

## You may be deceived

some day by an imitation of

# "SALADA"

and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.

## Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

### CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Slowly she took her way toward the veranda again, and once more Mrs. Wurrell greeted her with querulous complaint.

"Didn't find Jim, eh? You been gone a long while. Didn't see anything of Jake?"

"Yes," returned Julietta absently. "He said he was leaving."

"Mrs. Wurrell stirred uneasily. "I'm feelin' queer—all shook up. Help me in, Lizzie!"

Obeyingly, Julietta helped her into the house. Mrs. Wurrell sank puffing into her big chair; her hands were moist, and a dull fear looked out of her eyes.

"Stay with me, Lizzie," she half moaned. "I'm too shook to be left alone."

It was quite patent that Mrs. Wurrell not only was "shook," but feared the worst.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### She Starts A Ball To Rolling.

That same afternoon found Julietta at the county courthouse. Searching the dusty old records of twenty years gone was a tedious task. She made no explanation to the recorder, nor did she give him her name but after an hour of labor she verified the tale which she had heard that morning. There was no title company in La Vina, but the recorder proved an able assistant.

The ranch had belonged to Larry Dare, and no one else. This fact settled, Julietta made careful notes of the facts as recorded, smiled her thanks to the official, and left him rather mystified. After which Julietta betook herself homeward and kept her own counsel.

Andy Burt drove out to the Wurrell ranch that evening in his car. Julietta and the Wurrells were sitting on the veranda. The sun had dropped behind the purple peaks, and in the softened light the girl made a pleasing picture.

The picture impressed Burt. A new, stirring, entrancing idea fastened upon him as he strode up the steps—and idea which, by the time he had taken the girl's hand in greeting, had ripened into firm resolve.

Nor was his thought difficult for Julietta to divine, even before she spoke. He was another Parker, the "important out-of-town customer" of the Truitt Shoe Company; she recognized the same colossal self-conceit, the same complacent, appraising glances, and it angered her into silence.

"Thought I'd drop up and pay my respects, Miss Dare, he began ingratiatingly. "As I said this morning, we two ought to be real good friends. He sighed, and fanned himself with his Panama. "Fact is, I've never been much of a lady's man. The girls around here—"

His voice trailed away as a flash of light from the road traversed the veranda. He stared forward with a frown.

"Hold! If there ain't a flivver turning in here," exclaimed Wurrell. "Yes," said Julietta demurely. "Clay Thorpe promised to take me for a little drive this evening." She rose and held out her hand to Burt, upon whose face black gloom had descended.

She gave a relieved sigh as she sank back against the cushions beside Clay, who, sensing her mood, gave silent attention to the "flivver." Finally she spoke, slowly, as musing aloud.

"There's no sense in it—not a bit. His look was a question. Julietta continued.

"I was thinking about the water proposition." She straightened up. "I'm in earnest. Even in the little time I've been back here, what I've seen and heard makes me wild to be doing something. Hasn't the Commerce Commission jurisdiction over public utilities?"

"Sure. But in this case Cottonwood Creek isn't one of them, as water can easily be had by pumping. The Government doesn't take into consideration the cost of pumping."

She laid an eager, impulsive hand on Clay's sleeve.

"Now listen! If all the parties interested were to get together and act as one mind and one body, something could be done, I'm sure."

Clay nodded. The girl continued eagerly.

"Let's begin right now to find that one mind. Can't we?"

He was silent for a moment. Then, "Yes, it's possible," he returned gravely. "No concerted action has been tried because there's really no point of appeal."

"But don't you see that such concerted action in itself is a court of appeal?" she cried. "Why have you been sitting here all these years without trying?"

"I haven't," he answered. "I've been here just six months. I've been studying and working. But you're right. Now, couldn't we get together everyone interested? If—look! Isn't that a fire over there?"

Clay glanced around, jammed down his brakes with a low word, and sat staring.

"By George, it is!" he broke out.

Across the horizon, and looking never less than it really could be, a red glare of light hung against the clouds. From a tiny incredible swift, bespeaking some highly inflammable material.

"Haystacks," said Clay briefly. "Hm! Must be Burt's place!"

"Burt's?" echoed Julietta. "Not Andy Burt?"

