

RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester
and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the instalments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the Star Theatre. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation, it is also possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also at intervals to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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TENTH EPISODE. A Prisoner on the Yacht.

Ned Warner, in front of the blinding windows of the New York cafe, stood as one in a daze, deaf to all the words of Bobbie and Iris Blething, who feared, from the ashen pallor of his face, that his murderous frenzy might react upon him. He saw again his lovely runaway, bride being forced out of the cafe against her will by the man with the white moustache and that infernal scoundrel with the black Van-dyke, Gilbert Blye! He saw himself prevented by the frightened Bobbie and Iris and the solicitous waiters from dashing among the glittering tables and grappling Blye by the throat and strangling him to death. He saw himself rushing to the ornate entrance through which they had taken his beautiful June and arriving in time only to see her whirl away into the night in Blye's luxurious limousine, the heavy man with the thick eyelids up in front with the driver, the middle-aged woman and the vicious brunette with concern and fright on their pale faces as the dome light of the car shone down upon them, and on the rear seat with June the two men who had carried her away by violence, the white-moustache man laughing, and the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye bending over June with that suave smile on his lips.

Nervous Prostration and Heart Troubles

Nervous Prostration, or Neurasthenia, is one of the worst forms of nervous trouble and brings about a general weakness of the whole nervous system. The symptoms presenting themselves are headache, a feeling of depression, disturbed and restless, unrefreshing sleep, often troubled with dreams, fright when in crowded places, dread of being alone, horror of society, fright at travels, muscular weakness, sense of fatigue upon effort, etc.

When the nerves become affected in this way the heart generally becomes affected, too.

Are all curable if taken in time.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just what you require at this time. They strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Mrs. John Hewson, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know the great benefit your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. I suffered for four years with heart trouble and nervous prostration. I was so bad I could not go upstairs without sitting down at the top before I could go to my room. I could not sleep nor could I lie on my left side, for it would seem as if my heart would stop. I thought my time had come. I was doctoring with the doctor, but didn't get any benefit. I took eight boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and an amazing good health."

Price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto.

NO STOMACH PAIN, GAS, INDIGESTION IN FIVE MINUTES

"Pape's Diapiesin" is the only real stomach regulator known.

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapiesin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate acid, your stomach is acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with wind, indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapiesin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin will give you the hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, upset stomach—during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

HOW FAT FOLKS MAY BECOME THIN

[By Elizabeth Thomas.]

Perhaps you are suddenly becoming stout, or it may be that you have been putting on weight for years. In either case the cause is the same—lack of oxygen-carrying power of the blood. This trouble occurs in adults of both sexes and all ages, but it may be overcome very easily and without any of the privations that most people imagine necessary to reduce their weight.

Simply go to your druggist and get some oil of orleans. Take one drop after each meal and one before going to bed. Weigh yourself so as to know just how fast you are losing weight. Wonderful results have been accomplished by this inexpensive recipe, but be sure to get the genuine oil of orleans in capsule form. It is sold only in original sealed packages. Any large druggist can supply you, or a large size box will be sent on receipt of \$1. Address D. J. Little Drug Company, Box 1240, Montreal, Can.

as was if the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

It might as well, for June, in a swift motorboat with the gay party, was kidnapped her from the cafe, was then swiftly approaching a long, low yacht which loomed gracefully above them in the misty river.

June's struggles were useless in that heaving water and her cries of protest were unheard in that lonely waste. Stripped of her hat and gloves, she was strong hand from above grasped hers, and she was pulled up to the deck. Below her she heard the laughter of the three men who had abducted her, and with their laughter blended the shrill, high voice of that vicious brunette, Tommy Thomas. June's heart sent out a wild call to Ned. This had been the first time she had seen his face since the day of their wedding.

At the door of the sumptuously fitted dining room and gold salon on the yacht the towering June was confronted by a stout steward with gray mutton chop whiskers and a puffed-out chest, who, as if habitually, a half whisper.

"The dearie looks faint," said the steward.

"Well, bring the young lady a glass of wine, you," gruffly ordered the steward.

