KEEN'S DSF MUSTARD gives food a delicious appetizing savor -

117

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER XLV.—(Cont'd.)

Like all the rest of the world, she knew that Marcia must have heard that Kempton Rosslaer had been paying her attentions. Yet she had never alluded to it, though the warmth of their growing friendship would have made it permissible. And, looking back, Araby remembered finding her eyes fixed upon her sometimes, especially when Kempton was present, with a look in their depths that she had never understood—a look at once wistful, restless and curiously uneasy.

To Kempton, who was now in France, she wrote once, as a postscript to her daily long letter:

"Have you seen Marcia Halstead yet? We haven't the slightest idea where she is—she writes, but never gives any address. It is so queer."

And he had replied:

"Once, yes. Just after my arrival in Paris. We met by chance. I didn't know she was here. We dined together. I thought she looked ill."

Araby, reading it, had been conscious of a swift little pang of jealousy. Unwillingly she found herself wondering if he had been quite open about not knowing that Marcia was in France. She hated herself fiercely for the doubt, but it returned now and then in spite of herself.

To Audrey Marcia sent some rare piece of china occasionally, and sweetmeats very often. That little lady was already so well dowered with the world's goods that there was little she really needed. But to Trask she sent, whenever she found anything that especially appealed to her, pictures, prints—sometimes a wonderful statuette in bronze or marble.

Every gift was costly; yet, again, she felt that the man, for whom she had conceived a very real liking, could not resent any one of them. She could imagine him unpacking them—see the flush of eagerness in his face, the unwonted brightness of his kindly eyes—and a little warmth would creep into her heart.

It was so good to be able to give—to bring pleasure. It made up for so much; it gave her an object in life which otherwise she would have lacked.

For these days, delightful as they were, dreamed of as they had been, were not like the days she had left behind her. She made acquaintances, but no friends.

Her friends were all behind her, across the sea, and none of the expensive brilliance of her present existence could make up for all she had said good-by to.

She was conscious very often of a sense of loneliness, of home-sickness. To all thoughts of Jasper Waldron she grimly shut her mind—or tried to. But sometimes her empty heart cried out in bitter protest at the need of forgetfulness.

Sometmeis she felt she would willingly have given all that wonderful fortune of hers just for the clasp of his hand, the warmth of his smile. Sometimes, lying at night wakeful, restless, she asked—had any of it, anything that she had done, been worth while?

Yet she could not reproach hersedf. Her natural desire had been for comfort in the last few months of life that were left to her; for the certainty of handing down that comfort to her mother.

And so, with a new day, she would laugh and talk and amuse herself for all the world as if life stretched before her unshadowed.

The unexpected meeting with Kempton was a real pleasure. She had begged him almost eagerly to dine with her, and after a searching look into her thin, too brightly flushed face, he had accepted with a sharp pang of pity at his heart.

And he had set himself to interest and amuse her during the couple of hours they were together. She looked so frail, so absurdly young, and somehow, so piteously lonely. He was conscious of an almost passionate desire to help her, if only a little while, to forget. And his cloak of reserve fell from him.

He was the Kempton Rosslaer again, who had come so often to Audrey Alden's flat. The gay boy whom everyone had liked. She warmed, grew less restless, happier.

Toward the end of the time they were together she stretched an over-thin hand impulsively across the table and touched his.

"No one knows exactly where I am," she told him. "You—I don't want them to!"

He flushed a little. It was the one and only allusion she had made to her reason for leaving England. He nodded.

"Yes. I understand. I shall say nothing, of course." He stopped and frowned. A woman and a man had passed their table. The woman looked back over her shoulder, stared, then bowed quickly, smiling. Kempton looked after her moodily.

"Chrissie Ford," he said briefly in answer to Marcia's inquiring glance. "You saw her once or twice at Audrey's—she married last week—on her honeymoon, I suppose. You're not staying in Paris?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

Marcia looked back quickly after the two figures. The over bright color faded slightly from her cheeks. Then she met Kempton's eyes.

"We're leaving Paris to-morrow," she said quietly. He nodded, and they smoked in silence for a few minutes. Then again Marcia touched his hand, briefly, lightly, with the tips of her fingers.

"I had a letter from Jasper the day I went," she said. "He told me that you are joining him. I'm so glad. I want you to believe that. I want you to believe, too, that I wish you everything in the world that is good."