"Yes, one of his ranches, the one that used to be the Robbins ranch. That's it, beyond a doubt. Well, let her burn. Burt won't find many men in this valley who'll get out to save his crops."

To Julietta's mind came the memory of Jake Robbins as he had parted from her that morning—a man brooding, a man wronged, a man seeking vengeance with a mad thirst. She hastily sketched him to Clay, and in a few words related what information she had gleaned from him and the action taken thereon.

"You're right," said Clay gloomily. "I've no doubt that those stacks were set afire by Jake, and it's high time for us ranchers to get together. Arson is bad enough; next thing we know it may be murder, unless we can find some legitimate course of action. And that, I feel, Burt can't see that he's playing with dynamite."

"Look here, Clay!" exclaimed the girl quickly. "Let's start this thing here and now—to-night! Let's visit the nearest ranch and start the word around for a mass meeting to-morrow evening; telephone everyone interested; get them all there."

"Good! What then?"

"I don't know yet. Will you do it?"

"You bet I will!" He gave the wheel a spin and sent the car sliding into a side road.

He was fired with enthusiasm, yet Julietta could see that it was not altogether enthusiasm to crush Andy Burt, but it was also an eagerness after restraint. The sight of that flame against the sky had acted as a brake; it had brought home suddenly to him the danger of losing the passions of men, and it had sobered him into action. She decided that she liked this trait in Clay; it bespoke judgment.

Toiling the car's horn vigorously, Clay drove up before Dean's house, and the door opened to show old Dean standing in the zone of lamplight.

Clay told him of her idea. "Just what we'll do at the meeting I don't know," he concluded, "but we can hold it at the schoolhouse, and probably some of us will have ideas to present."

"It's great!" said Dean with emphasis. "I'll be there, and I'll phone the other boys."

As they turned into the main road again, Julietta frowned thoughtfully. "I'm afraid," she said, "that the meeting will prove a lot of talk and nothing definite. Isn't there anyone who has a legal enough mind to put things into concrete form?"

"By George!" Clay jumped at the suggestion. "Say, we'll have a petition ready—a formal demand that Burt recognize our water rights! Then we'll take it straight to Burt and demand his signature."

Julietta turned astonished and delighted eyes upon him. She had been thinking of him as a big, strong, untrained boy, and she had found him a keen, forceful man of action.

"I'll draw up the petition myself. We'll do it to-night," he went on with glowing fire. "And you can help me, Dare. By George, we'll run right up to my house and do it now!"

The old petty rebellion against meekly submitting to another's will, upon which Julietta, she felt confused, carried away by the force of his will, and resented it.

"But I don't care to go to your house, Clay," she flared indignantly. He only gave a great, eager, boyish laugh.

"It's all right, Dare—my aunt Mary's there. And you're going. You've started this ball to rolling, and now you can finish it."

"Oh," said Julietta, and leaned back, "oh, very well, Clay."

(To be continued.)

Sunshine Rain in the Country. Oh for the rain, sweet sunshine rain. The silvery rain that floats Like a veil of mist over hill and plain

To gladden the flowery throats. The soft, warm rain from the sultry skies, Reviving the thirsting things: For it the kine uplift their eyes, For it each song bird sings.

Old mother earth so dry and baked Sends a message to each cloud. After her long, long thirst is slaked Her harp strings will thrill aloud.

Oh for the rain, sweet sunshine rain, God gives in His mercy wise. It comes—and His promise shines again

Through the rainbow in the skies. Scalloped codfish and rice is delicious.

## Cream Wanted

SWEET OR CHURNING CREAM We supply cans, pay express charges and remit daily. Our price now is forty-five cents. Mutual Dairy and Creamery Co. 7-10 King St. West Toronto

## NEWS FROM ENGLAND

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE

#### Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commerce of the World.

A correspondent writes that Westmoreland bids fair to be one warring cornfield this year.

The King and Queen will attend service in St. Paul's in July, to commemorate their silver wedding.

The new Red Cross hospital in Manor Road, Tottenham, has been formally opened by Princess Christian.

The men of the British Solonki force have subscribed through their War Savings Associations the sum of £191,478 in War Savings Certificates.

