

# In The Realm Of Woman---Some Interesting Features

## THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

A "DARE" AND AN ACCIDENT.  
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It all happened so suddenly that I was not so much alarmed as bewildered.

We had walked down the bank of the creek until Virginia, who was leading, came to a great tree which had fallen across the stream. With one bound she was upon it, shouting that we must all "walk the log." Kenneth, who followed her, drew back in protest before I had time to express my own disapproval of the adventure. But Virginia was obdurate.

"It is a very simple feat," she declared. "The tree trunk is thick enough to provide a secure passage-way, and it will require only a minute's walk to take us across."

"I suppose there is some chance of that," I said, "but I should like very much to see you or Roxane fall into the water."

"We shall not fall," replied Virginia. "Come, let the faint-hearted take the long path; I am for the short route across."

As she spoke she walked quickly out upon the tree trunk and turned smugly toward us.

"Do you not see that it is perfectly safe?" she inquired.

Whether she intended it or not, there was something in her voice that seemed to "dare" us to follow her. Kenneth must have detected it as soon as I did, for he hesitated no longer, and soon was beside Virginia.

"Aren't you coming, Roxane?" cried Virginia, looking over her shoulder as she walked carelessly on.

"Yes," I replied unwillingly, "I shall risk it."

My words were drowned in a short, piercing scream, and I saw Virginia plunge into the water. But the plucky girl had been frightened only for the moment, and almost as soon as she struck the water she recovered her presence of mind and began to swim. Kenneth, who had been too far from her to prevent her falling, gazed helplessly at her for a moment and then leaped into the stream.

The situation was not fraught with great danger to Virginia, but it was sufficiently perilous for Kenneth to be exciting. The water under the

log was fully eight feet deep, and at that particular spot the creek was not less than fifty feet wide. Virginia had fallen when she was about half way across, so that she had not more than twenty-five feet to go to reach a safe place. But with her skirts hanging closely to her feet it was a difficult matter for her to swim even a short distance. Despite the handicap, she was making some headway when Kenneth plunged into the water.

As soon as his body struck the surface I knew that he could not swim. Virginia, in her effort to save herself, directed her entire attention to keeping afloat, and, of course, could not observe Kenneth. Had she seen him, probably she would have turned back and endeavored to assist him, for he was struggling much at the fashion of a person taking his first swimming lesson. How long could he be kept from sinking? No, it was evident. Plainly it was up to me to do something. But what could I do? I was not a swimmer myself, and if I repeated the foolish act of which Kenneth himself had been guilty there might be two persons drowned instead of one.

I glanced helplessly about me, and then looked once more at the water. Virginia had nearly reached the shore, but Kenneth's strength was fast failing.

My mind worked quickly as I watched Kenneth struggling in the deep water below me. The recollection of every device that I had ever heard of for saving a drowning man flashed through my brain, but none of them fitted the present situation. Kenneth was ten feet from me and Despair seized me. Kenneth would drown beneath my eyes and I should be unable to aid him.

Suddenly an idea came to me as I caught sight of a large grapevine which hung from an overhanging tree. If only I could secure the rope-like implement of salvation Kenneth's rescue would be an accomplished fact.

Creeping along the tree trunk until I came within reach of the vine I grasped it and tugged away with all my might. At first I was unable to dislodge it from its fastenings in the branches above. My only hope lay in the possibility that the vine might be a dead one, but it seemed that I was mistaken, that the tentacles which ran out from it were alive with tenacity. But no! it gave

way finally under my persistent pulling and toppled down over me, one end falling into the stream below. An instant later I was gliding along the log guiding the vine to within Kenneth's reach and calling to him to grasp it.

The poor fellow, weakened from his long struggle in the water, seemed unable to take advantage of the means of rescue so close at hand. Once he stretched out his arm to seize it, but instantly his hand sank beneath the surface of the water. Every ounce of strength which remained to him was required to keep him afloat and the moment he ceased his struggle his eyes were blinded by the water into which he sank.

The vine was so heavy and was rendered so unwieldy because of its great length that it was impossible to manipulate it to the greatest advantage, but when I realized that Kenneth's only chance lay with my ability to pull the vine closer to him I addressed myself to the task with such vigor that my perspiration was falling from my brow and there was a strong singing noise in my ears.

Then an electric shock went through my body. It was such a sensation as a fisherman feels when his forged hook is seized by a mammoth trout. Slowly, steadily, heavily the weight increased. Finally I dared to peep over into the water. It was as I had hoped. Kenneth had at last been able to grasp the vine and was clinging to it with all his might, his head bent, his shoulders partly out of water.

"Hold tight!" I shouted as I clung desperately to the lifeline.

