cities of their respective provinces in most cases. Now is the time to plan, prepare and organize.

The Charge.
Lance pennants, fluttering,
Kettle drums crashing,
Rifle shots sputtering,
Burnished points flashing;
Trumpets call blaringly,
"Scudrons—advance!"
Gallop on dashing,
Hussars of France!
Armored hoofs clattering,
Battle flags flying;
On, through lead spattering!
On, through men dying!
Cannon loom hazily—
Crimson each lance;
Troopers reel hazily—
Hussars of France!
Steads canter aimlessly;
Wounded are calling;
Soldiers weep shamelessly—
Comrades are falling.
Charging victoriously,
Striving with Chance,
Perishing gloriously—
Hussars of France!

Before and After.
Conversation of an engaged couple:
"Why are the stars so dim?" she murmured.
"Because your eyes are so bright," he whispered.
Conversation of same couple married:
"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she mused.
"One, if it were long enough. Why don't you talk sense?"



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Melt the Parowax and pour a thin coat over the jelly glasses. After putting on cover, dip fruit jars in Parowax to seal airtight. You have sealed in goodness and barred out "spoil."
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NEWS FROM ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.
Forty million Bibles have been sent out by the British and Foreign Bible Society since the beginning of the war.
Up to the present 6,000 of the 20,000 shipyard workers promised from the arms, have been returned.
The wages of able seamen are now £12 a month and food, as against £5 before the opening of the war.
A large number of boxes of butter, margarine and other provisions, have been washed ashore between Scarborough and Speeton.
Peaches have been selling at three shillings and sixpence each at Manchester.
F. Hartley, a veteran of the Indian Mutiny, died recently at Birmingham, aged eighty years.
Major Parsons, only son of Sir Charles Parsons, of Newcastle, has been killed in France.
Lawrence Harrison, of Stoke Lodge, was fined £1 for mowing his lawn with a petrol-driven machine.
The death took place recently from pneumonia of Guy Ellerton, manager of the British Medical Journal.
Fred Kempster, the giant, who died at Blackburn while on exhibition, required a coffin nine feet long.
The Nizam of Hyderabad has offered £100,000 for the war in response to Lloyd George's appeal.
The Queen has sent a gift of primrose to the little patients of the Paddington Green Children's Hospital.
British civilian prisoners in Holland may not receive more than £25 each a month, and by money orders only.
The death occurred suddenly of Dr. Leonard Diplock, for over thirty years a member of the local authority, Chislewick.
Major-General H. G. Ruggles Brice has been appointed Military Secretary in the place of Sir W. E. Peyton, promoted.
A class in lipreading has been opened at Hermondey for sailors and soldiers rendered deaf and unfit for further service.
Enough literature to fill six hundred bags a week is being handed in by the public for free transmission to soldiers and sailors.
The death has taken place at Newcastle of Sir William Stephenson, a prominent coal owner, and who was six times Mayor of Newcastle.
A carriage contractor named Stallwood was fined £10 for supplying fourteen leaves to German prisoners employed at Lankley railway station.
A vessel was launched and the keel plate of another laid on the same berth in a few minutes at the Hepburn shipyard, beating all previous records.

ODDITIES OF THE NAVY.

Ships That Never Sail and a Parish of The Seven Seas.
That a battleship is a sort of floating fort, inasmuch as it is fortified, and a sort of island, inasmuch as it is surrounded by water and inhabited, may easily be allowed. But that the converse should be true seems to be unlikely. Yet there are three islands which appear on Admiralty records as ships.
The first of these is a bit of water surrounded land known to every British tar the wide world over, Whale Island, Portsmouth, where gunnery is taught. But the Admiralty does not call it Whale Island. It calls it H.M.S. Excellent.
Do you know where H.M.S. Ascension is located at the present moment? It is a mere speck of an island about three hundred leagues N.W. of St. Helena in the Atlantic.
Probably not one in ten thousand in this country could tell where or what H.M.S. Diamond Rock is. It is a small, circular-shaped island off the coast of Martinique, in the West Indies. It has a record second to no ship in the Navy, doing what no ship could do—fighting fearful odds for eighteen months.
There is a rhyme known in the East End of London, if nowhere else, which says:
"He who sails on the wide sea,
Is a parishioner of Stepeny."
That is, every ship is, in the eyes of the law, located "in the Parish of Stepeny, County of London."
The usual explanation of this is that the Custom House is in that parish.
The arrangement undoubtedly goes back to the days of Pepys, the diarist, who was Comptroller of the Navy in the days of Charles the Second.
Now, it has been the practice to record all marriages on board vessels in the diocese of London, and naval chaplains were appointed by the Bishop of Stepeny, who was also godfather to all children born on the high seas, and it may have become a sort of tradition in this way that, as the Bishop of Stepeny was a sort of parish priest to sailors, the Navy was in that parish.

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