A memorial window has been dedicated in Lower Beeding Church by the Bishop of Chichester to the late Capt. Robert Egerton Loder.

Pending negotiations between the Transport Workers' Federation and the company, the Bristol tramway strikers have returned to work.

An American soldier, six feet seven inches in height, was accidentally killed at Ruislip.

A Roman oven has been discovered in a mound, in a meadow at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

The Northampton Tramways Committee have decided to cease running tram-cars on Sunday and a half-hour earlier on week days.

Elizabeth Mary Ann Orchard a street car conductress, lost her life by falling off her car on the curve at Kensington Oval.

The Italians of London are coming forward well for service under the Anglo-Italian Convention.

Mrs. Leiper, L.D.S., has been appointed as woman dentist by the Essex Education Committee.

One hundred and fifty more men belonging to the Birmingham police force have joined the army.

Nathan Birchall, a Chorley farmer, was fined £10 for failing to put four acres of land under cultivation.

For taking one match into a munition factory Jessie Adelaide Price, of Loxton, was fined ten shillings.

Birmingham collects about six hundred tons of old tins a year, and sells it for £300 per ton.

The American Red Cross has handed the British Red Cross £10,000, the first instalment of a donation of £20,000 to the Scottish Women's Hospital.

Lord George Hamilton stated at a meeting of the Underground Electric Railway Company, London, that they carried 900,000,000 passengers last year.

The wedding took place in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, recently, of Captain John McNaughton, Canadian, and Hon. Doris Kitson, daughter of Lord and Lady Airedale.

The House of Keys, Isle of Man, has refused the franchise to conscientious objectors who refuse to do work of national importance.

A memorial has been unveiled at Great Easton, Dunmow, by General Beale Colvin, M.P., to Essex men who have fallen in the war.

The Freemasons of North London will provide, equip and maintain a fleet of motor ambulances for twelve months at the Western front.

None of the street lamps in Bristol will be lit during thirteen summer weeks.

The people of Zanzibar have sent to Britain a further sum of £20,000 for war purposes.

A hospital is to be built in Woolwich as a memorial to soldiers who have fallen in the war.

No land in Hyde Park will be available for allotments, as it is all required for military purposes.

A dead whale, measuring over seventy feet, was washed ashore at Felixstowe a few days ago.

Wireworm is doing a great deal of damage in Notts, particularly on recently ploughed grass land.

The death took place recently at Swanbourne House, Winslow, of Lord Cottesloe, in his eighty-eighth year.

Bee Song. Little belted honey seekers, Come and drain these brimming beakers! All is yours to have and hold—Stores of coreopsis gold;

Much of pleasure, much of treasure, Riches without stint or measure, In the chalice hollyhocks And the purple spires of phlox!

And if ye be generous hearted, When these bland hours have departed, I shall taste, as nights grow long, Honey with the honeyed song!

Meeting the Labor Shortage. A farmer in Indiana drives a team of six horses hitched to a disc plow and leads three horses drawing a harrow. He works nine horses and two modern farming implements, and does the work of several men and teams under the old system of farming.



## THE HOUSEWIFE'S CORNER

FRESH GARDEN FOODS. Scientists inform us that by our cooking methods we have been losing much of Nature's handiwork.

Take the case of the Irish potato. When you pare it and, being a cleanly person, slip it into a pan of water for a while before putting it on the fire, do you know that you pare off and soak out of it a nice round percentage of its food value? Likewise, when you pour away the first boiling water from your root and green vegetables, do you know that you send down the kitchen sink not a little of the food you have worked hard to grow?

The body's need of mineral foods long have been known, and here they are in vegetables ready for the using. The beating of the heart, the building of the tissues, the forming of the red blood cells, all depend in part on the mineral matter taken into the body from the food. Calcium, sodium, potassium, sulphur, phosphorus, all these and more, are needed or the work of the body will not go on satisfactorily.

Whether or not vegetable substance is being wasted in cooking, is not merely a question of economy, reckoned from the standpoint of dollars and cents; it is also one of nutrition, of how much we are cheating our bodies.

A series of analyses was made recently at one of our Agricultural Colleges to determine the exact losses in boiling such vegetables as potatoes, carrots and cabbage.

