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Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

Except for her promise to Maggie nothing could have halted Julietta to town on this morning, with the memory of that kiss hot on her lips. She shrank from the possible meeting with Clay Thorpe.

What kind of madness, she wondered as the horse joggled along the dusty road, had seized upon her last night? What kind of madness had impelled her, not only to allow, but to return that kiss? She sat stiffly in the jolting buggy, staring straight between the ears of the horse, her face changing from white to read.

Was it madness after all, or was it something else? She thought of Paul Morrow, and was miserable. With a pang she realized how simple, honest, kindly Paul Morrow must love her with all his big, generous heart.

The horse slowed to a walk, and stopped under the big cottonwood, but Julietta sat rigidly unmindful, the reins dangling from her cold hands. Her thoughts had hurried the backward stretch of years to that first meeting with Paul Morrow, to that Pullman where she had sat with her little head resting upon a rough coat-sleeve. She travelled up the flight of years—her debt to Paul Morrow was great indeed, and his happiness lay in her keeping.

A woodpecker tattooed upon a fence post near-by. As if in echo to that tattoo came the drum of hoofbeats on the dust. Julietta stirred, heard the creak of stirrup leathers, the jingle of a bit and spur, the thud of hoofs ceased, and a voice awakened her back to the present.

"Dare!" He was standing beside the buggy, one foot resting on a wheel hub. There was a touch of color under the bronze of his face, but his eyes were steady, unafraid, unapologetic. Because they were grave and unsmiling also, Julietta could meet them frankly.

"I wanted to see you," said Clay, his voice pregnant with meaning. "The Wurrells told me you'd just gone. His words quickened. 'I had to see you—you know why—after last night. I—I want to tell you—'

"No!" Julietta wondered at the calm which was upon her. "I'd rather not discuss it."

"But I've made up my mind to discuss it," he persisted quietly. "I love you, Dare, and I want you to marry me." He leaned forward, his hand closing upon hers. "I love you, and I wanted to tell you last night."

"We're a pair of sillies!" she broke in, withdrawing her hand; but her face was white. "Clay, you don't know me at all."

"I've always known you, Dare," he answered steadily. "We've always known each other. I'm not silly, nor are you. I saw in your eyes last night what you must have seen in mine; between us is no talk of superficial things, no silly talk of time and days and pennies. We've waited for each other always. Do you remember what I told you that day long ago—the day you ran away?"

"I can't marry you," she forced the words desperately, yet with finality in her tone, and caught up the reins. "I can't explain—now. I must be on my way to town, Clay. I promised Maggie, as I told you, that I'd see her this morning. I'll explain—later."

She urged on the horse, using the whip in her grim eagerness to put her resolution beyond recall. She had a last glimpse of him standing by his horse under the cottonwood, a stricken, amazed, perplexed figure.

Reaching La Vina, she drove straight on to the railroad station and sought the telegrapher's window.

Three minutes later she handed a yellow form to the operator. He read it, looked at her blankly, read it a second time, and then repressed a grin as he repeated it aloud and checked off the words:

Paul Morrow,
Big Ram Oil Company, Los Angeles.
Arrive home Thursday. Am going to marry you immediately. Julietta.

Julietta drove on past the warehouse and hitched her horse not far from the cabin of Maggie Wurrell. She stood for a moment, lost in thought.

Since that day when Parkis the Odious had cast insinuations before her, Julietta had known that some time there must be an auditing and settling of accounts with Paul Morrow. And now—the time had come, and payment was not shirked. Julietta felt a little proud of herself, even through the hurt that ached somewhere inside her.

"Miss Dare!" She heard a voice calling, and saw Burt hastening toward her from the warehouse, hat in hand. "Miss Dare! It's a hot day. Guess you didn't see me, eh? By George, if you didn't go right past me!"

"Did I?" She studied him, unsmiling. "Yep! Say, I wanted to see you mighty bad. Can you step over to the bank a minute?" She returned curtly. "No, I can't," she returned curtly. "What do you want?"

"Well, well—hurry never got nobody anything," and Burt laughed.

noisily. "Still, there's no tellin'. Now, Miss Dare, I got somethin' particular to say." "So have I, Mr. Burt." She turned on him with a steely, scathing note in her voice that stung him like a whip. "I'd like to call your attention to that five-thousand-dollar note. Its a long time past due."

His face went livid. "What—what d'ye mean?" "The note for five thousand which you gave my father, Larry Dare. There's twenty years' interest, and more, due on it. Quite a fat little sum, Mr. Burt! I'm going to be married shortly, and I want a settlement of these little matters at once."

Burt's jaw tightened. "There's no such note in existence," he declared. "Very well," Julietta turned away. "You may discuss the matter with my attorneys. Good day."

CHAPTER XV.
In Which Uncle Paul Has His Own Way.

Julietta entered Maggie Wurrell's cabin without knocking, and in her face was that which left Maggie staring at her in startled silence. "Wrap up the baby," said Julietta with a laughing kiss and a quick return to her usual self. "Come on, Maggie, I'm going to take you for a drive. I brought a wrap for you."

