



Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publications Corporation. By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters.

SECOND EPISODE. In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride

CHAPTER I. THE runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like magic and closed behind her like a wall.

A dollar in his nice, cheery way; then he turned around and gave me \$50—in just the same way! Don't you see? And she shuddered with the recollection of her humiliation.



He Caught Up the Portrait and Pressed it to His Lips.

She had his card and was reaching for it when she noticed that Iris had gone to the telephone. "You mustn't telephone anybody!" the runaway bride insisted.

As he entered the hotel Ned's taxi, with the fluttering white ribbons, passed and turned into the park just as June Warner turned out of it at Seventy-second street, heading for Riverside drive.

At that hour Iris Blethering sat pouring her voluble address into the ears of Bobbie in the Blethering home on Riverside drive. She had been school day chum and the bosom friend of June Moore, but now there was no June Moore, only a June Warner, and June Warner might become a stranger.

At that moment June and Iris were sitting in the big walnut paneled library, and Bobbie wandered in. When he saw the girls he started back.

Meanwhile Ned Warner began to be familiar with the bronze panther on the overhanging rock in the park and, casting back in his memory, reflected that he must have passed it about five times.

But why had June married him? Why had she walked down the aisle of the Brynport chapel with him that morning? Perhaps the black Vandyked man was married, and marriage was the only road to June's freedom.

"Oh!" gasped June as the significance of the tableau suddenly dawned upon her. Why, they were almost in the same position in which she had seen herself when she was Ned's pitiful little beggar.

"That attitude is at the bottom of the whole thing, Bobbie," argued June, with spirit. "Because the man has supported the woman for ages he has made himself the master. That destroys the woman's self respect, and love dies."

"You are holding something back," Moore charged. "I want to know the truth!" "You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

CHAPTER II. AUNT DEBBY came around the corner of the Moore house in all her glory—stiff lavender dress with the red posies on it, yellow hat with the green feather, tan shoes and blue stockings.

June's parents came to the door, John J. Moore in the blue and tan smoking jacket which he had refused to wear until tenderness at June's approaching departure had brought him back to it, and Charlotte Moore in the gray silk dress embroidered by June's own hands.

"Come right in," heartily invited Father Moore, and Mother Moore, with soft eyes, shook Bobbie by one hand and Iris by both.

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!" "Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

and caught Ned by the arm. "Where is my girl?" "Then she isn't here?" gasped Ned. "Come inside," John Moore's voice had lost all its color. He led the way into the library. "Now, what is all this about? Why are you here alone?"

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"You are holding something back," Moore charged. "I want to know the truth!" "You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!" "Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!" "Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!" "Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

Ned laughed at her. There was no mistaking those dainty, blue embroidered bits of white kid. "Now, I'll tell you," went on Ned. "This man, Gilbert Blye, whose name I now know for the first time, was with her from the moment she left me until she came here. He is a tall, black Vandyked man, and at Farnville he was being assisted June on the down train."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

a black eyed young woman, the most vivacious of the party, called him to ask for his evening of secret scheming. "You're up to some devilment," she charged, playfully twisting his beard. "Come and dance with me."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

CANADIANS GET LOTS OF PAPERS FROM HOMELAND. LONDON, April 6.—The period of rest from severe fighting which the Canadian division is now enjoying has been taken full advantage of by friends here to send out large consignments of acceptable articles, each brigade received nine sacks of magazines, three sacks of Canadian newspapers last week, which proved most acceptable, also a basket of fruit was sent to every brigade.

Spokane of the participation of the Dominions on settling peace terms, the Broad Arrow, a service newspaper, says they earned the right to consultation in the peace conference after the South African war, but the papers last week, which they have truly earned the right to consult, when the time comes for the settlement of the present struggle, their wishes would be made known at a preliminary Imperial Conference to that the British statesmen should carry out not only the will of Great Britain, but that of the Dominions.

NORTHERN FRANCE, April 6.— Lille is only a few kilometers away behind the trenches which are opposite the Canadians. One of our own intelligence officers has translated for me an article in Gazette De Lille, a German publication, which is remarkable as showing German hatred of the British. It is headed "Blood and Iron" and is as follows:—

The article is like the ten commandments, and then officially urges fathers, mothers, children, public institutions, masters and workmen, all to hate the British. It is headed "Blood and Iron" and is as follows:—

STURDEE'S SIGNAL (Victoria Colonist.) When Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee ordered his squadron into action off the Falkland Islands, he made the signal "God Save the King," which no doubt will be duly recorded in the annals of the British Admiralty.

Dr. A. W. Chase's 25c. CATARH POWDER. It is restful to the diseased parts by the... clear the air passages, stops drops... in the throat and permanent... cure Catarrh of the Throat. 25c. a box. Blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or... send a Six Leaflet, Free.



Mrs. Gilbert Blye Was in Shriill Voice Converse With a Big Green Parrot.

the five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Blye returned on an early train?" "Yes," Ned tried not to speak curtly. "I saw him."

"I want my daughter!" blurted out John Moore, his lips squaring. "Oh!" And Mrs. Blye's voice rose. "Your daughter!" She glared at them for a moment. "Will you please wait?" she asked and sailed back through the hall.

"Where's June?" Mrs. Moore had pushed through ahead of the man. John Moore walked straight to Bobbie Blethering and shook an awe-inspiring finger at that young man. "Where's my girl?" he demanded. "Well, she's here," he said. "What of it?"

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!" "Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"



Where Now Should She Go?

en window and to rush upstairs, get her maid, Marie, seize several garments and drag with her the stoutest servant.

"Miss June! Miss June!" cried Aunt Debby, out of breath from running, but June only waved a hand at her as the taxi swept out of the drive.