

Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"I'm afraid I would have done just that," he admitted slowly. "But see here! Suppose you don't find oil? So far as I remember your ads, you've sold stock on prospects, and prospects aren't very tangible things."

"I don't care to draw on my worry account," she answered cheerfully. "It's foolish to get into a turmoil over the future."

"But it's all a gamble," he insisted. "You'd feel mighty sick if all these people who have mobbed the curb market for your stock should turn on you and raise an almighty holler of 'fraud.' And those cheap gamblers are the very ones who'd do it."

"No, my dear Uncle Paul, they won't. Every blessed one of them bought stock knowing the risk, and every blessed one of them signed a paper admitting that fact. Every share was sold from this office, originally. No one can turn on us and cry 'fraud.' And don't you think it's been a pretty good campaign—really, now? As salesman to president?"

Morrow chuckled. "Girl, you're a world-beater!" he averred solemnly. "It's been so perfectly managed that I, from the outside, took you for a wildcat concern waiting to unload and clear out."

"I can unload in five minutes," Julietta fingered a telegram as she held his gaze upon hers, gravely earnest. "The stock sold on the curb for fifty cents at first; now it's in demand at five dollars—prospects merely—fill hills free over, but for heaven's sake go slow on this thing! Who's advertising you?"

"No one." Into the girl's blue eyes crept tenderness—a merry tenderness. "You can't jump this stock to fifty dollars and do it legitimately."

"I'll bet you ten dollars here and now that I can."

Morrow reached into his pocket and pulled out a gold piece. As he threw it on her desk his hand was trembling.

"Prove it," he said, his voice hoarse. "You're getting into a hole, all right; but your Uncle Paul has turned up in time, thank the Lord! Prove it."

Julietta reached for the gold piece and dropped it into a drawer.

"I'll keep that for a memory piece, Uncle Paul. Read this. The drillers struck a gusher at nine this morning."

He took the telegram from her hand, read it, and looked up for a long moment silent. Then with a sudden bound he rained his feet, and his hands caught hers.

"Oh, my girl—my girl!" he cried huskily. "I'm so glad—for your sake! I'm glad!"

He turned away from her and looked out through the window. He was conscious that age, failure, defeat, had come upon him almost unseen, and for a moment he did not feel the hand that clutched at his.

"Uncle Paul," Julietta's voice brought him around facing her again, "have you a thousand dollars free?"

He nodded vaguely. "Well, I've reserved ten thousand shares for you—at ten cents."

He started. Again pallor crept into his face. "No."

"What?" Julietta's eyes widened. "No." In his gaze was finality, and she read his clear mind like a book.

Julietta sat down, knowing that the crucial moment was upon her. She had foreseen it long since, and now she faced it calmly, unafraid.

"Sit down, please. Now, Uncle Paul, do you remember that night at the Alexandria—my birthday—when you gave me that lovely pearl necklace?"

He nodded and his eyes, a trifle mistily, sought the pearl at her throat.

"I told you that night the kind of future I had planned for myself, and you were terribly cut up about it. You said the business world was no place for a woman."

Morrow smiled grimly. "You've known my sayings into a cocked hat, girl."

"I'm not so sure." She eyed him gravely. "Uncle Paul, would it please you very, very much if I gave up all this business whirl and lived like other girls—society and so on?"

"My dear, if I could make you the girl I've dreamed of, in a business woman I see before me, however charming and beautiful you may be—why, I'd pretty near do anything on earth!"

Julietta's heart warmed to his words, and to the big soul behind them.

"I'll resign the presidency of this company," she returned quietly, "provided you will take it in my place. Will you do that for me?"

Morrow's eyes widened, then narrowed. "You mean it? Yes, I will."

"Good!" Julietta studied the determination of his face for a moment, then added demurely, "Of course, you can't do it unless you're a stockholder in the company. The by-laws rule that the president of the company must hold not less than ten thousand shares."

Morrow's face turned a brick-red. "You will help me Uncle Paul?" she said sweetly. "Of course, you promised—"

"You—you little minx!" he broke out half angrily. "Am I always to be beaten by you? Shall I never have my way?"

"Always—from now on!" She laughed, but he did not miss the double entendre of that reply. "Now, please! I'll wade around in a blue limousine and go to matinees and never, never dictate a letter or sit in an office chair again, cross my heart! Will you do it?"

"I suppose—I must."

"Oh, Uncle Paul, you're so good to me—always!" The delighted girl sprang to her feet, her voice rich and joyous.