There was no answer except an increased weight at the other end of the vine. I felt vaguely that if the load became any heavier I should not be able to sustain it, and in preparation for the worst I lowered myself slowly until I was seated on the tree trunk. In that position I would be able to offer greater resistance to the pull at the other end.

It has required much longer for me to relate what happened than it did for the rapidly moving phases of the event itself to take place. In fact, from the time Kenneth fell into the creek until the moment I rendered his position moderately safe there was barely a sufficient period for Virginia to swim from the centre of the stream to the shore, fifty feet distant. She had little trouble saving herself, despite the weight of her garments and their persistence in becoming entangled with her feet. Nevertheless, the struggle had weakened her to such an extent that she was compelled to sink to the ground when she reached the creek bank, and sit there panting while she watched Kenneth holding on to the grape vine.

"Just a moment and I will help," she panted, when she had regained her breath.

Neither of us replied, Kenneth because he was too little to speak, and I because I was watching him so intently.

"I'm coming," Virginia cried a few moments later, as she dragged herself to her feet and began wringing the water from her skirts.

"Here, give me the line!" she directed when she finally reached my side. Needless to say, I submissively surrendered it to her, and watched her passively as she walked along the tree trunk, towing Kenneth from the deep water into the shallows. Presently his feet struck bottom and he stood up. He was saved!

(To Be Continued.)



ARE THEY GOING TO BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO DO IT? New York Tribune.

**WAR PREDICTED.**  
Remarkable Allegory Written Over 300 Years Ago.  
New York Herald.

In a publication called "Omens of the Great War" the following remarkable allegory, written by Brother Johannes 300 years ago appears in deciphering the allegory it must be remembered that

France is represented by a Cock; England by a Leopard; Russia by a White Eagle; Germany by a Black Eagle; and Austria by the "other Eagle."

While the Lamb stands for Justice, Mercy and Truth.

Toward the year 2000 the Antichrist will manifest himself. His army will surpass in numbers all that can be imagined.

"There will be Christians among the legions and there will be Mohometans and savage soldiers among the defenders of the Lamb. The defenders of the Lamb will be all red. There will not be a single spot in the Christian world that will not be red, and red will be the heavens, the earth, the waters, and even the air, for the blood will flow in the domains of the four elements at once.

"The Black Eagle will throw himself on the cock, who will lose many feathers, but will strike back heroically with his spurs. He soon would be crushed, were it not for the Leopard and his claws.

"The Black Eagle will come from the country of Luther, will surprise the Cock from another side, and will invade the country of the Cock up to the middle of it.

"The White Eagle, coming from the North, will surprise the Black Eagle and the "other Eagle," and will invade the country of the Antichrist from one end to the other.

"The Black Eagle will see himself forced to liberate the Cock in order to fight the White Eagle, and the Cock will pursue the Black Eagle into the country of the Antichrist to help the White Eagle.

"The battles fought up until then will be as nothing compared to those which will take place in the country of Luther, for the seven angels will together pour in the fire of their censers on the impious earth, which signifies that the Lamb will order the extermination of the race of Antichrist.

When the Beast sees that he is lost he will become furious, and for many months the beak of the White Eagle, the claws of the Leopard, and the spurs of the Cock will furiously strike at him.

They will cross rivers over the bodies of the slain, and these, in places, will change the course of the waters. They will bury only the men of noble families, the leading commandants and the princes, because to the carnage made by the armies will be joined the wholesale death of those who die of hunger and thirst.

"The Antichrist will ask many times for peace, but the seven angels who walk in the front of the

three Animals defending the Lamb have declared that victory will only be granted on the condition that the Antichrist be crushed like straw on the barn floor.

"The executors of the justice of the Lamb cannot stop fighting as long as the Antichrist possesses soldiers to fight against them.

"That which makes the decree of the Lamb so implacable is that the Antichrist has pretended to be a follower of Christ and to act in His name, and if he does not perish, the fruit of the Redeemer would be lost and the doors of Hades would prevail against the Saviour.

"The fight which will take place where the Antichrist forges his arms will not be in any way a human fight.

(This may have reference to Essen, where the Krupp works are, and many believe that the decisive battles may take place in Westphalia.)

"The three armies defending the Lamb will exterminate the last army of the Antichrist, but they will be forced to erect on the battlefield a pyre as large as a city for the bodies of the dead will change

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—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis.

**A Massachusetts Woman Writes**  
Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

—Mrs. FANNIE COUNTESS, Box 289, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dreads of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.



