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The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER I.

Marcia Halstead took her fingers off her typewriter keys, and, letting her hands drop into her lap, leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes for a minute with a long sigh.

The room in which she sat was a luxurious one, quietly but perfectly furnished—the room of a woman of good taste and with plenty of money to spend. As Marcia opened her eyes again she glanced about her appreciatively, more than a little enviously.

Her day's work was over, but she was not anxious to go. After this lovely gold-tinted room her Bloomsbury bedroom attracted her not at all.

All her life her soul had craved for the luxurious and more beautiful things of life—not so much for bodily comfort as for beautiful surroundings. She had been well educated, and until the death of her father had been brought up in an atmosphere of refinement.

But with his death things had altered. She had found herself alone in the world, with a living to get, not only for herself, but for a fragile, delicate mother, to whom the change of circumstances following upon her husband's death had come as a very bitter blow.

At first the struggle had been terrible; and then, by purest chance, she had fallen in with Audrey Alden, a young, vivacious and remarkably popular novelist, the widow of a man of position.

She had been attracted to Marcia at once. Discovering that she was desirous of finding congenial work she had offered her almost eagerly the post of companion-secretary, and Marcia had accepted it willingly and thankfully enough.

Her salary was really generous, her work was congenial, she came in contact with people of note in society and the great, gay world of Bohemia, and most of her day was spent in surroundings which satisfied her artistic sense.

Little, pretty Mrs. Alden was a capricious employer, but a considerate one. And so for nearly nine smooth months Marcia had come and gone to her luxurious flat.

An immense sense of relief had gradually grown upon the girl during the first month or so; then the pleasantness of her employment was marred by an increasing feeling of lassitude, of physical weariness which at first puzzled and then began to trouble her.

There were times when it was with real effort that she managed to get through her day's work—times when her brain throbbed and her hands felt like lead upon the typewriter keys.

Even Mrs. Alden remarked upon her altered appearance more than once, shaking her head reprovingly.

"You're neglecting yourself, or working after you leave here. It's not worth it, I assure you. It can only end in a breakdown, and then what will become of you?"

She had spoken kindly enough, but her words had struck a chill to Marcia's heart. Where would she be, indeed, should she become unfit for employment, and with a delicate mother to support?

The problem did not bear thinking about, and she had forced herself to an energy which she was generally very far from feeling. To-day the traces of the struggle were more than ever marked.

The late morning sun was pouring in through one of the windows. It just touched her figure as she leaned back in the big, comfortable, padded office chair.

She was slim to thinness and very pale, yet, in spite of her look of delicacy, she was a decidedly attractive girl. Dark-eyed, brown-haired, and with well-cut, rather small features, but a wonderfully appealing smile, a half-wistful sweetness of expression that was arresting, and a charm, when she warmed to animation—that was full of vivid, unexpected allure. In normal health she could have laid claim to considerably more than her share of beauty; but to-day she looked utterly fagged and exhausted.

Audrey Alden, happening to enter the room at the moment, looked at her with a little frown. She herself was a picture of health, and her hazel eyes were aglow with well-being.

In her hands, with a carelessness which made Marcia involuntarily sit upright, gasping a little, she carried a long string of exquisite pearls and several sparkling, flashing rings.

She laid them down on one of the tables while she fumbled in her bag for something, keeping her eyes the while on Marcia's face.

"My dear girl," she said quickly, "you look positively ghastly this morning! What in the world is the matter with you? Have you had proper medical advice?"

Marcia smiled and rose.

"I've been to a doctor, but he doesn't say there's anything wrong—just a bit run down—but he hasn't done me very much good."

Mrs. Alden gave a shrug of disapproval.

"An ordinary, harrassed, overworked practitioner, I suppose, to whom you are just one of a crowd!"

Then, as Marcia nodded. "My dear Miss Halstead, in my opinion you want a specialist's advice. You've been failing steadily through the last six months at any rate. You look now thoroughly ill. Something ought to be done, and that quickly."

