

# THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

## I AM TOLD OF A VERY WONDERFUL YOUNG MAN

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Day after day glided by without bringing any change in my relations with Arthur. The impulsive desire to write to him, which I had experienced on the train, did not return to me in any acute form, but I did think often in a dull sort of way that some day I might acknowledge his letter. This was as far as I got in the matter. No definite idea of what I should say to him took place in my mind. I suppose this was because I did not know my own feeling. I had not come to a full decision to accept his abandonment of me as my final one. I had determined to accept his overtures and allow him to return to me.

I did not broach the subject again to my mother. I knew that she would decide the matter on the basis of her own love for my father, and not with a full consideration of all of the circumstances surrounding Arthur and me. She had the old-fashioned idea that once a woman is married she is always married. Mother may have thought of divorce, but it was always in the abstract, just as she thought of murder and robbery. A personal application of either was as impossible in the one case as the other. She could no more think of me as a party to a divorce than she could think of me as a party to murder or robbery.

Under these circumstances it did not seem to be that mother's advice should carry any weight. My idea on the subject of matrimony seemed very different from hers and a decision based on her views might be radically different from a decision based on mine. The whole problem was one which I must solve. I alone could work out my future.

During these days of my indecision I spent most of my time visiting my childhood haunts, keeping to myself as much as possible. I did not relish the idea of meeting my old friends, for I knew that the first question they asked me would be about my husband, and then it would be up to me to either lie or tell the truth—in either event a disagreeable task. In this seclusion I was aided by circumstance. Our old home stood on the outskirts of town, bordering on a deep wood through which ran the clearest of brooks. Through this wood I had wandered as a girl, gathering flowers, talking to the birds and endeavoring in my childish innocence to make them understand me or to learn the secret of what seemed to be their own language. In those happy days my almost constant companion was William Bent, known to me in those days as Bill, Willie or Billy, according to my frame of mind, or his treatment of me. When he was rude and inconsiderate, I knew him and addressed him and thought of him as William. Sometimes when I felt that he was a real pal I called him Bill, and when his treatment of me approached the point of tenderness I invariably called him Billy.

William Bent lived with his mother in the house nearest ours, and as he was an only child and his mother a poor widow, Bill's social standing had gradually disappeared as I grew to maturity, and for many years before my marriage I had not seen him and had heard nothing about him. Indeed, he had almost passed out of my recollection when I came



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home this last time, and it was only when I looked over at the old Bent home that I thought of him at all. "Why, mother," I exclaimed the day after my arrival, "what has happened to Widow Bent's house? It looks like it has a new coat of paint and a new lease of life."

"Yes," replied mother, "and the Widow Bent herself looks like she had a new lease of life. Sometimes when I look at her and see how rosy her cheeks are, I think she, as well as the house, has had a fresh coat of paint."

"Paint?" I exclaimed. "Why the old woman must be at least 60."

"More than that," replied mother. "But, of course, I was joking about the paint. It is nothing more or less than happiness that makes her old face glow like it does. It is pride in that boy of hers. He is the rising young man of the town. He has served as State's attorney and is spoken of as a candidate for Congress. His mother thinks it will only be a few years before he will be President of the United States, and the only thing that puzzles her now is that he hasn't been President before this."

"No wonder she is proud of him."

With so little to start on and with so such an uphill road to travel, it seems remarkable that he has gotten so far.

"Indeed it does. At least it seems so until you talk to him, and then you cease to wonder. His is the brightest mind I have ever come in contact with, a perfect dynamo. In this slow, dull, little town, where everyone seems half asleep and everyone moves at a snail's pace, William Bent would seem remarkable if he moved only one-tenth as rapidly as he does. As it is, his mind probably does more thinking in one day than all the rest of the minds in town do, and his individual energy accomplishes more in 24 hours than is accomplished by one-half of the population that surrounds him."

"He must be wonderful," I exclaimed. "I should like to meet him."

"Perhaps you will," replied mother. "You will almost certainly see him if you do not stop wandering through the woods. He takes a long tramp there occasionally and unless you are not careful he will see you chasing butterflies as you used to do when you were a girl."

(To be continued.)



(Continued from Page 3.)

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Livingston returned from their wedding trip, were in Kingston for Labor Day.

Mrs. Sydney McGill and Miss Amy McGill are in Kingston, and expect to spend some time in their old home town.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Kemp, the guests of Mrs. Bates, Princess street, for the Kemp-Bates wedding, have gone to their summer home at White City, N.Y., for a short time before returning to their home in Rochester, N.Y.

Miss Mary McIntosh, who has been Mrs. Hamilton's guest at Wolfe Island, returned to Guelph the end of the week.

Miss Alice Moore and Miss Claire and Miss Elsie Robinson spent the week end at Sydenham Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Roughton and Miss Phyllis and Master Donald have returned from Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Sweeney, who have been spending the summer in Quebec, have returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sutherland and Master Arthur are moving to town this week from their summer home at Dead Man's Bay.

Miss Mildred Macmorine, who has been spending the past two weeks in town, returned to Toronto to-day.

Miss A. M. Johnson and Master Frank McMartin, Earl street, returned home from Toronto on Monday.

are en-jouissance at "The Residence," Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Minnes, "Kensington Place," have returned home after a week's visit in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nickle and their family are moving in to town this week from their summer home, "The Shelling."

Mrs. J. W. Waddell and the Misses Lucy and Gwendoline, who have been spending the summer at Loughboro, returned to town this week.

