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At the offices of the Bethlehem Steel Company official and emphatic denial was given to the resuscitated yarn of the contemplated merger with the Crucible Steel Company of America.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

I AM TOSSED BETWEEN ALTERNATE OPINIONS

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Mother's announcement that Arthur would arrive the following day struck me dumb for a few moments.

When I did find my tongue sufficiently to form a connected sentence mother had disappeared and I was left to my own reflections.

I remember that my first definite sensation was one of joy that my husband was coming to me.

Then all pleasure was snuffed out like a candle's blaze by the recollection of the circumstances under which we had parted.

At this my anger flamed. How dared he come and face me after all that had happened!

Had he no shame? Slowly I went over in my mind the events of my illness at the St. Charles Hotel.

Of my convalescence; of my discovery that Miss Regnier had paid my bills and provided me with a nurse; of my determination to return to my mother's home.

Then I grew cold for a moment when I remembered my flirtation with Billy Bent. What if Arthur had returned and found me infatuated with Billy?

"It would have served him right," I declared aloud with a toss of my head!

But would it have served him right? Would it have served me right to be caught in such a situation?

It may not be shameful to be on with the new love soon after one is off with the old, but it may reasonably be considered bad taste to select a new husband before one is rid of the old mate.

And I should assuredly have laid myself open to this charge had Arthur walked in upon Billy and me during some of our tete-a-tetes.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Undoubtedly I was glad that I was not entangled with Billy Bent!

It made the present situation so much simpler! But what was I to do when Arthur came? Have you, my reader, ever been in such a predicament?

If so, you can sympathize with me. If you have not been similarly situated you cannot appreciate what distress, even anguish, I endured during the next few hours puzzling over this new turn in my fortunes.

It is one thing to have a loving, tender husband return from a long absence and it is quite another thing to have the husband from whom you are separated seek you out in an effort to bring about a reconciliation.

For this is what I assumed Arthur was bent upon attempting. In the one case there is no question of the husband's status.

In the other his status becomes a huge question mark. Nor is it a very pleasant thing to contemplate your "separated husband" being under the same roof with you, even though that roof be the protecting shelter of your mother's home.

Such a state of affairs might easily give one the creeps unless there be something in the husband's visit which strikes a pleasant chord in the wife's breast.

I knew, of course, why Arthur was coming. I had never answered his written appeal, so he was on his way to receive my answer in person.

When I feared worst that mother had written him to suspect that I was eager for him to come. When this thought first came to me I quivered with anger.

Was it possible she had done such a thing? I felt that it was. Poor mother! In her yearning after my welfare, in her desire to help my career untwisted, was quite capable of intimating to Arthur that I would not be averse to a reconciliation.

The most I could do was to hope that she had not, but in this I felt that I was largely hoping against hope. I determined, however, that I should not be bound by anything mother had said or intimated.

I felt that it would be quite possible for me to learn from Arthur just how far mother had gone, and I declared that if my husband had come with any preconceived ideas of the ease with which he could reclaim his wife, he would speedily be disabused of the fancy.

Looking back upon the matter I realize now that all this was a matter of personal pride and possibly pure vanity, but nothing like this entered my thoughts that day.



Suddenly every nerve in my body tingled, and I sat bolt upright in the hammock.

child. And just as on those occasions I did not jump out of bed to hurry to meet the oncoming event, but lay very still, drinking in the enjoyment that would come from anticipation.

Yet I had not made up my mind what I should do with respect to Arthur. Perhaps my mind had made itself up without my assistance.

But if it had it was also without my knowledge. I heard my mother moving about down stairs, and back in the kitchen the maid was singing to the tune of clinking dishes.

Evidently half the morning had already gone. I arose at length and turned on the water in my bathtub. As it gurgled and splashed into the white porcelain receptacle its music started kindred strains in my own heart and soon I was humming a merry air as I prepared for my morning plunge.

I did not know what time Arthur was to arrive, but when I emerged from my room I was dressed to receive him. Unconsciously I had put on a gown which he often had admired—a soft, white frock with frilly lace around the low-cut throat.

As I passed through the library I selected a rose from a cluster which mother had placed there and stuck it loosely in my belt. I took two or three brisk turns up and down the front porch in the crisp autumn air, and when I returned to the house and went back to the dining-room I felt almost as if I were barely touching the floor, so exhilarated had I been by the sunshine, the atmosphere and my own thoughts.

