

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

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

IS MY FORMER HOME STILL MY HOME?

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
It had never occurred to me that, when I returned home, I should find anything strange or new or different about my apartment. In a dull sort of way I had pictured myself entering it as if I had been absent on a short visit, and further than this my imagination had not carried me.

Now, as I walked up the steps I remembered that I did not have a key with which to let myself in and I stopped suddenly and my face paled. What if there should be no one there? What if there was no response to the bell? Then I smiled with relief, for it would be a simple matter to have the janitor let me in. Surely he would have a key which would fit the lock.

This particular janitor was one of the few persons of his craft that I had met who seemed willing to go out of his way to accommodate his tenants. He was a long, lean, cadaverous young man, who, early in life, had taken unto himself a wife who every year since had presented him with a child. Whether because of this fact or because of a peculiarly natural gift, she seemed to consider that her chief aim in life was to impress her personality upon her husband. Several years of this sort of existence had resulted in the young man's acquiring a shifty eye and a nervous manner.

He started every time he was spoken to, and when requests were made or instructions given he would stand and bow so persistently that it was impossible not to believe that he suspected every woman of having the dominant characteristics of his spouse. And when he received his instructions he filled them with an alacrity which put to shame the tardiness of all other janitors I ever had met.

So, when I discovered that the front door of my apartment would not open and that the bell was not answered, I descended to the realm where William and all the little Williams and Wilhelmias dwelt, and asked his aid.

He twisted the rim of his hat in his hand as he bowed me away from the threshold of his door and beyond the reach of Mrs. William's ears, and when I had finished with my request,

he continued to bow, gulping now and then as though attempting in vain to utter something which he thought he ought to rid himself of.

"Well?" I asked at length as he seemed unable to speak, yet made no movement to accompany me to the apartment. "Will you open the door for me?"

"Yes, yes," he said quickly, twisting his hat some more and shuffling his feet in his embarrassment. "Of course, I will, Mrs. Pembroke, only Mr. Pembroke told me to let no one in."

"Certainly," I said, with as much firmness as I could command, "but naturally that did not apply to me, his wife."

"Of course not," he muttered, "only Mr. Pembroke was very positive. He called me up there and said, 'William,' said he, 'don't you let anybody come in these rooms; you hear?' 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'You know what that means, don't you?' says he. 'That means nobody,' says he, looking at me very hard. 'That means nobody,' says I. And then he went away."

"Mr. Pembroke wasn't expecting me to return so soon," I replied faintly, for it seemed to me that William was trying in an delicate manner as he could to indicate that Arthur had intended to include me in the prohibition.

"Yes'm," said William. "And now that I am here," said I, "you are relieved of your responsibility to Mr. Pembroke. I will take charge of the apartment."

"Yes'm," said William, as though he had been convinced very much against his will. While I waited he shuffled back into his rooms and returned presently with a huge bunch of keys. Dangling these, he followed me back upstairs and unlocked the front door. I thanked him and locked myself in. I was at home once more, but was it home? The damp, musty atmosphere almost stifled me as I looked around upon the familiar objects which I had purchased to adorn the various rooms, now covered with dust and showing themselves sadly in need of my care.

With strange emotions tugging at my heart I went to the windows and threw them up, one after the other. Was I, indeed, at home? Was it any longer my home?

(To Be Continued.)

THE ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

Female cooks in the British army receive \$120 a year. A Terre Haute theatre now employs young colored girls for ushers. Mme. Huard, the artist, is a daughter of Francis Wilson, the actor. Woman munition workers are to be employed in the United States arsenals.

Self-starting engines have added to the pleasure of the woman motorist. Many cities in England now employ policewomen as regular parts of their force.

Woman drivers of automobiles are almost as frequent on the streets now as are motorists. Lady Victor Paget is giving her whole time to the care of the wounded in England.

Several Boston society women are equipping themselves for war by learning wireless operating. A bill granting women the right to vote for President has been passed by the Ohio legislature.

Miss Jennie Shaine, who has just reached 21 years of age, has been admitted to practice law in Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Tucker of Oklahoma is the only woman prizefighter manager and trainer in the United States. Mrs. Vernon Castle, the dancer, has gone to France to join her husband and help him in his recreation work.

