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Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

Near the post-office they were halted by a man in a dusty backboard drawn by a pair of thin mules. Burt slowed down and drew in his team, while the man, evidently a rancher, leaped to the ground and strode up. He was elderly, small, and wore a long-tongued coat; his face was red, his eyes angry.

"Am I goin' to have that water?" he demanded abruptly.

"Hello, Dean!" was Burt's suave response. "Meet Miss Dare—Jim Wurrell's niece, you know. Used to be a neighbor of yours when she was a little girl."

Julietta leaned forward, hand extended.

"Why, it is Mr. Dean! How do you do?"

The rancher removed his hat and shook hands. Then he faced Burt again.

"Did you get my question straight? Am I goin' to have that water, or ain't I?"

"You'd better see me some other time, Dean; right now I'm kind of rushed."

Dean grasped the dashboard, thrusting out his goatee.

"You've said that all summer, but by Jupiter, I want to know now! Am I or ain't I goin' to get that water?"

Attracted by the scene, a little group of sunbaked men, ranchers for the most part, had turned and were watching, apparently keenly interested in Burt's answer.

"Why," said the banker nervously, "if you must know, Dean, I can just about use all the water there is, what with the ditch running low—"

For a moment the rancher's eyes flared, then his hand dropped and he turned away, dejected and listless. Burt drove on. As they passed the little group before the post-office, Julietta was keenly conscious of an oddly serene smile. With a little shake she saw the tall figure of Clay Thorpe emerge from the doorway, a faint air of amazement crossing his face at sight of her. She nodded smilingly; he lifted his hat, then gravely turned his back.

Julietta's cheeks were still burning with resentment, wonder, and distrust, when the smitty was reached and she was able to leave the buggy.

"Well, t-t-t!" said Burt easily. "Guess we'll be right good friends, Miss Dare. Give my regards to the folks. I'll be out one of these days for a friendly call. So long!"

Julietta walked slowly into the smitty. That expression on Clay's face rankled. It made her feel as if to be seen with Andy Burt was equivalent of dishonour. The brief visit with Maggie had left her exalted, compassionately tender; and now it was as if cold water had been dashed upon her soul. Even old Dean's face persisted with her—the hopeless, beaten look, and the faces of that little group of men.

"See Maggie?" Fitzhorn's voice roused her, and she nodded. The smitty eyed her keenly. "Huh! Don't you be upset about Maggie. She's been treated rough, I know, but humans is like horses—it takes considerable fire and poundin' to shape 'em true, and I guess the Great Smith knows His business. The trouble with us folks is we're afraid of the fire, not knowin' what'll come for us; and we don't know that love's back every stroke of His hammer—well, you take my word for it, Maggie's comin' out of her fire, clean and fine and a lot better for it, she bein' some mighty before, but good clean metal underneath."

Julietta smiled up into his earnest face, her eyes misty.

"I know, I know," she said simply. "I feel a good deal better, thank you."

Slowly she rode home through the shimmering heat, through the clouds of thick yellow dust that trailed in the sultry air. Dean's face would not leave her mind's eye, and the face of Thorpe, and those other faces. It was wretchedly unjust, of course, that Burt would not sell them water.

Suddenly Julietta lifted her eyes to the purple hills. For a moment she looked startled, almost frightened; then a glow of color leaped into her cheeks, and from her lips broke a single quick laugh as she clapped in her heels and sent the bay mare bounding ahead in indignant surprise.

"Why, of course!" she said gaily. "Of course! And this time it's a real deal!"

CHAPTER XI.

She found Mrs. Wurrell sitting on the veranda. The older woman opened on her pettishly.

"Well, you did get back at last! Old Fitzhorn's gettin' slower with his work, eh?"

"I stopped to see Maggie," said Julietta frankly.

"Keep her name on this place!" said the old woman furiously. "I don't want sight nor sound of her. You'd better be gettin' that rod back to Jim."

"Very well, I'll take it to him," replied Julietta.

Mrs. Wurrell excitedly ordered her to stay where she was, but Julietta laughingly disregarded the words and stepped on the steps. She passed

around the house to the barn, and there encountered the man Jake, who had been on the place since her first memory of it.

"Here's your machine part, Jake," she said, holding out the rod. He made no motion to take it, but regarded her with a queer interest. "No use givin' it to me," he muttered sourly. "I've quit."

"Quit!" she repeated in surprise. "Why, I thought Uncle Jim was short-handed!"