The boyishness died out of Rosslaer's fact. He stirred uneasily, flushing. Then, impulsively, he reached his brown, sensitive hand over the table and clasped it over hers.

"I do believe it," he said. "Only," he added, "I don't know quite how you can feel like that. I should imagine—in your eyes—I must be pretty much of a rotter."

She shook her head, not looking at him. "I am only sorry," she said, "for what you—in a moment of madness, desperation, temptation—did. And for what I—in a moment of equal madness and desperate temptation—made you do! And yet—I can't help feeling it was best that it happened so—after all. It's not as if"—

She broke off. Kempton was still flushed; his handsome face looked resentful. Then it softened. He leaned forward.

"I wish," he said very low, and with a depth of earnestness in his voice that brought her eyes quickly to his face, "that you would believe that I told you the truth that night!"

She did not answer, but her eyes searched his. A flickering uncertainty, almost dismay, crossed them.

"But, how can I," she spoke distressfully. Rosslaer laughed, a little bitterly.

"I suppose you cannot. Nevertheless it's true. Now let's talk of something else."

"Of your new chance—new work!" she put in quickly. "You have my best wishes—for every success!" She stood up, and as he rose he saw something in her smile that made a lump come into his throat. "I hope you will have some of it while I—can know it!" she finished, and turning passed before him down the long room.

* * * * *

Audrey Alden was the first person who told Jasper Waldron upon his return of Marcia's leaving England. He had gone direct to her flat, to be met with the smooth information that Miss Halstead was away, and, so far, had sent no address. He arrived at Arliss Mansion fuming and bewildered.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "Why did she go? And why didn't she tell me?"

He flushed then as he met little Mrs. Alden's understanding eyes. Abruptly he turned his back upon her then swung round again.

"I—love her," he said, simply. "I thought—she cared." He passed a nervous hand over his smooth head. "I don't understand!" he added, and at the boyish bewilderment of the confession Audrey smiled.

"Nor do I!" she told him. "I don't think anyone does. We were all in the dark as to her going until she was gone. She has written, of course, but she never gives an address. Her last letter was dated from Monte Carlo. I believe Araby had a letter from Kemp Rosslaer only a day or so ago in which he mentioned he had dined with her in Paris, but that she was leaving immediately."

Waldon's eyes brightened. He moved toward the door.

"He may know where she's gone!" he declared. "I'll cable him."

He came back to Arliss Mansions late that evening. There was no reply to his ring, and, fuming afresh, he went down into the street again. He wondered at which theatre he would be most likely to find Audrey. Then he decided to go to Chelsea, to the Trasks.

He wanted companionship. Companionship such as he and Marcia had enjoyed together. He wanted to talk to people who knew her.

Trask's old housekeeper admitted him, and he ran quickly up the shallow oak stairs. At the top he paused and called down:

"I say—they're alone I suppose?"

"Only Mrs. Alden. Oh, and young Mr. Ruthven, I think, sir."

Waldron frowned. His eyes had brightened at the mention of Audrey. Ruthven he had seen little of, but he intuitively distrusted and disliked him. Nevertheless, he reflected, he was a sort of cousin of Marcia's—he might have heard something of her whereabouts.

Trask greeted him on the threshold warmly. Araby sprang up from her beloved window seat and came forward, and from her deep chair under the lamp Audrey demanded, quite eagerly:

"Well?"

For answer he threw down a crumpled cable message. "Got it this evening!" he said tersely, returning Ruthven's nod, and Audrey read it aloud.

"Not seen anything of Miss Halstead since the night before she left Paris. Rosslaer."

"Too bad," Audrey began, and paused. Young Ruthven had sauntered forward with a little laugh.

"I should say they've made a mistake in that message," he observed. "Had a letter from Jim Ascough only this morning—he married Chrissie Ford, you know. They're honeymooning in France. He happened to mention that they've seen Marcia several times at different places—Kemp, too. Once at Paris—later at Nice—and on several occasions they were together. Guess the mater'll be pleased to hear it, too. Can't understand it, but she's positively fretty at Marcia's having gone off like that. Not like the mater at all. Doesn't cotton to girls a bit as a rule"—

He trailed on aimlessly, but no one heeded him. Waldron had picked up the cable and was re-reading it with a puzzled frown. Instinctively both Audrey and Trask had glanced toward Araby.

