

Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER IX.

She Meets the Lover of Childhood Days.

Julietta arose with the dawn, and a few minutes later she was riding out, and slowly cantered down the drive-way, every atom of her body aglow. The morning was perfect, the glow the sun shined brightly and the air a subtle tang of fruit and hay.

Suddenly a gunshot cracked out close at hand, followed by a second, and a flock of wild ducks rocketed up and over the willows. The mare jumped, and a startled cry broke from Julietta. Then, as she quieted the plunging animal, the willows parted aside with a crash, and through them came a man—tall, sinewy, eager-faced, a cork helmet pushed carelessly back on his head to reveal thick dark hair. He carried a shotgun, and over one broad shoulder hung a fat gamebag.

For a moment they stared at each other, Julietta flushing slightly. Then, as though she were greeting one from whom she had parted the day before, she spoke quietly:

"Hello, Clay!"

The young man started, stared harder at her. Julietta laughed, a trifle queerly.

"You were always so nice to me, Clay, but now—"

The bewilderment in the man's dark eyes leaped into recognition, and he sprang down the bank with a swift cry, seizing the hand she extended.

"Why, it's Liz—Liz! Dare!" His face, very brown and healthy-looking, was turned up to her laughingly. "Of course it's you! I knew you'd come back some day!"

"I came last night," she told him simply. He eyed the little bay mare, and nodded.

"At the Wurrells'?"

"Yes. I'm afraid I surprised them awfully." Julietta withdrew her hand from his grasp and brushed aside a tuft of hair.

"You're just the same, only grown here, get off and sit down on the grass, and talk. Gracious, I'm glad to see you again!"

For half an hour they sat on the bank of the creek. Julietta told something of herself, but nothing of her having worked and made money, while in turn Thorpe recounted briefly his own tale of the years. He was master of the Thorpe ranch, alone in the world; and presently he touched upon a thing which had puzzled her the previous night.

"And why is it, then," she asked, "that some of these ranches are desolate?"

"It's Andy Burt," he said grimly. "We ranchers must have water, you know. Oh, of course, there's lots in the creek. But the creek happens to be owned, clear up to its source, by the La Vina Ditch Company; and the said company is Andy Burt, who refuses to sell any water."

"Refuses to sell?" Julietta's eyes opened widely. "Nonsense! He can be forced to sell—"

"No. Not where water can be pumped." Clay shrugged his big shoulders and stared moodily at the flowing current below them. "Pumping machinery is so expensive, and most of us are so stubborn in the conviction that the creek is public property that so far Burt has won out hands down. He's looking farther than the ditch company, you see."

"I don't see," Julietta drew her brows into a perplexed frown.

"Without water the land is worthless. The owner must starve or get out. A dozen families have been starved out, and Burt has bought their land cheap. That's all."

"But you?" cried Julietta. "You said you were doing well. And Uncle Jim—"

"Clay frowned.

"I took my own way of getting water. Wurrell took his. He mortgaged the old place up to the eyes and put in a pumping plant. Cost a mint of money, but it's made good."

"And Uncle Jim? He has a pumping plant too?"

Thorpe stirred uneasily but made no response. He seemed absorbed in the stream below them. Intuition told Julietta that her companion preferred not to discuss this "other way," and, dusting off her skirts, she rose.

"I'm glad I came back, and I'm glad I met you here," she said as he handed her to her saddle, and she sent the bay mare splashing toward home.

She was just finishing breakfast when her uncle elouched in morosely. His bad temper was evident as he scowled at a short steel rod in his hand.

"Consarn the luck!" He tossed the rod to the table. "There's that alfalfa goin' plump to seed for want of cuttin', and that consarned mower breaks on me."

"Let me take it to the shop for you, Uncle Jim."

"Would you?" Wurrell brightened, then guffawed. "Come to think of it, you've done that errand a heap of times. Say, I'd be right glad if you would—"

"Old Fitz still doing your work?" inquired Julietta, leaping up. "Good! I have to take back that horse and buggy anyway, so I can drive to town with the bay mare in tow and ride her back."