Regardless of protests she got the baby bundled up, got Maggie into the wrap, and hastened them both out and into the buggy. Mr. Burt had disappeared.

"This is my cleaning-up day," said Julietta a trifle grimly. "Ever so often things have to be adjusted, Maggie dear, and to-day I'm adjusting quite a few things."

"Where are you taking us?" queried Maggie as they turned into the county highway.

"Never your mind," rejoined Julietta playfully. "A surprise party."

By the time the horse turned into the Wurrell driveway she had the frightened look out of Maggie's eyes, and a glow of color in the pale cheeks. But suddenly Maggie shrank again.

"There's Pa now," she whispered faintly, "and Ma too—on the verandah. Oh, Julietta, turn around quick! I—I can't—I'm scared."

But Julietta, cold-eyed, swung the buggy to the verandah steps, where stood the Wurrells, watching stonily. "I've brought Maggie and the baby to see you," said she, taking the baby from the nerveless arms of Maggie and advancing toward Mrs. Wurrell. The latter drew back.

"What do you mean bringin' her here, Lizzie Dare?" was the shrill outburst. "If this ain't like your impudence!" She pointed a rage-trembling finger at Maggie. "There's no home here for that hussy, nor her child neither, so you can just take 'em—"

"Now come, Ma," Jim Wurrell's gruff voice smashed her shriller tones, "don't you get to talkin' so riled! I guess I got some say here."

Encouraged by some subtle note in the man's voice, Julietta turned to him, holding out the baby. Wurrell silently eyed the little mite of humanity, then, with a faint softening of his grim face, he thrust out one great finger to the little hand that gripped toward him.

"There's your grandchild, Uncle Jim," said Julietta, and handed him the baby.

"You, Jim Wurrell!" shrieked the older woman, pounding on the boards with her crutch. "You give back that brat—"

The man turned on her savagely. "By the Eternal, I guess I'm man enough to welcome my own gal if she's got a mind to come home—and hold my own grandchild if I want to! You shet up!" He looked down at the baby, his rugged features working strangely, then swiftly turned and advanced to the buggy, where the white-faced Maggie still sat. "Maggie, I've acted like a skunk. I'm sorry, more'n sorry; and I'm glad Lizzie brought you home."

(To be concluded next week.)
Paris.

O queenly city on the Seine,
Who dares disturb thy streets of dream,
The regal splendor of thy ways
With lordly stride and murderous roign?

The world has not thy counterpart;
Who dares thy grandeur to molest,
Thro' shadow-victory unseen
With hand of woe upon thy heart?

Fear not the open foe without
Whose deeds have filled the earth with pain;
The Hun shall ne'er thy streets parade,
Nor still thy soul with whisp'ring doubt.

Nearby thy city walls perchance
Will dauntless hearts thy cause defend,
Brave with unconquerable flame,
Avenge the wrong of glorious France.



CANNING PEAS AND CARROTS.

Under existing circumstances to-day, it is vitally necessary that we can, dry and conserve every bit of available food. Do not let as much as a single handful of vegetables go to waste. From now on plenty of available war garden products will abound.

To Can Peas

First, see that the jars are in good condition; that is, see that the lids fit securely. Fill the jar with water and fasten the lid tightly; invert and test for leaks. This is most important. No matter how long you sterilize the product, if the jar does not seal airtight, the contents will be lost. Many lids are damaged by the housewife using a knife to open the jars. This forces the rim of the lid out of position.

When in doubt, purchase new lids. The best grade of rubbers are the cheapest in the end. Hard, leathery rubber will crack and become worthless during the processing and thus cause a loss of time and material. It is important to thoroughly sterilize all utensils that are to be used. The additional time required for this purpose will pay big dividends in good canned products.

Owing to the composition of the peas, which are rich in nitrogenous material and which will set up a rapid decomposition under certain circumstances, it is vitally necessary to observe the following rules:

First. Do not use peas that have been picked longer than six hours.

Second. Do not use peas that are heated or wilted. The best test for this condition is to put the hand down deep in the basket; if any heat is felt, do not use the peas for canning purposes.

If intending to can home-grown peas, pick them early in the morning. Shell them out of doors in a cool, airy place. Now when starting to can:

First. Blanch. This is placing the peas in a square of cheesecloth and plunging them into a deep saucepan containing plenty of boiling water. Cook for fifteen minutes and then remove and plunge at once into cold water. Drain quickly and then fill into sterilized jars and then fill with boiling water, adding one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, to each quart of water used. Adjust the rubbers and lids and partially tighten. Place in a hot-water bath and process for three hours. Count the time from the minute the water in the bath starts to boil. As soon as the time limit expires, lift the jars at once from the bath; test for leaks after securely tightening the lids. Place them in a room apart from the kitchen, so that they will cool quickly.

As soon as the jar can be comfortably held in the hand, place at once in a cold-water bath, adding two tablespoonfuls of salt to each gallon of water. When thoroughly cold remove and wipe dry. Place in a clean, cool, dry storeroom.