She was sitting very still, her hands clasped closely as they lay in her lap. Her face was in shadow—only a twitching pulse in her throat gave any indication that she had heard.

"Odd!" Waldron murmured. His face looked rather puzzled than disturbed. After a moment he pulled out his watch and drew a slow breath as of relief. In a couple of quick strides he reached the door. Trask followed him.

"Going?" he said. "Won't you stay for a drink?"

Waldron shook his head. "No time," he returned. "Lucky it's fairly early still—if I get a hustle on I can just catch the night boat train. I'm going to Nice."

(To be continued.)

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Forestry in Great Britain.

Great Britain has awakened to the necessity of reforestation, and regards any restriction of tree planting as false economy. The forest authorities have agreed to a great extension of enterprise in forestry. Hundreds of thousands of acres of uncultivated land are available for the purpose, and they are to be used for the growth of new forest, planted largely with trees grown from Canadian tree seed collected by the Dominion Forestry Branch.

The man who does his best is a success, whether the world thinks so or not.

The Midianites of scripture fame were an Arab race.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Woman's Sphere

Jelly Stock for Winter.

In preparing for the winter's supply of jelly, what could be simpler than merely to extract the fruit juices during the busy fruit season and store them in jars? This juice is called jelly stock. Each jar of stock is neatly labeled, giving such information as the kind of fruit, date prepared and any facts that may assist in later making the best jelly. Jars of jelly stock are stored with other canned fruits and used as the demand arises.

Perhaps first among the advantages of thus supplying the table with freshly made jellies, of that rich, fruity flavor so desired, is that it immeasurably lessens the labor in the hot kitchen during the fruit season. Those who have tried this method have also been delighted with the quality of their product. With much pride, one jelly maker exhibits a product so clear that, as she laughingly said, one may read the morning news through a glass of her jelly. This is due to the fact that as the stocks stands on the shelves awaiting its turn to be used, all sediment settles and only the clear juice is used. In grape stock this sediment contains crystals of cream of tartar, always most undesirable in the finished jelly.

The method of preparing jelly stock is quite simple. The fruit is cooked with the addition of the necessary water. It is strained first through a cheesecloth, then through a jelly bag made from flannel, is poured into jars that have been sterilized in boiling water. It is processed twenty minutes, following the usual method of processing canned fruits and vegetables by the cold-pack method. It is then sealed.

Grapes, plums, apples, crab apples and blackberries are among the fruits best suited to jelly-making since they contain the essential properties—pectin and acid. The fruit should be firm and in good condition, with one-half ripe to give characteristic flavor and color, and one-half slightly green to supply acid.

There are other fruits of delicious flavor, which cannot well be spared from the list of jellies, yet are lacking in the jelly-making substance. Strawberries, peaches and cherries are among these but experiments have discovered ways of making them jelly by combining with such fruits as apple or by the addition of home-made or commercial pectin. This pectin is of value because it makes it possible for us to make a perfect jelly out of fruits that until recently we thought could not be satisfactorily used except for jams, sauces and conserves.

Two methods of adding sugar to the strained juice for the final process of jelly making are recognized by successful cooks. The first is to bring the juice to a boil, boil rapidly for ten minutes, add sugar and boil, after boiling point is reached, ten minutes, when, if other conditions are right, the jelly stage should be reached. Some heat the sugar and some do not.

The second method is to add the sugar as soon as the juice begins to boil and cook rapidly until jelly stage is reached which, other conditions being right, will be in about twenty minutes.

A good thermometer is a great help in jelly-making. To test the jelly without a thermometer, take a little of the boiling juice on a spoon and cool it. If cooked sufficiently, the juice will form a sheet and break from the sides of the spoon when poured.

Apple jelly stock—Wash apples, cut in small pieces and cover with water. After boiling point is reached, cook from 35 to 45 minutes. Strain and pour juice at once into hot sterilized jars and process 20 minutes. Store in a cool place until ready to make jelly.

Apple jelly (made from stock)—1 pt. apple jelly stock, 1½ c. sugar. Cook to 222 degrees F., or 105½ deg. C. Skim and pour into sterilized glasses.

Crab apple jelly—Cut apples in small pieces, cover with water and when the boiling point is reached, cook for 35 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth. Filter by pouring juice through a heavy flannel bag and for each cup of juice use a cup of sugar. Crab apples contain a great deal of pectin and are also very acid. The jelly stage will be reached at from 220 deg. F. to 221 degrees F. This jelly is very firm and is excellent in flavor.