Miss Sophie Rombauer, daughter of Judge Rombauer of Saint Louis, has cut loose from the usual occupations in which women engage and will engage in sheep farming in the southern part of Missouri.



"Nature" chose Assam

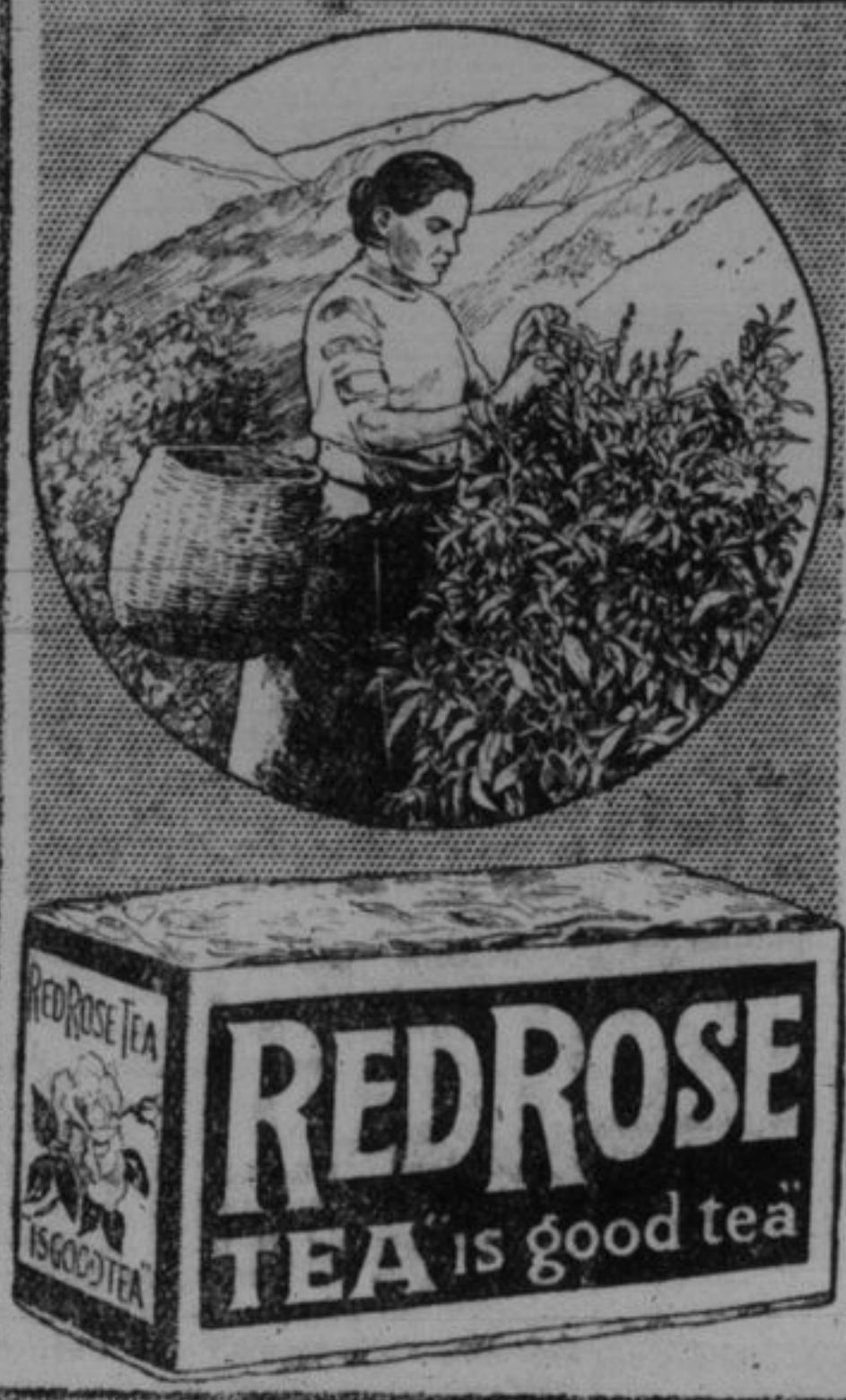
Scientists tell us that Assam in northern India was the original home of the tea plant. Thousands of years ago "Nature" chose the climate and soil of this favored region as most suitable for growing tea.