The common Irish potato was pared and soaked in water for a short time before being put over the fire. Then other potatoes were washed in their jackets, plunged into boiling water and cooked rapidly. This results showed a gain of at least fifteen per cent. food value for the potatoes cooked in their jackets.

As another experiment, spinach and cabbage, selected because they were of common use and were known to be of the family of vegetables which lose most through boiling, were prepared as if for table service except for the omission of the seasoning. The spinach was washed carefully and the crushed or otherwise damaged parts were tossed aside. Just the necessary cleaning was found to result in a loss of one-third of the purchase weight of this vegetable, including the usual sand and soil which clings to the leaves, they were carefully dried. Following this they were mixed thoroughly to insure uniform samples and the whole quantity was divided into three parts.

The first part was put aside for analysis of the fresh substance.

The second was steamed over the kettle of boiling water.

The third portion was boiled in a small quantity of water as was possible without the need of replenishing. The time required for the boiling and the steaming was the same. When the two cooked portions were uncovered the bulk of the spinach left from the steaming was at least one-half greater than that left by the boiling.

The three portions were then spread on trays of enamel ware and dried in the ovens of the gas ranges. Finally these portions were ground, separately of course, in a common coffee mill and bottled to await analysis.

Next, cabbage took its turn. It was washed, the heart discarded and one-sixth of the purchase weight went to waste. Three heads were selected, each divided into three parts to make the three samples representative. The same process as for the spinach was used: one-third for the drying, one-third for the steaming and one-third for the boiling. The steaming of the cabbage required a third more time than the boiling and the difference in bulk was noticeable.

For a root vegetables, carrots were chosen, for it had been said that the common practice of the housekeeper of cutting the carrots in half or dicing them to form a more attractive dish for the table, sacrificed much of the nutritive value; that carrots boiled whole retained their food values much better. The carrots selected for the experiment were chosen carefully as to their relative size and weight. They also were divided into three lots. Some previous experiments had shown that scraped carrots lost heavily in comparison with the carrot cooked in its outer covering, which may very easily be removed after cooking.

Of these three lots one was scraped, put through a meat grinder and dried; another was washed and plunged into boiling water; the third was scraped, cut into small and attractive pieces and nearly covered with boiling water. Of course it required more time for the cooking of the carrots left whole than it did for the cooking of the carrots cut into small portions. When all were cooked they were crushed, dried in gas ovens, ground, weighed and put into bottles. The analysis followed.

To average housekeepers, the tabulated loss in ash, phosphorus, calcium and magnesium is unintelligible. However, we can readily understand the statement that the losses from boiling spinach were almost

fifty per cent., with thirty per cent. for cabbage in boiling and fifteen per cent. for carrots. Steamed carrots showed a gain of only three per cent. but the waste involved in scraping the fresh carrots was twenty per cent. and that in peeling after boiling but ten per cent. of the weight as purchased.

Each group showed a very much larger loss of salts from boiling than from steaming. This also was true of the dissolved sugar, starches and the like. In this latter class it was proved that steamed carrots showed a loss of some six per cent. of the amount found in the raw substance, while those which were boiled whole showed a loss of seventeen per cent. and those boiled after cutting up, a loss of twenty-six per cent. In boiling, spinach gave up more than fifty per cent. of its salts and cabbage more than forty per cent. of all salts present in the fresh substance, while the carrots which were dried before boiling lost eleven and one-half per cent. of the total salts and twenty-three per cent. of phosphorus in addition to the twenty-six per cent. soluble carbohydrates.

In this method of cooking, the loss in steaming was as small, relatively, as the gain was large, over boiling. Steaming conserved both the mineral substances of the green vegetables and the sugar of the carrots. A French investigation showed similar losses in the comparative cooking of Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, celery, asparagus, corn, beans and lentils which had been boiled for thirty minutes. The average loss was thirty-six per cent. for total mineral matter and fifty per cent. for potassium. A loss of potassium as high as seventy-two per cent. was found from the

## Food Control Corner

That Canada is at war has been brought home to every man, woman and child, now that all bread made from standard wheat flour must be labeled "Victory Bread" and mixed with a percentage of substitutes for wheat flour. This is the effect of an Order issued by the Canada Food Board in a vigorous effort to save the existing wheat supplies so as to make them last out until the wheat of the coming harvest reaches the flour mills and the new flour is distributed for consumption.