Grape jelly stock—8 lbs. grapes (one-half under-ripe), 2 lbs. water (one quart). Crush grapes and boil with water 20 minutes; strain through cheesecloth and pour juice through a flannel bag. Pour into sterilized jars and process 20 minutes. Store in a cool place until ready to make into jelly.

In grape-jelly stock, the cream of tartar crystals slowly settle to the bottom and by this method their crystallization in the jelly is reduced to a minimum. Orange pectin is frequently used with grape-jelly stock to prevent the formation of crystals.

Grape jelly (made from stock)—Add the required amount of sugar. Cook to 223 degrees F., or 106 degrees C. Sometimes a higher temperature than this is required for grape jelly. Pour into hot, sterilized glasses.

Strawberry jelly—Cap, wash and crush berries; add only enough water to keep them from burning. Cook until soft and strain juice through flannel jelly bag. To 1 pt. strawberry juice add 1 pt. orange pectin juice and 1 lb. sugar. As soon as juices boil, add sugar and cook to 223 degrees F., or 106 degrees C. Skim and pour at once into hot sterilized glasses.

Blackberry jelly stock—6 qts. blackberries, 1 pt. water. Wash berries, place over heat and after boiling point is reached, cook for 15 minutes. Strain through double cheesecloth and process in pint jars for 20 minutes. This will yield 3 pints of jelly stock. Store in cool place.

Blackberry jelly (made from stock)—2 pts. jelly stock, 1½ lbs. sugar. As soon as the boiling point is reached, add sugar gradually and cook to 222 degrees F. Skim and pour immediately into hot sterilized glasses.

Make-Over Notes.

Lengthening skirts: Letting down a hem is not the only way of adding inches to the lower edge of a skirt. There are "let-downs," you know, that make the style look intentional and not a compromise. Pin-tucked inset bands are one of the smart ways of letting down a skirt.

Now, wouldn't pin-tucked organdie bands add a pretty touch to a checked gingham frock? Make them about two inches wide and add three or four, placing one above a deep hem and the others spaced about three inches apart. If this adds more than enough length, cut off the extra.

Insets of lace dyed to match are nice for lengthening a silk frock. And fine all-over embroidery insets will add to the appearance of almost any cotton frock.

Fagoting is another practical "let-down" for silk, fine woolen, or cotton frocks. Add as many rows as you like. Fashion puts no limit on fagoting.

Dropping the waistline: Of course, you want low waistlines when everyone is wearing them. If you happen to have a normal waistline frock, try this little scheme: Cut off the lower edge of the waist, making it parallel to the floor all the way round. Join it to a straight section. Sew the top of the skirt to the bottom of the new section, and finish this last joining with a casing and elastic.

If your dress is fine serge, twill, or velour, make the inset of faille, crepe silk, or brocade in a matching shade. A two-toned ribbon for the new section makes a smart addition to a silk frock.

Changing the neckline: If you want to make a V-neck tailored blouse into the popular high-neck round-collared style, add a bosom front and new collar. Dimity or batiste blouses are attractive with dotted swiss or checked gingham bosoms and collars.

Making short sleeves long: This is merely a matter of adding on a new lower section. Many of the new dresses have tight-fitting upper sleeves and puffed lower sleeves. Cut off your sleeve to a point halfway between the shoulder and elbow, and gather the new sleeve to the lower edge. Also gather the bottom of the new sleeve and finish with a narrow band cuff.

Here are a few possibilities for sleeve puffs: Organdie or batiste puffs for a gingham frock. Chiffon puffs for a taffeta frock. Printed silk puffs for a plain crepe silk frock. Crepe silk puffs for a cloth frock.

Constructive Child Welfare Law

BY DR. J. G. SHEARER

The welfare of children is the concern of all. Humanity, patriotism and religion combine in their appeal in behalf of the little ones. The majority of children are safely left to the care of their own parents. Unhappily, however, not a few are bereft of parents, or would be better if they were. And many others have need that the help parents can render be supplemented by the Province.

Manitoba has just enacted the most modern Child Welfare Act in Canada or on the continent, in behalf of specially needy classes of children. It is comprehensive and constructive in high degree. Its preparation was the work of a committee of experienced and expert friends of children, gotten together by the Social Service Council. That committee labored for four years before recommending the law to the Government. But the law justifies the time and labor spent upon its framing.