She had found what she was fumbling for, and now closed her purse and stood with it dangling from one hand. Beside the jewels on the table she laid a small, brass key.

She went on as Marcia remained silent? "I wonder if you'd care to go and see Sir Hugh Dallas? He's one of the biggest men in his profession—altogether most awfully clever. Everyone is talking about him, and I know him quite well. If you'll go to him at once—to-day—I'll scribble a line of introduction for you. He's likely to take a greater interest in you than if you went to him quite on your own."

"It's awfully good of you," the girl murmured gratefully. Yes, of course I will go. I—I admit I have been really badly worried about myself lately."

Mrs. Alden nodded. Crossing to a little inlaid bureau she opened it, pulled a sheet of notepaper toward her and began to scribble. As she stood up again with it in her hand the hum of the electric bell whirred through the flat. A moment later a maid appeared at the door.

"Lady Rosslaer, Mr. Kempton Rosslaer and Mr. Ruthven, m'm," she said. "They are in the drawing-room."

Mrs. Alden frowned, then shrugged. "Bring them in here," she said, and, as the maid departed, turned to Marcia with a little grimace.

"Lady Rosslaer!" she observed. "What on earth did she want to come for? Kemp's taking me to lunch, and now I suppose we shall have her ladyship and Gordon making up the party! Br-r!"

Marcia smiled. Audrey Alden was an outspoken little person who made no secret of her likes and dislikes. Among those of her acquaintances who had the unhappy knack of always rubbing her the wrong way was Lady Rosslaer, the quite recently made second wife of Lord Rosslaer, of Rosslaer Court, in Wiltshire, and of Ross Laer, in Scotland.

Lord Rosslaer had met her in a somewhat remote and dreary watering place abroad; had been amazingly attracted and had dropped a bombshell in the midst of his friends and acquaintances when he had announced his quiet and unsuspected marriage to her a few months later.

The whole thing was surprisingly disconcerting. Lord Rosslaer was a proud old man whose honorable name was his most valued possession. Since the death of his first wife many years before he had live a more or less solitary life, lavishing all his affection and time upon his son, Kempton.

His second wife had been a widow, and an amazingly attractive one at that, when chance had brought him across her path. Though she possessed a son of seventeen, a dissipated, blase, rather handsome youth, whose whole manner was that of a man nearly double his age, she was very little over thirty-seven, decidedly a beauty, and undoubtedly wasted in the humdrum environment in which Lord Rosslaer had discovered her.

He was not a rich man, and his son, Kempton, like himself, had extravagant tastes. Now, with a wife and another son to provide for, not only during his lifetime, but in the event of his death, Lord Rosslaer had found it very necessary to curtail expenses.

The new Lady Rosslaer was extravagantly inclined. Her position demanded expenditure such as she had hitherto never dreamed of; and Gordon Ruthven, her son, upon whom she lavished a blind adoration, had long ago shaken off her control and had embarked upon a mode of living which was reckless, to say the least of it.

Horses and cards were his expensive amusements; money was his constant desire, and when he won it or had it given to him he spent it like water.

Since his advent into those circles in which he was now entitled to move, as Lord Rosslaer's stepson, young Ruthven became, if possible, wilder than ever.

He came in now after Kempton Rosslaer and his mother. Mrs. Alden, shrugging herself into her great soft coat, turned to greet them with a sigh that was immediately suppressed, stretching forth a hand to Lady Rosslaer and smiling at Kempton Rosslaer over her shoulder.

What Kempton thought of this marriage of his father's no one knew, but Audrey Alden, who had known him quite intimately since their boy-and-girlhood, could venture a shrewd guess.

She had even, in her happy-go-lucky way, confided her opinion of the whole affair to Marcia, who had met Kempton Rosslaer several times, and had found him considerably more interesting that the general run of young men who hovered round Audrey.