"He's fired me," growled Jake. "Fired me, Jake Robbins, as knows more about ranchin' than he'll know in a hundred years! Made out he fired me for losin' on the threshin', but he can't fool me, Jim Wurrell can't. I know too much to suit him, that's what."

"About what?" demanded Julietta in surprise. He gazed at her with smoldering eyes, and she studied him curiously—the stoop of his lank figure, his prominent-boned face, his inscrutable gray eyes, his red-creased neck, his huge, toil-hardened hands. Something in his aspect saddened her.

"About you," he returned slowly. Now there came a strange glitter into his eyes, a gleam that spoke of something smoldering beneath the surface, of some deep-brooding wrong; it frightened the girl.

"I knew your father, Larry Dare," he went on with a sudden rush of words. "Heart as big as all our doors, he had. He was too trustin', though, else you'd know the truth about this here ranch."

Julietta's cheeks flooded with color. "What about me, and this ranch?"

"Why, this here ranch was Larry Dare's, and by rights it belongs to you, not to Jim Wurrell!"

"Mine?" Julietta shook her head. "No, Uncle Jim has always owned it as long as I can remember. Jake, you must be mistaken."

"I can remember longer'n you," said Jake grimly. "Larry Dare was thrown from a horse and killed when you was a baby. Your ma bein' dead too, the Wurrells moved on the ranch; but it ain't theirs, and the courthouse records can prove it."

"How do you know?" demanded Julietta coldly. He read the suspicion and unbelief in her eyes, and flared up in hot anger.

"I been waitin' for this day to come, I have! It ain't so long that I found out, neither. Soon as I laid eyes on you las' night I knew my day'd come to speak for Larry's girl. But Jim suspicious, and soon's you drove off this mornin' he tells me to git. I did git, but I come back a-purpose to tell you some things. You see, Miss Dare, I used to know your dad, back when I had my own ranch."

"Oh!" Julietta remembered suddenly. There had been a Robbins ranch in the old days. "Thank you for sayin' what you did about my father. But what became of your ranch?"

"Andy Burt got it," and the gray eyes filled with a glowering light of hatred. "He's another one what's got things hid. 'Twen long before your daddy died that Andy borrowed five thousand dollars from him—give his note for it. I reckon you ain't heard 'bout that neither. Look here, girl! Jim Wurrell's got that note, and so long's Jim keeps quiet 'bout the five thousand Andy keeps his mouth shut and provides water. See? I reckon you stirred up some panic when you dropped in here on 'em so sudden. That's why Jim Wurrell tells me to git. And now I'm goin', since I've crabbled that little game of hide-the-thimble; but, and his huge fist came up toward the sky, "I ain't through yet, so help me!"

The final words came out with a deadly vehemence that shook through his whole body. Then he stooped, slung a roll of blankets over his shoulder, and strode away without further regard to the girl.

Julietta stood rooted to the spot, her confused mind gradually clearing. Explained were the reluctance and embarrassment of Clay Thorpe; explained was the strange demeanor of the Wurrells; explained were Burt, and the scorn on the face of Clay in the post-office doorway. Clay knew that her uncle was a henchman of Andy Burt's. The knowledge that the ranch was hers and that Burt owed five thousand dollars and accumulated interest did not elate Julietta, but it did untangle the knotted skein of mystery.

(To be continued.)

The able-bodied man who is out of work this year is indeed a slacker. Dahlias can be planted until the first of July.

Every farming community this year should be formed into groups of farmers to change work and facilitate farm operations.

Potato starch and alcohol are being used in England to make a substitute for rubber. A company in Virginia has been organized to make synthetic (artificial) rubber out of calcium carbide.

WAR'S INSISTENT CALL TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA

Canada Appeals to Her Daughters to Rally to Her Aid in This the Greatest Crisis in History—Enlist For Food Saving and Food Production.

With the insistent note of a clarion call to service, the message has gone forth: "To the farms!"

For months past it has wavered across the country, and the echo has been caught up and thrown back from time to time. But now it comes with a direct challenge that is as irresistible as the soldier's bugle call.

It sounds from end to end of the country. Men and women are hearkening. They are thinking about it; talking about it. But there is no time to play battledore and shuttlecock with such an issue. There must be action—immediate, clear-cut, whole-hearted action.

The challenge is to men and women alike. Equality of service is demanded of them. Employer and employee are asked to help; the rich and the poor; the busy and the idle. There is no intention that any industry be put out of joint or business disorganized. There is every intention that all the resources of the country be judiciously used in making the most of Canada's harvest this year. The need is imperative. Nothing can offset this fact.

