

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

ARTHUR IS PROMOTED AND MR. GORDON LOSES

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Arthur's supposition that matters were coming rapidly to a crisis with the A.B.C. Company was verified by the happenings of the next few days, but I think even he was surprised at the suddenness with which the climax was reached.

Of course, old Mr. Henderson was using Arthur merely as a tool, and Arthur was thoroughly aware of the fact, but the success of the banker's plans meant that Arthur would become president, or, at least, the active head of the organization, a promotion not to be despised. One can therefore easily imagine the intense interest which Arthur took in each detail of the proposed change in control.

But Mr. Henderson was not dealing with children when he sought to seize control of the A.B.C. Company. He probably knew that Mr. Gordon and his clique of associates were the owners of the company, although Arthur and probably other officers of the concern did not know it. The banker, however, was one of those New York financiers who had been schooled in the ways of the mighty Wall street, and he used the tactics of an expert in stalking his prey.

I do not think I have ever understood how it all happened, but I learned something of high finance when the fight was in progress. As well as I could learn, the acquisition of the control of the company was effected by buying stock in the open market, but what I never did discover was the method which the shrewd old financier used to induce Mr. Gordon and his associates to dispose of enough stock to cause the control of the corporation to pass out of their hands. I suppose the customary methods of misrepresentation and trickery were employed, and that the buyers stopped only within a hair's breadth of criminal acts in bringing about the end which they sought to accomplish.

In any event, the old banker acquired slightly more than 51 per cent of the stock. Arthur tried to tell me the details when he came home in the evening of the eventful day.

It seems that the "battle," as Arthur described it, was fought on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Arthur, who knew of the approaching crisis, had slipped into the spectators' gallery, and watched the fight. It was one of those days which the newspapers call by such terms as frantic, panicky, turbulent and the like.

This, in plain English, means that hundreds of thousands of dollars were won or lost in the great game. The winners, of course, went to their homes or their clubs or to their offices in a daze of triumph, while the losers crept away in another sort of daze, one to face ruin, another to bravely begin life over again on no-

thing; still another, possibly, to end it all with a bullet through his brain.

Arthur belonged to the triumphant class that evening. Unknown to me, he had been "playing" the market all day, fully aware that the stock was to advance, so that, in addition to seeing Mr. Henderson win control of the company, Arthur had won an enormous sum by the purchase of stock on margins.

"Hurrah! We win!" was Arthur's greeting as he flung open the door of our sitting room and bounded in upon me. "The A.B.C. Company is ours!"

I was genuinely glad. Of course, I felt sorry for Mr. Gordon, but my first impulse was to congratulate Arthur, and there was a note of honest pride in my voice when I did it. After all, Arthur was my husband, and Mr. Gordon was but an admirer. Then, too, I was under the spell of Arthur's happiness; while Mr. Gordon was far away.

"And it means that I shall be president of the company," Arthur exclaimed. "This is more than I had dared hope for, and I rather expected Henderson to put some financial henchman in the job and make me a vice-president in charge of the business. But it seems the old fox doesn't want it known that he is dealing in munitions. I believe he is on the board of elders of his church or something of that sort, and he fears it will injure his standing with his fellow churchmen. Therefore, he prefers to remain in the background and let me pull the chestnuts from the fire for him, all of which I am more than glad to do, not being an elder and having very little social standing to risk. He will not even be known in the directorate. I shall represent him there, too."

"It is fine, Arthur," I repeated with genuine delight. "I am proud of you."

"But the peculiar thing about it, Roxane, is that I have done nothing to be proud of or cause you to be proud of me," said Arthur. "It is still a mystery to me why old Henderson took a fancy to me."

"I am sure he will not regret it, anyway," I declared with assurance. "His company will be in good hands."

"I shall certainly try to make it a success."

"But tell me," I ventured, feeling my way carefully, yet eager to learn, "how did you manage to get the control of the company?"

"Oh, some of them will be retained, while others will resign," replied Arthur carelessly.

"And the former owners? Were they hard put by the deal?"

"No, not at all," said Arthur. "I knew that something unpleasant had come to his mind. He seemed at first as if he would not tell what he thought, but in a moment he changed his mind, and out it came."

"I do not care what becomes of the principal one? That man Gordon?"

(To be continued)

John Atwater's Little Sister

How She Entertained His Guest During His Absence.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Miss Susan Atwater kept her job a brother much older than herself. John Atwater was thirty-eight years old; Susan was nineteen. John was a lawyer who dabbled in politics—not for office, but because the game interested him.

While John and his sister were quite chummy, he never talked to her about his professional work or his interest in this or that political deal.

One day John Atwater told his sister that he must go to attend court in another city and would be gone probably several days. She was to open his letters while he was gone, attend to anything needing attention so far as she was able and communicate any matter of which he should be advised. This was asking a good deal, considering that he kept his affairs so rigidly to himself. He had not been long away before a letter came for him bearing the official mark of the governor of the state. Susan opened it and read:

"Dear John—I'm going to run down to see you tomorrow. My purpose is to get away from under the barrow for a brief season. I shall eschew all affairs of state except the canal matter, on which I wish to confer with you; but that of my mind. I propose to take a rest. Yours,

JAMES R. MARTINDALE.