"My dear," the latter had declared, "though he appears as cool as ice—as always—Kemp must be inwardly seething! It's going to make an awful difference to him. They're not rich, you know, any way, and already he's up to his eyes in debt—his father always has been a bit niggardly. But now! This is going to make an awful difference. I believe Lord Rosslaer has cut down Kemp's allowance already—partly because they've had a bit of a disagreement concerning Kemp's attentions to Araby Trask—"

Here she met the inquiry in Marcia's eyes and laughed.

"Araby is the daughter of Marcus Trask, the artist. The Trasks are as poor as the proverbial church mice, and nobody in particular, though undoubtedly gently born. Araby is distinctly a beauty, and Kemp—bless him!—has ever a quickening pulse where a pretty face is concerned. I don't know how much there is in it, of course, but they—'they' being nearly everybody one meets—say he's in love with her!

"Naturally, Lord Rosslaer doesn't approve. He approves less since he has been married. Lady Rosslaer's definition of poor Araby is a 'hoydenish model!' And some women have a way of saying things which is absolutely blighting! Consequently Lord Rosslaer looks upon the girl as a most undesirable person.

"But, as I ventured to tell him once, opposition is fatal where Kemp is concerned. He's been everlastingly falling in and out of love ever since I've known him. Give him his head and he'll not come a cropper on the matrimonial course. But to oppose him! My dear, it's the very way to drive him straight into the girl's arms!"

She had paused to recover her breath and to chuckle with soft malice.

"Altogether the poor old boy is having a rather lively time of it. His stepson knows how to go the pace—cards, betting, racing! And his remarkably pretty mamma can make the money fly now she has it to handle. Don't wonder Lord Rosslaer is drawing in his horns a bit.

"But I must say it's rough luck on poor old Kemp! He's one of the very best, a white man through and through, if he has got the reputation for falling in and out of love with the regularity of clockwork! Of course, a wealthy marriage is the only thing for him.

"He'll have the title and estates when Lord Rosslaer dies, but that'll be about all. My lady and her son must be a terrible drain upon the old man's resources, and Rosslaer and Rosslaer Court need some keeping up."

(To be continued.)

Stories About Famous People

A famous Canadian woman artist, Mrs. McAvity, has just completed a portrait of the Prince of Wales, who, she says, is the most considerate and friendly "sitter" she has ever met.

"The Prince smoked and talked almost the whole time," she said, "and, as he 'sat' in naval uniform, he seemed to be more concerned that I should get the order and color of his ribbons right than anything else. He was very flattering, and I am glad to say I managed to get his ribbons in their proper order."

The portrait is for the Nova Scotia Provincial Government, and it was viewed by Queen Alexandria before being sent across to Halifax.

• • • •

During his tour through America Marshal Foch took the nation by storm, and there was nothing that interested the people more than his magnificent gold-braided cap.

Many stories are told about this cap. Once, at Chicago, Foch returned to the public cloak room to find a well known personage calmly admiring himself in the mirror—adorned with the famous hat. And the newspapers say this was not an isolated occurrence!

• • • •

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, the popular novelist, the other day met a woman who, full of enthusiasm over the author's works, remarked: "I read one of your books every night—I'm so fond of them."

"But I don't write three hundred and sixty-five books a year," the novelist replied. "I am not so bad as that."

• • • •

The other day, at a reception, a pretty girl went up to Sir James Barrie and asked for his autograph, telling him that he was her favorite author. Barrie asked her name, and then said: "You live with your parents, I suppose?"

"No, Sir James," she replied, "my parents are in Heaven! I live with my husband."

"Your husband, too, is in Heaven," Barrie answered.

Dye Faded Sweater Skirt, Draperies in Diamond Dyes

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade, or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything!

Switzerland has two women judges.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

Woman's Sphere

Saying Good-Bye.

