

A Positive Luxury in Infusion

Pure Tea, without admixture . . . of Any Kind, foreign to its growth.

"SALADA"

has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold—

Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

Julietta took from her blouse the deed, as yet unrecorded. "I'm glad, Uncle Jim," she said, her voice trembling a little, "that—that I was right in thinking as I did about you. Auntie seems to think that Maggie has no right to call this place her home, but I think she's mistaken. She extended the paper to Mrs. Wurrell, quietly.

"Will you glance at this, please? It's a deed showing that I have transferred all my right, title, and interest in this ranch to Maggie and her baby. It's perfectly legal," murmured Mrs. Wurrell, and faintly.

In the parlor a little later Wurrell relinquished the baby to her mother, and sat down heavily.

"I'm glad you—found out about the ranch," "Lizzie," he said dully. "I've acted like a crook—but—but it come on by degrees; I never just thought how it'd seem, well, there's a load off'n my mind, girl. I don't know."

"Never mind, Uncle Jim. Now about—"

"That ain't all," he continued. "I got a note Andy Burt gave your dad afore he died, and it rightly belongs to you. I'll go get it for you now."

He rose, but Julietta caught him in a swift, vigorous hug.

A little after eight that evening two cars drove into La Vina. In the foremost was Clay Thorpe and Wurrell. In the second sat Dean, Julietta, and another rancher. The petition had been duly signed, and the committee appointed by the ranchers was losing no time in presenting it to Andy Burt.

"You do the talkin', Thorpe," said Dean grimly.

Clay nodded, and pounded vigorously at the door. It was opened by an old woman, Burt's housekeeper.

"Is Mr. Burt in?"

"No," the woman eyed them curiously. "Ain't come about the dam, have ye?"

"Eh?" queried Clay. "The dam? What dam?"

"Why, about ten minutes ago a man come in with word that somethin' was wrong with the reservoir—Jake Robbins, I think it was. He and Andy hustled off together in Andy's car. Up in the hills behind town was the reservoir which controlled the waters of Cottonwood Creek. The four men glanced at each other, then, without a word, Clay went leaping down the steps, sprang into his car, and was gone.

Leaving the startled housekeeper crying vainly after them, the four clambered into Dean's car. The self-starter had given him a long lead, but after cranking up, Dean whirled off in a cloud of dust; the long road seemed deserted in the moonlight, and the car leaped forward madly.

"Take chances!" roared Jim Wurrell from the rear seat. "That there Robbins means dirt, Dean. Burt was a fool for goin' off with him—"

The rest was lost in a wild bounce of the car. Dean "took chances." Then, with a suddenness that was startling, they swerved around a bend into the great bowl under the reservoir, and Dean bore down on his brakes.

Flooded with moonlight every inch of the scene was powerfully distinct. Ahead lay the cars of Burt and Clay, tenantless. To the right the canon dropped steeply into the water-trickling gorge. To the left the bowl sheered up to the white concrete dam, and on its brink, sharply silhouetted in black against the sky, was the stooping figure of a man.

"It's Jake!" cried Wurrell as he leaped from the car.

Julietta had turned to the right, perhaps by instinct. There, below them in the filtering light of the moon-spear, appeared the figure of a bound and motionless figure—Andy Burt!

ed forward, not an instant too soon. Even as she gripped the hand of Clay, who pulled after him the figure of Burt, the main body of the dam, fatally weakened by the exploded hole, went out in another thunderous roar. Sliding and slipping, the three struggled up the steep side, to be pulled over the brink by Wurrell and Dean.

Oddly enough, Andy Burt was the first to recover himself.

"Come!" A hoarse shout broke from his lips as he stood up beside the exhausted Clay. "We got to open the gates to every ditch. This'll flood every foot of land I got, crops and all."

Dean blocked him as he started to the car. Clay came to his feet, smiling grimly, and from his pocket drew a typewritten paper.

"Sign this, Burt."

"What d'ye mean?" Burt grasped his arm savagely. "Come—open all your gates, you men! You've got to do it—I'll be ruined!"

"We don't care a hang if ye are ruined," snarled Dean. "We've saved your worthless hide—that's all. Sign this paper and we'll help ye."

Burt waved his hands in limp surrender, then scrawled his name under those of the ranchers.

When he finished he looked up, a terrible expression on his face.

"Did—" he licked his lips nervously and went on: "Did ye see Jake Robbins? He went by us down there. The water had him."

Julietta turned away, to find Clay's protecting arm about her.

At the late breakfast table next morning Wurrell came in and gave Julietta, weary and heartsick, a yellow envelope.