P. S.—Something of importance may come up to keep me here, but I hope not."

Miss Atwater was quite upset by this letter. The governor of the state was altogether too big a man for her to entertain during her father's absence. What should she do? Telegraph, of course, that her brother would be out of town. Why not telephone? The state capital was not far distant, and the expense would be about the same. It was 11 o'clock in the morning, and the governor would doubtless be in his office. Going to the telephone booth, she consulted the subscribers' names and, finding the governor's number, took down the receiver and called for him. He was sitting at his desk at the time and answered the call at once.

"Is this Governor Martindale?" asked a soft voice.

"Yes, I'm Martindale."

"I am John Atwater's sister. My brother is away and before leaving asked me to open any letters that might come for him. One came from you stating that you were coming to see him. I thought it advisable to telephone you that he is absent."

"Thank you very much. When do you expect your brother home?"

"He said that he would probably be away several days."

"Um," the governor seemed to be considering.

"You are Miss Susan Atwater, are you not?"

"I am."

"I've heard your brother speak of you."

Susie wondered what John could have had to say to the governor of the state about her. Surely she could have nothing to do with the momentous political questions that were discussed between them.

"Well," continued the governor, after a brief pause, "I presume I'll have to defer my visit. I'm sorry. Very much obliged to you for your information. Good-by."

Susie hung up the receiver, feeling much relieved.

Of all the months in the year the month of June is the most delicious, and the morning after Susie Atwater had headed off the governor was one of the brightest mornings of that bright month. Susie Atwater, having finished her morning duties, was sitting on the porch with some embroidery work when she saw a man approaching, dressed in a white flannel suit and a straw hat. He looked to be about thirty-five years old, and there was something altogether very attractive in his appearance. He stopped at the foot of the steps and asked:

"Does John Atwater live here?"

"He does."

"Is he at home?"

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

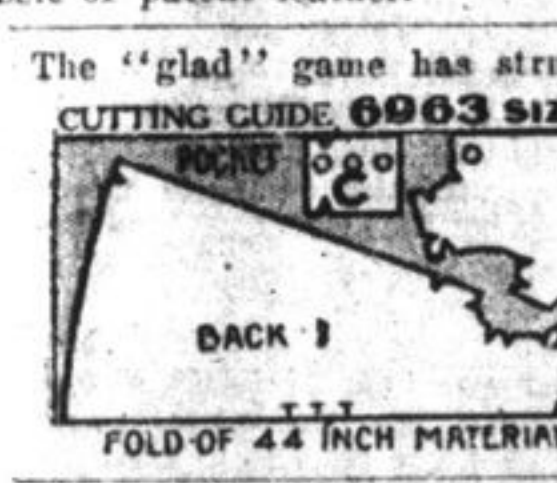
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realm of children's fashions. It expresses itself in frocks of extreme simplicity and comfort, yet possessing withal a very happy style. The growing girl surely will revel in this design. Developed in glingham, chambray or flannel, it is practical, though it is adapted admirably to serge, silk and the non-tubular materials. The neck is finished with a collar of whatever fabric is used for the frock. There is an applied shoulder yoke, which may be omitted, if desired, while the long one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

The distribution of the various sections of the pattern upon the material may be accomplished without waste of material if the cutting guide is carefully studied first. Notice how the back is placed on the lengthwise fold of the goods, with the pocket opposite and the front to the right, on a lengthwise thread of material. The piecing for the side of the front is laid between the front and back goes, as indicated by the arrow. Place the collar on a lengthwise fold of the goods, with the yoke intervening and laid on a lengthwise thread. The sleeve and cuff are also laid on a lengthwise thread and rest upon the collar and yoke on the material before it is cut.

The fullness at the waist may be held in either by a belt of leather or twin belts of self-material. While the idea is to give trimness to the figure, there must be no suggestion of restricting snugness about the dress.

"No; he went away yesterday, to be gone several days."

"That's too bad," said the stranger in a disappointed tone.

"You'll you come up on to the porch?"

The stranger availed himself of the invitation and seated himself in a wicker chair. Everything about him was very lovely. A climbing rose vine was in bloom. A field opposite was full of daisies; a pretty girl was beside him.

"Are you related to John?" he asked of Susie.

"John and I were classmates in college. John entered at twenty. I at sixteen, but that didn't prevent our being chums. Having some time on my hands, I thought I would run down to see him. It's a long white suit we met."

"I dare say he will be greatly disappointed to miss your visit."

"Not more than I."

The gentleman took out his watch and a railroad time table at the same time and examined both.

"There's no train back till 8 o'clock," he said.

"I shall be happy to do what I can to relieve the tedium of your stay till then, and can give you a bite of lunch-
eon."

"Thank you very much."

An hour was spent very pleasantly, then Susie went inside to give some orders about the luncheon. When she returned the two spent another hour, during which the stranger made himself so entertaining that Susie began to plan for keeping him till her brother returned. There was an apology for a chaperon in an invalid aunt, very old, in the house, whose presence would render his stay proper. After luncheon Susie said to her brother's friend:

"If you choose to wait John's coming you can be accommodated."

