

Told in the Twilight --- In the Realm of Woman

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

AM GIVEN TWO SURPRISES.

(Continued from Page 7.)

As I approached Room No. 102 the faintness which I had felt when I entered the hospital left me, and it went all thought of every one except Arthur. He might be hurt; he might be dangerously hurt. What ever he had done he was still my husband and he was lying helpless, suffering, perhaps dying! The boy stopped at a partly open door, rapped gently and withdrew. Presently I heard the shuffle of the nurse's soft shoes, and the door opened. "I am his wife," I said simply. She opened the door wider, and I entered.

On the narrow bed, lying prone upon his back, his head and face almost covered with bandages, was a man's figure. I took the nurse's chair and bowed my head as the tears fell on the coverlid. The man before me moved slightly and mumbled something which I did not understand. I bent closer. "It was so good of you to come Mrs. Pembroke. Where is Arthur?" I sat up rigid, electrified. That was not my husband's voice! Yet he knew me and knew Arthur. I bent closer, but there was not enough of his face visible for me to recognize it.

"How do you feel?" I asked, hoping to be able to solve the puzzle without putting the direct question to the injured man. "Better now," he replied faintly. "What's the matter?" "There was a movement of the bed clothes as I detected the note of mild surprise in Harry's tone. "Nothing," said I, "except that I am very happy." "Happy?" mumbled Harry, almost in the voice of a drunken man. "What're you happy about?" I remembered and replied quickly. "That you are better. I heard you were terribly injured. Naturally it is a relief that you are conscious and able to talk."

"Narrow escape," went on Harry. "Never thought we'd wake up. How's Evelyn?" "I beckoned to the nurse. "He is asking for Miss Phillips—the young woman who was injured with him. How is she?" "Oh, she is all right!" was the smiling reply. "It was the shock more than anything else which gave her trouble. A few bruises were about all the doctor could find."

"She's all right, then?" Harry asked in evident relief. "Yes, the doctor advised that she stay until morning, but she could go home now without risk." "How about me?" mumbled Harry. "Can I go, then, too?" "I'm afraid not." "Nothing much the matter, is there?" Nothing hurt except my face, is there?" "And the rest of your body," added the good-natured young attendant. "There are no broken bones, but, on the other hand, there is very little unbroken skin."

"Well, I'll get out of this in a jiffy," declared Harry with firmness. "Where's Arthur, Roxane?" "He was detained downstairs." "To my surprise Harry showed no farther suspicion. I naturally thought he would imagine Arthur was in Evelyn's room, but he did not. "Give us a little more light, nurse," he requested, turning painfully over on his side so that his bandaged face was toward me. Between the slits in the cloth his eyes looked out, and it seemed to me that I detected a fire in them that one would not suppose could be found in the eyes of one suffering serious injury.

"We were married this evening," he said faintly. "I looked at him as though I thought he was delicious and raving. "Married?" I repeated. "Who were married?" "Evelyn and I," he went on. "It was while we were returning from the clergyman's house that we bumped into the other car. Gad! I'm glad she's not hurt much. Can you have her moved in here?" "I am afraid not," I replied, convinced now that Harry was out of

his head. "The nurse would never permit it." Here was a more serious situation than I had expected to encounter—Harry Pendleton out of his head from suffering and injuries. The nurse, seated on the other side of the room, apparently was paying no attention to our conversation. She looked out into the courtyard of the hospital. I tiptoed over to her chair. "Has he been delirious before?" I queried.

The well-trained, suffering-proof attendant showed mild surprise at my question. "He has not been irrational at all," she replied. "Why do you ask?" "Well, he is now," I declared. "Would you not better see to him?" She moved quickly to the bedside. "How are you?" she asked the injured man. "Oh, I'm all right," was his almost cheerful response. "Why did Mr. Pembroke get up so suddenly? Tell her to come back."

"What's the matter?" he asked almost peevishly, when I had resumed the seat beside him. "Oh, I see!" "What do you see?" "You thought I had gone crazy when I said Evelyn and I were married, didn't you? Well, I may be crazy in some respects, but that statement is a fact. We were married at 9 o'clock tonight at the residence of Rev. John W. Leek, pastor of the First Church. We were at dinner when I asked her to marry me. I didn't have much hope that she would accept, although she had said a few things lately which led me to think she might. She didn't agree immediately, and wanted to think it over, but finally I got her to say the magic word. Then I asked her if she would mind being married right away, because I didn't see any use in waiting, once our minds were made up. She objected again to that, but I must have been my lucky evening, for she finally consented, and I put her into my car—or, rather, Arthur's car—I had borrowed his earlier in the evening—and away we went. I think you will find her marriage certificate somewhere about her if you will make a search for it."

