

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

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

ARTHUR IS PROMOTED AND PREPARES TO LEAVE ME.

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The next few days were days of joy to me. With the discovery that Arthur had been kept from home that memorable night by the necessity of pursuing poor Mr. Tanner, all my doubts concerning my husband fell away and I was happy in the belief that his affection for me was stronger than it had ever been.



His admiration for me knew no bounds. Each evening when I was dressed he stood before him and gazing his hands on my shoulders, gazed lovingly into my eyes.

As for Myrtle Staley, I could only hope that his acquaintance with her might result as happily for me. I knew that even if Arthur had kissed Myrtle, the affair had stopped short of anything more serious, and I was prepared to believe that any caress he had bestowed upon her was merely the result of a momentary whim, and was not because of any abiding attraction for him in the Staley girl.

Therefore, I was not much surprised when Arthur, coming home from his office one evening, remarked in a casual way: "I see our little friend, Myrtle, is engaged."

I made no comment for a moment, and then I inquired as indifferently as I could how he had obtained his information. He unfolded a newspaper, and pointing to the society news, said: "There it is. She is to marry young Willoughby, the wholesale grocer's son."

I read the announcement, and could not forbear a brief sigh of relief. I had been right all along in believing steadfastly in Arthur, despite the gossip and scandal which had been poured into my ears. I felt that I was destined to be fully as happy as I had been after the Tanner affair. Nor was I mistaken. As day succeeded day each seemed more completely filled with contentment than the preceding. Arthur devoted himself constantly to me. Almost every evening we sallied forth to enjoy ourselves in one way or another, and no matter where we went our complete congeniality assured us a joyous time.

His admiration for me knew no bounds. Each evening when I was dressed he stood before him, and, placing his hands upon my shoulders, gazed lovingly into my eyes. "Roxane," he would say, "you are the most beautiful woman in the world. I love you more each day."

His deep, strong tones never failed to thrill me. They were like some elixir which made my blood throb. It is true that every woman loves to be admired, it must surely be true that a woman loves the admiration of her husband above all things. Sometimes I felt that our happiness was too deep to be abiding. Danger lurks in the deepest pools! Undercurrents not seen on the surface threaten destruction. I caught myself wondering what I would do if ever Arthur should cease to love me; if this Eden-like existence which we were leading, should suddenly be marred by the appearance of the serpent. I determined that, so far as I was concerned, Eve should never yield to temptation. My Adam was sufficient for me.

I had every reason to believe that Arthur felt as I did, for he was never away from me except when business demanded his presence at the office. His affairs there were going forward with great leaps and bounds. The head of the house had written him repeatedly that his management of the branch had yielded results far beyond their expectations, and twice his salary had been substantially increased.

In a material way our fortunes were as promising as were our own relations. Before Arthur was a successful business career, and life stretched out beyond us both like a pathway strewn with roses.

A girl dreaming of her future could have pictured no more blessed existence than was ours. Indeed, it seemed to me at times that I was living in one of the visions that I had when I was sixteen. I sometimes expected to awake and find myself back in my girlhood home; to discover that Arthur and my life were fancies which had been woven out of the vague longings of a young girl's heart.

light of victory was in his eyes. "I have won, Roxane," he cried. "With breathless eagerness I took the letter from his extended hand and read swiftly. It was from the head of the firm instructing him to go to New Orleans to establish a new branch house, and telling him that his salary again had been increased. "Victory!" he cried. The letter fluttered from my hand, and my eyes grew dim. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him. "My dear boy," I asked, "when do we go?" He led me back to my chair and seated me. He stood before a window gazing down into the streets, a smile playing about his strong mouth. "I must go at once, Roxane," he said. "I must leave you in our little nest for a while. But it will not be for long."

He turned and surveyed our cozy little sitting room. "I hate to leave," he said. "We have been so happy here that I fear another place will not seem like home."

"Oh, Arthur dear," I cried, "don't leave me behind! Let me go with you!" He turned quickly. There was a note of impatience in his voice. "There is no other way," he declared.

The tears, which had been in my eyes, flowed down my cheeks, but I wiped them away and escaped into the adjoining room. My heart was heavy. All my confidence regarding the future was gone. I felt that sorrow lay in my path.