The new Order, defined substitutes for wheat as corn, oats, barley, rice, rye, buckwheat, taro and any mixture of same; potato flour, bran shorts, oatmeal, rolled oats, corn meal, corn starch, hominy, corn grits, rice meal and potato meal.

On and after July 1st one pound of wheat substitute must be used by all bakers, confectioners and public eating-places with every nine pounds of standard wheat flour in making any bakers' products, and the same rule shall apply to every person in Canada who bakes bread, rolls or pastry for private consumption. On and after July 15th in all Canada east of Port Arthur the proportion is to be increased to one pound with every four. In Port Arthur and the West this increase is still in abeyance, preceding the report on the quantities of substitutes available.

It is provided in this Order that on and after July 15th no licensed dealer shall sell for private consumption any of, but not including, short Arthur, white flour to any person who does not purchase from him substitutes in the proportion of not less than one pound to two pounds of standard flour. West of Port Arthur the proportion is kept at one pound substitute to four pounds wheat flour. The brand "Victory Bread" is to be affixed to every loaf as a guarantee that the prescribed amounts of substitutes for standard wheat flour are being included therein. Bread not bearing this label may be seized and any person violating the regulation is liable on conviction to a penalty not exceeding \$1000 or not less than \$100, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months or both fine and imprisonment. Fines are to be paid to the municipality if the municipal officer secures the conviction or to the Provincial Treasurer, where a Provincial Officer secures the conviction.

A Treat For Mrs. Cooper. On such a glorious July day it was not strange that Mrs. Antoinette Lawrence felt that it would be wicked to waste time on tasks that could be done in any kind of weather. She meditated over the matter while she sugared Bobby's oatmeal. Then her brow cleared.

"I know! I'll take the babies and get Mrs. Cooper and go off for a whole day of exploring. I don't believe Mrs. Cooper ever went off exploring in an automobile in her whole life."

"Are you sure?" Aunt Ann asked dryly. "That Mrs. Cooper would enjoy a day of exploring?"

"Now, Aunt Ann," Mrs. Lawrence protested. "don't cold-water me, please! Who could help enjoying it! Why, Kit Everley has been talking ever since about the day I carried her off."

"What I object to," Aunt Ann replied, "is your poor psychology."

"What in the world do you mean? You know I am tremendously interested in psychology; why, I specialized in it at college."

"I'm not talking about books," said Aunt Ann. "I'm talking about psychology applied to Mrs. Cooper. You'd better look out, Antoinette!"

But Mrs. Lawrence only laughed as she lifted Bobby down from his chair. "We're going to have the most wonderful day," she said. "Mrs. Cooper especially!"

Antoinette was nothing if not capable; in a marvelous short time she had a luncheon put up and the babies ready. In ten minutes they were at Mrs. Cooper's, as Antoinette was enthusiastically explaining her plan.

"I was planning to put up cherries," said Mrs. Cooper, shaking her head. "Oh, cherries!" Mrs. Lawrence cried. "They can be put up any day, and there may not be another day like this all summer. You've got to come, Mrs. Cooper. I won't take no for an answer."

In the end she had her way, as she usually did. She captured Mrs. Cooper, carried her for sixty miles through a wonderful bit of summer world, and deposited her safe at home before five o'clock.

"I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," Mrs. Cooper said stiffly, as she got out of the car.

Antoinette stopped at the station to meet Tom, and on the way home told him enthusiastically about the treat that she had given "poor Mrs. Cooper." That night Tom and Antoinette went to the Wylies' to a meeting of the Neighborhood Club. As they came back at eleven Mrs. Cooper's kitchen was brightly lighted.

"What in the world!" Antoinette exclaimed. Then a scent came blowing out to them—a hot sweet scent—the scent of cooking cherries.

And suddenly Antoinette was silent.

Of Course, the Bride. The Bride—I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle. The Butcher—Then, madam, I'd suggest that you buy an egg.

There is Beauty in Every Jar.

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