What the women of Europe have done to save the crops is an old tale; yet ever new in the wonder of it. What the women of Canada have done in this line is negligible yet, although there has been some brave pioneering in Eastern Ontario, and for years past in the West, when no other labor was obtainable, the farmer in desperation enlisted his wife's help in the outdoors.

Not even the deeds of the thousands of men who are daily sacrificing

suffering and the humiliation of the women of invaded countries. They have had few material privations, even in three and a half years of war.

They have worked splendidly, and time and again they have reiterated their desire to do everything asked of them by the Government. Indeed, they have pleaded for a wider field of activity.

They have had the answer now. The way has been clearly indicated.

The greatest need of the hour is for labor on the farms. Mr. Henry B. Thomson, chairman of the Food Board, has put it up to the men and women of Canada in no equivocal terms.

The women can answer this call to arms in one of two ways. Either they can go out on the land themselves, or they can release a man for the period of the harvest.

The farmers have done their share. They are working like slaves, and their wives are doing no less. They responded splendidly to the appeal for increased production earlier in the year, with the result that it is estimated that there are now 2,600,000 acres more than last year under the principal grain crops in Western Canada.

It stands to reason that if labor was scarce before the war, the greatly increased acreage, coupled with the exodus of young men from the farms to join the colors, makes the situation infinitely more serious. It has been estimated that over 100,000 men are needed to gather in this year's harvest.

The teen-age boys have been called upon, and have responded gallantly. Some thirty thousand Soldiers of the



Men Must Fight—and Women Must Reap.

themselves on the battlefields of Europe have eclipsed the heroism, the endurance, the patience of the women of France, Belgium and Great Britain. They have known the extremity of suffering. They have tasted the dregs of war. They have lacked the stimulus of the excitement of war. Yet they have nobly "carried on." Even as their men have fought, they have worked.

What they did in the fields of Europe temporarily staved off the wolf of starvation from the doors of the people. What they did in office, in factory, in work-shop, in every phase of industrial life, kept the wheels of commerce turning and steadied the fluctuating pulse of an over-wrought nation.

It was in those early days when the men were suddenly called to arms and the crops would have rotted had they not harvested them that the women first showed their mettle and rose to the occasion voluntarily. As Lloyd George said of them:

"They know their country is in the grip of grim tragedy. In Flanders, girls harnessed themselves to heavy barges and plod along the towpath, thanking God they've released—not a man, but a horse to help in the war."

In Russia and Italy the women plow, sow and reap. Even on the beautiful Riviera the shadow of war has fallen, and the young girls in the work of transportation stagger under kegs of wine or water weighing eighty pounds.

In Scotland, girls single turnips, plant potatoes, drive horses and carts in the fields, and help in every kind of farm work. In Britain to-day, there are 5,000,000 women taking the places of men in various forms of work. There are 300,000 engaged in agricultural work alone.

The women of Canada can do these things. They have been spared the

man from the city while she fills his shoes.

In short—every woman and every teen-age girl can do SOMETHING during July and August towards assuring the country of the full benefit of those crops which Nature so bountifully yields, war or no war. It is one of the biggest things ever asked of a woman. It is for the sake of our Allies. But most of all—for our men "over there." They provide the irresistible argument why every woman should turn her hand to food conservation, to food production, or to both.

Food Control Corner

Bolsheviki doctrines have brought Russia down from one of the greatest food producing countries on the globe to a condition of starvation. Drunk with liberty, which they did not understand, filled with idealistic notions about the equality of men, and lacking individual initiative, production in Russia has practically ceased, according to the evidences reaching the outside world. Transportation and distribution is so disorganized that even were the peasants of the land producing their usual amount of foodstuffs, the people in the manufacturing population would still be without the necessary food supplies to sustain them in safety and comfort.

Unless the people of Russia steady down and organize themselves or allow other authorities to organize them, there is the possibility of one of the most stupendous disasters to a nation and a great people that every occurred in history. Without authority for whom they have fear and respect, the Russian peasant seems to be without motive or initiative. We read of peasants in their anger against the property holding class of the late aristocratic regime, destroying not only the personal effects of the nobility and the owning class, but the very crops which they had themselves under the former social organization produced for the nation at large. In their re-action against property owning, they have destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs. We read of peasants in certain villages having gone to such extremes as to seize the cattle of the local land owner, now deposed, flay them alive and turn them loose. Without the old motive of compulsion to cultivate the land for the land-owner, now that the land has reverted to the peasants and they themselves are the owners, they have neglected to work and to produce the necessities of life. To such a pass is the nation drifting that recent dispatches have reported that the so-called Government of present-day Russia are sending plenipotentiaries to China, the formerly despised and so-called decadent neighbor to the east, to make arrangements for provisions to tide them over next winter. It is difficult to imagine China, one of the most densely populated areas in the world, living largely on rice and very meagre fare, having sufficient surplus to feed 150,000,000 people in starving Russia.

