

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

ARTHUR CONFRONTS RICHARD.
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With a cry of joy I disengaged myself from Dicky's arms and sped toward my husband. I could almost feel his arms about me as I threw myself upon his breast. But the expected embrace did not come. Arthur's arms clung rigidly to my sides.

"Why—," I began, and stopped with a gasp.

Arthur seemed totally oblivious of my presence. Even though my arms were about his neck, he apparently did not know I was near him. A thunder cloud was upon his brow, and his eyes were fixed upon Richard. I felt the muscles of his shoulders grow taut and a convulsion shake his powerful frame.

"You, you—," he began between his teeth, as he attempted to brush me aside.

I could not realize what was the matter. The first thought that came to me was that Arthur was sick; that he had been stricken ill and had been wandering about the streets since I saw him at the Navarre, else why should he look so at Dicky? Why should such a rage come upon him? Surely his mind must be affected.

"Arthur, dear," I said suddenly, "tell me what is the matter."

As I spoke I drew the palm of my hand gently over his hot temple and tried to pull his face down to mine, but my effort was fruitless. I could not detach his attention from Richard.

Instead of returning my caress he took a step forward as though he would pounce upon the boy.

"Arthur, don't you love me?" I cried. "What is the matter? Kiss me."

For one brief moment he took his eyes from Dicky and fixed them upon me. His lips curled. Scorn was imprinted upon his face.

"Kiss you? When you come from his arms to mine?"

My hands dropped from his shoulders. The floor sagged beneath me. Everything was black before my eyes. The truth dawned upon me. He had seen me kiss Dicky!

Before I recovered my senses he confronted Richard. The poor boy

stood his ground manfully, but the color had left his face and his tightly shut lips twitched. Momentarily I expected to see Arthur seize Richard by the throat and hurl him to the floor. I sprang forward just in time. "Shame on you!" I cried. "Shame on you for your unjust suspicions; for this unmanly threat!"

I was beside myself because Arthur, in accusing Richard, was accusing me. Conscious as I was of my own innocence, I did not realize that Dick's attitude might justly be misunderstood. Indeed, it did not occur to me that Dicky had done anything wrong. For half an hour he had been listening to me tell how much I loved Arthur and at the conclusion of this declaration of mine here I was accused, by inference at least, of unfaithfulness. So great is the force of circumstances. Such frequently is circumstantial evidence on which they send men to the gallows!

"If you will wait a moment," began Dicky, "I will try to explain, but before I do I want to tell you, Mr. Pembroke, that you are a cad. You may believe me or not, but for thirty minutes your wife has been telling me how much she loved you."

"It is true, Arthur," I cried. "Richard is like a brother. I sent for him, because I was beside myself. When you did not come home last night I was nearly crazy. I did not know what had happened. You had left me in anger, and I did not know what to expect. It was Dicky to whom I turned for sympathy as I would turn to my brother."

I realized as I spoke that I was not telling all of the truth, but so far as Arthur was concerned there was nothing false about my words. I was his faithful wife. Arthur was slow to believe and still stood scowling, first at me and then at Richard.

"Look here, Pembroke," said Richard, his boyishness coming to the surface. "Why the devil don't you stay home at night?"

For a moment it looked as though Arthur would strike him; then the ridiculousness of the remark struck him and he laughed. The next instant he sobered.

"My movements do not concern you, Mr. Staley," he said.

"Nor shall I worry about them," retorted Richard. "However," he continued, glancing toward me, "if Mrs. Pembroke should ever need assistance she knows where to get it."

Before Arthur could utter the retort which trembled on his lips Richard strode to the door and slammed it behind him.

"Oh! Arthur!" I cried, when we

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Saturday

BREAKFAST
Sliced Bananas
Cereal of Choice
Creamed Codfish on Toast
Cornmeal Gems
Crisp Fried Potatoes
Coffee or Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Fried Tomatoes, Baked Potatoes
Relish
Cold Cocoa, Currantarch
Milk or Iced Tea

DINNER
Smothered Chicken
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
or Mashed White Potatoes
Creamed String Beans, Lettuce
Blackberry Pie
Coffee

Cornmeal Gems

Materials—One cup cornmeal, 1/2 cup white flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon shortening.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, flour sifter, two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon, eggbeater, pans.

Directions—Sift the cornmeal, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder into a bowl; add the milk, butter and well-beaten egg, mix well, brush gem pans with shortening, pour in mixture and bake fifteen to twenty minutes.

Smothered Chicken

Materials—A 4-pound chicken, 1 tablespoon drippings, 1 tablespoon cut onion, 1 tablespoon salt, dash white pepper, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon flour, chopped parsley.

Utensils—Dutch oven or iron boiler with lid, tablespoon, teaspoon, knife, measuring cup, wire strainer.

Directions—Put the breast, which is cut in 2 pieces, the thighs and drumsticks into Dutch oven or iron boiler. Add the drippings, onion, salt, white pepper and boiling water; bring to a boil quickly, reduce the heat and simmer slowly for one and a half hours or until tender. Add water as it is needed; there should be two cups of gravy. Remove the chicken to centre of hot platter; to the gravy add 7 tablespoon flour mixed with a little cold water, and boil three minutes; strain over chicken; sprigle with chopped parsley.