The president-to-be of the Big Ram Company patted her hand tenderly. "Some day," he warned solemnly, a twinkle in his eyes, "some day, missie, I'll have my way with you—see if I don't!"

But Julietta hardly heard him. She sat suddenly dreamy-eyed, wondering if a certain person named Clay Thorpe would be glad too. For some reason her heart throbbled under the thought, and again she heard that boyish, resolute voice,—"and then I'm going to marry you, Julietta—"

CHAPTER VII.

She Goes Back to the Valley of The Purple Hills.

In the basket that Tony held up for Julietta's inspection were only a few bunches of the cool white grapes, but they were directly responsible for many things.

"Nice grape—da muscat!" smiled Tony. "Yes, I know muscats," echoed Julietta absently.

A chaotic whirl of memories had engulfed her. She was back in the San Joaquin, a child once more. She saw again the grape-laden trees, long rows upon rows of them, lying between the green vines.

"Da lady will buy da nice grape?" The voice of Tony brought Julietta back from the past. She started, and fumbling in her bag produced a coin. The basket of muscats in her hand, she turned back to the limousine. Her face was so white that the chauffeur gave her a startled glance. She settled back in the luxurious seat, memories flooding in upon her like an overwhelming tide. She was completely and terribly homesick—not for the first time, but now for the first time the feeling gripped her that she could go back. The cool white grapes had awakened in her an intense, almost frantic craving for the San Joaquin.

Crushing one of the grapes between her teeth, she felt the tang of it thrill. Yes, she must go back to La Vina—back to the valley under the purple hills! The call was this time irresistible.

She stepped from the car and entered into the cool of the house. It was a roomy and comfortable house, with many French windows opening on to broad galleries, and throughout the past year its building and furnishing had kept Julietta busy and happy in her new life; idle, she could never be. It had been Morrow's suggestion that Mrs. Drake share Julietta's home, acting as companion, chaperon and friend. The arrangement was a happy one, and Mrs. Drake had long since secured Julietta in an enviable social position.

Julietta, the basket of grapes still in her hand, passed through into Mrs. Drake's sitting-room, which overlooked the barranco.

"Aunt Helen," she said abruptly, "I think I'll phone Uncle Paul to come out for dinner to-night. I have a great big piece of news."

"News?" Mrs. Drake glanced up, a sudden pallor about her lips. "News? About—you and Paul, you mean?"

Julietta affected not to catch the obvious meaning of those words. Something in the older woman's face struck through her in a cold sense of realization.

She turned and sought her own room, breathless with the surprise of that which she had seen in the eyes of Mrs. Drake. She was startled, awed, frightened, and a little angry.

Why had Paul Morrow never seen that Helen Drake loved him? Why could he not love her instead of loving Julietta—poor Lizzie Dare? During the rest of that day this thought dwelt unshaken in Julietta's mind.

That evening, however, as she had quite expected, Morrow heard Julietta's announcement of her intentions with his kindly, non-protesting smile. The past year had developed in him a trait of concealment almost Oriental.

"Why, yes," he answered, "I've been expecting it. The longing to go back is certain to come to all of us, Julietta."

"It was those muscats," she said, and laughed. "The sight of them brought everything to me again—oh, you understand what I mean, Uncle Paul!"

"This society business is too easy for you; that's the trouble. You're beautiful, clever enough to keep your beauty from making enemies, and you've a charm attracts. People like you from the start," Paul chuckled; "the men especially."

(To be continued.)

Sabots For the Trenches.

While American soldiers in the trenches are being equipped with double soled hobnailed shoes the U. S. War Department is concentrating on producing the "great American trench shoe."

The heavy nailed boot is an English product, and when General Pershing found that his soldiers were coming to France with the regulation army shoe of one inch leather he was compelled to purchase the English shoe because of its greater durability.

One of the latest experiments being worked out is the wooden sole. Recently an order was placed with a New England manufacturer for 1,000 soles of maple and poplar. The factory people say that if the wooden soles are acceptable a saving of almost two dollars on each pair can be made.

One Alberta co-operative threshing outfit last year threshed 60,000 bushels of grain on seventeen farms. Shade is necessary in warm weather, otherwise the stock will be dwarfed and deaths will result. Protection from rain must also be afforded.

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OFFICIAL STORY OF NAVY RAID

A FIGHTING EXPLOIT OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER.

Brilliant Attack on Zeebrugge and Ostend Carry on Best Traditions of the British Navy.

