Bovril makes you enjoy life

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(Cont'd.)

It so happened that, a night before that upon which Waldron had found Marcia, Kemp ran up the steps of his pension whistling like a schoolboy. In his room he found the day's letters awaiting him, and one cablegram. He read it swiftly and the light died out of his eager face.

"Your father dying. Come at once.
RUTH ROSSLAER."

For one instant he stood stunned. Then he cast a glance at the clock and began frenziedly to pack.

He was never afterward quite clear how he managed the journey. He went through every phase of it as one in a dream. And then, at last, he found himself in the big, quiet house—the Rosslaers were still in London—passing the wooden-faced servant who opened the door and meeting Lady Rosslaer at the foot of the stairs.

She gave him her hand mutely. She looked stunned and a little frightened. In answer to his stammered questioning she shook her head.

"I don't know. The doctors are with him. It was very sudden—and he has been ill for a long time. We sent for you as soon as we knew it was serious——"

She broke off and coughed. Kempton cleared his throat. He looked haggard and very tired. He glanced toward the stairs. A tall man with a thin face and kindly tired eyes was coming quickly down.

"Dr. Irwin," Lady Rosslaer murmured, and Kempton asked in a husky whisper:

"Can I go up? How is he?" He paused. The other looked keenly at him, then at Lady Rosslaer. The glance was comprehensive. He slid a steadying hand unobtrusively beneath Ruth's elbow.

"Lord Rosslaer is dead," he said.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A fortnight later Marcia Halstead and her mother returned to England. Jasper Waldron accompanied them. During that fortnight he had stayed at the little French fishing village with them. It was a fortnight which stood out in his memory always, poignantly painful as it was poignantly sweet.

Whatever of bitter grief he knew he locked it up close in his own heart. Marcia had silenced him swiftly when, at first, he had tried, stammeringly, to speak of that which she had told him.

"Don't!" she had begged. "I don't want to be sad any more; I don't want to think of dreadful things! Now that you know, I want to forget again if I can! I want to snatch all of joy that is possible while I can! Don't talk about it, Jasper—don't even remember! At least, not for a little while!"

She herself had made the task easy for him. Now that she had made it plain to him that she was out of his reach she caught back a little of her old gaiety.

There was a sweetness about her that caught him by the throat and made his heart ache unbearably. She seemed like a child—flushed, vivid, all sparkling with the joy of life. Watching her sometimes he cried to himself that what she had told him could not be true.

And in a very passion of tenderness and profound pity he fell in with her desires; he lived with her only in the present; forgot—or pretended to forget— to-morrow. When first he had announced his intention of remaining at the village until she made up her mind to return she had looked at him with a half-startled protest.

"Wouldn't it be better not?" she had asked. And then: "Oh, Jasper! I don't want you to make things harder for yourself—to suffer unnecessarily. Wouldn't it be better for us to part now?"

"Part!" The man's voice had been fierce, rough with pain. He had caught her hands for a moment in a grip that made her wince. "Don't talk of parting, Marcia! It breaks my heart!"

And so she had accepted his presence and the joy that it brought her; perhaps because she knew that nothing she could say could shake him from his resolve.

There was only one little shadow across her new serenity. The knowledge that she still held a secret from him, was still continuing to deceive him, rankled. To speak of Kempton Rosslaer and the part he had played was impossible.

Once, at the beginning of that golden fortnight Waldron spoke of him.

"I heard from Kemp to-day," he said. "He was sent for suddenly to return to England. His father was very ill, dying. He was dead when Kemp arrived."

"Dead!" Marcia echoed the word faintly, a little note of horror in her voice. "Lord Rosslaer dead!" She looked quickly at Waldron. "That means," she said, still very low, "that he—Kemp Rosslaer—is Lord Rosslaer now!"

She pushed her chair back a little into the shadows. Waldron nodded. Marcia sat very still. She was pale and her lips were compressed.

Like a flash of lightning Araby Trask's face crossed her vision. She remembered all she had heard concerning the girl and Kempton Rosslaer; Audrey Alden's information that it was his father's disapproval which was keeping them apart. And now the old man was dead. His approval or disapproval could not longer matter to his son. And Kemp was no longer dependent upon him.

There was no longer any reason that they—he and the girl he loved—should remain apart. No reason!

