

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

I PUT MY PLAN INTO EXECUTION.

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The days passed without an opportunity coming to me. I was beginning to suspect that I soon would be unable to conceal my returning strength much longer and finally would be compelled to heed Miss Thompson's suggestion that I try to sit up for a short while. But as the longest day has a sunset and the darkest night a dawn, as the chance for which I had waited so persistently came at last.

A careless bellboy was responsible for my opportunity. Miss Thompson had stepped out into the corridor on an errand when the boy came running down the hall. They collided and the frail nurse was thrown headlong to the floor. I heard a muffled cry, followed by the boy's exclamation, and then came the tramp of many feet on the heavily carpeted floor. They picked Miss Thompson up and were about to carry her into my parlor when a good-hearted little woman across the hall interfered. She insisted that the nurse should not be taken into a sick room and threw open her own apartment as a temporary hospital.

It was the chance for which I had waited! Slowly I raised myself on my elbow and looked about. Was I capable of the effort?

My long illness and long confinement to the bed had sapped my strength to such an extent that my head swam when I gazed over the coverlid toward the floor and when, at length, I sat up and dangled my feet over the side of the bed I had the sensation of gazing from the top of a skyscraper. The carpet seemed 60 feet below me.

Cautiously I let myself down to the floor and tottered across to the armchair, which is part of the furniture of every Southern bedroom. Pulling on a dressing gown I made my way into the parlor and sank into a chair before the telephone table.

It was a long time before I felt strong enough to lift the receiver from the hook. When I did my voice was hardly more than a whisper, as I asked the operator for the number I wanted.

It was my husband's office. My plan was simply to telephone there and ask for him.

"Hello!" The voice sounded so suddenly and harshly in my ear that I started and almost dropped the instrument.

Recovering myself with an effort, I asked for Mr. Pembroke.

"Who is it?" was the impetuous query.

"This is—a customer," I stammered in desperation. Did my husband have customers? Or were they clients? Perhaps they were neither.

The man at the other end of the wire hesitated. He must have been one of those clumsy underlings who seem to find employment in almost every office. No one seems to want them about, yet they are always given positions. They do not appear to do much work of any sort, and no one can tell precisely why they are tolerated, yet they are eternally visible in business establishments.

"You say you are a customer?" he questioned.

His ignorance angered me.

"Yes," I returned sharply. "Tell Mr. Pembroke to come to the telephone at once."

"But," protested the youth, "he's not here. I can't tell him."

"Where is he?" My voice had lost some of its peremptoriness, but it must have remained more or less commanding, for the boy became almost meek as his answer showed.

"He is out of the city. Is there anyone else you wish to speak to?"

"Yes," I told him. "Put Mr. Towne on the wire."

Mr. Towne was my husband's chief clerk, and I knew that if anyone in New Orleans knew where Arthur was, Mr. Towne was that person.

"Mr. Towne," I said, when he finally spoke to me, "I want to speak to my husband, Mr. Pembroke. It is necessary that I speak to him at once. Put him on the wire."

The Church on the Hill.

(Sydenham, Ont.)

'Tis like a sacred shrine set on a hill—
A village landmark typical of good;
The light of truth is shining from its still.
Where more than half a century it has stood.

This plain stone church belonged to the "M. E.'s" before the Union formed in 'Eighty-four. Some worthy ones to please;
Yet it was blest, judged by the fruit it bore.

(So may the triple Union pending still,
If consummated it is yet to be,
The higher purposes of God fulfil,
Till all in Christ shall happily agree.)

The Primitive—in life and doctrine sound—
Gave up their church, now known as Wesley Hall,
And in the larger room on higher ground
Both found a place of worship fit for all.

There has the gospel message been proclaimed
By men of God filled with the Holy Ghost,
Like to rich or poor, to whole or maimed,
Both to the faithful few and mighty host.

There has the marriage ritual been read
For bride and groom mid scenes so gay and bright,
There funeral rites have crowned the sainted dead,
Ere they were buried out of mortal sight.

There at the altar multitudes have knelt,
Contrite in spirit, penitent in heart,
Till by God's grace thro' faith in Christ they felt
The joy the Holy Spirit doth impart.

There infants and adults have been baptized
In God the Father, Son and Spirit's name;
There oft has Pentecost been realized,
Where love and peace to hearts receptive came.

There, too, have earthly saints, sincere and meek,
Assembled round the sacramental board,
And inly felt the thanks they could not speak
As they communed with Christ their risen Lord.

Of those who there were of the Spirit born,
Some are deceased, whose bodies neath the ground
Await in hope the resurrection morn
To rise in triumph at the trumpet's sound.

Some have removed to places near or far

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Saturday

BREAKFAST
Stewed Fruit of Choice
Boiled Whole Wheat Cereal
Crisp Fried Bacon on Toast
Sally Luncheon
Jelly or Jam
Coffee or Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Squash Fritters
Tomato Salad
Cinnamon Buns
Buttermilk or Tea

DINNER
Veal Cutlet
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Cucumbers or corn on the Cob
Peppers Stuffed with Cabbage
Salad
Pineapple Water Ice
Cake
Coffee

1 tablespoon milk, breadcrumbs, Utensils—Platter, deep frypan, manilla paper.