Mrs. Villard came in and dropped in a chair, while the vicious Tommy Thomas came over to the deck, gripped its beautiful marine view painted by the famous Velaz. Blye and the white-moustache Cunningham and the heavy Edwards followed, laughing as Wilkins wheeled in from the pantry a portable buffet, its frosty-topped bottles packed in glistening ice.

"Have a taste of this, dearie. It will soothe your nerves." The whining stewardess held to June's lips a glass of sherry, but June drew away from it with repugnance, and, rising, hurried away from the sumptuously fitted salon. She did not know where that passage-way led, except that it led away from the hateful company. The whining stewardess held to June's lips a glass of sherry, but June drew away from it with repugnance, and, rising, hurried away from the sumptuously fitted salon. She did not know where that passage-way led, except that it led away from the hateful company.

June sat quietly, with that suave smile on his lips and stroking his black mustache with his long left hand, his fingers, upon one of which sparkled a diamond. He rose presently, and, tipping down the gangway, stopped at June's side, and, leaning over her, he moved an occasional stifled sob as June sat amid the soft cushions of the couch. Before her, through a half-open door, could be seen a glimpse of a moving white bathroom, and in the adjoining little pale blue boudoir stood June's own luggage!

Ned! That brief sight of him had filled June's whole soul with longing. Poor little runaway bride!

There was the rattle of a donkey engine and the clatter of chains as the yacht Hilary. The anchor was coming up, and there was an instant change in the easy rocking of the craft. She shuddered, and then there was a sound of seething water as the Hilary gathered headway. June was on her feet in an instant. She ran to the port-hole and gazed out at the moving, moving lights along shore. The port-holes were too small to let her shoulders through. She ran to the door and opened it stealthily, then closed it and held the knob as Tommy Thomas and Orin Cunningham danced past in the salon.

June sat on the couch in her stateroom, with her hands locked upon her knees, staring into the white slice of brightness formed by the tiling of the bathroom, and while she pondered on what she should do, the door of her cabin opened, and a maid came in with a paper. Aunt Dobby's voice was heard.

"Why, it's Mr. Ned and Miss Iris. Why, good evenin'. The folks is to home."

Stern John Moore listened with silent attention while Mrs. Moore, her hand upon her breast, stifled the emotions to which Iris Blething gave full play as the "kidnaping" was described.

There was but one conclusion among the men, and Ned, composing his voice as he passed from the mention of Blye, stated that conclusion.

"It is a matter for the police," he declared and picked up the telephone. "Our daughter is in danger," said the grave voice of John Moore.

CHAPTER II.

In the dock adjacent to the one from which the Hilary's motor tender had departed there paced, almost perceptibly, a night watchman, who consisted of an overcoat, a cap and two glints of eye. To him the watchman, the docks and the city were his domain. A brisk little chauffeur with a thin mustache and a woman with high cheekbones.

"The Hilary!" stated the little chauffeur, with an accusing tone, and with a sweeping gesture he pointed to the adjacent dock where stood a big hamper with the word "Hilary" glowing white on its side. "She is gone!" Then Henri stepped back.

"But her tender," objected Henri, "also is gone. Listen, my friend," insisted Henri, stopping in front of the overcoat and cap, but moving aside as it came irresistibly on. "The facts are like these: Mademoiselle has gone on board the Hilary. Behold, here is the maid of the charming mademoiselle. She was seen to have gone on board the Hilary. How, then, shall she go?"

"Henri, then, with a catch in her breath, she sat down and was silent.

Blye went to the door as the stewardess came up the gangway and called her with a jerk of his head. On the lips of Edwards there had come a firm set, and his heavy-lidded eyes had narrowed. Without a word Cunningham handed the glass to the stewardess, between the two there passed a look which was full of meaning. Blye, with his glowing eyes on the glass, smiled suavely.

"I brought you the water, dearie," said the stewardess, entering June's stateroom.

"Oh!" An exclamation of delight from June as her eyes widened with the beauty of the delicate Venetian goblet.

"That's something else I made for you in the pantry, dearie," explained the stewardess, in her cooing whine, and bobbed her neck. "It's a fine stimulant and soothing to the nerves."

June took the fragile glass in her hand. Its sheer beauty had won her. She inhaled daintily. The fragrance was most appealing. She looked at it again and smiled. She did feel faint and weak. She lifted the glass to her lips, and the tip of her tongue caught the delicious flavor. Suddenly, as she tilted the glass to drink, she caught the pale eyes of the stewardess fixed eagerly upon her. The woman's mouth was half-open, and she was breathing hoisted settee.

