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The basic reasons for Waltham supremacy

IN 1854 the first factory in the world to manufacture complete watch movements was opened at Waltham.

Before that, plates were fashioned in one place, screws in another, springs in another. All the parts, produced by different people in different places, were finally assembled somewhere else. As a result, the time-keeping qualities of completed movements were by no means reliable.

Waltham altered this condition.

Waltham replaced hit-or-miss methods with standardization.

At Waltham were evolved those marvellous automatic machines which replaced much hand-work, resulting in greater precision.

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Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products
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Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

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During
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Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and
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This wonderful vacuum washer will pay for itself the first wash day you use it—we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. It will wash a tubful of clothes in three minutes. It will wash anything from the heaviest blankets or overalls to the finest laces. It prevents the wear on clothes—prevents back ache and does away altogether with the old clogging of washdays.

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This washer can be used for washing, rinsing, blueing or dry cleaning with gasoline.

Send this advertisement and only \$2.00 to-day, and we will send the \$4.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer, complete with long handle and exhaust protector, postpaid to any address. We want to prove to every woman that this is the best Vacuum Washer. **Don't Wait—Order one to-day. Agents Wanted.**

GRANT & McMillan CO., Dept. M.W. 4, 837 Clinton St., Toronto

"Wearyin' for Peace"

By Marie Oemler

CAROLINE shaded her dark eyes with her brown hands, and gazed long and earnestly down the winding mountain road. In the walnut tree by the well a blue jay fluttered, scolding raucously as, like a flying blue flower, he flitted from bough to bough.

The small house perched upon the mountain side, the stubby cornfield behind it, the road, the wooded heights beyond, wavered in the hot streaming sunlight of the early autumn afternoon.

The road stretched vacantly into the far distance; dad's slouchy figure failed to appear. Caroline crossed over behind the well, waved a friendly hand to the scolding blue jay, and climbed the worn fence half buried in golden-rod which bounded her small domain. She followed the path running like a ragged yellow-brown ribbon through the mountain woods, her pink sunbonnet and red calico dress a flaming bit of color against the universal green density.

She moved with the lithe, tireless grace of an Indian, keeping up her easy swinging stride for some miles until she had reached a ledge of rock overhanging a deep and narrow gorge. Looking down, she caught a glimpse of swirling brown mountain water racing over its rocky bed; its steady rushing sent upward an insistent silvery whisper full of tinkling notes.

Caroline's shrill, far-reaching call receiving no answer, she dropped down upon a flat rock, her hands folded in her lap, and waited.

The sunlight flickered brokenly through the trees and a breeze, sweet with the mountain's breath, swept her cheek caressingly. She took off her sunbonnet and leaned her head against the tree by which she sat. In the dreamy solitude her dark beauty softened into musing tenderness. She knew he would come presently, tall and strong and splendid, his rifle across his shoulder, his blue eyes full of passion and tenderness, his stern face mild and smiling—for her. Lost in pleasing day dreams, her dark head with its hanging braids dropped forward, her eyes closed.

She was roused by the sound of a gunshot in the woods on the other side of the gorge, and leaped to her feet, every nerve alive and alert, turning her head with the stealthy grace of a panther. A puff of white smoke rose, hung lazily in the air, and melted away. Something heavy fell in the bushes, although the sound was deadened by the thick underbrush and the musical murmur of the water in the gorge.

After an interval a man emerged from behind the trees on the other side, and faced her, rifle in hand.

"Hit's me."

"Hit's yo'," she returned quietly. "What'd yo' shoot at?" He dropped his gun to the earth, muzzle up, and stood leaning on it.

"Ca'line, yo' know I love yo', honey-chile?"

"Yo' say so," assented the girl, her dark eyes fixed upon his with piercing intensity.

"Yo' know I do," said he quickly. "Ef I didn't, yo' reckon I'd run the risk o' a bullet, meetin' yo' here? Yo' know I love yo'! Now I want yo' to swar yo' love me, too. Swar hit, Ca'line!"

"I ain't one to go back on my word," said the girl with fierce earnestness. "I tole yo' I did, an' I do. I love yo'. Yore people kill mine, an' mine kill yore's. But I love yo'! What'd yo' hit when yo' fired?"

"He was watchin' fo' me. I got sight o' his gun when he moved, an' I shot—fust. Hit was him or me, Ca'line—an' 'twas him went down."

"Who?" she cried in a shrill whisper. Her face had gone deathly white, her eyes were wide and terrified. He looked from his gun to her, helplessly.

"I saw his face when he jumped—an' fell," he said. "An'—hit was yo' dad, Ca'line."

Caroline gave a choking cry, putting up her hands as if to ward off what had already come upon her. She had not been unaware of its possibility. It had been one of her risks, but with the

optimism of youth she had thought it but a remote one. Now that it had actually befallen her, she was unprepared.

"Dad!" she shrieked. "An', O my Lawd Gawd! hit's yo' what killed him! Yo'!"

"Hit was him or me," said Rollins desperately. "Ef I'd 'a' waited. I fired to save myself, 'thout knowin', Ca'line."

Her slim young body swayed to and fro, precariously near the edge; she wrung her hands, but without the relief of tears.

"Yo' know thah's bad blood atween us-all, Ca'line. Thah's always been bad blood—Gawd A'mighty knows why. 'Tain't none o' my willin'. I wanted yo' to go 'way with me an' have done with all this kin' o' business. Yo' know I did. I been aimin' to take yo' 'way with me ever since I knowed yo' loved me."

Caroline looked at him vacantly. "D' yo' know thah's none o' we-all lef', 'cept me?" she asked mournfully.

His fine bronzed face turned white.

"Hit was him or me," he said sternly. "Ef yo' don't b'lieve that, I'd as lief go with the sheriff."

She shook her head with quick negation. Her sense of justice told her that he had but acted in self-defense, that only the fact that he had drawn first had saved him and sent the dad on the Long Trail.



"She listened intently for a moment."

"Yo' bullet oughter hit me' stead o' him," she said huskily. "Yo're a Rollins. I knowed hit; an' yet I met yo'—an' loved yo'!"

"Hit's right an' good for us to love each other, Ca'line," he said passionately. "Them that comes atween us is sinnin'. Gawd A'mighty made us for each other, an' I'm plum right in claimin' my own." He came to the brink of the dividing chasm and lifted his pleading face.

"Ca'line! come 'way with me, an' let's leave these murderin' ways behin' us. Come out West, Ca'line, whah we kin work in the open 'thout fear o' a bullet in the back. Gawd knows I never meant nor wanted to kill him, Ca'line. I ain't one for spillin' blood, nohow. I want foller the ways that young preacher feller talked 'bout las' spring, an' I want yo' to foller 'em with me. I ain't goin' nowwhah 'thout yo'. Say yo'll come, Ca'line, darlin'."

"An'—an'—the dad—" she whispered fearfully. "Is he—"

"Sho'. Thah's no hope, Ca'line. He's gone a'ready. Went 'thout a struggle," he answered regretfully.

"Dad's friends'll know 'twas a Rollins done hit, an' they'll be after yo'," she said, after a long pause full of painful thought. "An' I'm sho' wearyin' for peace," she said wearily. "Wearyin' for peace!"

"An' yo'll come, Ca'line?" he asked eagerly.

"Thah's blood atween yo' an' me," said Caroline somberly. "But I'll meet yo' to-night, an' I'll go with yo'. Gawd forgive me if I ain't doin' right, but He's jest got to know I can't stan' hit no mo'! I can't stan' hit no mo'!"

"An' yore mar?" he asked hesitatingly.

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