After breakfast I walked through the garden and then tried to read, but I soon found that I could not keep my mind on what was before me. I read the words mechanically, but

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Wednesday

BREAKFAST: Boiled Cereal, Potato Omelet, Whole Wheat Muffins, Jam or Fruit Butter, Coffee or Cocoa.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: French Pancakes, Stewed Peaches or Plums, Butter-milk or Tea.

DINNER: Irish Stew, Sliced Tomatoes, Baked Plums or Peaches, Rolly-Poly Coffee.

Potato Omelet: Materials—Three eggs, 3 cups boiled potatoes, 3 tablespoons grated onion, 3 tablespoons cold milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, dash paprika, 1 tablespoon dripping.

Utensils—Frypan, measuring cup, teaspoon, knife, egg beater, shallow plate to beat eggs on, small bowl, spatula.

Directions—Put the drippings and onion into frypan; when hot, add the potatoes, which have been chopped fine, and seasonings; beat the eggs with three tablespoons cold water until well mixed, pour over the hot potatoes; raise the edges so the egg can get through the potatoes.

Fry until the egg is set; then double the same as omelet. Serve on hot platter, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

French Pancakes: Materials—One cup flour, 1 1/2 cups milk, 3 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, flour sifter, two measuring cups, tablespoon, teaspoon, egg beater, shallow dish to beat eggs in, iron pan, spatula.

Directions—Sift the flour and salt into bowl, add the milk and well-beaten eggs; beat five minutes. Have an iron pan very hot, remove from fire, put in a teaspoon of oil; shake the pan so oil will cover bottom.

Return to fire; pour in a very little batter, shaking pan so batter will spread all around. Shake the pan same as you would when frying an omelet.

When nice and brown on both sides spread with jelly and roll. Baked Peach or Plum Rolly-Poly: Materials—One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lard, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 cups plums, 1/2 cup sugar.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, flour sifter, two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon, bakeboard, rolling pin, knife, pudding pan.

Directions—Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add the lard and rub in very lightly; add milk enough to hold together. Place on floured bakeboard and roll out one-quarter inch thick. Wash and stone the plums, put on the dough, sprinkle with 1/2 cup sugar and roll the same as a jelly roll.

Put into pudding pan, sprinkle with sugar, cover pan and bake twenty minutes; then remove the cover and bake twenty minutes in moderate oven.

ness overtook me and I fell fast asleep. When I awoke it was with the dull impression that some one was calling me. I listened, but the summons, of there had been one, was not repeated, and I lay back.

In a few moments I heard voices not far away. Suddenly every nerve in my body tingled, and I sat bolt upright in the hammock. One of the voices was Arthur's!

At first I did not detect what was being said. Then I heard, but my confused mind could not link the sounds into intelligible words. Then, without meaning to, I found that I was eavesdropping.

"I could remain away no longer, mother," Arthur was saying in his deep, tender voice. "I should have gone mad had I been separated from her another day. No one, save only God, knows what I have suffered. She must forgive me."

His words ended in almost a sob. "My dear boy," began mother in tremulous tones, "I shall pray for you and her while you try to persuade her."

I heard Arthur's heavy steps approaching, and the lighter sound of mother's feet as she made her way back to the house. I knew she was going to keep her word—to pray for us while we met there in the summer house to seal our fate.

GANANOQUE SOLDIER SAVES A YOUNG WOMAN

Pte. R. J. Kirke, Hobbling on Crutches, Jumped Into the Thames.

Toronto, Sept. 18.—Pte. Robert J. Kirke, on Friday, with the wound of the amputation of his right leg unhealed, jumped into the Thames River, near London, England, and rescued a drowning girl, Kirke, whose parents are in Gananoque, lived in Toronto several years before he enlisted with the 1st Battalion of the first contingent. He was employed at the Bay street office of the Bank of Toronto. He was wounded in June, 1915, and has had three operations performed on his leg, each one of which has removed part of the limb.

Kirke was taking tea with a number of other convalescing soldiers at Eel Pie Island, a favorable resort in the Thames River, when he heard the voice of a woman calling for help. The wounded soldier hobbled on his crutches to the tea-house balcony and saw a girl struggling in the water. She had fallen from a boat. Without divesting himself of any of his clothes, Kirke plunged into the river, where he struggled with the girl. She was brought to shore in an unconscious condition, but will recover. Kirke, too, suffered from the shock. He was forced to spend all night in the tea-house, and was later removed to Bushey Park Hospital.