Miss Marjorie Low, who has been in town for the past two months, returned to her home in Ottawa to-day.

Capt. and Mrs. Horace Lawson, who have been in Petawawa for the summer, have rented Mrs. E. H. Pender's house on Wellington street for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Henderson and their family, who have been at Thousand Island Park, returned to Montreal this week.

Miss Helen Rew, New York, who is the guest of Mrs. Gamsby, King street, will be the bridesmaid at the Reynolds-Crisp wedding on Thursday.

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### "R" MONTH, NO OYSTERS YET.

Season Has Opened in Name Only, Dealers Say.

The oyster season has not opened in this city as yet because of the warm weather. It is generally conceded that September is not a good time in which to eat oysters, although it is an "R" month. The oyster season usually begins with September and lasts until May, all the months containing an "R," but it is considerably later than September 1st that bivalves arrive in this section. It is reported from the oyster bed sections that oysters will be plentiful this winter. It is not considered likely that they will keep pace with other food products in the increasing price.

Fashion sometimes makes us spendthrifts as well as fools. Sometimes the words "thank you" pay more than you think.

Home From Convention.

Fire Chief Armstrong is home from attending the International Fire Chiefs' convention held at Providence, R. I., and reports a good convention, although the threatened strike on the railways resulted in the convention being cut rather short in order that the delegates would be sure of getting home.

### "Low Cost of Living" Menu

**Menu for Thursday**

**BREAKFAST**  
Cantaloupe  
Homemade Cereal  
Fruit Syrup  
Creamed Dried Beef in Crisp Rolls  
Coffee or Cocoa

**LUNCHEON OR SUPPER**  
Baked Potatoes  
Baked Potatoes  
Pineapple  
Butter-milk or Tea

**DINNER**  
Tenderloin  
Panned Baked Hamburg Steak  
Sweet Potato Cones  
Cocoa or Coffee  
Fruit Tart  
Coffee

Creamed Dried Beef in Crisp Rolls  
Materials—Quarter pound dried beef, 1 tablespoon each drippings or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup cold milk, 6 rolls.

Utensils—Frypan, teaspoon, table-

# Fall Opening

Fall Fashions and Fabrics are in. During the next two weeks this department will be busy fitting out the early buyers---men who have learned the wisdom of getting the "first pick."

It does not cost any more to buy early. Even if you do not want the garments until later on it is advisable to order now and have them delivered when you want them.

This is particularly true this season when materials are so scarce and deliveries are months late in coming from the mills.

You will be surprised at the splendid range of patterns and excellent values in our showing.

**D. S. COLLIER,**  
214 Princess Street.

### STOLE MIDNIGHT LUNCH.

**A Hungry Traveller Made Raid On Lunch Counter.**

There was a very hungry traveller at the outer station, at midnight, Monday. He was not only hungry, but he was also without the price evidently, for he smashed a pane of glass in the restaurant there and helped himself to some sandwiches and made off. A call was sent to the police station, but the man with the sandwiches had ample time to get away with his lunch unmolested.

**Watertown, Wake Up!**

A Watertown despatch states that the State Department is endeavoring to secure the release of Joseph Steiger, jr., who is a prisoner of war at Fort Henry. The Whig hates to spoil a good story, but Steiger was released on June 26th, because it was shown that he was an American citizen. Nobody would have expected this of Watertown.

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**IT is the purity of a soap that most interests the doctor. For the purer it is, the better its action as an antiseptic.**

**The fact that Ivory Soap is used in many great hospitals is scientific proof that no purer soap can be made.**

**To you this means that Ivory Soap cleanses not only pleasantly but so thoroughly as to produce an aseptic condition which is cleanliness at its best.**

A piece of Ivory Soap 1 1/2 inches by 1 1/2 inches by 1 1/2 inches dissolved in a gallon of water makes a one per cent solution which is excellent for sterilizing articles in the home.

## IVORY SOAP . . . . . 99 100% PURE

Procter & Gamble Factories  
in Hamilton, Canada

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**Directions**—Put drippings or butter in frypan; add dried beef, which has been pulled into pieces; heat stirring until smooth and creamy, through. Add 1 tablespoon flour mixed well; add 1 cup cold milk. Put in crisp rolls and serve.

**Materials**—One quart sweet potatoes, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or chives, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt and dash paprika.

**Utensils**—Saucepan, knife, teaspoon, potato ricer or fruit press, eggbeater, soup plate to beat egg in, platin.

**Directions**—Wash the potatoes and boil with the skins on for twenty-five minutes or until tender. Drain, skin and put through potato ricer or fruit press. Add seasoning. Beat the egg until light and add salt. Mix well. Divide into eighths; form into cones; pour on greased pie- tin and brush with balance of egg. Place in hot oven to brown. Serve around the steak.

### To Discard Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Wrinkles

The use of creams containing animal substance sometimes causes hair to grow. You run no risk of acquiring superfluous hair when you use ordinary mercurized wax. There is nothing better for a discolored skin, as the wax actually dissolves the offensive particles. The latter is naturally replaced by a clear, smooth, healthy complexion, full of life and expression. It's the sensible way to discard a freckled, tanned, over-red, blotchy, or pimpled skin. Get an ounce of mercurized wax at any drugstore, and apply nightly like cold cream, creating in the morning with soap and water. It takes a week or so to complete the transformation.

The ideal wrinkle remover is made by dissolving an ounce of powdered salicylic in a half pint which hazel. Bathing the face in the solution brings almost instantaneous results.