Few exploits during the war have gratified the British public so much as Vice-Admiral Keyes' raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend on the 23rd of April last; and though popular instinct often goes wrong on military and naval matters, on this occasion we think that it was right, says a London newspaper.

The plan was to block the entrance to the harbors of Zeebrugge and Ostend, a project which involved hazards of the most extraordinary kind. Even in daylight, and without the fear of shorefire, to navigate such waters today without striking a mine or running aground can be no easy feat. At night-time the difficulties may be dimly appreciated by anyone who has entered a British port at night. Imagine all lights out and no signals of any sort. Add to this the comparative novelty of these ports after three years of German labor on them, and we may form some idea of the Navy's exploit.

A Task Well Done.

The official report runs thus: "Lieut. Stuart Bonham-Carter, commanding the Intrepid, placed the nose of his ship nearly on the mud of the western bank, ordered his crew away, and blew up his ship by the switches in the chart room. Four dull bumps was all that could be heard; and immediately afterwards there arrived on deck the engineer, who had been in the engine-room during the explosion, and reported that all was as it should be."



Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes who commanded the British ships in the Zeebrugge-Ostend raid.

"Lieut. E. W. Bilyard-Leake, commanding Iphigenia, benched her according to arrangement on the eastern side, blew her up, saw her drop nicely across the canal, and left her with her engines still going to hold her in position till she should have bedded well down on the bottom."

"According to latest reports from air observation, the two old ships, with their holds full of concrete, are lying across the canal in a V position; and it is probable that the work they set out to do has been accomplished and the canal blocked."

Credit to Vice-Admiral Keyes.

The credit belongs in the first place to Sir Roger Keyes, who, as was recalled by Sir Ian Hamilton at the Gallipoli Day celebration at Bristol, was Naval Chief of the Staff of that expedition, and who there, by the running ashore of the River Clyde at the original landing-place, directed a ruse of war which gave a foretaste of the Flanders enterprise.

But every man and every lad had a share of the glory. To ensure even a measure of success, the operation had to be conducted "at night, and yet not late at night, at high water and in the right wind, and with a calm sea for the light craft."

The apparition of the British flotilla emerging from its smoke clouds; the landing from the swinging gang-



WARTIME ECONOMIES.

One practical way of saving is thoroughly worth while, but if we can add several to our list of good ideas from time to time, we are not only benefited ourselves, but our general resourcefulness is developed and we are able to pass something helpful on to others.

The first saving I am going to give you to-day is in egg whites. With the coming of summer we relish lighter and more dainty food than in the winter, and so desserts with meringues have been accustomed to grace our tables. Eggs continue to be expensive, and are likely to remain so because grain is high and we are urged to conserve it.

When you have occasion to make a delicious meringue, and your recipe calls for two egg whites, take one egg of fair size, break it as nearly in two as possible, separate yolk and white. Fill one-half of the egg shell with ice water and add to the white, also a pinch of salt and a pinch of cream of tartar. Now beat exactly as you would if you had two egg whites. At the proper time sweeten and season. You will find that you have a surprising quantity of meringue which will stand up and brown nicely in the oven without any tendency to separate. Try this.

The next economy has to do with package and bulk goods. You will find that many of the goods which come in cans and boxes are somewhat higher in price than bulk supplies. This is to be expected. A well-made tin can of good quality costs a number of cents. The material, labor, the

ourselves under military orders, and there should be no half-way means. It should be our first duty to carry out as orders the suggestions of the food administration. There should be no slacking. And as good soldiers we should strive not only to do our duty, but more than our duty.

Be your own commanding officer and keep yourself up to the mark of a good soldier.

Food Crank or Slacker.

Sooner or later some housewife will tell you that she cannot give her family oats, corn or rice because these cereals do not agree with them. They must have wheat.

You may be sure you are right if you brand such people as food cranks or slackers.

Oats, corn and rice are as wholesome in every way as wheat, and the complaint, "They don't agree with me, I must have wheat," is usually a camouflage of our own selfishness. What we really mean to say is, "I like wheat better. It makes lighter bread than the other cereals and it keeps moist and sweet longer."

Now, no one will deny that all these are attributes of wheat bread. It is because of them, in fact, that we want to send our wheat abroad, so that our soldiers and the Allies may have the bread they need. Surely we who are left behind the battlefield should be glad to do anything we can to relieve the burdens of those suffering hardships we cannot imagine.