At New London, Conn., there is a persistent report that the German submarine merchantman Bremen, a sister ship of the Deutschland, would arrive there within a week.

Advertisement for Regal Table Salt with image of a salt shaker and a woman shaking salt.

Advertisement for Snap! biscuits with image of a biscuit tin and a hand holding a biscuit.

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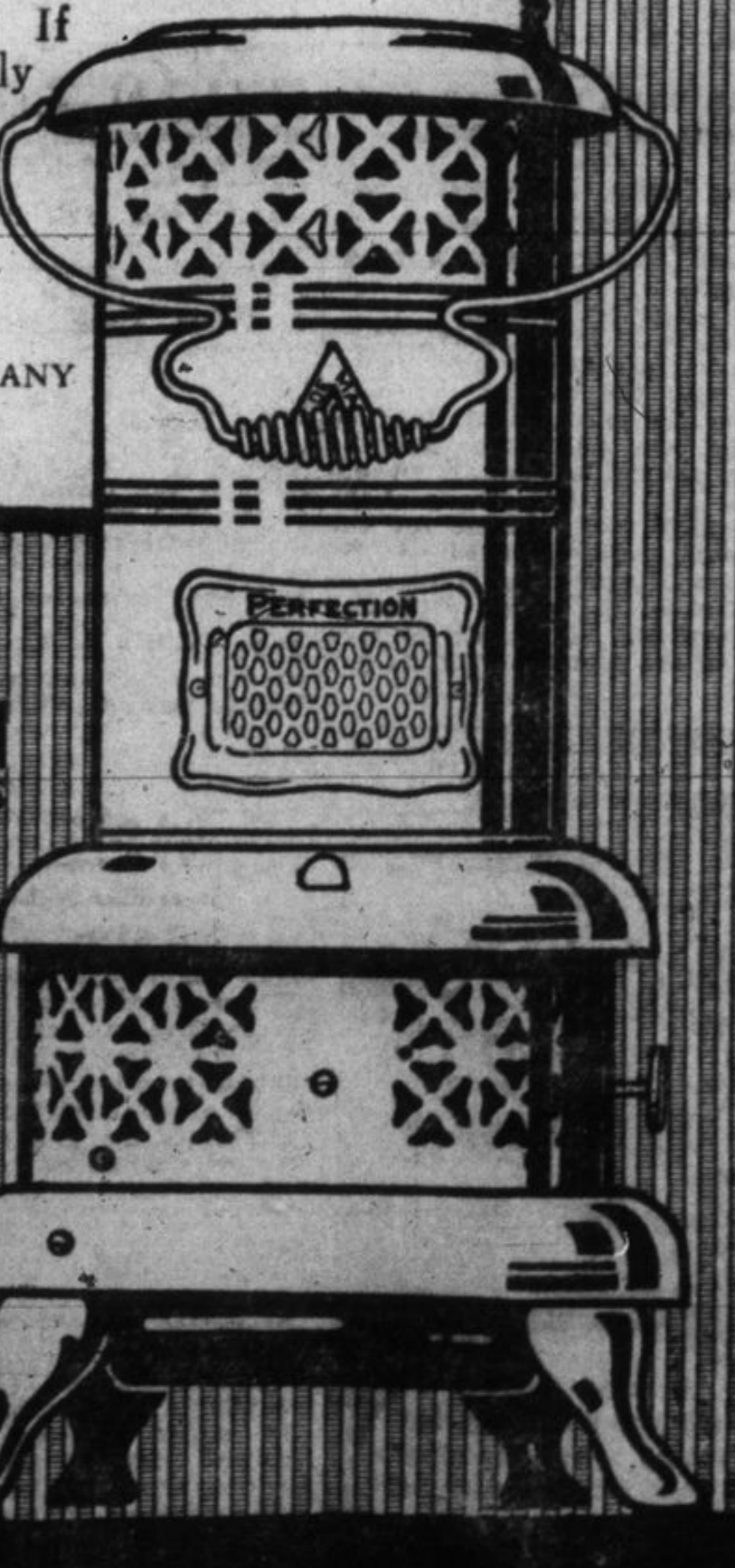
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