

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

ARTHUR'S ABSENCE IS PARTLY EXPLAINED

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The old question which has been on my lips so many times, and which I had persisted in asking my attendant the day before, was the first one I put to her now.

"Where is my husband?"

"In New York," she replied slowly on my hesitation.

"New York?" I repeated slowly.

"Yes."

"Did he—?" My voice faltered.

"Did he leave me?"

"Of course," smiled the nurse, whose name I had learned was Miss Thompson. "How else could he be in New York?"

I was too much troubled to note the flippancy.

"He left me when I was ill?"

Suddenly I remembered the night I arrived in New Orleans and my husband's insistence that I go and dine with the Beglers. So he had carried his cruelty even farther! He had left me when I was desperately sick!

"But you were not ill when he left," said Miss Thompson. "Or if you were he did not know it."

"How strange!"

"Not at all."

One might have thought that the nurse wished to defend him. She went on:

"Of course I do not know as much about the circumstances as you would like to hear, but I was instructed to tell you that Mr. Pembroke departed hurriedly that afternoon you were out with Miss Howard and her uncle. Mr. Pembroke tried to find you at that time, but it was necessary for him to catch a certain train, and the best he could do was to leave you a note, off-merely stated that he would wire you immediately upon arriving in New York, and would tell you in the telegram where he would be. Letters addressed to him at the Waldorf-Astoria would reach him meanwhile.

"When you became ill the note was found on your dressing table. Mr. Gordon wired him the next day that you were sick, but the message did not say your condition was serious. Since then Mr. Gordon has sent a telegram every day and you have received on every day from your husband. He is well. We have opened the telegrams partly to be sure that he was still in New York and partly to satisfy ourselves that he was getting the messages which were sent to him. The last message which came this morning, said he was leaving last night for home. He will be here tomorrow.

She went to another part of the room and returned with a handful of telegrams. "Here they all are," she said. "Shall I read them to you?"

"Read the note first," I told her.



I waited until what I thought was an auspicious moment, and when the nurse came to my bedside, I caught her hand and detained her.

She searched the sheaf of messages but could not find it.

"I know where it is," she cried as if suddenly remembering. "I showed it to you a week ago when I thought you had recovered from your delirium, and you seized it and put it under your pillow. When I sought to take it away you made me promise to leave it near you, and I did. It must have fallen and been caught on the bed springs.

This proved to be true. The note was in Arthur's big boyish handwriting and evidently had been hastily penned. It stated that the greatest piece of business he had been entrusted with necessitated his leaving at once, and then went on to tell me, as the nurse had said, that he would wire his address and would write fully as soon as he could.

"But the letter he mentions," I asked, "where is it?"

"The letter never came," Miss Thompson declared. "It must have been mislaid."

I ran over the messages. Evidently Mr. Gordon, for some reason, had not given him any idea that I was more than slightly indisposed. In his earlier messages Arthur invariably asked how I was, but the words he said showed that he had no idea there was anything much the matter with me. The latter messages contained no reference to my illness and apparently he took it for granted that I was well again.

The missive told repeatedly of the success which he had met with in handling the "deal," as he called it, and of the benefit his firm would reap as a result. There was enthusiasm to be read in every sentence and between every line. They were written by the Arthur I knew before I came to New Orleans; in the days when we were supremely happy in our little nest back North.

My eyes filled with tears as I pictured him the day he came home and told me of his promotion and instructions to go South. It had meant so much to him, yet in the wake of this seeming good fortune had come the keenest anguish I had ever known!

(To Be Continued.)

Northern Ontario Fire Relief

A Committee has been formed to receive Funds for the Relief of Sufferers

The Northern Ontario Fire Relief Committee, consisting of representatives of the Dominion and Ontario Governments, City of Toronto, Ontario Associated Boards of Trade, Toronto Board of Trade, and Canadian Manufacturers' Association, has been formed at the request of the Ontario Government to solicit and administer funds for the immediate relief of fire sufferers. The Dominion and Ontario Governments have each subscribed One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and the City of Toronto Fifty Thousand. It is estimated that at least Four Hundred Thousand Dollars is needed to effectively relieve the situation, which is very serious. Citizens are urged not to make contributions through other than the Toronto central organization, in order that duplication and waste may be avoided.

Subscriptions are earnestly and urgently requested, and should be made payable to T. Bradshaw, Commissioner of Finance, Toronto, Treasurer of the Fund.

ARTHUR HEWITT,
President Toronto Board of Trade, Chairman.

NORTHERN ONTARIO FIRE RELIEF COMMITTEE

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Public Opinion

"Three wrappers preserve their delicious oven-crispness"

"The natural corn flavour is delicious!"