GOES INTO EFFECT.

On September 1st No Matter What is On Hand.
(Special to the Whig.)
Toronto, July 20.—Prohibition must go into effect in Ontario on September 1st, no matter how much stock remains on the shelves and in the cellars of hotels and liquor shops of the province on that date. This was the reply given to a deputation of license holders to-day by Chairman Flavelle, of the Ontario License Board, after hearing their story that sales were light, and tens of thousands of dollars worth of goods would be left on their hands if some extension of time were not given.

USED LESS OF EACH.

The Consumption of Liquor, Beer and Tobacco.
(Special to the Whig.)
Ottawa, July 20.—Despite the enlargement of the dry belts in Canada and the war, the people of the Dominion during the last fiscal year consumed three-quarters of a gallon of liquor and almost five gallons of beer per head of the population. This was, however, a considerable falling off.

In the previous year the consumption of beer was slightly in excess of six gallons per head of population. Tobacco consumption during the year was also fractionally less per head.

SOLDIER'S WIFE STRICKEN.

Found Dead With Six Small Children Around Her.
London, Ont., July 20.—While her husband was dangerously wounded in No. 7 Canadian Stationary Hospital in France, Mrs. George Bridges, of 11 Methuen avenue, caring for six small children, was stricken with cholera morbus. She was found dead in her home with the little children grouped about her, and by her side her husband's last letter.

Rev. E. A. Barchman, B.A., B.D., has been invited to accept a call to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Port Hope.

General Smuts reports more gains in the East African campaign.

THE WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF FORM.

Tidings From All Over Told in a Pithy and Pointed Way.

At Tokio Lieut.-Gen. Ichinosuke, Oka, who was Minister of War in the Okuma Cabinet in 1914 and again in 1915-16, died on Wednesday.

Dr. Helfferich, the Imperial German Treasurer, painted in roseate colors the benefits accruing to Russian Poland from Teutonic occupation.

There were thirty deaths and 142 new cases of infantile paralysis in New York in twenty-four hours. Officials say the epidemic will be successfully fought.

Near Stockholm two Swedish flight lieutenants, Mannstrom and Krus, were killed while engaged in a fight. Their machine fell from a height of 300 feet.

BUYING ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Orders Aggregating \$1,000,000 For Australian Soldiers.
New York, July 20.—Manufacturers here have received orders aggregating \$1,000,000 for artificial limbs to be used by soldiers of Australia and New Zealand-crippled at the Dardanelles and on the French front, it was announced to-day. The money for this purpose was raised by popular subscription in the British colonies, according to J. W. McGregor, chairman of the South Australia Soldiers' Fund, who now is in this city.

SINGLE WOMEN LACK FOOD.

Only German Mothers Are Well Nourished.
London, July 20.—The Morning Post quotes a Danish statement to the effect that a great number of German single women have arrived in Denmark seeking employment. According to the statement, the women say that it is nearly impossible for women, except mothers with children, to get food in Germany.

Police Court Brevities.

In Police Court Thursday, Annie Blair and Emma Brooks, arrested for vagrancy, were sentenced to six months in jail. Maud Hilliar, up on a similar charge, was remanded. Daniel Byron, drunk, and on the "prohibited list," was remanded a week.

The Age of Quickness.

The modern wife placed two plates with knives, forks, spoons and tumblers on the dining room table and took two paper napkins from a drawer, laying one beside each plate.

Then she lighted the gas stove, opened a can of soup and placed it in a skillet to heat. Next she opened two cans of vegetables and a can of salmon and heated these. She cut six slices of baker's bread and quartered a baker's pie, placing everything on the table, together with butter, salt, pepper and a pitcher of cold water.

"John," she said briskly, "your dinner's ready."

Wanted to Be Joined Right.

They were going out to dinner, and he had gone into the house from his limousine to get her.

"All ready?" he asked, at the foot of the stairs.

"Almost," came the response from above.

"I've asked a friend to join us. Is it all right?"

"Yes, if it's the minister."

Charity.

She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose! Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We'll feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.

The clothing of Andrew Goldie, Toronto, seventy years old, who has been missing for two days, was found in a locker at the swimming baths.



Not only delicious — but there's "life" in

Grape-Nuts

Try this experiment yourself. Take some Grape-Nuts direct from the package. Hold the granules in the palm of your hand under sunlight or an electric bulb. You will notice tiny shining particles of light on the granules — the starch of the grains transformed.

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The wonderful taste — the wonderful nourishment in this great food is due to the fact that in addition to the sweetness of the whole wheat is combined the delicate flavor and food value of malted barley.

This gives Grape-Nuts two great factors that no mere wheat food can possess. The delicious zest of malted barley imparts a savor that is universally liked; and beyond that, the barley contains a digestive (not in wheat) which, with long baking, transforms the starch of these full grains into a form of sugar which shows on the golden-brown granules.

If you haven't tried Grape-Nuts food you have a treat in store. It not only appeals to the appetite but is a powerful builder for body and brain.

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