Do not use salt in the blanching process. Do not prepare for canning more peas than will fill the number of jars that the water bath will comfortably hold. This can be easily done by measuring the peas, allowing five cups of the shelled peas for each two pint jars. Use pint jars; if the quart size is desired add one hour to the length of time necessary for processing. This means that you must process in a hot water bath the quart size jars for four hours.

Drying Peas
Peas not suitable for canning purposes may be dried and they will be found available for food purposes if properly done. Shell the peas and then place them in trays in the sun. To test: Drop a few of the peas on a plate; if they give forth a hard, hollow sound and are perfectly dry and leathery looking on the outside, it is safe to assume that the product is dried sufficiently. Stand aside in a cool room to thoroughly chill before storing in glass or tin containers.

The Canning Process
Shell the peas and then lay them aside in a cool place. Scrape the young carrots and then cut in dice and place them and the peas in a sauce pan. Cover with boiling water and cook for twenty minutes. Remove from the fire and drain. Plunge into cold water and then drain.

Fill into jars and adjust the rubbers and lids. Partially tighten the lids and then place the jars in a hot-water bath and process for three hours for pint jars and four hours for quart jars. Carefully follow the directions for sealing and cooling the canned peas.

It is most important to have water about four inches above the top of the jars when starting to process in the hot-water bath. Failure to have the water about this height will cause the water to be only partially filled with liquid after the processing is finished. This fact can be explained in this way: If the tops of the jars are not covered with water the intense heat will cause evaporation to take place through the tops of the jars and thus cause a shrinkage of the amount of water content of the jar.

To partially tighten the lids before placing them in the water bath: If using a mason jar, turn the lid until it is tight and then give it one full turn backward to loosen. Failure to fasten the lid sufficiently will cause the liquid to seep out of the jar, while if it is not sufficiently loose the jar will burst, owing to the pressure of the air generated in the jar while it is at the boiling point.

This part is most important. Do not neglect it. Finally the water bath itself must be looked after. Use a container sufficiently large to comfortably hold the jars and then be closed to prevent the escape of steam. A washboiler makes a very good hot-water bath. Place a wire or wooden rack in the bottom and have the water just below the boiling point—that is, about 185 to 190 degrees Fahrenheit. Now cover the top of the boiler with four or five thicknesses of newspaper. Place the lid in position and then see that the process continues rapidly; see that the water is kept actively boiling during the entire period of the time required for the process.

In Memoriam.

(To the memory of our nurses and doctors lost when the Llandoverly Castle was sunk by a U-boat).
Brave sisters lie beneath the sea,
Brave men who fought for liberty;
Heroines, heroes, one and all
We gather round your spirit pall.

You have lost all, with all to gain,
No more to assuage the grief and pain,
Yours is the noble sacrifice
In freedom's cause you've paid the price.

May God be with you while you sleep,
With hearts at rest in ocean deep,
And may we, who are left at home,
Pray earnestly, "Thy kingdom come."

But we can leave you in your rest,
Only because with zeal and zest,
We will avenge each life laid low

With anger we've a right to show,
Sleep softly, sisters in the deep,
While we, our trust with you will keep,
He shall pay dearly who has slain,
Whose honor bears the awful strain.

"Vengeance is mine," the Lord has said,
Oh, God, avenge our noble dead,
And when the sun of peace shall rise
May victory own their sacrifice.

NO SUGAR FROM JAVA.

And the Cuban Crop is Less Than Was Estimated.

Captain Sir Charles Bathurst, Chairman of the Sugar Commission, speaking recently in the British House of Commons, said that the Allies had no prospect this year of obtaining sugar from Java, and therefore it would be necessary to build up stocks from Cuba in order to provide necessary winter requirements. "Our sources of winter supply have ceased to exist in consequence of shipping difficulties," he stated. Sir Charles added that the United Kingdom, by agreement, was taking one-third of the whole Cuban sugar crop, the United States and Canada taking the balance. Unfortunately, however, the Cuban crop was some 300,000 tons less than was estimated.

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The Manchester Guardian publishes this interesting intimate sketch of Queen Mary on the occasion of the royal silver wedding:

"Queen Mary does not care particularly for sport, animals or opera, nor has she the modern interest in variety shows, but she loves modern plays, particularly comedies; she is fond of reading, particularly memoirs, historical or modern. Her taste in this direction was formed by a French woman, Mme. Brinka, who succeeded the German governess who guided her youthful education. This lady was with her from 1885 till her marriage, and soon after returning as her rectrice, and so remained until she died two years ago.

"I doubt if the Queen has read very much fiction. Unlike Queen Victoria, she is not known to have written anything with the faintest idea of even

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private publication. But she is a great letter writer. She writes simply, feelingly, and with much force of diction. She corresponds at length with her children, especially the Prince of Wales.

"She is a lady with her strong dislikes as well as likes and to her mind there is no special virtue in the word 'smart.' Queen Mary's taste in dress is her own—not fashionable or unfashionable, but above or outside of fashion."

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