He stopped out of breath from exertion, while I tried with all the might of a very much befuddled brain to grasp the truth of what he had told me. Even though he talked rationally, I could not bring myself to believe him. It was impossible, I told myself. Every circumstance that I had noted tended to indicate that Evelyn was in love with Arthur, and I had been informed behind my back that Harry was in love with me. Despite these facts here, Harry was telling me that he and Evelyn had just been married!

"I will see how Evelyn is," I told him, an idea coming suddenly to me. "All right," mumbled Harry, between bandages. "The nurse will show you her room. Try to bring her back with you." Evelyn was awake and glanced somewhat suspiciously at me when I entered. "I want to be the first to congratulate you," I told her, going straight to the mark. "Harry has just told me of your marriage. I am so glad."

A faint smile came to the girl's lips and her eyes lighted up. "Thank you," she said gently. "I fear my father will not easily forgive me for eloping, for that was what it was after all. Does he know that I have been injured?" "I do not know," I replied. "Arthur wasn't at home when the telephone message came to me, but I decided to come, anyhow." "It was so good of you," murmured Evelyn. Then her brow wrinkled. "But why should they telephone you first? It seems to me if they had learned who we were they would have telephoned father and Mr. Henderson."

"I do not know why the message came to me," I returned. "But wait!" I cried, as a flash of light came to my mind. "It was the car! Harry told me you were riding in Arthur's car! The police took the number of the car, and that was why I heard it!" "Of course!" murmured Evelyn. (To Be Continued.)

(Continued from Page 7.) A most enjoyable little informal dance was held at "The Belvidere" on Wednesday evening. Miss Charles, Mrs. Charles McCarry and Fenwick Connolly, Yarker, will spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. C. H. Boyes, Alfred street. Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Franke and children, Peterboro, are with Ald. and Mrs. W. H. Wormwith, Earl street. Mrs. Finnie and children will remain for several weeks. Charles Sherman, Toronto, is here for the holiday to visit his mother, Mrs. John Sherman. Miss Ethel Collins and Miss May Funnell, Barrie street, are spending Christmas in Belleville with Miss Collins' parents. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Connolly and Miss Helen Trickey, Yarker, will spend Christmas with Mrs. C. H. Boyes, Alfred street.

Norman B. Wormwith, Toronto, is with his parents, Ald. and Mrs. W. H. Wormwith, Earl street. Mrs. J. McMurray Kelso and Mrs. George Boomer, Toronto, are here to stay with their sister, Mrs. R. Vashon Rogers, Barrie street, for the Christmas. Mrs. Ivan Waterspoon, Montreal, is the guest of her son and his family for the Christmas season. Cadet Hailand Paterson has arrived to spend his holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Paterson, Simpson street, Montreal. Mrs. William Gordon, Toronto, will spend the holidays with the Principal of Queen's and Miss Gordon. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara and children, Ottawa, are going to Belleville to spend Christmas with Mrs. O'Hara's parents, Hon. Henry and Mrs. Corby.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Macdonnell and Miss May Macdonnell will spend Christmas with Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Laidlaw in Ottawa. Mrs. Stratford Dawson and her son, Montreal, are here to spend Christmas with Canon and Mrs. Loucks. Miss Fannie Jex will arrive from Montreal to spend Christmas week with her aunt, Mrs. T. A. Davidson, Pembroke street. Lieut. Wallace McKay, of Queen's Ambulance Corps, has gone to Pembroke to visit his parents. Miss Florrie Stewart, nurse-in-training, Wellesley Hospital, Toronto.

arrived today to spend her holidays with her mother, Mrs. James Stewart, Collingwood street. Miss Madele Wilson, New York, is expected in Kingston shortly to visit Mrs. J. H. Birkett, Bagot street. Miss Hazel Brown will leave on Saturday for Ottawa, where she will visit her uncle, Major Hubbell. Miss Hattie L. Chown left to-day for Utica, N.Y., where she will spend the Christmas holidays. Miss Annie Gow, who has been attending Macdonald College, Guelph, arrived to visit her mother, Mrs. W. Gow, Lower Union street. Judge Britton, Toronto, spent a few days in town this week with his daughter, Mrs. D. G. Macphail, Union street.

