

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

I AM GIVEN EVIDENCE OF ARTHUR'S FAITHFULNESS

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Both Marian and I seemed to feel that with the mention of Mr. Gordon's name we had a ground of mutual understanding and admiration. What I had said about him had been spoken almost involuntarily, out of an earnest and grateful heart. In the short time I had known him he had a thousand ways given me reason to like him, and it seemed that the longer I knew him the more deeply I was becoming indebted to him for his consideration.

"Uncle John, my father tells me, has had a remarkable career," said Marian. "He and my mother were left orphans when they were small children, and were reared by my father's parents. When Uncle John was 18 years old he started in business for himself. No amount of persuasion could induce him to enter his grandfather's firm. He declared a mercantile life was distasteful to him, and entered a broker's office as a clerk. It was not long before he organized a company of his own, and a few years later his business had become so extensive that he was compelled to move to New York so that he could direct it from Wall street. His wonderful ability as a financier resulted in his obtaining control of some of the largest railroad lines in Mexico.

"Since then it has been his dream to consolidate them into one system, but the Mexican government owns some of the roads and will not let him. It is only a question of time, though, when he will succeed, because he always succeeds. He has constantly been busy with great things, but when I was a child he never failed to find time to romp with me, and even now his love for little children makes him forget business cares.

"But he has never cared for society. I do not think he was ever at a dance in his life. He says he never wished to learn to dance, and one would think that dinners and receptions were rattling guns, he avoids them so. Yet, I think at one time he greatly admired a young woman. I do not know what happened or how it came about, but the girl married someone else, and since then I do not think Uncle John has said ten words to a woman, if he could possibly avoid it. Until he met you I don't think he really liked a woman, unless it was the girl I spoke of."

I felt a warm color steal to my cheeks as Marian pressed my hand. I could frame no reply and sat silent waiting for her to continue.

"I would so like for him to meet a woman he could love. It is a terrible thing for a man like him not to have some one dear to him who can be with him in his time. Perhaps he will find some one."

I suggested faintly. "He is still a young man."

"Yes," said Marian, "he is only 40. It seems impossible when one realizes what he has accomplished. In twenty-two years he has become one of the few men dominating the finances of this country."

The waiter brought the last course which we soon finished. The conversation which, at times, had proved so painful and embarrassing to me had brought color to Marian's cheeks and brightness to her eyes. She seemed almost a different girl from the pale little creature I had met on the train.

As she rose from her seat I noticed that she did not lean upon the table and as we walked through the main dining room toward the Palm Garden I noticed that her strength was fast returning to her. The physician's prediction that she would soon be her plump, happy little self would soon be realized.

As we reached the enclosure Marian was attracted by some wonderful flowers and drew me through the entrance. We found that we were in a veritable paradise of gorgeous blooms, the perfume of which filled the air. We walked back and forth for a few minutes inspecting various of the tropical plants and then seated ourselves in an obscure part of the great glass covered room.

For a time each was busy with her thoughts and did not speak. In this beautiful place it seemed a sacrifice to be other than light hearted and happy, yet there was a vague unrest tugging at my heart strings. I seemed to sense the nearness of distress.

Marian had given herself wholly to the influence of her surroundings. The dense odor of the flowers seemed to have acted upon her like an anesthetic. She rested her head upon the back of her seat, closed her eyes and appeared to be sleeping.

Presently I was aware of the hum of voices near me. At first I paid no attention, but gradually the tones, which at first had merely attracted my subconsciousness, became more distinct until finally I sat up with a start. Surely it could not be! Yet, I knew it was true. The voice was Arthur's.

My body was rigid and every nerve in it tingled. My ears were strained to catch each sound before I realized that I was in the position of an eavesdropper. At that moment Arthur's companion raised her voice slightly in a merry jest and then I heard her laugh melodiously. Arthur joining merrily in. I could stand it no longer. I determined to see who his companion was.

I was saved the trouble, for just as I was about to rise, they got up and slowly promenade past where I was sitting. I felt as if a hand had clutched my heart and fell back almost fainting in my seat.

The woman was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. I knew instinctively that it was Therese Regnier!

(To Be Continued)

Long Time to Wait.

Here is a story concerning the late Mr. J. F. Warden and the veteran John L. Toole. The twain entered a hotel which was a favorite resort in Belfast forty years ago, having arranged a plan of campaign before going in. J. F. ordered a bottle of champagne and asked the proprietor, who knew both gentlemen well, whether he would be satisfied to take payment when a bet which they had just made was decided. He assented readily, and the bottle was instantly uncorked, mine host cordially accepting the invitation to join in a glass.