With a flash of intuition, June jerked her lips from the glass and threw it, crashing and splintering, into the fireplace.

"Why, dearie," exclaimed the stewardess, in great agitation she pushed a button at the side of the mantel.

June's eyelashes lowered for an instant and her lips set; then quietly she went into the little blue boudoir and sat thoughtfully upon the daintily-upholstered settee.

The steward came pompously in. "Well, you've done it again, you," he growled as he surveyed the splintered fragments of the delicate Venetian glass.

June's eyes widened for a moment, and she stared toward the boudoir door with her pallid eyes. She jerked her thumb in that direction, and then she winked.

"You always say it's a guest."

"How much," whispered the woman in a sibilant hiss, which carried as it was intended to do.

"Them glasses is \$12 apiece, and it'll be taken from your wages. That comes out of my pocket!"

June bit her lips. Twelve dollars! It was a lot of money to a girl who had found dollars coming slowly and independence hard to win, but she picked up her purse. After all, she had no proof that the woman meant anything but kindness.

"Is this breakage charged against you?" asked June.

"Why, yes, dearie." A sniffe went with the whine.

"How much will it cost you?"

"Twelve dollars!" sniffed. "But it's all a part of our job, so never mind with the whine."

"I do not wish you to lose the money," and quite thoughtfully June counted \$12 from her slender store. She added another for the customary tip, and gave one to the man, and they thanked her most obsequiously. As June returned to the boudoir her suppressed voices broke out again.

"No," protested the woman in that whining hiss: "that's my money—the dollar's mine, anyhow."

"Except what I give you," stated Percy Wilkins gruffly. "That's the law, and you know it. Clean up that mess, you," and he left the room.

The woman's whining mumble could be heard all the while she was cleaning up the mess.

Up on the street stood the Villard touring car, and as Marie and Henri climbed in it a fat figure slunk out of the back of the car, gripping a thick cigar butt between his teeth. Up and down the docks ranged Henri and Marie, but not one motorboat could they find. Wherever they stopped the thick, fat figure dropped off the car and slunk into the shadows.

"Henri had another idea. He drove the Hilary's saloon and procured a bottle of whiskey, which he offered to the man on the dock.

"Thanks. The voice was one degree less frosty. The neck of the bottle disappeared into the slit of the overcoat collar, and the gleaming bottle turned heavenward.

Henri himself took a sip and stuffed the bottle in his pocket. "I shall go away, my friend, but I shall return." He hurried back to the touring car and the thick figure slunk out of the shadows hopped on behind.

In the ivory tapestried stateroom, as the Hilary steamed slowly across the harbor, June Warner suddenly rose and rang for the stewardess. That pucker came with alacrity, but before she went June stopped the door of the crimson and gold salon, and, catching the eye of Orin Cunningham, bobbed her head and smiled her ingratiating smile and jerked her thumb over her shoulder toward June's room; then she turned her pallid eyes toward Gilbert Blye for a fleeting moment, and hurried away.

"Did you ring, dearie?" she whined as June opened the door.

"Yes," June studied the woman a moment speculatively. She could not confide in this creature. "You may bring me some water, please."

"Yes, dearie." The stewardess whisked, with a side-glance at the crimson and gold salon, where Tommy Thomas sat between Cunningham and Edwards, with a hand on a shoulder of each. The stewardess, with a side-glance at the quiet Blye in the corner, hurried over to the group on the bench.

"She wants some water," she whispered, bending over and grinning her ugly grin.

"Oh, yes." Again the grin. "Young ladies always trust me. Say, I think she wants to escape."

Blye, with a frown on his dark, handsome face, walked across and spoke to Cunningham. Orin nodded, and his eyes twinkled, and he went to the buffet, where he selected a long-stemmed, gracefully-shaped, gold-encrusted goblet of Venetian glass. He filled it with ice and set it to one side. Then, while the others watched him, Tommy Thomas, with a half sneer and Mrs. Villard with shocked concern, he could be seen a glimpse of a moving white bathroom, and in the adjoining little pale blue boudoir stood June's own luggage!

