

Told in the Twilight --- In the Realm of Woman

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

"What state are you from?" asked Mrs. A—the evening Mrs. B—was granted a divorce. "From the state of matrimony," replied the delighted Mrs. B—. We do not believe it will be this bad with Roxane, but one can never tell. If you haven't read the two previous installments of this entertaining serial, it would be the part of wisdom to do so.

I GET A HOME AND SOME SAGE ADVICE.

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The train at last rolled into the station. Arthur had prepared everything, and the porter walked before us, carrying our bags. When we stepped from the train Arthur recognized one of his assistants. The man stood there at the head of what seemed to be a delegation from the office. There was a girl with a great bouquet of roses. When the man extended his hand to Arthur the girl rushed toward me and thrust the bouquet into my hand, making a pretty little speech of welcome. I could not resist the impulse to throw my arms around her and kiss her. I was so full of love that it covered all the world. Everything seemed beautiful to me that morning. The misery of the night had been forgotten, and I could only feel the joy of sharing with Arthur the glory I knew was before him.



"I kissed the spot on the pillow where I hoped his head would lie, and then I prayed for love."

We went to a carriage that waited for us, amid another shower of rice. Arthur was so good natured about it all. I knew he detested the whole thing, but he smiled and bent his head as he rushed to the carriage. "We will have to stave in a great deal of this before we're through," he said. "I hope it isn't going to bother you to death. I know how you must hate these things. Other people who have never thought for themselves, but simply did things because they were done by everyone, can't understand how irksome their silly formalities may become." I remembered my resolve to shun and pretend that I did not care for the usual things, so I told him that I would be able to stand it, and hoped

that it would not continue all ways. In my heart I was glorying in all of it. It warmed me. It seemed to be just what I craved. I know I should have been miserable if things had been otherwise. I could not have endured a prosaic entrance into the little city that was to be our home, perhaps forever, and now I knew they really loved Arthur. I made up my mind that I would love them, love the city and love everything. What matter if I should have to pretend that I hated it all? There would be much happiness for me in feeling that Arthur was happy.

We have since taken a greater house, one with uncountable rooms, and we have many servants, and all the things that are supposed to make one comfortable. But the first home of ours was a delight. I was almost overcome when I entered the hall.

A sweet little maid held open the door for us and welcomed us, and there were neighbors all about the place, who came through curiosity, but who smiled and seemed glad to have us among them.

Just off the hall at the left as we entered was the living room. It was an absolute blessing. There was not much in the way of furnishings, but what there was looked comfortable and the colors were so simple and pleasingly blended that I could not help loving the room. I did not want to leave it. There was a great lounge between the two windows and a small table against the wall. Four chairs, each of different form, were placed about the room and the carpet and the wall covering matched splendidly. I squeezed Arthur's arm and shouted for the very joy of it. He said not a word, but just stood there and smiled.

He seemed to be revelling in my happiness. He always preened himself over a good accomplishment and he had selected all the furnishings for the house and had supervised all the arrangements.

"I hope the rest of the house suits you as well. For a marriage like ours things must be beautiful to make up for anything else that might be lacking."

"Oh, Arthur," I said, "surely there's nothing lacking."

He looked away. I let my hand fall from his arm and he went out into the hall and talked to the maid. When he returned his face was drawn and sad.

"I must go to the office and leave you to do your own inspecting. I shall be away for lunch."

He went out without another word. The maid closed the door behind him and came into the living room. She smiled at me and said very prettily that she hoped I would like her. I assured her that I would like everything she told me the place and I asked her to show me to my room. The same taste was evident in the furnishing of my room. There was a light colored paper on the wall and pretty cretonne curtains on the windows. Everything seemed so sunny and cheery. How could I possibly be morose in such surroundings? Everything about smiled cheer.

Most of that day was spent putting things in their places. I saw that Arthur's room was in perfect order, that his belongings were properly put away. The unusual procedure of handling his clothes, I seemed to take to with a readiness that surprised me. When the maid stepped out of the room for a moment I went to his bed and kissed the spot on his pillow where I hoped his head would lie. In that instant I prayed for love.

Early in the afternoon the neighbors began calling. It was surprising the number of people who wanted to get acquainted. They would drop in and ask me to join their club, their church, to meet them and to become interested in a hundred different things. It was all very comforting. They promised to make my life among them a happy one.

There was an old spinster in the lot. She came to tell me that she had appointed herself my social guardian. She would tell me the scandal connected with each of my neighbor's names. She would let me know whom to shun and whom to cultivate. She did not wait for my acquaintance, she began immediately to tell me all the neighborhood gossip. I knew I had to become shut her off. She talked on ramblingly, indefinitely, crocheting all the while. She finally ended with a recital of her woes—the story of her being left to pine away for a heartless lover.