Julietta took the telegram, and felt as though a cold hand had clamped down upon her heart. With trembling fingers she opened it, and was not surprised to find it a lengthy message, sent with utter disregard of charges:

I once told you that I would some day have my own way with you. This time your Uncle Paul wins. Helen Drake and I were married this evening. We are leaving immediately for Honolulu. Wire us congratulations at Frisco.

Uncle Paul.

"Bad news?" demanded Wurrell. "Look out, she's going to faint!" cried Mrs. Wurrell.

Julietta shook her head, and slowly rose.

"What—" she paused, then a smile broke over her face, and the color flooded into her cheeks. "What did you say the Thorpe ranch number was, Uncle Jim? I—I want to call Clay."

(The end.)

OUTRANKED.

War, under present conditions, is a great social leveler. The son of a well-to-do family had recently entered service as a private, says the Toronto Saturday Night, and was spending his Christmas leave at home.

His mother, returning from a walk with him, espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

TROOPER OF FIRST BRITISH ARMY

FROM MONS TO LA BASSE IN THE BIG WAR.

Survivor of the First 75,000 of Dauntless Britishers Recounts Some of His Thrilling Experiences.

Of the first British army of 75,000 men sent to France only about 600 survived contact with the enemy.

One of these survivors is Corporal Tom Haines, now working in Philadelphia shipyards.

Haines was invalided out of the service after receiving severe wounds and has been doing his bit in the shipyards for several months. His reminiscences have entertained thousands of the ship workers. Here they are, in part, as he wrote them:

"It was in the district of Mons that I got my baptism into real battle. It was the first time that I had ever heard a big shell in the air, and I shall never forget it. You cannot see the shell, nor any smoke, but you can hear a shriek which reminds you of the kind of a yell a woman would let out if she was being strangled—only twenty times worse.

"The district around Mons was nothing more than a waste, with a few mines. The system of trench warfare had not yet been invented and we took whatever cover we could find, fighting in sort of an Indian fashion. We stayed up there for two days, holding the Germans until finally orders came that the odds against us were too great and that we should start a retreat. Our division then held back the brunt of the German attack during the retreat, which took us back almost to the gates of Paris. We had only two machine guns at that time to our whole regiment, and we had no heavy artillery whatever. The Germans had already brought their big guns into action and we were at a great disadvantage.

French Finds Way Out.

"At one place the whole Fifth Division was virtually surrounded by the Germans with only a small opening between their lines at one point where there was a possibility of escape. General French took charge and led the men out of the pocket without the loss of a single man. He had us file out in a single line during the middle of the night. With trembling hands he made a great hit with the men and received much commendation.

"Those who could not keep up the pace dropped out, and many were sent as prisoners of war to endure the abuse and miseries of the German prison camps.

"The Germans outnumbered us at this time five to one. Out of the 75,000 men who comprised our first army in France only 600 men are left."

"When we started to retreat the Germans kept pressing us hard and we were forced back through St. Quentin to the very outskirts of Paris. At this point General Foch, now the commander of the Allied armies on the western front, started the famous tactical mobilization of the French reserves. After a two days' battle the French, British and Belgians defeated the Germans and compelled them to retreat from the Marne on September 8, 1914, to the line of the Aisne, where the Germans dug in behind prepared defenses. This was something absolutely new in the line of warfare and was the start of the trench system which was soon used so extensively on both sides.

Boche Bullet Got Him.

"I lost most of my accoutrements: packs and overcoats were thrown aside in the heat of the battles; and we came away with little more than rifles and ammunition. In a little village on the way I had seen a German cavalryman laying dead on the steps of a house. As my shoes were worn away and my feet were sore and bleeding from the constant marching I determined to have a new pair of boots. I pulled them off the German and arrived in camp with a pair of practically new German cavalry boots on me, much to the amusement of my comrades.

"My first real accident was at Misse. The German artillery had opened fire and one of their shells hit a church steeple near where we were fighting. One of the falling bricks hit me and laid me out. It made a long cut right where I part my hair. If we had had steel helmets at this time I would not have been laid out at all, but as it was my peaked khaki hat probably saved my life.

"It was at La Basse in my last charge 'over the top' that I got in the way of a bullet which finally took me out of the firing line. During the middle of the bayonet charge we had fallen to the ground, as was our custom, and taken a shot at the coming Germans. I was just in the act of rising when a bullet struck me in the right eye, passed out below my ear, tore a piece out of my shoulder and dropped me like a log.

