The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name and in consideration of release within six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. After the secret marriage ceremony Rosslaer and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by Trask. Lady Rosslaer claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron but keeps him at a distance. Waldron discovers the penniless state of his lifelong friend Rosslaer, offers him a partnership, then announces his intention of marrying Maria.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Walking home that night Kempton Rosslaer reflected—thinking upon an old adage—that he had indeed set his hands to the weaving of a tangled web when he had gone to Arliss Mansions with Mrs. Alden's jewels to repair the wrong that his half-brother had done.

The quiet certainty of Jasper Waldron's announcement had stunned him. He felt sick to the soul of him with a despairing bewilderment. Never in all his wholesome, happy-go-lucky, careless life had he been face to face with such a problem; never had he been less his own man, so much a puppet in the clutches of a malign and mischievous Fate.

His brain was reeling in his perplexity; but of one thing he was clearly conscious. Jasper Waldron, his friend—a friend dearer to him than even that friend knew—was in danger of losing his happiness. He, too, had become hopelessly involved in this strange, pitiable farce of which Marcia was the central figure.

The night Rosslaer lay for hours sleepless, to fall finally into a heavy, dreamless slumber from which he awaked unrefreshed, but with a growing determination at the back of his mind.

At noon Marcia's maid brought her Kempton Rosslaer's card. Across the back of it was scribbled:

"I must see you. It is urgent."

The girl looked down at it with bent brows. She was lunching out, and was already dressed for the street. Under the wide brim of her hat her face looked pale.

She, too had been sleepless last night. She, too, had had her bad hour looking ahead at the consequences of the bargain she had struck with Kempton Rosslaer. His coming this morning startled her. For a moment she was inclined to deny herself to him.

Then she laid down the card and nodded to the maid.

"I will see Mr. Rosslaer in five minutes," she said. When, presently, she entered the sunny room in which he was waiting she looked at him quickly, questioningly.

He turned eagerly at her entrance, came swiftly forward and shook hands with her perfunctorily. He was obviously uncomfortable, and there was a little of the old, half bitter resentment in the glance that met hers.

Marcia was conscious of it, but she waited silently and after a moment he spoke.

"I saw Waldron last night!" he said. He spoke quickly, roughly. Marcia drew a caught little breath, but she was still silent. He went on: "We hadn't seen each other to talk to for some time—I didn't know—I'd never guessed that he'd come to know you—intimately."

Again Marcia's breath caught. A flame of color ran up over her cheeks; her eyes widened. Then, abruptly, she turned and moved away from him. He watched her sombrely, biting his lips, his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"I had to come to you!" he told her desperately after a moment or two. "He—Waldron—said something that made it imperative that—that—you and I should talk things over."

He paused. He was miserably conscious of his own embarrassment. It was a relief to him when at last she spoke, quickly, even sharply, but without looking round at him.

"Said something? What was it?" Her voice was stifled. One hand lay clenched over her heart. Rosslaer made a sharp movement, and looked away.

"He said—that when he came back from Spain—he meant to marry you."

Marcia gave an odd little, broken cry. Again Rosslaer's teeth closed almost savagely on his lip. After a minute he looked back at her. She had dropped into a low chair and was leaning forward, very still, her elbows on the arm of it, her lips pressed down against her clasped hands.

Rosslaer stared at her for a minute, then he came quickly to her side.

"What in the name of Heaven," he flung at her hoarsely, "does it mean?"

She made a slight movement of her head, but she did not answer. Again she was facing the complications which Waldron's love for her had brought about, and deep in the soul of her she was sick and afraid.

'He can't marry you," Rosslaer began again; and this time she silenced him with a violent gesture.

"I know—we both know—you and I—that that is impossible!"

Her voice was hard. The eyes that she turned upon him for a minute were burning. Her face was no longer that of a girl. It was tragic, set.

Rosslaer turned away and took a few rapid strides up and down the room. At the window he paused; he spoke with his back to her—somehow the sight of the slender figure in the deep chair brought a choke to his throat, a sick feeling of pity to his heart.