**SOMBRE TONES FOR AFTERNOON GOWNS.**

Very practical and attractive are the afternoon gowns fashioned in sombre shades. In many instances some note of color is introduced thus adding an interesting detail. The gown pictured is developed in navy blue taffeta featuring a pleated skirt with half tunic partly fashioned of chiffon. The bodice is of this veiling a foundation of pale silk. The collar and yast is particularly interesting. With black pumps and dressy hat this costume is attractive and complete.

### SALTING VEGETABLES

String and wax beans, Swiss chard, other greens, and corn may be successfully preserved in salt for winter use. They are packed in stone crocks with close fitting covers. Much less time is required for preserving beans in this way than for canning them, and they are more easily stored.

**Salted String Beans.**  
Wash the beans well, and remove the strings. Place the beans in a clean crock that has been scalded and cooled, and cover them with a ten per cent. brine, about 6 table-spoonsful of salt to one quart of water. Cover the beans with a clean cloth and weight them with an inverted plate, on which is placed a clean, scalded stone, which is not limestone or sandstone. Cover the crock tightly and store it in a cool place. Remove the cloth and wash it from time to time when a film collects on the surface. Freshen the beans for cooking by soaking them for several hours in cold water. Onions, bay leaf, and salt pork are frequently cooked with the beans to give additional flavor.

**Died at Cape Vincent.**  
Cape Vincent, Aug. 27.—The funeral of Mrs. Eliza Rathbun Fox, who died at the residence of Norman Hinckley in Point street, with whom she had made her home for a number of years, on Wednesday evening at about 11 o'clock, was held from St. John's Episcopal Church on Friday afternoon, the Rev. Charles T. Raynor, curate of Trinity Church, Watertown, officiating. The interment was made in the family plot at the rear of the church.

Mrs. Fox, daughter of Elisha P. and Olive Dodge was born on Cayuga Island on Sept. 28, 1824, and had always been a resident of Cape Vincent. At the age of twenty she was married to Henry B. Fox. Mr. Fox died about twelve years ago. She had survived by a son Edwin Dunne Fox, New York, and two sisters, Mrs. J. T. Cross, San Francisco, Cal., and Mrs. Fayette Milles, Rome, Mich., also three grandsons and two granddaughters.

Provincial Bureau of Industries reports that Ontario's crops will be the largest in history.

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### Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper

By Pictorial Review

#### A Girlish Frock in Cashmere.



Youthful and smart is this one-piece frock in blue cashmere trimmed with tucks and notched bodice. The collar and cuffs are of rose satin.

Young women adore the straight-line frocks that emphasize the youthfulness of their figures. Illustrated today is a pretty model in blue cashmere trimmed with tucks and braided self-color. The only contrasting note is in the collar and cuffs, which are of old rose silk. The waist is gathered front and back to a square yoke, and the skirt is gathered to the waist. In making this the model requires 5 yards 44-inch material.

There is nothing about the construction of the dress to puzzle the inexperienced home sewer. First study the construction guide. Then take the waist and gather upper and lower edges of front and back between "T" perforations. Sew yoke to front and back notches, center-backs and front edges even. Close under-arm seam as notched. Turn hem in front at notch. Large "O" perforations indicate center-front. Lay right front on left, center-fronts

even tuck together at lower edge. Close front seam of belt; sew to lower edge of waist, center-fronts and center-backs even; bring single small "o" perforation at upper edge of belt to under-arm seam.

To form the tucks in the collar, crease on slot perforations. Stitch 1/4 inch from edge and sew collar to neck edge, notches and center-backs even.

Take the skirt next and close back seam. Form tucks, creasing on crosslines of slot perforations; attach upper tuck 3/4 inches from folded edge and lower tuck 3/4 inches from folded edge. Turn hem at lower edge of skirt on small "o" perforations; gather upper edge between "T" perforations. Sew skirt to lower edge of belt, center-fronts and center-backs even; bring small "o" perforation in

skirt to large "O" perforation in belt. Now, close the sleeve seams as notched and gather lower edge between "T" perforations. Face the cuff. Roll lower part over on outside on small "o" perforations. Sew cuff to sleeve as notched bringing small "o" perforation at top of cuff to seam of sleeve; bring opening in cuff to small "o" perforation at lower edge of sleeve, lapping the cuff 1/4 inch and tacking upper edges together. Finish the cuff for closing. Sew sleeves in armholes, notches and small "o" perforations even, easing in any fullness between notches. Hold the sleeve toward you when basting it in armhole. Braid the pocket first, then gather upper and lower edges of under-section between "T" perforations. Join outer section to under section matching notches at side and lower edges and drawing gathers at lower edge to fit. Sew pocket to lower edge of belt between-indicating small "o" perforations.

Ribbon as a straight strip of satin will do for the sash.

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