It is, therefore, natural that the hillside gardens of Assam (see picture) grow the teas which to-day are famous for their flavor, fragrance and rich strength.

It is of these Assam teas, skilfully blended with choice Ceylons, that Red Rose Tea consists. It is this rich Assam strength that users of Red Rose Tea must thank for its splendid economy—for the greater number of cups it yields to the pound, fully one-third more than ordinary teas.

To make certain that these Assam qualities are fully preserved for you we put Red Rose Tea into dust, odor and air proof sealed packages. Red Rose Tea reaches you pure, fresh and full strength—we guarantee it.

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Lantic Sugar
This strong, dust-tight carton, packed by machinery at the refinery, is appreciated by particular housewives not only for its perfect cleanliness but for its convenience. Just cut off the corner and pour out the sugar as you need it.

Lantic Sugar
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Sample Each Free by Mail
Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U. S. A." Send three-cent stamp.

Herpicide
I GOT on a WEST SIDE car today JUST BEHIND a woman WHOSE HAIR looked like THE INSIDE of a CHEAP MATTRESS. SHE CHANGED a dollar TO PAY her car fare AND IT made me sick TO REALIZE that she had ENOUGH MONEY left in HER PURSE to buy a BOTTLE of NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE.

Yours for beautiful hair,
Herpicide

The Whig's Daily Menu

Menu for Sunday	
BREAKFAST	Grapefruit Hot Cereal Tomato Omelet Whole Wheat Gems
LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	Vienna Meat Salad Reheated Gems Steamed Cornmeal Dumplings Maple Sugar Sauce Tea or Cocoa
DINNER	Broth Boiled Ox Tongue with Spinach Celery Bermuda Potatoes, Parsley Sauce Corn Pudding Jelly Fruit Coffee
Baked Eggs in Tomato Sauce. Pour 1 cup of tomato sauce into	



(Continued from Page 7.)
Mrs. John Sherman has returned to her home on Johnson street, after a brief illness in the General Hospital.
Major and Mrs. P. K. Ketcheson, Belleville, have gone to Hastings, after spending the past month in London.
Sir John Hendrie, Lady Hendrie and Miss Enid Hendrie will spend a few days with the Governor-General and the Duchess of Devonshire at Rideau Hall.
Miss Edith Davidson, University avenue, is spending the week-end in Ottawa, the guest of Mrs. Edgar Burkholder.
Miss Eleanor Creighton, who has been visiting friends in Toronto, returned home this week.
Mrs. William Dewey, Stuart street, is in Hamilton spending a few weeks

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When Baby has to be hand fed the mother must carefully choose a reliable food: one that will suit baby at the very earliest and will carry him successfully through each stage of his bottle days. So often one hears this confession "I've tried so many things."

MILK FOOD No. 1 for baby's first 3 months—is completely nourishing and readily digested, alike for the newly born or backward baby.

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Mean Health & Happiness & a sure foundation



Wincarnis gives New Health to all who are Weak, Anaemic, Nervous, Run-down

DON'T let your life be clouded by indifferent health. Don't let ill-health steal your good looks. Don't remain weak, or anaemic, or nervous, or run-down. Don't suffer needlessly. Get well the Wincarnis way—the quick, sure, and safe way to new and vigorous health.

Wincarnis is the quick way, because the benefit begins from the first dose—the sure way, because it has given new health to countless thousands of sufferers for over 30 years—the safe way, because it does not contain depressing drugs. Wincarnis is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors, because it possesses a four-fold power in producing new health. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore it promotes new strength, new blood, new nerve force and new vitality.

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Pints 90c. Quarts \$1.50
FRANK S. BALL, Resident Director, 67 PORTLAND ST., TORONTO 31

Bring on the Rats.
Chicago Daily News.
One day an Irishman was traveling through a village where there happened to be a saloon. Having no occupation but rat catching he asked had they got any rats in the house. The saloon keeper replied that they had.

"Well, you know, I am a rat charmer," said Pat, "and I will not leave a single rat alive there."

"What is your charge?" said the shopkeeper.
"I suppose a dollar," said Pat, "or you better give me two glasses of Bourbon and 50 cents will do."

After taking the whiskey Pat took off his coat and said:
"Now send the rats out here to me."

The Mennonites of Western Canada, being forbidden by their faith, have sent no volunteers, but are aiding the Allies with money.