She covered her eyes for a moment with a hand that shook a little. The barrier which she herself had erected between these two loomed suddenly huge. It made her feel more than ever afraid, miserably guilty.

It was with an effort that she shook off the feeling, reminding herself with a momentary return of the old grim bitterness that, after all, it was a barrier which would not exist for long.

Once more during that fortnight Waldron spoke of his friend again.

"He wants to keep to the bargain he made with he," he told her. "He has already grown to like the work, and it is not as if he is wealthy now. Lord Rosslaer died a comparatively poor man and there are the estates and his widow. I think Kemp's wise. And it shows he's got grit. It's in him to make good."

Marcia was looking at the sea. She nodded quietly.

"I'm glad," was all she said, but there was a ring of sincerity in her voice.

It was she who suggested, later, returning to England.

"I'm getting homesick again," she declared. "And I feel as though I had been away for years! It is not as though there is any longer any need——"

She broke off, flushing, and Waldron dropped his hand for a moment over hers.

"We'll start at once," he said. "I'll make arrangements to-night. A good many folks will be glad to see you back again, Marcia."

As he had promised he made all arrangements. Marcia found it more than a little sweet to be cared for; Mrs. Halstead frankly declared that it was delightful. In her opinion women ought not to go wandering about foreign countries without a man to look after them.

She deeply appreciated Waldron's presence and the way he took the burden of all responsibility. If there was any wonder in her heart as to her daughter's sudden change of mind, if she suspected that her previous disinclination to return had something to do with Waldron, she said nothing of it, and was perfectly satisfied that things would run smoothly henceforth.

That he cared for her daughter was absolutely obvious, and she smiled wisely even while she sighed, conscious of a deepening sense of satisfaction.

At the end of the week they were installed in their London flat again. Mrs. Halstead openly enchanted at being home again, Marcia conscious of a throb of warmth and real pleasure. Waldron saw them to their door.

"I'm going to invite myself to dinner with you to-night!" he announced. "I'll be early."

He came before Mrs. Halstead had more than begun to dress, and drew a deep sigh of satisfaction at finding Marcia already waiting for him.

"I guess," he said as he threw himself into a chair, "that I've seen pretty nearly everybody already. Kemp looks pretty cut up; I only saw him for a minute. And Araby seems as if a month by the sea would do her good. But her father's the same as ever and Audrey's blooming.

"Do you know, Marcia," he added with a little laugh, "if it wasn't quite so utterly absurd I'd think Trask cared for Audrey Alden. I never noticed it before, but he's got a way of looking at her and letting himself be bullied by her——"

Marcia interrupted with a laugh. "I suspected that long ago. What's more"—with a wise little nod—"if only he'd have his hair cut and shave his beard he' be able to make Audrey realize that she's in love with him!"

"Good Lord!" Waldron stared at her for a moment in silence. Then suddenly he leaned forward quickly and took her hands. "Marcia," he said, "how soon are you going to marry me?"

CHAPTER L.

For a moment Marcia sat very still, her eyes dilated, her lips grown dry. Waldron's voice had been low, but his words seemed to fill the room. Her heart seemed to miss a beat, then to quicken in new panic.

She was utterly dismayed. She had not expected this. It had never crossed her mind that Waldron would, knowing her to be a dying woman, expect marriage. There was almost horror in the gaze she fastened on him. He saw it and tightened his grip upon her hands, his fine mouth twitching suddenly.

"I want you, Marcia," he said, very low. "You have come to mean everything in the world to me—the whole joy of life. I love you. I always shall love you!"

She dragged her hands away quickly, shrinking back in her chair. Her face was very pale, her lips trembling now.

"But—" She stammered, hesitated, struggling desperately for words. "Oh, you can't mean what you say! You have not thought, remembered—"

"I have remembered—everything," Waldron interrupted. He winced as he spoke and his face grew white.

A sudden fierce resentment against the cruelty, the injustice of her sentence seethed within him. He steadied his voice with a great effort.

"It makes no difference. Save, perhaps, that it makes me chafe at even the smallest delay in calling you mine."

Marcia lifted her handkerchief for a momnet against her lips.

"But it is impossible!" she cried a trifle huskily. "Jasper, Jasper! Can't you see for yourself that it is impossible?"

Waldron swung suddenly to his feet and stood above her. His face was set, quiet. Only his eyes were shining very brightly.