Miss Dorothy Chown, attending Macdonald College, Guelph, is spending Christmas at her home, "Sunny-side." Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Hubbell, Winnipeg, arrived to-day to visit Mr. Hubbell's mother, Mrs. Hubbell, Bagot street. Arthur Martin, Toronto, will spend Christmas at his home, Clergy street. Miss Mary Macarow, New York, arrived to-day to visit her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Ireland, King street.

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The Whig's Daily Menu

Menu for Sunday. BREAKFAST: Apples, Grapes, Cereal of Choice, Cream Mince, Orange Marmalade, Coffee or Cocoa. DINNER: Tomato Soup, Roast Loin of Pork with Roasted Apples, Browned Sweet Potatoes, Celery Salad, Grape Gelatin, Silver Cake, Coffee. SUPPER: Milk Toast, Mixed Fruit, Silver Cake, Tea, Milk, or Cocoa.

Christmas Day Menu. BREAKFAST: Baked Whole Wheat Cereal, Tomato Souffle, Cranberry Sauce, Coffee or Cocoa. LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Ham and Bacon, Apple Sauce, Cake, Tea, Milk or Cocoa. ROAST CHICKEN DINNER: Cream of Tomato Soup, Celery Chicken (Crisp Filling), with Giblet Sauce, Maryland Sweet Potatoes, Fried Onions, Creamed Cauliflower, Tomato Jelly on Lettuce Leaves, Cranberry with Cheese Stars, Mince Pie, Coffee, Baked Fruit and nuts, trimmed with holly leaves and berries.

Menu for Tuesday. BREAKFAST: Stewed Fruit or Oranges, Mush and Milk, Eggs of Choice, Toast, Jam and Butter, Coffee or Cocoa. LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Baked Potatoes, Cold Sliced Pork, Relish, Silver Cake, Tea or Cocoa. DINNER: Oyster Pie, Colossal Rice Pudding with Raisins, Coffee.

Utensils—Knife, bowl, saucepan, tablespoon, 2 measuring cups, colander. Directions—Cut the oranges in half, scoop out the juice and pulp. Put the skins on to boil with six quarts of cold water and boil until tender; remove and put in colander to drain. When they are well drained take a spoon and remove all the white; it will come out easily. Shred the yellow and add to the juice and pulp. Be sure that all the white fibre has been removed. Add the sugar and water and boil slowly 2 hours or until thick.

Oyster Pie. Materials—Two cups grape juice, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatin. Utensils—Bowl, mold or turk's head, 2 measuring cups, tablespoon. Directions—To the grape juice and sugar add the gelatin, which has been dissolved in 1 cup of boiling water. Dip a mold or turk's head in cold water, strain in the mixture; set in cold place until firm. Turn out on deep plate, and if desired, garnish center and around the edge with whipped cream.

Carrot Salad. Materials—2 cups raw grated carrots, 2 cups shredded lettuce, 1/2 cup French dressing, with 1 tablespoon of grated onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley or green peppers. Utensils—Knife, coarse grater. Directions—Wash, scrape and grate the carrots on the downward stroke. Put on shredded lettuce, cover with dressing and sprinkle with peppers or parsley.