"Eventually I recovered consciousness sufficiently to crawl forward and drop into a trench, which fortunately had been captured by the British. The battle was still going on. I lay there in the mud at the bottom of the trench until early in the morning. A comrade seeing my foot move pulled me out from beneath a couple of dead men and gave me a little aid, such as he could. As the trench was being shelled heavily I recalled that I would soon die unless I got out of that position, so I determined to take a chance in the open.

"On June 18, 1915, I got my discharge from the army. I then returned to England and worked in the arsenal at Woolwich until coming to the United States, in October, 1915."

O to Be Young in War Time.

O to be young in war time
And bear the sword of flame.
To right the world's old grievance
Wherein we had no name,
For guilt is on the graybeard,
But youth is clean of shame!

O to be young in war time
When heart and hand keep pact,
When aught but blows are useless
To make the dream a fact,
For wishes are for graybeards,
But only youth can act!

O to be young in war time
When earth has blossomed red,
To quaff her nectar only
And leave the lees instead,
For age is for the living,
But youth is for the dead!

Nicaragua's most important exports are coffee, gold, hides, bananas and cabinet woods. Exports of rubber have fallen off in the last few years.

For greasing baking pans a bowl of one of the cheaper greases, unsalted drippings or one of the butter substitutes may be kept in the ice box with a small flat brush in it. This brush need not be washed every day, but when it is washed a strong soda lather and soda should be used so that it may be thoroughly cleaned.



Housewife's Corner

SIMPLE SANDWICH FILLINGS.

Sandwiches are in such constant demand for the picnic basket, the tea tray and the luncheon box that new kinds, if they are good, are always welcome. The following suggestions may prove useful:

Green Butter.—Fresh, or green, butter makes an excellent foundation material. Beat half a pound of new, unsalted butter to a cream and add a gill of thick cream that has been whipped stiff. If the butter is to be used alone, add a little salt, mustard and Cayenne pepper; otherwise, leave it unseasoned. Chopped parsley, chives, mint or nasturtiums rubbed into green butter make a savory sandwich filling. Water cress makes another good combination with the butter. Pick the small, green leaves from the stems of a handful of water cress and chop them in a wooden chopping bowl; then mix them with unseasoned green butter in the proportion of one part butter and two parts cress. For a refreshing fruit-and-butter filling cut an orange into very small pieces, skin and all, and add a small quantity of sugar. Mix orange and butter, half and half, and stir in a teaspoonful of lemon juice just before you are to use the mixture.

Picnic Butter.—The following is a good substitute for peanut butter, which cannot always be bought fresh in warm weather. Put a pint of peaches and half a pint of almonds—bought ready-shelled—into a dish, pour boiling water over them and let them stand for five minutes. At the end of that time drain off the water and add more; then dip the nuts out, a few at a time, and remove the skins by rubbing the nuts gently between the fingers. Boil the two kinds of nuts separately in salad oil, and when they are well browned salt them generously on a platter. Next, put them through a food chopper, twice with the largest knife and then twice with the smallest. Mix two tablespoonfuls of salad oil with the paste and put it away in small jelly tumblers, protected by paraffin on top. When you are ready to use the mixture, stir two tablespoonfuls of thick cream into a teaspoonful of it.

Vegetable Filling.—Many common garden vegetables make delicious fillings for sandwiches. Asparagus or tender green peas mashed and combined with melted butter, vinegar and seasoning make an appetizing "spread" for sandwiches. Lima beans, run through a sieve to remove the skins and mixed with canned tomato soup, make another good filling. Still another is cucumber chopped with the solid part of ripe tomatoes and mixed with butter, vinegar and a dash of onion.

New Fillings for More Substantial Sandwiches.—For chopped chicken sandwiches mix two cupfuls of fine-chopped chicken with one cupful of crisp cabbage and two green peppers or canned pimientos. Combine that with French dressing of oil and vinegar. Another new filling is made of tomato paste (such as is used with spaghetti), sardines pounded to a paste, and chopped hard-boiled eggs.

Good-bye To Flies.

It has been discovered that flies are very sensitive to certain odors and that they will take pains to avoid places where they prevail.

Lavender is one of these odors. Buy 5 cents' worth of oil of lavender at the drug store, mix with an equal amount of water and spray from a common glass atomizer in places where flies collect.

This odor, which flies find so obnoxious that it quickly drives them away, is very pleasant and refreshing to most people. As the mixture is harmless to everything but flies it can be sprayed freely around the dining room, on the table linen, etc.

Other odors which flies don't relish are those of geranium, mignonette, heliotrope, white cloves, honeysuckle and hop blossoms.

A French scientist claims that flies have an intense dislike for blue, and that rooms decorated in this color are much more likely to be free from these dangerous insect pests.