(To be continued.) To qualify women now employed in the leather trade as firewomen and supervisors in factories, the Leather-sellers' company of London is arranging for special courses of practical theoretical instruction.



POSSIBLY IT WAS THIS WIFE'S LAST KISS. A patrol of French cavalry has halted in a village which happens to be the native place of one of the troopers. His wife has accompanied him to the edge of the wood and exchanges with him what may be the last kiss.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Sunday BREAKFAST Iced Melon or Stewed Fruit Cereal of Choice Crisp Rolls, Marmalade Coffee or Cocoa HOT DINNER Roast Stuffed Breast or Shoulder of Veal Browned White Potatoes New Potatoes Sliced Tomato on Lettuce Pineapple Ice Cream Drop Scones Cake Coffee SUPPER Egg Lemonade Graham Crackers COLD SUNDAY DINNER Cold Chicken or Cold Meat with Japanese Salad Garnished with Tomatoes Peach Puffs Iced Tea or Coffee SUPPER Cheese Toast Stuffed Tomato Salad Tea or Milk

Menu for Monday BREAKFAST Stewed Berries Cereal of Choice Creamed Haked Beef Toast or Rolls Jelly or Marmalade Coffee or Cocoa LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Creamed Chicken Soup Japanese Fritters with Grated Pineapple Butter-milk or Tea DINNER Baked Slice of Ham with Rice Potatoes Cabbage Bell-pepper Canned Cabbage Sliced Bananas with Crushed Currants Coffee

Baked Slice of Ham with Rice Potatoes Materials—Thick slice of ham, centre cut, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, sprigs of parsley, dash of pepper, 1 quart of potatoes, after paring and cutting. Utensils—Saucepan, platin, tablespoon and measuring cup. Directions—Trim the skin and rind from ham, put in saucepan and cover with cold water. Place on fire and bring to a boil. Boil slowly for thirty minutes, and cover with flour; sugar and dust with pepper. Put in hot oven; add 1 cup of water, and when it begins to bake baste and bake until nice and brown. Wash, pare and boil the potatoes. Boil for thirty minutes, or until tender; drain, sprinkle with salt and put in ricer or fruit press and make a border of them around the slice of ham. The gravy is poured over the ham and all is garnished with parsley.



(Continued from page 7.) A most enjoyable evening was given last evening by the Prince Charles Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire for the men at "Elmhurst" Convalescent Home. The guests from town included: Mrs. Charles Low, Mrs. E. L. Fort, Mrs. R. D. Sutherland, Mrs. H. E. Richardson, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. D'Arcy Sneath, Miss Marian Redden, Miss Bessy Smyth, Miss Loretta Swift, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Hilda Hague, Miss Bessie Sanderson, Miss Marjorie Low, Miss Mabel Richardson, Miss Sally Quirk, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Jean and Miss Helen Duff, Miss Florence Cunningham, Miss Gertrude Whitehead, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rothwell have returned from their wedding tour and are visiting the bride's mother, Mrs. Little, 168 King street. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McBride, Montreal, are with Mrs. Stinson McBride, Barrie street on a brief visit. Mrs. McBride will go on to St. Thomas and West Lorne.

Mrs. W. J. Anderson and Master Willie, Earl street, left on Thursday to spend a month with relatives in Westmount, Longueuil and Richmond, Que. Miss Ada Bates who has been spending a week with Miss Nan Skinner, left yesterday for Metis where she will be the guest of Mrs. Merritt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rothwell, have been spending a few days with Miss Baxter, Earl street, on their way from Carlsbad Springs to their home in Rockland. Miss Lucia Robinson, Denver, arrived to-day to visit her aunt, Mrs. G. R. Robinson, Alfred street. Miss Mildred Jones returned home yesterday after spending the past ten days with her uncle, Beverly Jones at "Rockcliffe," Brockville.

Mrs. G. Gansby and Miss Marjorie are spending two weeks with relatives in Wellington, Ont. Mrs. Partridge and Miss Amy Partridge are leaving on Monday to visit friends in Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. C. W. Livingstone, Barrie street, and Miss Gladys Burton are spending this week with Mrs. Clarke Taylor, Gananogue.

Mrs. Alexander Mackie, Clergy street, returned home last night after visiting Mrs. McDunnough in Toronto and Mrs. Henry in Oshawa. Mrs. D'Arcy Sneath, Napanee, is spending this week at the "Elmhurst" Convalescent Home. Miss Jean Hart, Winnipeg, was the guest of honor at a jolly picnic luncheon at Lake Ontario Park on Thursday.

Mrs. Jean E. Crozier has left for Montreal where she will join Mrs. W. M. Campbell and Hector M. Campbell and party for a trip down the Saguenay River. Mrs. W. G. Robinson and Master Elder left on Thursday for their home in Transcona after spending several weeks in the city. Mrs. J. A. Waddell and children, Seeley's Bay, are spending a few days with Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Division street. Miss Georgina Elder, left on Thursday to spend a few weeks with her sister Mrs. W. G. Robinson, Transcona. Mrs. E. J. Chambers, Ottawa, arrived on Wednesday to visit Mrs. Claxton, Union street.

ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

The services of women dispensers in the military hospitals in England have been so satisfactory that practically all dispensers will in the future be women. The woman's emergency corps, representing 3,000 women of Toronto, has offered its services as industrial workers to the Canadian Manufacturers' association. Dr. Rhoda Erdman, who has been appointed lecturer in biology at Yale university, is the first woman to break through the barriers and be elected to such a position. Mrs. Marion B. Cothran, an attorney in Brooklyn, recently tried her own case in court and succeeded in defeating a traffic policeman who had charged her with violating the traffic laws. To wed a man she never saw, Viola Kleckner recently left Sunbury, Pa., on a 7,000 mile trip to Seward, Alaska, where she will become the wife of James M. Foley, a mining engineer. Every woman that lives in any other state than Georgia, West Virginia and Arkansas can be admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court and plead and practice there. Mme. Melba possesses such a retentive memory that she can learn an entire opera within a week. She does much of her studying in bed, and the airs are chiefly mastered when she is walking or driving. The Duchess of Connaught, who has accepted the presidency of the Canadian Red Cross society, has knitted many pairs of socks for Canadian soldiers at the front. She devotes several hours each day to knitting. The Grand Duchess Marie of Luxembourg attends all functions in full state and also insists on a large escort at all times, though the army of her country numbers only 200 men. The czar's second daughter, the seventeen-year-old Grand Duchess Tatiana, is one of the richest heiresses in the world. When she was one week old the czar placed \$5,000,000 to her credit. Miss Elaine Jenkins is the only woman railway chairman in Great Britain. She is the daughter of the late Lord Glentworth and has taken her father's place at the head of the Swansea and Mumbles railway.

Versatile

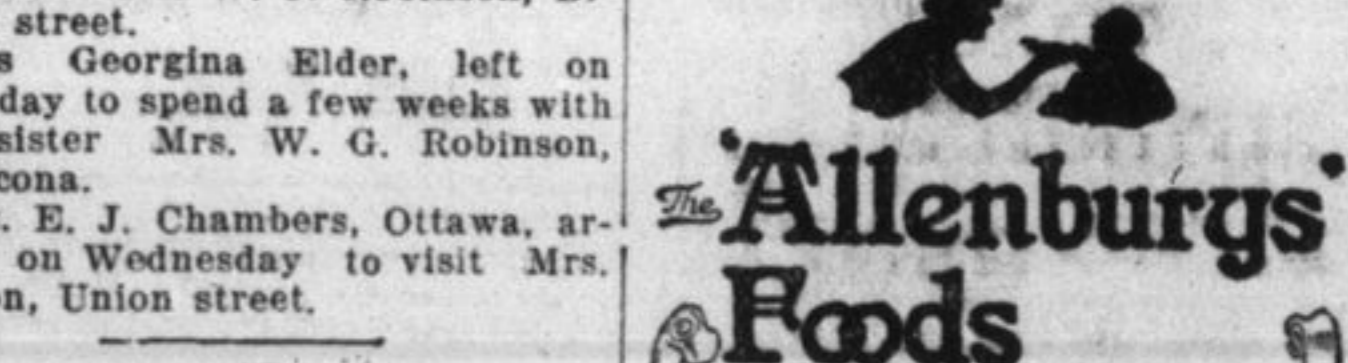
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