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June returned to the stateroom, but on the floor near the door was a yellow leather-bound blank book, its sides worn like glass from the constant friction of a pocket. June picked it up and opened it with the curiosity. On the inside page, at the top, was the big scrawled word "From." At the top of the opposite page was the word "To." The first item on the "From" page was dated four years back.

"From Sally Fish, wedding portion—2,000 pounds."

Ben's was was the item—

"Savings, Percy Wilkins—152 pounds."

On the opposite page the first entry was:

"Booked to the States."

"Percy and Sally Wilkins, 22 pounds."

After that the entries were all in dollars. On the "From" side they were chiefly the wages of Percy Wilkins and Sally Fish Wilkins, for they had apparently gone into private service immediately. On the "To" side, which represented the expenditures, there were very few entries, but they were interesting. In the four years the woman had had four cheap dresses besides her uniforms and very few accessories. The last entry among the receipts was June's \$14 under the head of "Tips." On that page the book showed an item, "Banked to the credit of P. Wilkins, \$12,000."

And it all belonged to the man, every penny. If the woman had anything it was a gift.

A startling thought came to June. Suppose she achieved her independence, suppose she earned her own money, so that she could go to Ned, asking from him nothing but love in return for her love, would he own what she had earned? If so, what would become of the principle for which she had run away? She paused at that thought, and then she laughed. She did not know the law in this matter, but she knew Ned. Dear Ned! She hunted her handkerchief in a hurry.

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of an envelope by messenger rendered unnecessary the immediate need of police aid for the Moore family. With fingers which trembled in spite of June opened the telegram and read this strange message:

"I am sorry I had a certain party tied up and lost in Hunter's woods. Please find him and tell him I am sorry. I am going to join our darling. I will protect her and we meet again, when all will be happy. Your faithful MARIE."

New plans were made accordingly.

On the dock against which rocked and groined the swift little motor-boat Flash the lonely overcoat and cap pursued their almost imperceptible way. A touring car stopped on the street up the hill.

"It is cold, my friend, is it not?" called Henri as he rushed forward, bottle in hand. "Shall we warm ourselves—yes?"

"Yes," rolled up the sombre voice with frosty cordiality, and the neck of the bottle disappeared in the slit of the overcoat collar.

"It is not yet returned, eh?"

"Nope."

"Volla!" Henri is even cheerful as he raced up the dock. "I shall return, my friend, Monsieur Frappe."

As Henri jumps into his car a dim, fat figure slinks out of the shadows and hops on behind.

Left alone momentarily, June threw open the door which she had just locked and dashed back along the gangway toward the pantry. At the end of the passage she found a companionway which led her up to the deck. She rushed forward to the prow, taking in a glance that they were far from shore and in the open water. The distant lights glowed dully through the

mist, but just ahead of her, on the port side, bared down the red and green lights of a tug.

"Aho!" she cried, lifting her hands to her mouth like a megaphone. "Aho!" she screamed.

Strong arms seized her—the heavy-jawed officer she had seen as she had come on board. Two others came running up, Edwards and Cunningham. Close behind were Tommy Thomas and Mrs. Villard, the former laughing, the latter panic-stricken. A handkerchief was pressed against her mouth, and the tug flashed by.

It was Edwards and Cunningham who dragged June down into the crimson and gold salon, and as June was jostled in the first thing she saw was the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye! He was standing at the portable buffet, quietly drinking a glass of wine!

P. Wilkins and wife came running in, and Edwards, panting, his heavy lips parted in a half-smile and half-grin, released his hold on June.

"Lock her up," he ordered and joined Blye at the buffet. Blye lifted his glass, smiling, as June, now unresisting, was led away.

Inside her stateroom June locked her door and at the same time heard it bolted from the outside.

On the dock the overcoat and cap watched the figure of Henri with drowsy interest, also a short, thick figure.

"Say, what do they want?" the short, thick figure asked, with stiff lips. "Didn't I tell you before to hike?" hunched the warm steam of breath. "Get off the dock."

"The beautiful little motor-boat!" interrupted Henri, with ingratiating enthusiasm. "My friend, Monsieur Frappe, would it not be possible?"

"Nope."