"No!" he retorted steadily. "I do not see that it is impossible, nor is it. I love you. I want you. I want to call you my wife."

"But——"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

New Life

For

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Testimonial:

Dear Sirs,—After suffering from Sciatica for over 15 years and spending money on medicine, baths, electric belts, etc., which did me no good, I was cured by using one bottle of your NEW LIFE REMEDY.

Yours truly,
Wm. Giffay,
Gerard St. East, Toronto

One bottle for One Dollar; Six bottles for Five Dollars. Mailed direct to Customers.

New Life Remedy Company
73 West Adelaide St., Toronto
Canada

Woman's Sphere

Care of Your Complexion.

The little pimples which look like boils and which sometimes fester are caused by practically the same conditions which cause blackheads. Mild cases are sometimes relieved by bathing the face with a simple lotion consisting of two or three drops each of tincture of benzoin and carbolic acid in half a pint of water. At the same time, it would be advisable to take the yeast treatment, which is so highly recommended by physicians. Yeast is a corrective, not a laxative, but it assists the normal functions of the body and furnishes besides a certain quantity of the vitamines which are so essential to health. One yeast-cake a day is the regular dose. The yeast can be made into pellets and taken the same as pills, spreal on bread, or dissolved in water, in grape-juice or other fruit juices.

When the pimples form yellow heads, steam the face, then puncture the heads with a sterilized needle and press out the contents. Press gently, keeping a bit of soft, clean, old linen in the hands and avoid having any of the pus touch the skin lest other parts become infected. Cleanse the openings with peroxide of hydrogen, then massage with cream. After carefully removing all the cream, bathe the face first with hot water, then with cold water. Do this several times, and into the last cold water put a few drops of benzoin, or bathe the face with ice-water, which acts as an astringent, contracting the enlarged pores.

A form of pimples diagnosed as "acne" is thought by some skin specialists to be of parasitic origin. For such cases, as well as for blackheads, the use of green soap is recommended. This soap is about as thick as custard, contains sodium hydrate and potassium hydrate, and is used by surgeons for washing the hands before performing operations. Green soap can be purchased at any drug store. Before applying the soap, bathe the face with hot water, then wring cloths out of hot water and lay them over the face, removing them frequently. Continue this operation for fifteen or twenty minutes, then anoint the face with the green soap, rubbing it well into the pores for five or six minutes. Rinse the soap from the face with hot water and rub with a Turkish brush, in order to remove the soap and as many of the blackheads as will come. After rinsing with cold water, dry the face and anoint with a skin food or face cream. Continue this treatment every night until the blackheads have disappeared.

If the green soap irritates the skin, as it sometimes will, use it every other night. In connection with this treatment, tablets known as "acne" could be taken four times daily. Acne tablets are made by various manufacturing chemists and can be purchased at most drug stores.

In addition to these precautions and remedies, care must be taken that the face cloths are absolutely clean. Powder-puffs should not be used as they spread infection. Use instead a bit of absorbent cotton which can be thrown away. If powder is applied by means of a bit of chamois skin, or the chamois is used to remove the "shine" from the skin, see that the chamois is kept perfectly clean by frequent washings.

It is well not to expect results too soon, for skin troubles are slow in yielding to treatment. Later on in life, there will be compensation in the realization that an oily skin is slow to wrinkle.

Praise to the Face.

"Charlotte, what in the world have you been doing to Janice Everard?" demanded Betty, reaching for a fan and mopping her hot forehead. "I've just seen her off at the station; I didn't get home from Cousin Lucy's till this morning, and I couldn't get round in time for a call; but mother said she was leaving by the eleven-fifteen, so I managed to run down for just a word."

"It seems to have been a word of accusation to judge by your tone," responded Charlotte dryly. "What did she say I'd been doing to her? I thought she'd had a pretty nice visit on the whole, and I'm sure I didn't do anything dreadful."

"On the whole!" exclaimed Betty. "Then there was something queer!"

Charlotte shook her head regretfully. "Too bad little Charlie had a toothache, and I couldn't leave to see Janice off myself. Evidently it wasn't discreet to leave her at the mercy of the first inquisitive friend who came along. I can see some harmless little molehill of a remark of hers erupting into a perfect volcano if I'm not careful."