It establishes a new Department of Public Welfare with a Minister of Public Welfare in charge. The law also provides for the appointment by the Government of:

(a) A Child Welfare Director, responsible to the Government and people for the administration of the Act, and so far the welfare of all the classes of children provided for.

(b) A Medical Officer who is a trained Phychiatrist, whose duty is to examine and report upon the physical and mental condition of all children who are or should be, wards of the Province.

(c) A Board of Selection of five or seven members. The Child Welfare Director and the Psychiatrist are members ex-officio. The others are public-spirited citizens specially interested in Child Welfare, and serve without salary. The duty of this Board is to determine what special care, treatment and training each child needs and where this can best be obtained, whether in an institution or a private foster home, if not in its own home.

The following classes of children are provided for in separate section of the law:

(1) Neglected, dependent and delinquent children previously cared for and (2) other classes not previously cared for, such as:

Mentally defective children, idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded and retarded. These are provided for in public schools, in special classes under specially trained teachers or in special schools for mental defectives. Under this section provision is made for the examination of all accused persons, who, though adults, if adjudged mentally defective, become wards of the Government as being children in mind and self-control.

Physically defective children, such as blind, deaf, dumb, crippled, etc.

The children of Unmarried parentage, who, though wholly innocent, are usually sadly handicapped by ostracism, neglect and non-support.

Immigrant children such as those brought in by Barnardo or other similar organizations.

If any defectives or delinquints are brought into the Province they may be deported. If any become public charges the societies are compelled to care for them until sixteen years of age. If any are unkindly treated in foster homes, the Province, through its Child Welfare Director, becomes their champion and protector.

All machinery necessary is provided also for the Adoption and Guardianship of children.

Juvenile Courts, their establishment and governance are fully covered, as also all Child Welfare Societies allowed to work in the Province.

The closing section provides for all precedure, penalties, forms, etc.

This is the barest skeleton outline of this progressive measure.

It is typical of Western Canada that this remarkable constructive measure has been prepared and enacted by a Western province. It seems highly probable that other provinces in the West, and in the East, will in the near future follow Manitoba's illustrous example. Now that the trail is blazed it will not be to their credit if they do not do so.

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The Unexpected.

Clarence recently made his debut as a Sunday-school scholar. When he came home his father and mother waited to hear a report of his experiences, but Clarence evidently was too much dazed by them to begin.

"Well, dear," said his mother helpfully, "did you say the text?"

"Yes, mother."

"And did you remember the story of the lesson?"

"Yes, mother, I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny in the basket."

"Yes, mother."

Clarence's mother caught him up and huged him ecstatically.

"Oh, you little precious!" she exclaimed. "Your teacher must have been so proud! I know she just loved you. She said something to you, didn't she?"

"Yes, mother."

"I knew it!" with a proud glance at Clarence's father over Clarence's head. "Come, darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man."

"She said for me to bring two cents next Sunday."

Insects as Doctors.

In spite of the marvellous progress that medical science has made, doctors are still using a cure that was popular hundreds of years ago.

A little insect, the leech, is rivalling the most modern surgical instruments, for oculists have realized its value for reducing inflammation in certain diseases of the eye, says a London paper. The useful creatures are imported from Bavaria, and can be obtained at most chemists for sixpence each.

During the war, of course, it was impossible to obtain supplies, and at one time there was only one leech in London. It belonged to the chief oculist at one of our big hospitals, and there has never been a creature who had to work so hard. It was carried to all parts of London for the use of doctors who were unable to obtain a leech of their own. The little insect became one of the best-known "characters" in Harley Street!

Anxious to Please.

At breakfast in one of the hotels an exceedingly fidegty and irritable person within two minutes of giving his order began to squirm and demand when he was going to get his food.

"Waiter," he demanded, for about the fourth time, "where's my chop?"

"It's on the grill, sir," the waiter responded. "Will you have it now, or wait until it's done?"

One Way to Cut Down Expenses.

He—"Autos are a heavy expense, aren't they?"

Me—"Well, that depends. I've cut my running expense in two."

He—"How?"

Me—"By leaving it in the garage half of the time."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Don't be among those fools who use all the first part of their lives to make the latter part miserable.

Some palm trees will produce as high as 750 pounds of sago.

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