They chatted freely for a while, then prepared to depart. The proprietor hinted, before going, that he would like to know the result of the bet and what it was about.

"Oh," said Mr. Warden, "we have been examining the Albert Memorial, and my friend Mr. Toole has laid me a bet that when it falls it will be in the direction of Corporation street."

"I have bet him that, instead, it will fall towards Victoria street."

Don't forget to pull down the blinds if you live in a glass house.

BRITISH IN RUSSIA.

Tremendous Ovation for Unit of Armoured Cars.

Officers and men of the British unit in Russia have had conferred upon them by the Tsar the Order and Medal of St. Ann for "meritorious work." This unit consists of a large number of powerful armoured cars and a complete equipment with hundreds of officers and men. Many of its members have fought in Belgium, France, Gallipoli, and in German South-West Africa, and they represent South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Ireland, while a number come from the constituency (North Huntingdon) of Commander Locker-Lampson, M.P., who is in command. The unit left England in November last, but, the ice having formed in the White Sea, they were unable to proceed to Archangel, and thereupon steamed to Alesandrovsk, which remains an open port all the year round. The transport with the armoured cars were anchored in the harbor of Alesandrovsk, while the officers and men landed and prepared to spend the winter in the Arctic. The winter months were very hard, with intense cold, the glass being nearly always below zero, and with but a couple of hours light daily, but the men, despite the hardships and frosts, were cheery and in good spirits. The school buildings at Alesandrovsk—a centre of education in Lapland—were utilized as barracks, and here day by day the British were drilling and training in order to keep themselves fit for the work ahead of them. As soon as the ice melted all rejoined their ships and proceeded to Archangel, where they had a tremendous welcome and civic reception. The unit were feted all the way to Moscow, and had another enthusiastic reception there. They were cheered and pelted with flowers by thousands of people, and following a public luncheon, Commander Locker-Lampson and other members of the unit were presented with mementoes by the Grand Duchess Elizabeth. So they progressed to the battifront, always through cheering crowds at the wayside stations, where flowers and cigarettes were thrown into the railway carriages.

Naval Facts.

In the British shipbuilding yards, when the present orders are completed, well over 1,000,000 tons of shipping will have been turned out during the war. A ship which used to take eighteen months is now executed in twelve, although extravagant acceleration rates have been abolished. In one yard, which had never yet failed to keep the appointed day for delivery, the rate of work in the last twelve months has been one destroyer every seven weeks. Three aeroplanes a week are also part of its product; and this in spite of the fact that skilled men have been taken from the shipyards for the army and there is a cry for more men. They are building ships so fast in one yard that only one aide of certain vessels can be finished till the ship next to it has been launched on account of lack of space. Not a yard of ground, not a minute of time, is wasted. The heads of these wonderful yards are enthusiastic over their work and its efficiency. One of these men spent \$25,000 on an experimental tank for models of ships, while another spent \$32,000 on a similar experiment. The tools and machinery for these colossal shipbuilding operations are huge. At one of the yards on the Tyne there is a crane that could lift an express locomotive off the Tyne high-level bridge, while some of the tools for the boring and lining of large projectiles weigh twenty-four tons.

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper By Pictorial Review

For Scout Duties or Play.



A boy scout suit with very military-looking jacket, trousers, puttees and hat. The pacific youngster may use it for a play suit.

The natural instinct of a boy is to love a suit that boasts a military air and in these days of preparedness talk has a greater longing than ever for a soldier costume. This model is intended for boy scout service, or it may be used for a play suit, if the youngster hails from a pacifist household. A jacket, side closing knicker-



Material: Open 27 inches wide, without nap. Patented April 30, 1907, COLLARS.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

- Menu for Tuesday**
- BREAKFAST**
Stewed Fruit, Cold Boiled Rice
Omelet, Fried with Ham
Crisp Roll or Toast
Jelly or Marmalade
Coffee or Tea
- LUNCHEON OR SUPPER**
Fried Eggplant
Pickled Beets, Mushrooms
Iced Tea or Milk
- DINNER**
Grape Juice
Panned Veal Chops
Creamed Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Stewed Tomatoes
Iced Watermelon
Coffee or Tea

Things Every Mother Says.

Have you tidied up after you? Of course, you'll have the last word!

Do you put your gloves on before you go out? Nothing looks so bad.

If you don't tell me of these things, who do you think will?

Do you think I would have dared to speak to my mother like that?

Take your elbows off the table—how many more times?

Wait till you've got a home of your own! What you'll do I don't know!

Do come and have your food first; talk afterwards! If anyone else tells you, you believe it; but I've been telling you the same thing for years!

I do think it hard that great girls like you can't keep quiet when you are asked.