"I've been thinking that I might wait a day or two, but I would not think of intruding upon you. I'm stopping at the inn, and I can well keep my room there. By the bye, where has John gone? I have a mind to communicate with him and learn when he'll be back."

"He's at Waterford at the Somers House."

"Where is your phone? I'll see if I can get him."

Being shown to the booth, the gentleman called up John Atwater and caught him at his hotel at the noon meal. After a brief conversation the guest told Susie that her brother wished to speak a few words with her, and on taking the receiver she was instructed to send to the inn for the gentleman's baggage, and if possible keep him till he returned.

"Who is he?" asked Susie.

"A college classmate of mine."

With this there was a click, and Susie was shut off from any further information. Without a word to the visitor she sent for his baggage, and it arrived in time for him to dress for dinner. Notwithstanding he had reached middle age he seemed very boyish. He talked a great deal about the escapades he and John were concerned in while in college, though he said that John was rather old for that sort of thing. Susie wondered how John's friend could have had time for escapades, for a Phi Beta Kappa key hung to his job, and Susie knew that that meant a high stand in his class. However, he gave her the impression of being very bright, and it might be that he had been one of those students who can maintain a good standing with no great amount of study.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Friday

BREAKFAST
Oranges or Stewed Fruit of Choice
Baked Rice, Fruit Syrup
Baked Mackerel
Hotella Biscuit
Coffee or Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Clam Chowder
String Bean Salad
Cheese Biscuit
Grapes
Milk or Tea

DINNER
Clam Broth
Coleslaw
Cottage Pudding
Lemon or Orange Sauce
Coffee

Oyster Pie.
Materials—Twenty-five oysters, 2

cups cut potatoes, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, dash paprika.

Utensils—Bakedish, 2 measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon, saucepan.

Directions—Line bake dish with crust, dust bottom with flour; put in half the oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper; the potatoes, which are boiled, and the rest of the oysters, butter and 3/4 cup of milk. Cover top with crust; 2 or 3 stars cut in the top crust will keep the crusts from separating. Brush top with milk.

The crust is made by sifting 2 cups of flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt into bowl; add 1 tablespoon shortening, rub in lightly; add milk enough to hold together, sprinkle board with flour; divide dough into two parts. This makes a very large pie! The potatoes can be left out if desired.

CHINESE REBEL LEADER DEAD
Late President Put a Price on His Head.

Shanghai, Nov. 2.—General Huang Sing, formerly commander of the rebel army in China, is dead.

General Huang Sing formerly was provincial Minister of War, commander of the southern army, military chief of Southern Fukien and President of the National Senate. He was acclaimed by the Chinese reformers as the real active mainspring of the Chinese Revolution in 1911, but recognized Dr. Sun Yat Sen as head of the Reform movement and accepted for himself the office of Vice-President of the republic. Later he opposed Yuan Shi Kai, the President, who was reported to have put a price upon Huang Sing's head. Because of this he fled from China and came to New York in 1914 for the purpose, he said, of studying Western governmental methods. Later he returned to China.

ROGERS DOWNS HUGHES.
According to Frank Oliver, Who Is Returning West to Live.

Winnipeg, Nov. 2.—Hon. Frank Oliver, in the city on his way to Edmonton from Ottawa, announces that he will take up residence again in Edmonton. Arrangements are completed, he said, for Alberta elections.

From his information at Ottawa, Hon. Robert Rogers had got the better of Sir Sam Hughes in the tussle going on for some months for supremacy in the Cabinet.

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST

Winnipeg, Nov. 2.—There were sixteen Toronto men among the crew of the steamer Cabotia of the Dominion Line, which was torpedoed on October 23rd on a trip from Montreal to Glasgow. No further word has been received here of the arrival of any more survivors, and sixteen are still missing. Eleven of those missing are from Toronto, while five are reported saved.

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In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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Were You Ever In Debt?

If you were and if you paid your debts you have had a training that should do you a great deal of good. To pay your debts you had to save money. But when you had paid your debts did you keep on saving? It is a strange thing, but many men who can save money to pay their debts cannot save money to lay up for a rainy day. If they have money in the bank they are all the time tempted to spend it and some day they do spend it.

But perhaps you are mistaken in thinking that you have paid all your debts. There is a debt that you owe to your wife and children. If you should die and leave them penniless just think how helpless they would be? Now why not put saving for them on the basis of a debt? Take out a life insurance policy and look on the premium as a debt you are paying to those whom you love. By paying that debt every year you will place them beyond danger of want and your money will be where you will not be all the time tempted to spend it.

The debt to your family is the most important you have ever had and if you could save to pay the others you can save to pay it.

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Industrial Branch, Golden Lion Block.

The Italian Minister of Agriculture recently gave an order opening to women the annual competition for the medal of agriculture, a much prized decoration given to the most efficient and faithful farm laborers each year.

Mrs. Waldo Pierce has qualified as an air pilot and is now the only woman in the United States qualified in that respect to join the army flying corps.

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