Directions—When buying veal cutlets always have it cut thin. Cut into pieces (a medium sized cutlet will make six or eight pieces), dust with salt, pepper and flour, dip in egg, (1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon milk); then in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot fat. Drain on stale bread or pepper. In the centre of the platter make a mound of the mashed potatoes. Place the cutlet against the mashed potatoes and serve.

Mashed Potatoes
Materials—One quart potatoes, 3/4 cup boiling milk, 1 teaspoon salt.
Utensils—Two-quart saucepan, measuring cup, potato masher, teaspoon.

Directions—Wash, pare and put the potatoes in boiling water to cook; boil until tender; drain, mash and add milk and salt.



APPLE GREEN SILK NET OVER GREEN TAFFETA. A charming evening gown of apple green silk net over green taffeta combined with a green net of a darker shade.

To prove by faithful service their For God and man; and may no evil mar Their happiness till called to realms above.

Some yet remain to join the earnest Met in God's name to learn his holy will, Who fill "The Hall" with Zion's cheerful songs, Or worship in the old church on the hill.

When the elect of every creed and name Hear Gabriel's trump and rise above the sod, They'll share alike the everlasting Of Kingship in the Paradise of God.

—W. W. WEESE, Gananoque. *Methodist Episcopal.

CLAMORS FOR PEACE IN BERLIN

Authorities Unable to Suppress Agitations—Censorship to be Wiped Out.

Rotterdam, Aug. 18.—Throughout Germany the authorities have their hands full confiscating and trying to trace the source of pamphlets advocating peace at any price.

This symptom of revolt among a large section of people recently assumed alarming proportions. A few days ago there was a house-to-house search in Berlin, resulting in the arrest of an editor and printer associated with the Socialist organization. Strongest measures, however, failed to suppress this form of agitation against war, which is so widespread as to battle the efforts of the military and the police. It is proof of the existence of a great undercurrent of discontent, approaching rebellion among the working classes of Germany.

The well-informed Cologne correspondent of the Tyd writes: "Complete removal of the censorship may be expected shortly, as the authorities can no longer oppose the increasing stream of protests and the bitter agitation among the people. The only result of the Government's measures of suppression is the appearance in circulation of secretly produced pamphlets distributed from hand to hand, which are increasing the prevailing unrest and the general feeling of collapse. Removing the censorship would be a safety valve, for the feeling is now increasing in bitterness among the laboring classes."

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP for Preserving

Use one-third "Lily White", and two-thirds sugar. This delicious white syrup—so pure and sweet—brings out the natural flavour of fruits and berries—prevents jellies from candying—protects preserves of all kinds against fermentation and mold—and improves the quality and flavour of everything you put up.

Try "Lily White" Corn Syrup for Preserving this year. At all dealers in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
Montreal—Cardinal—Bramford—Fort William.
Makers of "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup, Benson's Corn Starch and "Silver Glass" Laundry Starch. 279



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HARVEST HELP

Excursions!

TO WINNIPEG August 17th and 31st Fare \$12.00

Seaside Excursions to Lower St. Lawrence, Maritime Provinces Points and New Foundland. Going dates, August 18th to 21st inclusive. Return limit, Sept. 6th, 1916.

For full particulars apply to J. P. Hanley, C. P. & T. A., corner Johnson and Ontario streets.

An Order-in-Council has been passed, providing for a system of registration. A woman seldom gets old enough to admit she's as old as that.

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE
MONTREAL TO LONDON (Via Falmouth)
AUSONIA ... From Montreal Aug. 31
Cabin and Third Class
MONTREAL TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth Dock)
From Bristol ... From Montreal Aug. 10
FELTRIA ... Sept. 1
POLIA ... Sept. 12
Cabin Passengers Only.

Montgomery Dye Works

For the Best in French Dry Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing.
J. B. HARRIS, Prop., 225 Princess St.