"Don't be a tease," protested Betty; "and I wasn't inquisitive; really I wasn't. But when I observed in a perfectly casual conversational manner that I supposed you and she had had a lovely time together, and she said, 'Oh, yes, lovely—after she had me trained'—well, anybody would have wondered."

Charlotte chuckled. "I thought she realized I'd been training her, but I wasn't certain. It was this way, Betty: Of course Janice is a darling and she did me the honor to think Charlie and Kit were darlings too. Also she thought they were pretty, and she praised them to their faces all the time. It would be, 'O Charlotte, aren't Kit's curls lovely when the sun strikes them? He looks like a little Van Dyck prince!' Or, 'O Charlotte, where do you suppose Charlie got those beautiful great blue eyes of hers? Isn't she the sweetest thing ever in that blue linen frock that just matches the color!' I protested once or twice mildly and politely, but it made no more impression than water on a duck's back. So the next time she exploded in ecstasy and the children were still interestedly expecting more,—Charlie loved it all too well, and Kit cringed with shy misery,—I burst out in my turn. 'Janice dear,' I remarked fervently, 'I never saw you look lovelier! That brown dress brings out the chestnut shades in your hair to perfection, and I declare your cheeks are as pink as rose leaves. You are an exquisite creature really. I wonder did I ever tell you so? Romney ought to have painted you.' "

"Charlotte, that was pretty steep! And you such a reticent person! Did she see the point? She must have!"

"Not that time. She got pinker and gasped, 'Why, Charlotte!' I think she rather liked it. M'm'm! Flattery isn't the hardest thing to swallow—at least, not the first dose. But the next time she looked queer, and the next she looked queerier. And—well, the last day or so the conversation was comfortably plain and sugarless. But Charlies had learned to love the looking-glass, and Kit has grown so conscious of his curls, poor boy, I'm going to cut them. So it's a good thing I've really got Janice trained before she visits Jessie McQuarrie and her youngsters; only—I hope she wasn't really vexed. I'm fond of Janice."

"She wasn't," Betty assured her. "She was just amused. Her eyes all crinkled up when she remembered, and her mouth twitched at the corners."

Let Others Try.

Editor—"I can't see anything in that manuscript of yours."

Author—"I am sorry for that. But, you know, some of your readers may be quite intelligent."

The Malachewan Power Co. is developing 13,000 horse-power at Indian chutes, on the Montreal river. The power will be supplied to the Northern Ontario mining camps.

A man will remain a rag-picker as long as he has only a rag-picker's vision.

MARCONI Concert RADIO Sets

Marconi Model "C" Regenerative Receiving Sets, furnished by us, guaranteed to receive concerts as far down south as Memphis, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., and west as far as Kansas City, Mo., Denver, Col. and Omaha, Nebraska, in addition to all the other Canadian and United States broadcasting stations.

Amateurs, radio fans and dealers, note our prices on radio parts:

Radiotron Valves U.V. 200	$6.75	All Vernier Rheostats	2.95
Radiotron Valves U.V. 201	7.75	S.C. Filament Jacks	1.35
Radiotron Valves U.V. 202	10.50	Variable Condensers, 43 plate	4.95
3" Bakefite Dials	.90	Variable Condensers, 23 plate	3.95
1½" Rheostat Dials	.85	Variable Condensers, 11 plate	3.25
S.C. 2-A 'Phones, super sensitive	10.25	Magnavox R3's	60.00
Connecticut 3000 Ohm Phones	10.50	Amplifone Horns, double receiver type	12.00
Audio Transformers	5.95	Prest-O-Lite 80 Amp. Hr. "A" Batteries	18.00
Coil Mounts with handles	3.75		

Many other parts of Quality equipment also at most reasonable prices. Mail orders shipped same day as received.

A RADIO EXPERT IN ATTENDANCE TO HELP SOLVE YOUR DIFFICULTIES. DO NOT HESITATE TO WRITE US.

When in Toronto LOOK for the RED radio sign at 140 Victoria St., just North of Queen—Automatic Telephones & Time Recorders Ltd. Main 3014.

RAFFLES AT BAZAARS

"For Religious and Charitable Objects."

By General Williams, Commissioner of Police for Ontario.

General Victor Williams, Commissioner, Ontario Police, has issued the following interpretation of the law of Canada regarding raffles at bazaars, for religious or charitable objects, and instructions to the police authorities.