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THE ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN. The crops in France is being harvested by girls. Over 800,000 women have replaced male labor in England. English breweries now employ 18,000 women. Wellesley and Bryn Mawr colleges have women presidents. Over 45,000 clerks in England have been replaced by women. Kansas has fifteen women county treasurers and two female probate judges. Over 20,000 women have joined unions during the last year. Millinery workers in Boston average \$5 per week the year round. The female vote in Oregon increased 337 per cent at the recent election. Over \$6,000 women in the United States are employed in the millinery trade. Insurance statistics reveal the fact that the female suicide rate for 1915 per 100,000 of population was 7.7 per cent. An eight-hour day, six days a week, is advocated as a solution of the servant problem. The number of women employed in railway work in England has increased 200 per cent. The election of Miss Jeanette Rankin to the United States senate may change the floor privileges of that body. Many London schoolgirls spent their summer vacation holidays helping at the mills and sewing-machines of flour for the army. Ethel Barrymore, the talented actress, will abandon the speaking stage and devote her time to acting for moving pictures. The Ladies' Dog club, the second largest of its kind in the country, has over 200 members, each of which owns her own kennel. Miss Clara R. Mozor, the youngest woman ever admitted to the bar in Colorado, has been appointed assistant attorney general of that state. Mrs. Nettie H. Bratton of Jackson, Miss., has successfully passed the bar examination in that state and is now practicing law with her husband. Lady Kathleen Scott, widow of Captain Scott, the British explorer, who lost his life in the Antarctic after reaching the south pole, is working in a London munition factory. Lillian Russell, the actress, has left the stage for good and anticipates spending the rest of her days in peaceful domesticity. In private life she is Mrs. Alexander Moore, wife of the Pittsburgh publisher. The work to which French women have mostly taken since the war is in food industries, textiles and the metal trades, which many are also working in rubber and sack-making. Miss Mary Davies, bacteriologist at St. George's hospital, in Paris, has invented a cloth which denies infection and is entirely disease-proof and makes vermin impossible. Mrs. Frederick Penfield, wife of the United States ambassador at Vienna, who received from the late Emperor of Austria recently the grand cross of the Order of Saint Elizabeth, is the only one ever given to anyone except to royal personages. In Japan the women who discover the slightest growth of down on their faces do not remove it in the secrecy

of their own rooms, but boldly visit the barber, the same as their husbands and brothers. Women barbers are becoming quite numerous in Japan. Fanny Brice, the comeliest with Zeigfeld Polities, is an unusually ambitious woman. In addition to her stage duties, Miss Brice devotes much of her time to the management of a Fifth Avenue New York millinery shop, which she owns. She employs ten young women and when not engaged upon the stage she spends all her spare moments in the shop acting as a saleswoman. Mrs. Walter McDonald of Richmond county, Georgia, is largely responsible for the election of her husband, who is totally blind, to the legislature of that state. When McDonald, who is only 24 years of age, threw his hat into the ring as a candidate to represent his district, his wife, who is rather pretty, decided to accompany him on his campaign tours, and it is claimed that her bewitching eyes served to elect her husband. Now that the social season is here, be especially careful to keep your skin in fine condition. You know how conspicuous complexion defects appear under the bright light of the drawing or ball room. Also how very evident are some make-ups when similarly illuminated. This gradually provides a complexion as clear, smooth and delicately tinted as a young girl's. Get an ounce of mercurized wax at your druggist's and try this remarkable treatment. Remember, too, that wrinkles, even the finer lines, are not easily concealed in a brilliantly lighted room. You can quickly obliterate these hateful marks by bathing your face in a solution of powdered saskite, one half ounce, dissolved in witch-hazel, one-half pint. And your face won't look sticky, as after using paraffin—Aunt Sally in Woman's Realm.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!! HERPICIDE WILL SAVE IT TOO LATE FOR HERPICIDE. IS YOUR HAIR SLIPPING? The presence of dandruff and falling hair conveys a warning which it is best to heed. At first the loss of hair may be so slight as to be hardly noticeable. But no matter how little may be the fall each day, it is working toward the same and inevitable result, and that is total baldness. You may have hair enough today, but how about tomorrow and the day after? Dandruff and falling hair mean baldness sooner or later and demand the immediate regular and energetic use of Newbro's Herpicide. It keeps the scalp free from dirt and dandruff and allows the hair to grow abundantly and naturally. By this means total incurable baldness may be prevented. Herpicide does not stain or dye and has a most exquisite fragrance which makes it especially pleasing to the ladies. It stops itching almost instantly. You may be told that there are remedies "just as good as Herpicide." You cannot afford to take chances with nor can you expect to obtain results from "an off brand" article. Insist on having genuine Herpicide, the Original Germ-Remedy for Dandruff. You can get a sample of this delightful hair dressing and a booklet on the care of the hair by sending ten cents in silver or postage to The Herpicide Co., Dept. S, Detroit, Mich. Try Herpicide once and you will never be without it. Sold everywhere in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Applications obtained at the better barber shops and beauty parlors.

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