A friend of Alice's, a sudent at college, sometimes comes to call upon her, and by her fireside they thrash out many questions. Often he goes from her saying, "I never thought of that!" or "That's a new idea! I'll try it." But last week he quite took her breath away by saying, "It makes no difference to me how nice a girl has been, possibly for an entire evening, if she fails when it comes to saying 'Good-bye.' It spoils the whole thing when she doesn't say it the right way!"

Alce questioned him closely, because he had awakened her interest. He spoke of a girl whom they both liked; a girl far above the average in intellect, in character, and in the friendship that she offers to girls of her own age and to women. "But," continued the young fellow, "she doesn't know how to get on with men. She's so afraid of flattering them, so afraid of appearing forward! I've seen her entertain a man for an hour or so successfully, but when it came to saying 'Good-bye' she seemed suddenly dumb. Not a word for past pleasures, not a hope for any future fun or frivolity. The affair was ended with a definite period."

When the young man left, Alice continued to sit by the fire. Had he not expressed one of the fundamental things in a friendship of any kind—not only between a girl and a man, but between any two persons?

It is really a question of human nature, not of sex. Alice finds in each person whom she takes pains to study a thirsty craving to be appreciated; a carefully concealed yearning to be valued properly, to be weighed and not found wanting.

At the end of a talk a girl delights in hearing another girl say, "Do come again; I've enjoyed seeing you." A man is plainly pleased when his friend exclaims, "Let's meet again for luncheon! I've something else I want to talk over with you."

But just a deadly, formal "Good-bye," whether analyzed or not, is like a wet blanket. The washer-woman that Alice's mother employs beams if Alice adds on paying her, "It's been a good day for drying! I hope next week will be as good."

Everybody is happier for a little appreciation or compliment. We all strive to please; that is really what we are put here for; and if we feel that we have failed, we go home disappointed. If we are old enough to know ourselves, we pick up a book and do our best to change our thoughts. Sometimes we talk over our failures with a comrade of whose sympathies we are sure.

If we are young, we count over the other girls or boys whom we know, the ones whom we hope are glad to see us. And so we think perhaps we'll go to see Marian next Saturday, rather than Helen, because, even if she is not so interesting or so good to look at, we always feel like going there again.

Care of the Complexion.

The proper care of the complexion includes four steps—good health, cleanliness, prevention of blemishes and correct individual care. Omit one or more of them and your complexion will suffer.

If you expect to have a good complexion, you must live properly; that is, get plenty of sleep, an abundance of fresh air, eat simple, wholesome food and take a normal amount of exercise.

There is nothing which will cause the complexion to grow lifeless and to bring shadows under the eyes quicker than late hours or sleeping in a stuffy room.

To eat of rich, heavy food, to fail to masticate properly, to eat hurriedly or in an uncongenial atmosphere is to encourage indigestion, and that, of course, is followed by a muddy, sallow complexion. Eat enough, but never to the point of feeling full. It is vulgar to overeat and fatal to one's complexion.

Any one who longs to have a clear, radiant skin must move about in the open air enough to cause the blood to flow swiftly and to throw off its impurities. If you would keep supple of limb, clear of eye and possessed of a beautiful complexion, walk two or three miles a day.

Never buy cheap soap. French castile, tincture of green soap, or the production of a reliable soapmaker should be selected.

Unless the skin is very sensitive it will bear one good cleansing with hot water and soap every day and two or three bathings in cool water. Always follow the warm water and soap process by rinsing with cool water.

Once a day, preferably at night, anoint the face with pure cold cream and work into the skin gently with the tips of the fingers. Do not neglect the neck or the skin back and around the ears, for here age first shows itself. Wipe the cream off with either a soft paper napkin or with a piece of old linen. Then follow with a thorough washing with warm, soapy water. A soft complexion brush or a Turkish washcloth is good, unless the face is sensitive. In that case use the hands.

Before going out into the wind or sun protect the face with a thin film of vanishing or greaseless cream and dust lightly with fine, pure cosmetic powder; but never allow anything of this kind to remain on at night.