"But—something must be done," he ventured hesitatingly. Marcia made a slight movement of her clasped hands.

"I know!" she said, tonelessly.

"I mean," Rosslaer persisted doggedly, "he—Waldron—is too fine a man to be made to—to suffer—wantonly. And he would suffer, damnably—if he came to care too much!"

Marcia's lips twitched.

"I know!" she said again.

The soft expressionlessness of her voice jarred Kempton beyond endurance. He swung round upon her almost fiercely.

"Good God!" he cried. "The whole business is—is ghastly! It's—impossible! If Waldron cares—like this—you can't go on seeing him, meeting him, letting him believe."

He stopped short. The girl had swung suddenly to her feet and was facing him. In her white face her eyes locked abnormally large.

"I tell you," she cried, and he saw that her lips were quivering piteously, "that I know! Do you suppose," with a sort of broken fierceness, "that I am blind—without sense—understanding? Do you suppose that I do not—shall not—suffer too?"

The torment of her soul had found sudden, unexpected utterance. Rosslaer stared at her, flushing deeply. Involuntarily he made a gesture toward her.

"You—mean?"—he half whispered, and she laughed under her breath.

"I mean," she said with a sort of dreary simplicity ,"that I love him!"

"My God!" Rosslaer said, softly, under his breath. "Oh—my God!"

She heard, and smiled, infinitely weary.

"It can't go on," she said slowly. "I realize that. I ought to have realized it before. I've been thinking—all night. I—I'll have to go away, after all—for—for the time that is left. Right away, where he won't know where I am. I can't see him again. I dare not! I'm not—strong enough!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

For many minutes after Rosslaer had left her Marcia stood quite still in the centre of the room, looking straight before her. Her face was colorless, her whole figure drooped. Her own words were ringing, persistently, half-mockingly, in her ears.

"I must go right away—somewhere where he cannot find me."

Presently she lifted her two hands and laid them over her eyes. "Oh, God!" she whispered. And in her voice was a curious mingling of resentment and resignation, despair and a dull acceptance of the inevitable.

Presently, at the entrance of her maid, she roused herself. Mechanically she slipped into her wrap, began to pull on her gloves. Mechanically she called a light good-bye through her mother's open door.

As she passed out of the flat and went down in the lift she reflected, wondering a little at hersif, that in a few minutes she would be laughing and talking with her friends at a crowded, luxurious luncheon table, as though she had not a care in the world—or a weight at her heart that made the world seem suddenly gray and colorless.

What a mockery—what a pretense life was after all! She laughed under her breath as she passed out into the sunshine. Then she paused. A taxi had drawn up to the curb, a woman was getting out of it. As she turned Marcia recognized Lady Rosslaer. As they exchanged greetings she sighed a little.

During the last few weeks, not altogether willingly, she had seen a good deal of Lord Rosslaer's brilliant wife and her son. Lady Rosslaer had been charming, persistent in her invitations. She had, at the same time, been careful not to overdo her seeming interest in her young relation.

Nevertheless Marcia, in her presence, was always restlessly conscious of her old, unaccountable feeling of antagonism and antipathy.

She forced herself now to smile into the other's brilliant eyes. Ruth Rosslaer made a wide gesture of her hands.

"My dear," she cried, "I have only a few moments ago met Kempton! He tells me that he is going away—probably abroad. Tell me, what can it mean?"

Marcia glanced at her a little coldly.

"I haven't the slightest idea," she returned. "But, surely, there's nothing very extraordinary about it?"

Again Ruth made a gesture.

"There wouldn't be in the ordinary way. But he says he's going on business—that is, as far as I can gather Jasper Waldron has offered him some sort of post that will take him out of England a great deal. I never was so surprised in my life! The idea of Kemp earning his living is—is absolutely staggering! He's been such an absolute idler up to now. I wonder—"

She paused. She was watching the girl narrowly, still smiling, but with a growing perplexity at the back of her eyes. She was conscious of a certainty that Marcia had something to do with her stepson's decision.