Another good way of getting rid of flies is to mix a tablespoonful each of cream, black pepper and brown sugar. Put this in a saucer and darken the room, except for the one window in which the saucer is placed.

Pyrethrum powder furnishes another effective weapon to use against flies. Burning a little of this stupefies them so that they can be swept up and burned.

Save The Sugar.

There are still some women in Canada who do not seem to be aware that it is against the law to make icing from cane sugar. It is surely apparent to anyone who is in the habit of buying cakes that substitutes, and chiefly maple syrup, are now being used by all the bakers.

Here is a simple recipe for maple icing which should serve for special occasions, although there is very little excuse now for any kind of icing on cakes: 2 cups maple or corn syrup, 2 teaspoons shortening, 1 egg white. Boil syrup until it spins a thread. Add shortening. Pour slowly over beaten white of egg. Beat until stiff enough to spread on cake.

There is no question about it—more sugar must be saved by individuals in their homes.

Candy manufacturers have had their sugar allowance cut by 50 per cent. Bakers and cake and biscuit manufacturers have all had restrictions laid upon them. Limitations have been placed on private holdings of sugar.

These measures have been as effective as was expected. But more is asked of the individual in the way of voluntary denial.

That is to say—let us be sparing in the use of the sugar bowl. We want all we can get for the canning season. It will help if we stop taking sugar in tea and coffee or at least confine ourselves to one level teaspoonful. It will also help if we cut in half our customary allowance on fruit, cereals and desserts.

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Cream Wanted

We are in the market for cream all through the year. We pay the HIGHEST market price. Our plant is right up-to-date. In business since 1866. Drop us a postcard for particulars. Mutual Dairy and Creamery Co. 743-5 King St. West Toronto

DESPATCH-RIDING.

Acrobats on Wheels Who Carry On 'Mid Gas and Shells.

If you want excitement, try despatch-riding on the Western Front. It is wonderful how soon one learns to fall off the "old grid" when the scream of a shell is heard coming in your direction, and what miracles of contortion are performed in the effort to find protection in a six-inch ditch full of water. The man who has dodged shells and raced gas for six months up and down the lines is a past-master in the art of taking cover.

Even taking cover has its disadvantages, as the following story shows. A despatch-rider on leave was walking along a London street when a motor tire went off just ahead of him. By natural instinct he sprang down the open trapdoor of a bakery close by, and landed in a tub of yeast which was cooling in the bake-house. He finally got free of the mixture just in time to return to France.

Among civilians at home I find a widespread belief that "out there" rules of the road are unknown. This is not so. Since our enemies in the early days of the war started a methodical and sustained offensive to wipe the poor despatch-rider off the face of the earth the rules of the game have varied, but they must still be closely observed if the despatch-rider is to safely stable his bike and sit-down to his food ration at the end of a perfect day.

It is rather unpleasant to be jerked off your "grid" on a black night into a shell hole full of water, or to play hide and seek with a Hun airman out for your scalp.

But the acrobats on wheels take such things calmly, and in time a sort of sixth sense enables you to smell shell-holes on the darkest winter night, and Jerry has lately been too busy running away from our airmen to worry us much with low machine-gun fire from above.

The greatest trouble the despatch-rider has to face is gas. Amid the many stinks of the battlefield one more or less is barely noticeable, and I have myself been blissfully ignorant of any gas in the vicinity until arriving at the end of my journey. I found everyone with gas-masks on. By that time there was enough of it aboard to necessitate a month in hospital, wondering how the road to Hill would look when I got across a saddle again.

Community Canning.

The Women's Institute of Ontario has made arrangements for several community canning centres in the province this year. A remarkable record was made last year by the Parkhill Canning Centre, which donated, for shipment overseas and local military hospitals, \$4,500 worth of canned goods, and the Ontario Department of Agriculture has worked out a concrete plan similar to the one tried at Parkhill last year. In each case a committee appointed by the executive of the local Women's Institute will be in charge. The Provincial Government Institute, through the Branch will pay for the equipment, will send a demonstrator to assist in starting the work and will render further assistance as occasion demands from time to time. Further information may be secured by writing to the Institute Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Love's Presence.

Into the darkened, shabby room,
Love softly makes its way,
The dusky walls burst into bloom,
Aglow the corners gray.
So true it is Love ever brings
Rare beauty to the plainest things.

Into the wan, discouraged face
Love smiles; the lines of care
Are smoothed as by some mystic grace
The eyes hold courage rare:
So true it is Love ever clears
The littleness from hopeless tears.

O to be young in war time
When heart and hand keep pact,
When aught but blows are useless
To make the dream a fact,
For wishes are for graybeards,
But only youth can act!

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