"Beware," she warned, "of your husband. I have heard he is good looking and the girls are talking about him. Convince with all your mind to hold him, or they will steal him from you. Be just as winsome as the rest, my dear. For a man quickly tires of a woman who feels that he is the only thing in life. Do not be slow, and remember the saying that 'slow wives make fast husbands.'" (To be continued tomorrow)

To keep your hair beautifully soft and fluffy, shampoo regularly with Ivory Soap. For, unlike many cleansers, Ivory Soap does not make the hair dry and brittle.



Make a warm suds with the paste. (See directions inside wrapper.) Saturate hair and scalp. Rub the scalp with the paste and dip the suds over it. Rinse with spray or cup, gradually cooling the water. Dry by rubbing, in the sun if possible, but do not use strong heat.

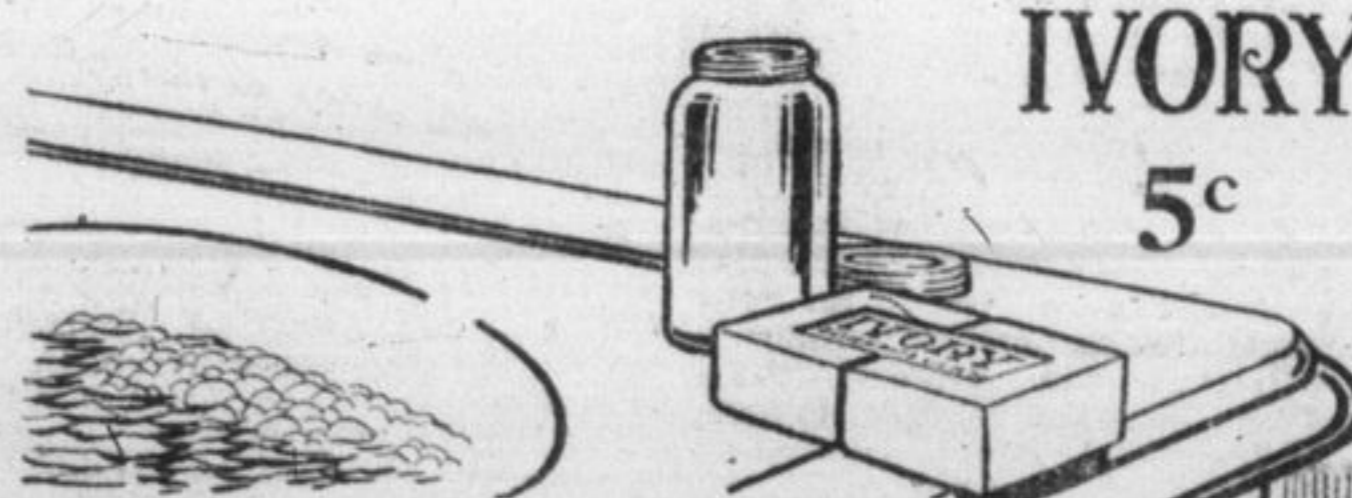
Ivory Soap, because of its purity and mildness, will not affect your scalp's oily secretion, yet because of its wonderful cleansing power, it will absorb the dirt and surplus oil. The rinsing, therefore, will remove easily and entirely all this matter with the lather, leaving your hair in condition to dry soft, silky and glossy.

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Intellect seems to have very little to do with happiness. A strong will is firmness; a strong won't is obstinacy. Borrowing is but one step above begging.

Spreads

(Continued from Page 3.)
Mrs. John Wright, 279 Alfred street, will be "at home" to-morrow afternoon, Thursday.
Miss Annie Finn, Enterprise, and Mrs. Eugene Reitzel, Waterloo, returned home after spending a few days the guests of Miss Kathleen McGuire, Union street, Portsmouth.
Mrs. Cooper, wife of Lieut.-Col. J. A. Cooper, of the 198th Canadian Buffs, Toronto, was the recipient of a crown derby tea set on Saturday. That day was the twentieth anniversary of her wedding, and the officers of the battalion took the opportunity of marking the occasion with this appreciation of Mrs. Cooper's work on behalf of the Buffs. Mrs. Cooper is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. James Massie, formerly of Kingston.
Captain and Mrs. Kenneth Macpherson, Ottawa, moved on Saturday to Kingsmere, where they have taken a cottage for a couple of months.
Master Arthur Horsey, Ottawa, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Sutherland, Sydenham street.
Miss Elizabeth Cunningham and Miss Edna Chown left on Monday for Toronto, where they will meet Miss Dorothy Chown, and together they will go on to Fort William.
Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Prouse are occupying Charles Anglin's cottage for a few weeks.
Mrs. Arthur Lingham and her small son, Montreal, arrived in town on Sunday to spend a few weeks with Mrs. R. H. Toye, Gore street.
Dr. and Mrs. Kiriloff F. Mather left to-day for Del Norte, Colorado, where they will spend the next two months.
Dr. and Mrs. Dennis Jordan and small son, Toronto, arrived on Satur-