As there is widespread misunderstanding regarding these matters it is well to note carefully what the law is.

General Williams says:

"In view of requests that come from time to time to this department from charitable organizations for permission to hold raffles, it seems necessary to again call the attention of police officers and of the municipal authorities and the public generally, to the provisions of the law.

"Section 236 of the Criminal Code prohibits lotteries, with an exception in favor of raffles (which are a form of lottery) for religious or charitable purposes. The exception is in the following terms:

"Raffles for prizes of small value at any bazaar held for any charitable or religious object, if permission to hold same has been obtained from the city or other municipal council, or from the Mayor, Reeve or other chief officer of the city, town or other municipality wherein such bazaar is held, and the articles raffled for thereat have first been offered for sale and none of them are of a value exceeding fifty dollars."

"It will be observed that the permission referred to in the sub-section is not that of the Attorney-General or the police authorities. It is the permission of the municipal authorities, the theory apparently being that if there is a strong local sentiment against that sort of thing the permission will not be granted. At all events, the responsibility is on the Mayor or Reeve or Municipal Council. These authorities have an absolute discretion. They can grant permission or they can refuse it.

"It will be further observed that the permission is confined to bazaars, and to bazaars that are being held for a "charitable or religious object." If permission should be granted by a municipality or municipal authority for an object that is not within the description of these words the permission would be ineffective, and the general prohibition would apply.

"Then if permission has been properly obtained, pursuant to the provisions of the statute, it will be observed that there are two other conditions:

"The first condition is that the articles before being raffled must first have been offered for sale. In the opinion of the law officers of the Attorney-General's Department the intention of Parliament, whatever the technical interpretation may be, was that the raffling should not take place until the articles to be raffled have been offered for sale at the bazaar, and also until it becomes reasonably clear that the articles will not be sold in the ordinary course—that is to say, the raffle should come at or toward the end of the event. To begin selling tickets for the raffle as soon as, or shortly after, the bazaar opens, would, in the opinion of the law officers, be contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter of the law.

"It is to be presumed that persons who conduct bazaars for charitable or religious purposes will want to obey both the spirit and letter of the law, and if their attention is called to the matter they will no doubt conform to the suggestion of an officer that no raffling should take place, even where permission has been given by the municipal authorities, until it is reasonably clear that the articles will not be sold at the bazaar in the ordinary course.

"I am informed that it is not an unusual practice to sell tickets for articles to be raffled at bazaars days or even weeks in advance of the event. This is obviously entirely improper, and where anything of that kind is attempted the parties ought to be warned, and if they persist prosecutions should follow.

"The second condition is that no articles must be of a value greater than $50.00.

"In view of the want of understanding of the law on the subject, and the obvious need of keeping the exception to the wholesome provision of the law against lotteries within proper limits, it is desired that police officers will take especial precautions to see that the law as above defined is observed.

"Upon learning of an intended bazaar, with the accompanying raffle, the officer's duty will be to ascertain whether permission has been granted by the local authorities. If so, he will then inquire whether the object is charitable or religious. If in doubt on either of these points, he will confer with the County Crown Attorney. If satisfied on both these points, the officer ought then to see the managers of the affair and explain the law to them. It is unseemly that persons desiring to raise money for religious or charitable purposes should be hailed to court for breaches of the law, and the officer will probably find in almost every case a desire to comply with the law. In the event, however, of the law being disregarded, the officer's duty will be to watch the proceedings at the bazaar carefully, take note of the facts, and then confer with the County Crown Attorney as to what proceedings ought to be taken.

"While this letter is an instruction to the officers of the Ontario Provincial Police, it will be sent as information to the Chiefs of Police and High Constables throughout the Province."

Willing to Oblige.

An Englishman on a walking tour in a remote part of the Scottish Highlands came to a lonely inn. Being ravenously hungry, he entered and asked the landlady for some poached eggs.

The landlady shook her head, "We haven't any eggs, sir," she said. "But," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, "I dinna doot that I could get you a fine dish of poached salmon."

Most middle-aged Londoners are slightly deaf, due, it is said, to the continuous roar of traffic.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Business is like a wheelbarrow—it stands still unless it is pushed.

Keep Your Shoes Neat

2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

Freshly mixed—
KEEN'S DSF MUSTARD
makes dinner tasty and digestible