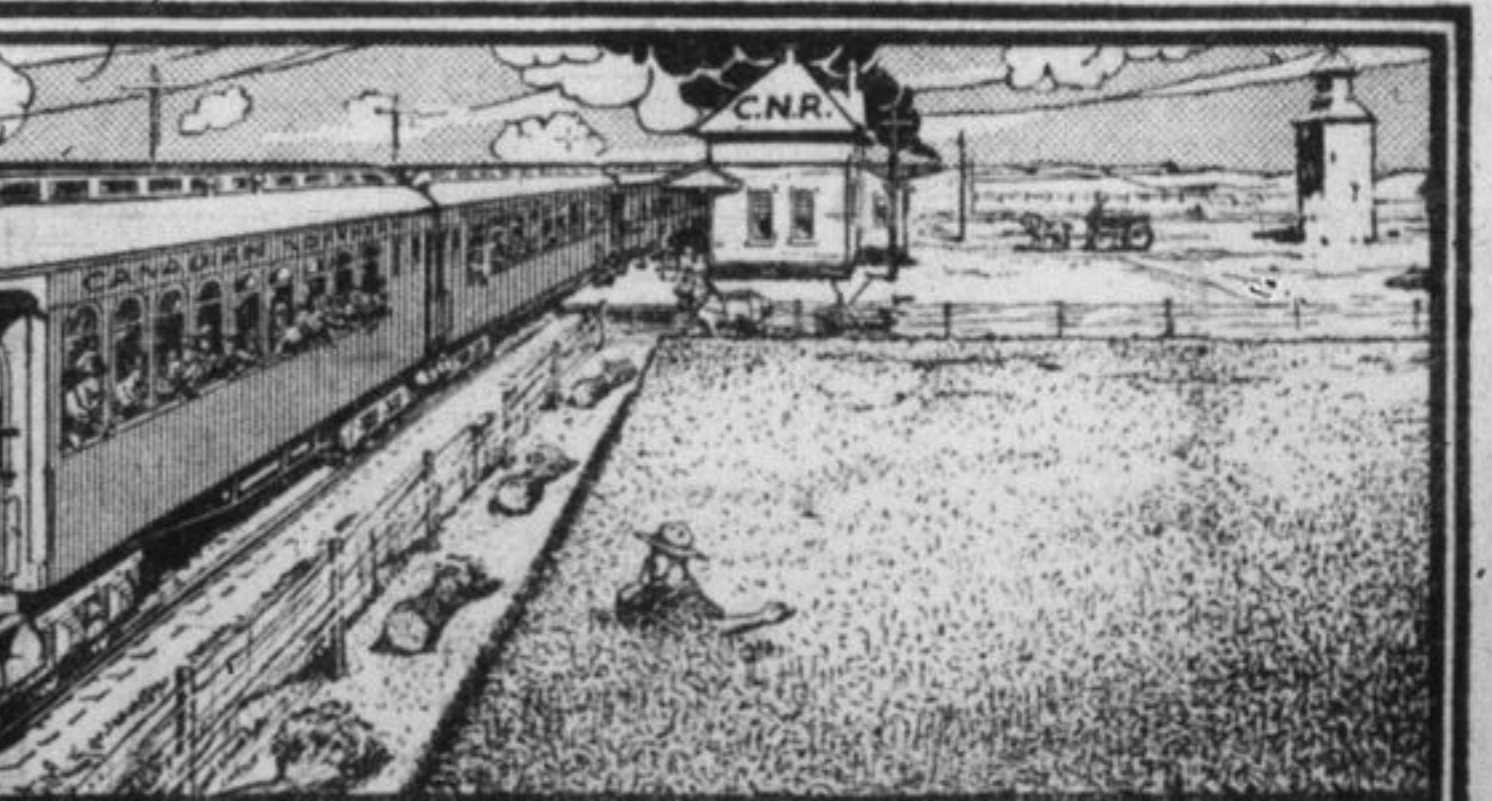
Farm Laborers



Excursions

Going Trip West \$12.00 TO WINNIPEG
Return Trip East \$18.00 FROM WINNIPEG
Going Dates August 17 and 31 From Toronto Sudbury Line and East, but not including Smith's Falls or Renfrew, also from Main Line East of Sudbury, but not including North Bay.
August 19 and September 2 From Toronto, also West and South thereof.

Particulars from F. Cowan, C.P.A., City Ticket Office, Cor. Princess and Wellington streets. Phone 1197.



40,000 Farm Laborers Wanted \$12.00 TO WINNIPEG

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE
Leave Toronto Union Station 11 p.m., Aug. 17th, 19th, 31st, and Sept. 2nd.
THROUGH TRAINS WITH LUNCH COUNTER CARS ATTACHED

EXCURSION DATES

Aug. 17th and 31st From Toronto east to Chaffey's Locks and Kingston, also north to Thornlea.

DESTINATION TERRITORY—Tickets one-half cent per mile (minimum 50c) till Sept. 30th, 1915, west of Winnipeg to any station east of Calgary, Edmonton and Tannis, Alta.

RETURN FARE AND LIMIT—One-half cent per mile (minimum 50c) to Winnipeg on or before Nov. 30th, 1916, plus \$18.00 from Winnipeg to original starting point.

For tickets and leaflet showing number of farm laborers required at each point, also wages paid, apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or R. H. Ward, Station Agent, or M. C. Dunn, City Agent.

CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY

Krumbles

The New Whole Wheat Food with the Delicious Flavor originated by the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co. BATTLE CREEK, MICH. and TORONTO, CANADA



THE dainty little miss of the household knows how good KRUMBLES is—the new all-wheat food with the delicious flavor.

Krumbles is the whole of the Wheat, cooked, "krumbled," and delicately toasted—and as everyone knows, there is nothing more nourishing and wholesome than whole wheat, especially when the Krumbles method makes it a joy to eat.

Made in Toronto, Canada. In the WAXTITE package—10c. Look for this signature.

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W. K. KELLOGG CEREAL CO., Toronto.