Most powders contain starch in some form, which swells when moistened with the skin secretions. If this powder lodges directly in the pores, it will in time cause them to be stretched and coarsened. Always use a thin film of cream first.

If the skin is naturally greasy or one's occupation is in a smoky or dusty environment, steam the face over once a week to cleanse the pores thoroughly. Wring a Turkish towel out of very warm water, place upon the face and cover with a dry towel. Repeat until the skin begins to redden. Anoint with cream, working well into the skin. Wash with warm, soapy water and then dash on cold water to counteract. It is ruinous to any complexion to permit the dust of a shopping trip, a ride or a journey to remain upon the skin, as it encourages wrinkles, pimples and blackheads as well as a dingy color.

Build Your Homes in 1922.

For those who have been turning over in their minds during the last few years the question of building a home, the following information will be interesting, as many have been kept from building during 1920 and 1921 because of the falling market of lumber and supplies.

The manager of a company, which sells direct from producer to consumer, was able to give us a very concrete idea of the present position of low prices. He said: "We make a practice of selling the complete outfit for construction of a thoroughly well-built home. Last year, take for instance, this home would have cost you $3,648.80. We have just set our prices for 1922. They stand at $2,577.66; or in round figures one-third less than last year. Here's another: Last year $2,237.99 and this year $1,557.79. The reason is that lumber prices have hit bottom—in fact are trending higher again. Other minor necessities are still due for a slight fall in prices, but any one who waits for all prices to reach bottom will get nipped because of the upward tendency of the lumber market—for lumber is the major element in construction of a home. Lumber prices on the upward trend will more than offset the small gain in cheaper general supplies."

His judgment is upheld by the trade in general. Renewed activities of contractors and builders throughout Canada would indicate that they too are preparing for more building this year.

Battle With a Shark.

The only man in the world who has had his head in a shark's mouth and got it out again is "Treacle," an inhabitant of Thursday Island, to the north of Australia.

He is described in "The Cruise of the Dream-Ship," by Mr. Ralph Stock, who says that his head looks as if it had been half cut off. The author tried to get him to give an account of the adventure, but all "Treacle" would say was: "Me push; 'im leave go." He takes an extraordinary pride in his escape, and in return for sixpense will show visitors the shark's teeth that are still embedded in his skull, and for the same sum he allows himself to be photographed.

He speaks English in an extraordinary way. For instance, he calls a gramophone "Bokkus belong noise," and a saw is "Pull um come, pull um go, brother belong tomahawk." An envelope is "Trousers belong letter."

Tough Problem.

Mrs. Youngbride — "I've come to complain of that flour you sent me."

Grocer—"What was the matter with it?"

Mrs. Youngbride—"It was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it."

People who "need to be handled with gloves" are sometimes better handled with boxing gloves.

Forest fires in Quebec in 1921 destroyed 1,000 square miles of timber, valued at $10,000,000.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

Baby's Own Soap so fragrant and refreshing

Chinese Proverbs.

Think twice and do not speak at all.

At 70 a man is a candle in the wind.

A thousand soldiers are easily obtained; a general is hard to find.

Do not lace your shoes in a melon patch.

Easy to open a shop; hard to keep it open.

Of all important things, the first is not to cheat conscience.

All pursuits are mean in comparison with learning.

He bought a dried fish to spare its life.

Win your lawsuit, lose your money.

Hindus Are Superstitious.

Among the Hindus it is considered exceedingly unlucky for a person to look back when he leaves his house.

Tractors are being used in British Honduras for the purpose of getting out mahogany and cedar.

Western cattle breeders are being urged to establish a bureau of their own in London, England.

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.

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is indispensable in treating

Influenza, Distemper, Coughs and Colds

so prevalent among horses at this season of the year. For nearly thirty years "SPOHN'S" has been given to prevent these diseases, as well as to relieve and cure them. An occasional dose "conditions" your horse and keeps disease away. As a remedy for cases actually suffering, "SPOHN'S" is quick and certain. For sale at drug stores.