An hour later Julietta drew rein in front of the smithy in La Vina, hitched her bay mare, and entered. A man, working a huge pair of bellows, glanced around. He was old, bent-shouldered; his face was large and full, while his head, entirely bald, shone in the red glare like polished ivory, and with startling effect.

"Good morning, Mr. Fitzhorn," and Julietta handed him the broken gear.

"Uncle Jim's in an awful hurry for this."

"Meanin' Jim who?"

"Why, don't you remember me?" Julietta laughed. "I'm Lizzie Dare."

"You?" Fitzhorn blinked, and stared amazedly; he wiped his hands on his leather apron and held one forth.

"You—old Wurrell's niece? Sure, I

remember you now. Seen your cousin yet—Maggie Wurrell, I mean?"

"Auntie said she was married."

Fitzhorn stared around at her with a queer expression.

"Huh! 'Tweren't no marriage—no genuine weld, so's to speak. Them's the worlds—no genuine weld." His bald head nodded.

"What!"

"Then her mother an' daddy fair kicks her out, allowin' she's disgraced 'em. She's got a baby. Understand," he said with gruff bluntness, "tweren't no fault o' hers. She thought the feller all square an' straight, an' so did everybody else. A high-collared duck he was, worked in the drug store—smooth talker an' all that. Guess Maggie thought she was doin' right smart for herself. After the weddin', quite a spell, it turned out the feller had another wife back East; so he skips town and Maggie's folks drop her like a hot horseshoe. Mighty narrer way of actin', I say."

Julietta nodded tacitly.

"Where can I find Maggie? I must go and see her."

"In that little cabin over by Burt's warehouse." Fitzhorn jerked his thumb down the street. "She works out at odd jobs, cleanin' house and washin'; has a hard time to get along, I guess."

CHAPTER X.

She Finds a Solution For an Old Wrong.

Julietta had no difficulty in finding the little cabin at the end of Burt's warehouse, near the railroad tracks. She knocked at the door a trifle timidly; it was opened by a woman who stood gazing inquiringly at her. "Maggie!" Julietta sent out her hands with impetuous sympathy.

The woman clutched at the door-knob.

"Lizzie Dare?" she said faintly.

Julietta's arms closed around her. Three minutes later they were sitting inside the cabin. Here a surprise met Julietta, for she had come prepared to meet squalor; instead, however, she found a scrupulous neatness.

"I was in the wash tub when you knocked; I thought it was the boy with the hotel laundry," said Maggie apologetically. Then, as she caught Julietta's gaze wandering around the room, her voice and eyes became challenging. "You've heard about—about me, of course. I know what you're looking for—"

"Yes," Julietta nodded, her eyes misty.

"It wasn't my fault, Lizzie—really it wasn't my fault!" Maggie's shoulders shook convulsively.

Julietta stroked the tear-wet cheek. "There, there, Maggie dear!" she comforted. "It's going to come out all right yet for you and little baby—I know it."

Maggie's body suddenly relaxed.

"Oh, Lizzie," she was crying now, but it was a quiet weeping. "I used to be so mean to you—I know I was. But I didn't know any better then, Lizzie. I'm willing to work, I'm willing to fight and struggle along for baby; but, oh, I'm so tired, and—people, everywhere pointing fingers at me—"

Julietta gave her a great reassuring hug.

"You say good-by to your wash tub this very day!" she announced firmly. "We'll soon get rid of that tired feeling. I've got to go now, dear; I'm on an errand, but you'll surely see me to-morrow."

Maggie dried her eyes on her apron with a wan smile.

"You've a way with you, Lizzie—you make folks feel that you really care for them. I didn't mean to take up all your time talking about myself."

As Julietta had come, so she departed—thoughtful, preoccupied, unseeing; so it was not until she heard a voice of greeting that she saw the speaker in the warehouse doorway.

"Good morning!"

She looked up and saw Andy Burt advancing to meet her with a broad smile. She returned the smile, not because she liked Andy Burt, for she vaguely disliked him, but because the last half-hour had drawn her close to the humanness in life, and because there was a certain justness in her nature which asserted itself.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Burt!"