If we grant that saving food is a military measure, we should consider

boys under a storm of shot and shell; the stark fight on the Mole head; the blowing up of the submarine which shattered the wooden jetty between the Mole and the land; the sinking of the blockships either full in the fairway, as at Zeebrugge, or near it, as at Ostend; the return of the battered and riddled ships in their glory—every stroke in this story is as distinct a narrative of Thucydides and surpasses all legend.

A SHELL FOR BARBED WIRE.

New Projectile is Designed to Tear Down Wire Entanglements.

Barbed wire entanglements form one of the most effective measures in temporarily checking the assaults of infantry. Both the German and Allied armies use them extensively in front of their trench systems.

As a rule special units are sent out to cut through these barriers, but when a large scale offensive is to be launched the artillery preparation usually demolishes posts and wires for the attacking infantry.

To facilitate this work American ordnance experts have tested several new shells designed to tear down hostile barbed wire with better results than the orthodox artillery projectile. These new missiles are described in a recent issue of *Je Sais Tous*, Paris.

The shell casing has four longitudinal sections enclosing arms or hooks working on a pivot. These are covered with a comparatively light metallic casing which breaks when the shell is fired. As the shell flies through the air the hooks are forced outward at right angles to the projectile, so that when it encounters an obstacle it has greater tearing power.

The other model is somewhat similar in design, except at the ends of the flying arms or hooks chains are attached which add a greater area to the destruction which it may accomplish. The best work is done at short range, as the friction of the chains in the air tends to decrease the speed of the shell.

These shells can be used only in a gun of special design. In addition to using them for destroying barbed wire, it is planned to employ them against troops advancing in massed formations.

profits of different people, storage and all that sort of thing have to be taken into consideration. Naturally the customer pays for this. Sometimes she is satisfied to do so because he feels that in the case of some of her groceries strength is retained and sanitation insured, but if you have to pay ten, twelve or fifteen cents more a pound for coffee, cocoa, etc., than for a very satisfactory bulk grade, you may decide, as I have, that it pays to save my cans, buy in bulk, and fill them up.

If one still prefers to buy in sealed containers, it is cheaper to buy in larger packages so as to pay for fewer containers. With a small family this may not be desirable. Most such foods are thoroughly cooked anyway, and so if bought of reliable sources can be depended upon to be safe for use. It is a good idea to get small quantities or samples of the brands you propose substituting and to test them alongside of the original kinds, to determine excellence, economy in use and so on. One woman who had a family of six or seven kept track for three months of the saving she was able to effect by thoughtful buying, and this amounted to a good many dollars.

The third saving also seems like a little one, but it counts. Purchase soap supplies for months in advance, as much as you feel you can afford. Unwrap and spread the cakes and bars out so that at least three of the sides will be exposed to the air. Turn them over every few days. Evaporation will take place, the soap will harden, and will last much longer.

How Sweet is Syrup?

A cup of syrup is not as sweet as a cup of sugar. The following table gives the sweetening value of different amounts of corn syrup:

One cup of sugar equals one and three-fifths cup of corn syrup.

Three-fourths cup of sugar equals one and one-fifth cups of corn syrup.

One-half cup sugar equals four-fifths cup corn syrup.

One tablespoon sugar equals one and three-fifths tablespoon of corn syrup.

Half syrup and half sugar give better results in cooking than all syrup. With one cup of syrup use one-fourth cup less liquid.

FINDS BROTHER AMONG DEAD.

U. S. Soldier Acting as Pallbearer Makes Sad Discovery.

One of the most pathetic instances of the war so far as the United States is concerned occurred in a little cemetery to the rear of the Picardy front recently when an American soldier acting as a pallbearer at the funeral of several Americans discovered his own brother, Joseph Ash, among the dead. The brothers, members of different companies, had met only the day before at the front. Joseph remained there and was mortally wounded, dying soon afterward. His brother was ordered to the rear lines with a party of woodchoppers.

The woodchoppers were working near the cemetery at the time of the funeral and the chaplain asked them to be pallbearers. In the midst of the service the chaplain read the name of Joseph—Ash. The brother, who stood with bare head in the small group of soldier mourners, reeled forward, his eyes filled with tears, and exclaimed:

"My brother! Oh, my brother!"

The chaplain, not understanding, stepped up and placed his arm around the young man's shoulder, saying:

"We are all brothers, my boy."

The soldier looked at the coffin and shook his head. "The Germans will pay for your blood, Joe," he said, and then it was that the chaplain and the others around him understood and they led him away.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has a subsidy of £120,000 a year from the Indian Government.

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