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All rooms with Private Bath and full Ocean View

ALBERT KELLER Managing Director — GUSTAVE JOTT Resident Manager

REBUILDING RHEIMS MAY TAKE 7 YEARS

REPAIRS TO BE UNDERTAKEN FIRST.

Greatest Orphanage in World Soon to be Constructed at Vitry-Sur-Seine.

Surprise is frequently expressed by visitors to Rheims, and is more angrily voiced by the plain citizens there, that so little has been done toward rebuilding that city during the three years of peace. The charge was made to a newspaper correspondent by a small Rheims shopkeeper that whatever has been done there has been in the interest of the champagne firms, the small property holder having been left to look out for himself.

"Heaven help those who look after each other!" he exclaimed. "Everything is paralyzed through watching out for the reparations. Most persons here believe they will never come."

The authorities are now awake to the fact that such charges deserve notice. Marquis de Polignac, president of the Co-operative Society for the Reconstruction of Rheims, has just made a statement in regard to the future. He declared a carefully thought out scheme was necessary for the rebuilding of the city and that if this were done the city could be entirely rebuilt in seven years. He admitted there still were 8,000 houses completely destroyed and that no attempt had been made to repair them.

Should Work by Degrees.

The Marquis insisted that only those must be repaired each year which it was possible to finish on a fixed date as, he held, otherwise the efforts would be wasted. He was against attempting too much at once. At first, he declared, they must begin on houses capable of being repaired and then work should be started on those for which funds were available through the city loan. The building of houses to replace those which had been totally destroyed and for which the canton committee has prescribed definite damage claims should be undertaken last. He estimated that by working along these lines at least 850 houses could be rebuilt this year.

On the other hand, the view of cynical citizens of Rheims is that it is better to leave the ruins as they are since they constitute an excellent advertisement of the champagne business. Also they consider it useful to the community that Rheims should stand out as the most ruined city of France, now that American and other foreign visitors still see the necessity of subscribing to funds to help the people of the devastated areas.

World's Greatest Orphanage.

The greatest orphanage in the world is soon to be constructed in Vitry-sur-Seine. It will be strictly on the lines of the American vocational system. In the Conseil General of the Seine Department it was revealed this week that the plans for the building call for space for 4,000 boys and girls. The buildings are to cost not less than 20,000,000 francs. Construction work is to be spread over five years.

Apart from the special departments for children of tender age, where the older girls will get training in domestic sicence, as well as children's hospital courses, there will be a farm school and a series of ten mechanical workshops for teaching all kinds of skilled labor.

A commission has been studying the plans for more than two years. It has now been decided to adopt a combination scheme based on the systems now in operation in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio orphanages.

Wonders of Sound Travel.

A famous balloonist named Glaisher always found that sounds from the earth varied according to the dampness or dryness of the air.

When in clouds four miles above the earth, he heard a railway train, but when the clouds were far below him, all was silent.

Two miles up he heard the barking of a small dog, yet at less than half that height he failed to hear the shouting of a large crowd of people.

Another balloonist, the Rev. J. M. Bacon, found how wonderfully piercing was the shriek of a railway whistle. The shouts of children were always the first to be heard among the many sounds rising from human beings.

The discharge of a gun was heard by Glaisher at a height of two miles. Bacon's experience in this respect was curious. He was ballooning between Woolwich and Plumstead, in England, when he heard what he imagined to be the spasmodic yelp of a dog.

It was the sound of artillery practice on Plumstead Marshes a mile below. Each sound was heard for one instant only, and reminded him of those flashes of lightning which are followed by a single roar of thunder.

At a height of between 5,000 ft. and 6,000 ft. Glaisher could hear the deep sound of London rising like the roar of the sea. At a greater height still, the sound had sunk to a mere murmur while at a height of four miles above London, all was hushed.

A noted French balloonist discovered that he could hear the crowing of a cock and the sound of a church bell at 5,000 ft.

When you meet temptation turn to the right.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO