

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

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

I AM HURT IN A WRECK AND AM CALLED A HEROINE.

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I was awakened by a crash which hurled me, first with sickening force against the foot of my berth and then dashed me headlong in the opposite direction. Flashes of light were followed by darkness, and the dull, sickening pain in my head at times rendered me almost unconscious.

Then I heard the terrible grinding of the cars as they left the tracks, followed by the crash of wood and steel as the various sleepers toppled and were rent asunder. There followed a period of deathlike silence. Then the shout of a man and the noise of hurrying without was succeeded, first by shrill cries for help and then the low moans of the injured and dying. Suddenly, above all other noises, came the shrill cry of "Fire!"

I put out my hand and endeavored to rise, but sank back exhausted. A mass of timber of metal extended immediately over me, leaving me only sufficient room to lie flat on my back. With the cry of fire sounding in my ears I felt that a horrible end awaited me, yet, strange to say, my thoughts were not for myself alone. I found my mind dwelling chiefly upon poor Mariam Howard, I wondered if she, too, was imprisoned, or if the shock of the wreck had snapped the slender thread of her life.

The pain in my head became so intense that I soon ceased to think coherently and drifted off into unconsciousness.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on the ground wrapped in a heavy garment. At first my mind was too confused to realize what had happened, but gradually it all came back to me. How had I escaped death? As if to answer my query, a hand stole to my face and rested on my cheek. Painfully I turned my face and, in the gloom I saw a swathed figure beside me. By the flickering light of the burning coaches I recognized Mariam, and feebly asked her if she was unhurt. Before she could reply, two towering forms approached and lifted Mariam and me bodily, and carried us to an automobile. After a brief ride we were again lifted out and hurried into what appeared to be a farmhouse. The pain in my head returned and I once more lost consciousness.

When I awoke it was morning. The sunlight lay upon my bed. A farmer's boy entered the door, her face full of concern. When she saw my eyes open her gravity fell away, and she smiled broadly. She gave me a few spoonfuls of broth, and I felt a comfortable warmth steal over me.

"I thought you were dead!" exclaimed the woman with naive brusqueness. "Glad to see you alive!" I would have burst out laughing if I had not been so weak and ill. As it was, I smiled faintly and beckoned to her to give me more of the broth. The woman, like many of her sisters who are shut in by their lot as farmers' wives, apparently attempted to talk me back into unconsciousness. At the rate of a hundred words a minute she proceeded to tell me how near death I had been; how I looked when I was first brought in; how she thought I was a corpse;



In another moment Mr. Gordon was bending over me, his strong face

field with concern. How she later had discovered that I breathed, and of the fifty heroic, homely remedies she had used in restoring me. "Now," she said, "I have made \$100 by bringing you back to life." I was too weak to ask for an explanation, and indeed it was not necessary, for she continued immediately:

"The big man that brought you here told me he would give me \$100 if you came to. I am going to buy a new bonnet and a dress and a pipe for William, and then what's left over I will give to William to buy some more pipes and new set of harness." She was interrupted by a quick, sharp rap on the door and she arose and returned and whispered: "He is here now! Want to see him?" I was too weak to reply one way or the other and away she went. In another moment Mr. Gordon was bending over me, his strong face filled with concern. I smiled faintly up at him and an answering sparkle came into his eyes, although his face remained grave. I saw that his brow was scratched and his clothes torn. Possibly he was himself injured, but apparently his own affairs were farthest from his thoughts.

"I have just a moment," he said, "in which to wish you a speedy recovery. My niece is in the adjoining room and is unhurt save the shock, but there are fifty others who are terribly mangled. A few of us are doing what we can for them. Several of them are still without shelter, but we have ordered a special train with nurses and doctors and it will be here in a short-time." He took my hand and pressed it gently.

"Be brave," he said, "and all will be well. I will return as soon as I can and then I will send what messages you wish to your relatives or friends." He turned away, but before he reached the door he came back. "I want to tell you," he said, "how brave and womanly you were last night in the wreck. We worked for an hour to extricate you from the wreck of your berth and you never gave a hint of impatience. You are a brave little woman."

Again he took my hand and pressed it in both his. When he was gone I could not help but smile at his tribute, for I knew I had been in a deep swoon. So easy is it sometimes for one to make a reputation for courage!

(To be Continued.)

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Sunday. BREAKFAST: Cantaloupe or Fruit of Choice, Cereal of Choice, Eggs Baked in Tomatoes, Thin Cornbread, Syrup or Marmalade, Coffee or Cocoa. COLD SUNDAY DINNER: Cold Sliced Baked Ham, Stuffed Green Pepper Salad, Sliced Peaches or Fruit of Choice, Orange Spoilage Layer Cake, Iced Tea or Cocoa. HOT SUNDAY DINNER: Green Corn Soup, Baked Chicken, Cauldied Sweet Potatoes, Peas or Corn, Stewed Tomatoes, Lemon Sherbet, Sponge Cake, Hot or Iced Coffee.

Menu for Monday. BREAKFAST: Berries, Cereal of Choice, Coddled Eggs, Cream Rolls, Toast, Jam or Jelly, Coffee or Cocoa. LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Peanut Butter Croquettes with Tomato Sauce, Raspberry Shortcake, Butter-milk or Iced Tea. DINNER: Grape Juice, Devilled Clams, Baked Potatoes, Cotelet, Fruit Tapioca, Coffee.

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Bring Out Your Hidden Beauty. Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercifully wax will gradually, gently absorb the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Mer-ciful wax in one ounce package with directions for use, is sold by all druggists.

The Safe Food for Your Baby. The healthy adult has developed power of resisting disease germs in his food—Baby has not! Milk which grown-ups can take safely may be dangerous for Baby, especially in the summer. If he cannot have mother's milk, fresh and pure, be sure his 'bottle' food is germ-free and safe!

The Allenburgs' Foods. The Pure Progressive Dietary Foods. Milk Food No. 1 (From birth to three months), Milk Food No. 2 (From three to six months), Malted Food No. 3 (From six months onward). The Allenburgs' Milk Foods are prepared from clean, fresh cow's milk, enriched with cream and milk-sugar, and freed from the excess of curd-forming material, so that it is practically the same in composition as mother's milk.

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"Be sure it's SIFTO SALT". Let that be part of your next message to your grocer if you want something different, something better for table use. It always remains free-running, even in the dampest weather, never clogs the shaker, never hardens under any condition.

Tenderer than Skin. THE laundry work for which Ivory Soap is used is another proof of its excellence for bath and toilet. For Ivory Soap washes safely the exquisite linens and laces, the gossamer-like silks, the delicately colored materials which will show the effect of the slightest particle of free alkali or any other harsh material sooner even than your tender skin.



(Continued from page 7.) The usual weekly tea was held at the Yacht Club on Wednesday afternoon. The guests included: Mrs. Charles Livingston, Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Mrs. J. H. Byrne (Ottawa), Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hubert Ryan, Miss Martha Smith, Mrs. Arthur Craig, Mrs. G. W. Mylks, Mrs. J. J. McKay, Mrs. Third, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Andrew Forsman (Montreal), Mrs. R. F. Segsworth (Toronto), Mrs. R. J. Gardiner, Miss Dargavel (Elgin), Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. Norman Fraser, Mrs. James Rigney, Mrs. Regan (London), Mrs. Charles Low, Mrs. Stafford Kirkpatrick, Mrs. E. Chambers (Ottawa), Miss Willis, Miss Winifred Claxton, Miss Florence Cunningham, Miss Eva Martin, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Millie Ferris, Miss Nell Macdonnell, Miss Bessie Smythe, Miss Sybil Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Strauge and others.

Dr. Edward J. Williamson, Hon-

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