"Great drying weather!" said Burt, removing his panama and fanning himself. "Can't get too hot to suit me right now—the grapes I've got out on the trays! Been over to see your cousin, eh?"

"Yes," said Julietta.

"Sure is too bad about her. Can't I give you a lift in my rig? I'm going right up the street, and it's mighty hot for walking, Miss Dare!"

"I'm only going to Mr. Fitzhorn's shop," she thanked him.

"Well, better jump in and ride," he urged, untying his team of blacks.

Julietta hesitated, then decided not to be ungracious, and stepped into the buggy. Burt drove off slowly.

(To be continued.)

Hues That Bind.

Oh, when I donned the khaki garb And went to break a lance For Liberty I thought to find An alien land in France. But lo! the colors of the flag Flashed out upon my view— The glowing red, the spotless white, The deep and darling blue.

For in the fields that war had spared The cornflowers matched the sky, With snow of lilies shimmering The scarlet poppies nigh. Red, white and blue, the ties that bind,

I cried, "these hues divine Bespeak this soil as Freedom's too, And therefore kin to mine."

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WAR PRISONER'S LETTER.

Declares Huns Were Gods Compared to Germans of To-day.

"You call them Huns—these creatures. The Huns were gods compared with these devils. I have met them face to face when the flush of victory turns them into ruthless beasts. I have met them when defeat has driven them to fiendish cruelties. And they would rule the world! God deliver us from such a fate."

These words are from a letter to the father of a petty officer in the British navy who was taken prisoner at Antwerp and has spent three and a half years in a German prison camp.

The writer was a naval volunteer when the war broke out, and he was sent with the first contingent of the Royal Naval Reserve to assist in the defence of Antwerp. He was taken prisoner, but at last escaped to Holland. From there the letters were written.

"People who have just returned from Germany," he writes, "say that the officers are dazed by the colossal losses which the Huns have suffered in their latest offensive. Some of our returned men have seen horrible train-loads of humanity passing through."

"Doboritz seems years ago now. Here is one memory. If a guard wishes to let a man know that he may not smoke the method of conveying the information is this: Remove the pipe, cigar or cigarette from the mouth of the offender by means of a blow from the butt end of the rifle on the back of the head."

"These guards are only expert with the butt end of their rifles; they cannot shoot for toffee. I saw two guards fire five shots at a Russian who was lying wounded at the entrance to his hut before they finished him; the distance was about twenty yards. One guard, however, was a better shot; he killed Mathews, one of our fellows, and severely wounded two Russians."

"A soldier tried to draw an extra ration from the cook house. He was seen by a guard, who fired at him a distance of about fifty yards and missed him. But the bullet hit a tent in which the men were eating their soup; it killed one man and caused another to lose his leg."

"At Rohrbach camp a poor fellow went mad; he put his face through the wire close to a sentry, who fired and blew his head off."

"In our dugout in Germany we had a sweet little canary that used to sing to us all day long. We brought him with us, and until we reached the Dutch frontier he never even chirped. When the train crossed the frontier line all was still, as every one was straining his eyes to get a glimpse of the new country. And just then 'Joe, our canary, burst into full song."

Vegetable Pointers.

Vegetables just out of the garden taste best when simply cooked—steamed, boiled or baked—and served with a little salt, butter, milk or cream. Often a heavily seasoned sauce covers up the most desirable vegetable flavor.

Overcooking of vegetables impairs their flavor. Very delicate flavors are destroyed, while vegetables with strong flavors, such as cabbage or onions, become disagreeably strong if cooked too long. Overcooking also destroys the attractive color of some vegetables.

Cook summer vegetables as soon after they are gathered as you can, in order to preserve the flavor. If they must be kept over, keep in the ice box or some other cool place.

Let wilted vegetables soak in cold water to freshen them. If vegetables must stand after paring, covering with cold water will prevent wilting and discoloration.

Kidding the Censor.