Latterly pure chance had brought him a good deal in contact with the girl. Lady Rosslaer had not failed to note it, to connive at some of their meetings, and to secretly congratulate herself that Kemp was indeed growing interested.

Yet she was puzzled, too. She did not quite know what to make of their attitude toward each other; she knew that people still coupled his name and Araby Trask's; nevertheless, that there was something between him and Marcia she was convinced.

He was never wholly at ease in her presence; as for the girl herself, she always seemed to wish to avoid speaking to him. Ruth had noticed it repeatedly and found it very perplexing.

However, it strengthened her conviction that, were they to be thrown together frequently, their friendship would grow warmer. And she sincerely hoped so. A rich marriage on Kempton's part would make all the difference in the world to the fortunes of the Rosslaers.

"I wondered," she went on a little quickly, "if he had taken you into his confidence at all. He—he seems to like you—be interested in you, you know."

Marcia flushed brightly. For a moment her eyes were almost startled. Lady Rosslaer did not fail to notice it, and again was assailed by perplexity.

"Mr. Rosslaer has said nothing to me about it at all!" Marcia's voice was cold. She turned slightly to where the car was waiting. "Were you coming to see us?" she added. "Or can I drop you anywhere?"

Lady Rosslaer bit her lip. Then she smiled charmingly.

"It's awfully sweet of you. I was just going to inquire after your mother. If you'd put me down at the Criterion. I promised to meet Gordon there."

(To be continued.)

Man vs. Brute.

A horse can gallop twice as fast as a man can run, and can beat a human rival in any race up to about sixty miles.

Beyond that distance a well-trained athlete begins to hold his own, and, when it comes to distances above a hundred miles, the horse is simply not in it.

A man has covered a hundred miles on foot in rather less than 13½ hours. No horse has equalled this feat. Much less has any horse, or, for that matter, any land animal ever touched such a performance as that of the Englishman, P. Fitzgerald, who, so long ago as 1884, did 500 miles in 109 hours, 18 minutes, 20 seconds.

Then there was another Englishman, William Gale, who walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. This again was a feat which no four-legged creature could possibly match. The fact is that man has powers of endurance which are unmatched by any other living creature. The mere muscular strength of the lower animal simply does not count against man's determination and brain-power.

In swimming the same thing holds good. Although a dog can beat a man in a short-distance swim, where would you find a dog that would even attempt to swim say, twenty miles? There is indeed no land animal which can compare with man in the matter of swimming.

A man can walk faster than a horse, for whereas four miles an hour is quite a good gait for any horse, a man has walked over eight miles within sixty minutes.

Jumping is rather a matter of strength than endurance, yet, taking relative size into consideration, a man can beat a horse at jumping. Many men have jumped heights exceeding six feet, and widths exceeding twenty-four feet. Eight feet is, I believe, something like the record height for a horse to clear, and twenty-seven feet is the longest known jump by a horse.

As for starving, here again the man shows his superiority. Professional fasters have gone as much as forty days without food. No horse, dog, sheep, or ox can match this. The only creatures that can emulate this feat are those which hibernate during the winter, such as the bear, badger, or squirrel, and these, we must remember, are in a state of suspended animation.

Business Tactics.

"You seem to have a good deal of faith in doctors," said Bronson to his invalid friend.

"I have," was the reply; "a doctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."

Microscopic Writing.

A Frenchman has written on an ordinary postcard 23,154 words—125,000 letters. The writing is said to be legible to the naked eye.

It isn't where a man starts but what a man starts that gives him status.

Lost.—A silver-mounted comb by a young lady with rubber teeth.

Nearly one-eighth of the surface of Sweden is covered by lakes.

For sale.—An automobile by an old gentleman with a tank holding ten gallons.

Chinese fishermen paint an eye on their boats to enable the latter to see their way.

The look-out man on board the Majestic, the world's largest liner, is 180 feet above the water level, and can see for fifteen miles in every direction; in clear weather his view will cover some 900 square miles of ocean.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Silk and Cotton Clippings

Suitable for Patch-Work and Fancy-Work. Large Package sent for fifty cents, or three for a dollar; stamps or money order.