"They're known by the 'Bubbles'"

"Don't mush down in cream"

"Don't chaff or crumble in the package"

The first taste of New Post Toasties reveals the fact that something different—something better—has arrived for the breakfast table.

The secret is in the flavor—a self-developed flavor of pearly white Indian corn—not the flavor of cream and sugar upon which other flakes have to depend.

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The proof is in the eating—have your grocer send you a package.

New Post Toasties

Made in Canada—By Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

The Way of the British

It isn't the way of the British, In the fight for country and King On the fair, white field of their valor, The shadow of shame to bring. There isn't a lad in the army, There isn't a lad on the sea, Would dim the light of his honor, By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain To grasp with greedy hand, And hold with a despot's power, Domain in friendly land. But she fights for "a scrap of paper," She dies for "an old colored rag," When the one is her word of promise And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British, With ruthless hands of hate,

The priceless things of a nation To plunder and desecrate. Not 'gainst defenceless women And children their guns are turned; Not 'gainst the weak and fallen— That isn't the way they've learned.

It isn't the way of the British To strike like the heathen hordes, To torture the helpless captives, They take at the point of their swords. That was never the way with Britain, Her strength is the strength of her ten; For her sons in the far-flung warfare, Fight like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners— It was but a week ago— Were called to a post of peril, In the path of the furious foe. It was certain death, and they knew it; But the valour in each heart burned. "Good-bye, good-bye to you fellows!" They called and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons, And there dashed through the sulphurous smoke, With the same farewell to their

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Wednesday

- BREAKFAST**
Steamed Potatoes
Cereal of Choice
Creamed Codfish on Toast
Cinnamon Toast
Coffee or Cocoa
- LUNCHEON OR SUPPER**
Codfish Cakes with Tomato Sauce
Fruit of Choice
Cookies or Crackers
Buttermilk or Tea
- DINNER**
Lamb Broth
Roasted Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb
Browned Sweet Potatoes
Lima Beans
Lettuce Salad
Lemon Sherbet
Coffee

Creamed Codfish on Toast
Materials—One package of codfish, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon grated onion.

Utensils—Colander, measuring cup, teaspoon, tablespoon, saucepan.
Directions—Put the codfish into colander; pour boiling water over and press out all the water; add to the cream sauce. Serve on rounds of toast; garnish with sprigs of parsley. The reason for pouring the boiling water over the codfish is to remove the extra salt.

Sauce—Put the butter into saucepan; when melted add the flour and stir until smooth and creamy; add the cold milk slowly, stirring until smooth and creamy; add onion and salt and pepper to taste. Boil three minutes.

Codfish Cakes with Tomato Sauce
Materials—One quart potatoes, codfish which was pressed and not used for the creamed codfish for breakfast, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, dash paprika, 1 egg and breadcrumbs.

Utensils—Saucepan, potato masher, tablespoon, teaspoon, two soup plates for flour and eggs, eggbeater.
Directions—Boil and mash the potatoes, and add the codfish, the butter, onion and paprika. Mix well. Make into twelve small cakes; dip in flour, then in egg, which has been mixed with a little cold milk, and last in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep, hot oil or drippings.

Tomato Sauce
Materials—Two cups of strained tomatoes, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika and a little mixed ground spice.
Utensils—Measuring cup, teaspoon, tablespoon, saucepan.
Directions—Cook the above ingredients slowly until thick. Serve hot or cold with codfish cakes, same as catsup.



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comrades, While a wreath of smile outbreake— And eager ranks close in. That is the way with the British. That is the way they win.

That is the way of the British— In the strength of their righteous cause, Upheld by the hosts of heaven, They strike for their king and laws. From what do they shrink—our soldiers? They may lose in the fearful fray, Their lives, but never their honor, Who fight in the British way.

Then here's to you, lads in the army, And here's to you, lads on the sea; To your hands that are strong and steady, To your hearts that are true and free! Though long it be ere the dawning, It cometh at last—the day,

When all that you've fought for, bid for, You shall win in the British way. —Lillias Leveridge.

Quite A Sudden Death.
Belleville, Aug. 14.—Elias M. Smith, a well-known resident passed away Saturday morning after a brief illness, at his home on Great St. James street. Deceased arose at his usual hour, and after partaking of breakfast complained of feeling unwell. His ailment increased in intensity and in a few minutes death resulted from heart trouble. Mr. Smith was seventy-three years of age, and had resided in Belleville many years. An aged widow and family survive.

Mount Etna in Eruption.
Rome, Aug. 14.—The Etna observatory reports that the centre of the crater of Mount Etna, now 1,200 feet deep, is in full eruption. Lava is flowing to the south-west.

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