When Stephen Crane was reporting the Greco-Turkish war he had occasion to write of a battle in which the Turks turned and fled before the enemy. Crane watched with disgust the Turkish censor toning down his manuscript, and finally that worthy came to the word "routed."

"This won't do," he said; "we must have a euphemism here. What would you suggest?"

"If I were you," said Crane sarcastically, "I'd simply say that the indomitable Turks changed front and advanced."

Goitre Investigation.

Dr. F. J. Shepherd, late Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University, Montreal, and an authority on goitre, has just completed an investigation of the prevalence of this disease in Alberta for the Commission of Conservation. The investigation was undertaken as a result of representations made to the Commission that goitre was becoming unduly prevalent in that province.

Young chicks pestered with lice will never amount to much. Watch the youngsters closely, and if there is any sign of vermin apply grease to the head and under the wings.



The Housewife's Corner

IN RHUBARB TIME.

Pieplant or rhubarb is one of the first fresh foods of spring. Its value is often underestimated because it seemingly contains a small proportion of nutrients. Its fibre furnishes needed bulk or roughage which with its organic acids acts as a slight laxative. Rhubarb is therefore a useful food in dietaries containing meat, eggs and cereals, being in a fact a cheap spring tonic and regulator.

A part of the plentiful spring supply of rhubarb should be saved for autumn and winter. It may be canned without sugar in glass jars or it may be dried. It may be made into preserves and confections. Rhubarb has the acid necessary for jelly making but lacks the pectin content which is the second essential for a good jelly. A commercial pectin is now on the market which may be used to make jellies from fruits lacking it.

Rhubarb Conserve (I).—5 pounds rhubarb, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, 5 pounds sugar, 3 quarts water. Wash and cut the rhubarb into one-half inch pieces. Scrub the oranges and lemons until rinds are perfectly free of all soil or scale insects. Slice through the rind into very thin sections, being careful to remove all seeds. Cook the rhubarb and sliced oranges and lemons together for fifteen minutes, if necessary, adding a very little water to prevent the fruit from burning. Add the three quarts of water and the sugar and allow the mixture to boil slowly until syrup is thick like jelly.

Rhubarb Conserve (II).—4 pounds rhubarb, 1 pineapple (1 pound), 5 pounds sugar, ¼ pound chopped walnut meats, ½ pound raisins. Wash and cut rhubarb as above. Peel pineapple and cut in fine pieces. Cook together slowly in a little water for thirty minutes. Add sugar, nuts and raisins and cook slowly till of jelly-like consistency.

Candied Rhubarb.—3 cupfuls rhubarb, 1½ cupfuls sugar, ¼ cupful water. Make a syrup of the sugar and water. To the syrup add rhubarb which has been cut in pieces one to two inches in length. Heat very slowly and do not let boil as the rhubarb will lose its shape. A double boiler may be used satisfactorily if left uncovered to allow evaporation. Heat until rhubarb is soft and the syrup is not too dilute to give the sweetness desired. Let stand for one day at least, longer if possible. Then carefully lift the pieces from the syrup with a fork, draining off as much liquid as possible. Place on a plate and allow to dry twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The fruit should be firm and candied. Roll in granulated sugar as grape fruit or orange peel is coated. The process cannot be hurried. It does not require much time in actual attention but is extended over a long period. The syrup can be used in sauce or used again for confections. The pink stalks give a pretty pink to candy.

Rhubarb Ice.—2 stalks rhubarb, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoonful gelatin soaked in ¼ cupful cold-water, 1½ cupfuls sugar, 6 cupfuls water. Cook rhubarb till tender and rub it through a sieve. Cook sugar and water until it makes a good syrup. Add the gelatin and cooled rhubarb. When cold add lemon juice. Strain and freeze.

Rhubarb-and-Fruit Combinations.—Can the rhubarb now and later when putting up fruits combine with pineapple, strawberries or red raspberries. These are more strongly flavored and when added to the rhubarb impart their flavor. This makes a cheaper product than the more expensive fruits used alone and it is none the less delicious.