M. J. TELLER & CO.

80 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Woman's Sphere

Sanctified.

When Baby came a guardian angel bent his shielding wings
About the house, and shut out sordid things.

The race for wealth, position, place, and fame
Seemed such a paltry thing—when Baby came.

We longed to set some standard, sweetly wise,
Of life before those innocent ble eyes.

We aimed at leading toddling feet through fair
And holy lands—the angel helped us there.

And somehow every little meaner place
Within our souls took on a higher grace;
Our spirit music thrilled with grander sound;
Our feet climbed Godwards in the daily round
When Baby came.

—Lillian Gard.

In the Doctor's Office.

The young woman in the expensive furs had been talking for a long time. When at last she finished the doctor, who had been listening intently, nodded his head slowly. "You are right, Mrs. Royal," he said gravely, "you are a very sick young woman. But you can be cured if you are strong enough for heroic treatment."

"What would it be?" she asked, trembling.

"I am going to give you the first dose now. After that you can decide for yourself."

Startled, she looked round the room. It was a pleasant place, and there was no medicine in sight—not even a bottle. Reassured but still anxious, she looked at the doctor inquiringly.

"The first thing always," he said, "is to discover the trouble. Frequently the trouble, you know, is not physical, but spiritual."

"Psychoanalysis," she murmured.

He made a careless gesture. "If you will; that's the fashionable label. The thing itself is as old as the first understanding man or woman. And your trouble is older than that. I am assuming that Eve was not particularly understanding; but she wasn't to blame; she hadn't had much experience," he added whimsically.

But the young woman only looked at him blankly, and he at once became grave again. "The real trouble with you," he said, "is that you want to be happy and are not."

She gasped with astonishment. "How did you know?"

"My dear child," he replied, smiling, "it's what everybody wants, whether he knows it or not. We want it because it is something God meant us to have; until we are at least beginning to reach the things that God means for us we are always miserable. You are in trouble because happiness is never a gift; it always has to be earned. And you have not earned it."

"Why, doctor," she protested, "you can't earn"—she flushed a little—"a happy marriage, for instance."

The doctor dropped his clenched hand on his desk. "That's exactly what you have to do, you and every man and woman who tries for happiness through marriage. Some one's falling in love with you is just the seed of happiness. Life puts thousands of such seeds—opportunities—into our lives. Having done that, she's done her part. She leaves us to take care of them."

"But I never do wrong things," the woman protested; "I don't see why—"

"Do you ever do right ones?" he asked, and the room seemed to ring with the question.

"I don't understand," she said falteringly.

"Happiness has to be earned; that's the eternal law. Happiness has to be earned by unselfishness, by good, honest work and by active loving. Expecting to be happy because you don't do wrong things is like expecting to get a potato crop merely because you've bought the seed. The seed has to be planted, and the vines have to be cultivated and the field weeded before your harvest comes. That's the treatment. But you've got to give it to yourself."

Grape-Juice Punch and Other Good Recipes.

Grape-juice punch is very refreshing. It requires two quarts of grape-juice, one quart of water, one quart of ginger ale, juice of six oranges, juice of six lemons. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and the water, squeeze the juice from the oranges and lemons, and place the rinds in the syrup. When the sugar is dissolved, remove from the fire. When cool remove rinds, add remaining ingredients, adding more sugar if needed. Pour over ice and serve cold.

An attractive salad is made by lining a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Shred two or three lettuce leaves and place in the centre. Over this place a layer of radishes cut in very small dice. Cover the radishes with a layer of sliced tomatoes, and over these place a layer of thinly sliced cucumbers. Cover with French dressing, dust lightly with paprika and serve very cold.

Stuffed beet salad makes an appetizing supper dish. Boil medium-sized beets until tender, plunge into cold water and remove the skins. Scoop out the centres, leaving the shells to be stuffed with cooked peas, chopped English walnuts and a little cold chicken, veal or lamb cut into dice. Place on lettuce leaves, top with mayonnaise dressing and serve with rye or brown bread and butter sandwiches.