"Volla!" Henri was quite cheerful. "I shall return again, my friend Frappe." Henri was just starting his car and the short, thick figure had just slunk into the shadows to hop on behind when the overcoat and cap sat on the edge of the dock, with their feet dangling toward the water.

"Ah!" breathed Henri to the stiff figure beside him. "At last it arrives! We shall wait!"

"Is there any left?" hunched a voice.

"Pardon," absently apologized Henri. "A thousand pardons, Monsieur Frappe. And he produced a fresh bottle."

The thick, short figure slinking back into the shadows wiped its lips with its tongue and snivered.

Dawn—slowly the chill, grey mist which lay upon the river began to clear. "Volla," cracked the voice of Henri, but the tone was cheerful still. "He sleeps!"

It was true. The overcoat and cap, after bobbing and yawning dangerously over the water's edge for hour after hour, had at last stretched out on the dock for the slumber due to a night-watchman who was thoroughly at ease and thoroughly warm.

Henri and Marie, with all the mental effect of stealthiness, sprang into the swift-looking little motor-boat.

A short, thick figure came painfully waddling out on the dock and shook the overcoat. The cap wobbled.

"Hey!" This was from the short, thick figure, but the aperture through which the sound came was so stiff that the result was only a wheeze.

A more capacious the overcoat.

"Hey!" A punch, a kick, but a stiff kick which had no force.

"Ugh!" The grunt was from the night watchman.

"Well, you with the distillery breath, I tried to tell you all night, didn't I? Oh, get alive! This is Bill Wolf, the private detective, talking to you."

"Ugh!" The cap moved, but the overcoat was still asleep.

"They stole the Flash. I say, they!" "The Flash!" The overcoat straight-

ened. It rose. The cap stiffened its angle. he combination scrambled to its feet.

"They stole the Flash."

"Stole it? Who?"

"Oh, who?" The tone was one of infinite contempt. "Why, the little pink-whiskered guy and the bony dame! Stole it! And now where did they go?"

"The yacht—what's her name?"

"The overcoat and cap were still hazy. The cap turned gropingly toward the hamper on the adjoining dock, where the man stood out in blunt white letters, "Hilary!" "The—"

"The Hilary!" Bill Wolf stooped with his hands on his knees to stare at that information which had been in plain sight all night. Me for a telephone. Gee, look at that boat go!"

Upon the swelling waves rode the Hilary, and all on board of her, save the officers of the night and one other, were sound asleep.

That one was June Warner. She had noiselessly dressed herself in a yachting costume, and now she slowly removed a bar which held the sliding of a secret panel she had discovered in the wall of her cabin.

Swiftly, silently, June gained the deck.

Creeping close to the cabins, she rounded at the stern. The Hilary had dropped anchor, and the landing stairs with their silken hand-rail had been let down. As the platform bobbed the motor tender. Swiftly, silently, the runaway bride crept out and down the side of the yacht and dropped as noiselessly as a cat into the motor-boat while the long, pink fingers of the dawn, sweep athwart the yellowing sky.

With a thumping, heart June started the motor, and at the sound, Gilbert Blye's dark, handsome face appeared above the rail.

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MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

have established a new and higher standard of purity and deliciousness in candy-making. They are prepared from the best cocoa beans the market affords, personally selected by us, and ground in our own factory by skilled confectioners.

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Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere



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VALUABLE PRIZES FOR CORRECT DEFINITION OF PARIS PATE

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FIRST PRIZE, - \$50.00
SECOND PRIZE, \$25.00
THIRD PRIZE, - \$10.00
FOURTH PRIZE, \$ 5.00

And One Hundred Prizes of \$1.00 Each

What You Have to Do

FOLLOW these directions and you have an excellent chance of securing one of the above cash prizes. Firstly, order a 10c tin from your grocer and get familiar with Paris Pate. Then set to work and win a prize as follows:

Look carefully through the different pages of this paper and you will find certain white letters on black squares similar to the reduced illustration shown here. When these letters are placed in their proper order, they compose a sentence which we ourselves have made up as being a good definition of what Paris Pate is. Clip each letter out separately. You will find there are 31 altogether. Now arrange and paste them in their right order on a sheet of paper so as to make a complete answer to the question—"What is Paris Pate?" The correct definition consists of six words altogether. The letters in capitals form the first