Yes, when I've gone you'll begin to appreciate me!

You can't expect me to do everything for you!

Now, don't get too excited; you'll cry before you've finished, you know!

Run your legs off for anyone else, but I'll ask you to do a little thing in the house.

Thinking my dear girl? Of course it is! Only just found it out?

Don't talk so loudly! And wait until I have finished speaking.

That's right—turn the house upside down before you have been in five minutes!

I don't like the way you are doing your hair lately.

No one would think you had been carefully brought up.

Don't frown so.

"Where's mother?" Here I am. What you'll all do when I'm gone, I don't know!

You are more trouble to me now than when you were little.

Do sit up straight, and put your shoulders back.

"Oh, mother!" Yes, go on—when will mother ever do anything right?

You must have heard me calling you! If there was anything I didn't want you to hear, you would hear it quick enough.

Well, there, I've told you! I don't think she is a nice girl!

Food! Food! I'm sick of the sight of food!

Don't contradict! Who do you think ought to know best, you or I?

Of course you'll have your own way!

Yes, you look very nice; but—have you mended your gloves?

I'd have been ashamed for my mother to darn my stockings!

Now, why can't you eat—that! Such daintiness! You'll be glad of it one day, my girl!

Don't speak to your father like that!

Yes, children are a worry—BUT I WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT MINE!

A Man's Meal for Five Cents. Living on mush makes a mushy man. A man who works with hand or brain must have a man's food. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream will supply all the strength-giving nutriment needed for a half-day's work of play at a cost of not over five cents. Simply crisp a few Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven and serve with fresh fruits and milk or cream.

THE motorist who selects Goodyear Tires will find that in the end—whether he previously paid more or paid less for his tires—Goodyears will show the lowest last cost.

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA
TIRES

Goodyear Service Stations show this Emblem—Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to obtain from them everywhere.

Your Bath and Toilet

IVORY Soap gives a rich, copious, smooth, creamy lather, yet rinses easily. Ivory Soap cleanses perfectly, yet does not irritate or injure anything it touches. These are the reasons why Ivory Soap should be used in your home for bath and toilet.

5 CENTS
IVORY SOAP 99 1/100% PURE
IT FLOATS

Procter & Gamble Factories in Hamilton, Canada

CORDED COTTONS USED AS LINEN SUBSTITUTES.

Striped Fabrics Shown in Skirt Departments—Frocks Made of Lawn and Dimity.

Cotton gabardine, cotton home-spuns, cotton covert, various corded cottons of linen weight and some new heavy cotton twills are made up as substitutes for linen, though they fail to achieve its successes.

Gay striped designs in these heavy cottons and quaint printed designs of the toile de Jouy type are bought for skirts and in the separate skirt departments these models are considerably in evidence, though, cotton corduroy in white and colors and other heavy corded cottons are most in demand.

For the simplest of thin cotton frocks all of the old favorites are used—lawns, dimities, ginghams, volles and the rest; and some of these stuffs fit far more easily with the bouffant and flaring modes of the moment than they did with soft and clinging lines. A degree of crispness is desirable, provided the material is sheer and fine as well as crisp, and there are some delightful little models in lawn and in dimity that are picturesquely chic.

Ginghams have grown in grace from season to season until both in the plain colors and in checks and plaids they are often lovely, but the scarcity of dyes has affected this material, and there are fewer attractive novelties than usual.

Fine handkerchief linens are scarce, too, though one sees many delectable frocks of this material in plain light colors and in fine stripes. Especially in clear and lovely light pinks strong enough to stand tubing well, yet soft and becoming, the simply made frock of handkerchief linen with dainty collar and cuffs of white is the ideal thing for a summer morning, but unfortunately

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER

SANTAL MIDY

Relieved in 24 Hours

Every 10c Packet of **WILSON'S FLY PADS**

WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN 50 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

such simplicity comes rather high. There are some very effective light yellows in handkerchief linen and the imported models are often in either canary yellow or the softer and less trying maize yellow, with relieving touches of white. And there is a particularly springlike and lovely green in this fine linen that, whatever its tubbing possibilities, would be a cool and comforting sight on a torrid day, though not every woman could wear it.

Every woman is judge and jury unto her own husband. Even experience is unable to teach a fool anything.

"My Breakfast

half the year," says a doctor, "consists of a dish of Grape-Nuts, one or two eggs, or fruit— I recommend it."

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is mighty nourishing and delicious. Made of whole wheat and barley, with all their goodness, including the priceless mineral salts so essential for normal balance of body and brain.

Crisp, ready to eat, easy to digest—an "energy" food of the highest value.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

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