Bolshevism is sometimes quoted in this country as an ideal, worthy of imitation. The pass to which Russia has drifted is a warning that Bolshevism and insanity are not very far apart. The nation that will weather the storm of this war the best, is the nation that organizes most efficiently and disciplines itself most strictly. Production must be carried on to a limit of our power. Destructive criticism and petty fault-finding are weaknesses and dangers. Unity of purpose and constituted leadership is essential. It is a case of a strong pull, a long pull and a pull altogether. Men must be found for the army, for munition making and for food production. Non-essential industries must provide men for essential industries. Women in this country must take the places of men to the limit of their power when called upon. Farmers must recognize the necessities of war and the public in general must unite to save the harvest of 1918.

Garden crops will not give good results unless the soil is kept well cultivated. At a sale of school lands in North Battleford district prices ran from \$10 to \$55.50 per acre for raw land. No need of your screen doors or windows rusting if you will paint them as soon as purchased, with good paint and oil.

Wilmar local of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association has recommended that all poolrooms and bowling alleys be closed during the war.

It does not matter a scrap what a woman is or ever will be; what her social status, her occupation or her share of this world's goods. There is a new democracy abroad—a wonderful levelling of grades. Usefulness and service are the things that count.

Every woman must search her soul and ask herself how she can best help in taking care of the harvest of 1918. She does not need to be a trained farmette, though if she is, it's all the better.

If she is a city girl who was brought up on the farm, she should be useful right out on the land.

If she is a good housekeeper, she can volunteer to help the farmer's wife for a time.

If she knows of any male loafers, she can report them and have them sent to "pastures new" to pitch hay.

If she can take a man's place temporarily in the city, then by all means let her do it and add one man to relieve the labor situation.

If she can give up her holidays this year to work on the farm, she will be doing a plucky and patriotic thing.

If she is a girl of leisure, it is up to her to go out on the land or send a

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UNEASY LIES THE HEAD

The Army Bed is Really a Serious Subject at First Acquaintance.

A mere civilian does not know what a bed is. To him it is something soft and yielding, something the body snuggles in and the soul can dream.

What a delusion! I speak from experience when I say that a bed is no such thing. There is only one kind of bed nowadays—one kind, at least, worth reckoning. It consists of three boards, a couple of low tressels, a mattress more or less stuffed with straw, and three blankets.

"No 'ot-water bottles this trip," says the red-cheeked sergeant.

You grin, to show your appreciation of the point. If the sergeant says so, it is so. And then you examine the structure which is going to turn you from a flabby, namby-pamby, puny molly-coddle (the sergeant's phraseology, this) into a real live man.

The boards, you discover, are really boards. There is nothing yielding or elastic about them. To look at it you might take them for innocent boards in need of a scrubbing, when you have spent one night of how the ancient mariners felt a course on the rack.

And the mattress! It is a and a delusion! It has lumps in. There are some big lumps and some lumps, and there are also where the top and bottom through lack of straw.

Still, with luck, you occasionally fall asleep on the lumps, and drop your ear is on Mount Everest your shoulder in the Thames Valley and your legs on an escalator.

But you need not worry. The delusion won't last for ever. There are various ways of waking up. One is suddenly striking the ground with your hands, for the tressels raise only a few inches above it. And is the collapse of the tressels the selves.

Well, never mind! You have t blankets.

The civilian idea of a blanket something white and fluffy and warm. The Army blanket, not designed to fulfil these requirements.

A little disinfectant sprinkled the straw litter in the coop will keep down vermin.

It is fine for cleaning cans - says the dairyman

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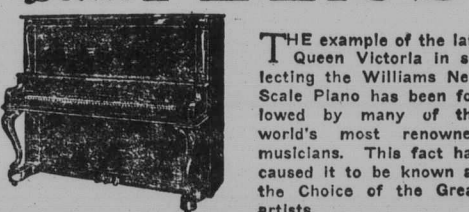
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