Pineapple fruit punch is particularly good. Place in a large mixing bowl one cupful of strained tea, one large cupful of finely diced pineapple or a can of crushed pineapple, the juice of two lemons, one sliced orange and sugar to taste. Chill on the ice for two or three hours and just previous to serving, stir in one quart of cracked ice, one pint of ice-water and one quart of carbonated water, poured from a height. If carbonated water is not available, use three pints of ice-water.

Fruit ice cream can be made of milk, if cream is not available. Use five cupfuls of milk or one large-sized can of evaporated milk, the juice of one lemon, and three cupfuls of sugar. Add six large peaches, peeled and mashed, or three cupfuls of strawberries or red raspberries, washed and crushed, or a can of crushed pineapple. Mix fruit, sugar and lemon-juice, add the milk, then freeze. A richer ice cream is obtained by making the milk into junket before freezing. The recipe will make about three quarts of ice cream.

Raisin ice cream is new to many. To make, soak (until plump) one cupful of seeded raisins in two cupfuls of water and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Place the mixture in a closely covered saucepan and simmer slowly until the raisins are tender, and but one-half cupful of water remains. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch in four tablespoonfuls of cold water, adding a few grains of salt, add to the raisins and cook until the mixture is clear, being careful not to crush the raisins while stirring. Add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, remove from the fire and keeping the mixture covered stand aside to cool. Whip one and one-quarter cupfuls of heavy cream until stiff, fold in the raisin mixture, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, then freeze.

The Minister's Victory.

A Kentucky clergyman, while traveling through his State, put up at a town hotel much frequented by practical jokers. During dinner these worthies opened fire on the minister, who, however, sood their gibes with calm indifference. At length a fellow-diner said to him:

"I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes, but I am used to it," replied the clergyman. "I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum and such remarks have no effect upon me."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A forest of pines and firs which took 200 years to grow, may be destroyed in half as many minutes by a forest fire.

RADIO

Hear Toronto and Montreal Radio Concerts every night, just as though you were in one of these great cities, with our Marconi Radiophone (Model C). Write for full information and prices.

The AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES and TIME RECORDERS
TORONTO - CANADA

Trade Vaseline Mark
CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

A VERY efficient antiseptic when used as a first-aid dressing for cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, etc. Keep a tube in the house for emergencies.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

SUPERIOR---The Inland Sea

"The Blue, the Fresh, the Ever Free"

AH, this is a trip to remember! Six glorious days on the Great Lakes, voyaging 1,600 miles from Sarnia to Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William, Duluth and return. Six days of fresh air, sunny skies and blue waters. As long as you live you will recall with longing the delicious meals they serve on board the "Noronic," "Hamonic" and "Huronic." But, best of all to most of us, is the daily life on shipboard—the dances, promenades and concerts—the delightful days on the wide, shady decks of a magnificent Great Lakes liner. And the trips ashore; the luncheon at Prince Arthur Hotel, Port Arthur; the trip by train to Kakebeka Falls, near Port Arthur; the day in beautiful Duluth.

SIX DAYS ON THE GREAT LAKES

Sarnia--Soo--Port Arthur--Duluth

Special Features — Dancing, every week-day evening. Refreshments, Concerts. Luncheon at Prince Arthur Hotel, Port Arthur. Trip by train to Kakabeka Falls, near Port Arthur. Golf meters. Afternoon Tea. "Northern Navigator," daily shipboard paper. Mile March Music. Moonlight Chorus on Deck. Social Hostess.

Round trip continuous cruise rate, Sarnia to Duluth and return, including meals, berth and side trips—$74.75. Noronic, Hamonic and Huronic leave Sarnia (Point Edward Dock) at 4 p. m. E.T., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Special steamboat train leaves Union Station Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10.02 a.m., via Hamilton and London, direct to steamer.

Buy your ticket to the West via Northern Navigation Water Way from any Canadian National-Grand Trunk Ticket Agent, or write for folder to F. D. GEOGHEGAN, Gen. Passenger Agent.

Northern Navigation Company

Canadian-National-Grand Trunk Route