Stewed Rhubarb.—Soak dried rhubarb six to eight hours or overnight, using six quarts of water to one pound of rhubarb or, by measure, at least twice as much water as rhubarb. Cook slowly until done in the water in which the fruit has soaked. Sweeten to taste.

Dried Rhubarb.—Select young and succulent stalks. Prepare as for stewing, by skinning the stalks and cutting into pieces one-fourth to one-half inch in length. Spread on rack of drier and dry slowly. When dried, condition the product by placing material in boxes and pouring from one to another once a day for three days. This is to insure perfect dryness so that the product will not mold.

Rhubarb Punch.—Cook rhubarb until soft if fresh, otherwise use canned. Mash through sieve. To each cupful of rhubarb juice add three cupfuls water and one-fourth cupful sugar. The juice of a lemon, one-half cupful of strawberry juice or other fruit may be added if desired. Serve ice-cold in glasses with a bit of mint leaf or rose geranium in each glass. This is a delicious summer drink.

Canned Rhubarb for Sauce.—Wash rhubarb. Cut in pieces. Blanch one or two minutes in boiling water. Plunge into cold water and pack at once into jars. Pour over it a hot syrup of one quart of water to one cupful sugar. Adjust rubber and partly seal. Set the jars in a hot-water bath and steam for twenty minutes.

Canned Rhubarb for Pies.—Carefully select and wash rhubarb. Cut in nearly even lengths and pack into clean jars. Fill the jars with cold water and seal. Wrap jars in paper to prevent the rhubarb from bleaching.

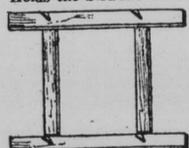
Prepare For Canning.

June sees the beginning of the canning season. The Canada Food Board insists that every woman do some canning this year and work with a will to make the most of the supply of fruit and vegetables which the war gardens have already begun to yield.

Before another day passes the wise woman will investigate her cellar or her pantry shelves and find out just what she needs to complete her canning equipment. The season has come and if she is unprepared to meet it she should immediately get to work and secure the materials necessary for canning. It is poor housekeeping for a woman to start preserving and in the middle of it find that she is short of rubber bands, or that the stoppers are not secure, or that she has not enough containers.

Her work will be cut in half if she starts canning with everything in good order. Poor tools necessarily make a bad workman. And in war time bad workmen are expensive to the country.

Holds the Strainer Cloth.



This simple device will hold a strainer cloth over kettles, jars, pails, and the like. It consists of two upright slats or thin boards with two horizontal boards connecting, one at a few inches from each end of the uprights. A small nail sticking up through each corner holds the strainer in place.

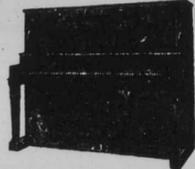
AVOID ALL EXTRA MEALS.

Social Customs Must be Altered to Conform to War-Time Needs.

All banquets and other meetings at which refreshments are served, when such are considered necessary, should be so arranged as to take the place of regular meals, and not constitute extra meals. Banquets, etc., at other than regular meal hours represent a very considerable waste of food. With a little thought they could be arranged so as not to constitute an extra meal.

A person who eats more food than he needs is to-day helping the enemy because he is not giving to our soldiers and Allies that support which is necessary to win the war. War has changed many things and it is now necessary that we should alter our social customs so as to conform to the need of the food situation, which is serious indeed.

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Cities Will Soon be Forced to Make Suites for Poor.

Germany is suffering from a furniture famine, owing to the suspension of furniture making during the war, to such an extent that the municipalities of Greater Berlin have been compelled to enter the industry in order to provide the absolutely necessary furniture for the poorer classes.

Hospitals and other municipal institutions serve as gathering places for furniture belonging to deceased Berliners and the collected furniture is repaired and put in shape in municipal carpenter shops. Recent Berlin papers add that the municipality is also having designs made for simple suites of living room and bedroom furniture and has applied to the army authorities to supply the necessary woods to make the desired pieces at moderate cost.

The bloom should be clipped from flowering shrubs as soon as the bloom begins to fade. This prevents the strength of the shrub going to the formation of seed. It also assures a bloom each year.

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