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Thursday

BREAKFAST
Sliced Bananas or Steved Fruit
Cinnamon Eggs on Toast
Cinnamon Wheels
Coffee or Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Clam Chowder
Progressive Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread and Cream
Stewed Rhubarb
Cookies
Buttermilk or Tea

DINNER
Lamb Croquettes with Peas or Tomato Sauce
Potato with Cheese Sauce
Pickled Beets
Rhubarb Tart
Coffee

Cinnamon Wheels
Materials—One cup brown sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, bake-board, rolling pin, knife, flour sifter and bakepan.

Directions—Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly; add enough cold milk to make a dough. Place on floured board and roll out quarter inch thick, then spread with butter and cover with the brown sugar and cinnamon; roll same as jelly roll; cut into one-inch pieces. Place in pan which has been brushed with oil or butter and bake twenty minutes.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, bake-board, rolling pin, knife, flour sifter and bakepan.

Directions—Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly; add enough cold milk to make a dough. Place on floured board and roll out quarter inch thick, then spread with butter and cover with the brown sugar and cinnamon; roll same as jelly roll; cut into one-inch pieces. Place in pan which has been brushed with oil or butter and bake twenty minutes.

Clam Chowder
Materials—One cup chopped clams, 2 cups diced potatoes, ½ cup finely cut onion, ½ cup finely cut bacon or salt pork, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon white pepper, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups milk.

Utensils—Four-quart boiler, double boiler, frypan, small saucepan, two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon.

Directions—Put the potatoes on and boil until tender, then drain and put in top of double boiler. Put the onion and bacon into frypan, cook slowly until tender, but do not brown, and add to the potatoes. Pour over the boiling milk. Put the clams into small pan and heat; bring to boiling point and remove the scum (do not let them boil). Add to the potatoes and onions; add the salt, pepper, thyme, parsley and 1 cup stock or water; boil fifteen minutes.

Progressive Salad
Materials—Four hard boiled eggs, 1 quart shredded lettuce, 1 cup mayonnaise or boiled dressing, ½ cup French dressing.

Utensils—Beet, coarse strainer, quart measure, measuring cup.

Directions—Separate the eggs, shred the whites very fine, rub the yolks through coarse strainer or fruit press, put in centre of bowl which has been lined with the shredded lettuce; place the shredded white around the yolks to represent the petals of a flower. Cover centre with mayonnaise and pour French dressing over the whites. Garnish with 4 cut stuffed olives.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, measuring cup, tablespoon, teaspoon, bake-board, rolling pin, knife, flour sifter and bakepan.

Directions—Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly; add enough cold milk to make a dough. Place on floured board and roll out quarter inch thick, then spread with butter and cover with the brown sugar and cinnamon; roll same as jelly roll; cut into one-inch pieces. Place in pan which has been brushed with oil or butter and bake twenty minutes.

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Knitted Boudoir Jackets Handy

From France comes a delightful knitted boudoir jacket, a boon for sherry girls to wear cool mornings in the country. Any sport quality that clings to a wool garment has

been eliminated in this lounging coat; the result is a thin, soft wool coat of delicate pastel tone.

Negligee in its lack of fastenings, and held on by a pink satin ribbon around the waist which lies in front, a fluffy brown marabout edge outlines the sacque and lends a quaint decorative note. A thin Georgette crepe lining can be added, if the con-

tract of wool with the silk is disagreeable.

Though kimonos are almost a popular national garb, the French style of indoor lounging coats is becoming more and more popular. They are suited to apartment wear and make a woman look as prettily feminine as she does in a ball gown.

Lace, chiffon and crepe, in pink, blue or purple combine with embroidered net laces resembling mailines. Alencon is used as trimming, more popular. As these negligees are quite washable, in spite of their daintiness, they

are not an extravagance. Little flower wreaths, hand made, or fine French silk flowers are a pretty and correct addition.

Smart Auto Coat
Among the smart and unusual coats for automobiling is one of tweed in a large navy blue and white broken plaid and blue leather. The waist of the coat is of the blue leather; the skirt, which is pleated with deep points at the sides, is short in the back and front and is attached

with an oddly shaped belt to the waist. The sleeves are of the leather, with very high, pointed cuffs of the plaid trimmed with leather buttons and straps. The collar is lined with the plaid and either buttons high

with three buttons or is left open and rolled back. The hat to be worn with the coat is a navy-blue hemp straw sailor with white leather crown, trimmed with blue leather straps.

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