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ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEST

AN INVIGORATING HOT DRINK

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Marcia had listened to her half-annoyed, wholly interested, and more than a little sorry for the big, brown-skinned, blue-eyed young giant who was Roscoe's heir. She had met him fairly often at Audrey's flat, and had found him very pleasant as well as interesting company.

There was something fresh and breezy and who's-some about him that had appealed to her greatly. She looked at him now under veiling lashes as he entered the room behind his stepmother. It struck her that he looked unwontedly harassed and worried, and that there was a restlessness in his manner which was unusual.

Evidently Audrey noticed it, too, for her even brows drew together and a quick questioning sympathy leaped to her pretty eyes. She greeted Lady Roscoe, nodded to her son, then dropped a hand on Kempson's arm.

"You're looking upset, boy!" she told him in a soft aside. "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing," except the usual—money and the pater. Chiefly money. I owe a devil of a lot, and since the pater's marriage folks aren't inclined to be so patient as before! Then the old man has cut up rough, you know, and he's docking my allowance. Altogether I'm in a pretty tight hole just at the moment. So light," rather grimly—"that I'd do something desperate to get out of it."

He spoke so low that only Marcia overheard, and the girl looked at him with renewed interest and quickening sympathy. The next moment, as she was about to glide out of the room after a brief nod of greeting to Kempson, Mrs. Alden spoke her name.

"Miss Halstead, I don't think Lady Roscoe has met you yet. Lady Roscoe, this is Miss Halstead—the lady who keeps my literary affairs in some thing like order for me! Mr. Ruthven, Lady Roscoe's son."

She made the introduction lightly, airily; and as Marcia bowed gravely, young Gordon Ruthven gave a surprised exclamation.

"Why, how odd!" he exclaimed. "Halstead was my mother's maiden name!"

CHAPTER II.

Lady Roscoe made an impatient movement. Her glance rested somewhat superciliously on the slim, pale girl before her.

"A more coincident!" she observed, and turned to Miss Mrs. Alden. She was a tall woman, very graceful, beautifully groomed and brilliantly good looking, of a richly tinted, rather Oriental type. Marcia's eyes followed her curiously. Somehow she felt that she could not like her—a faint, unreasoning antagonism rose within her, and she let her glance wander to the boy.

He was a handsome youth, very like his mother, but this morning he was heavy-eyed, and there was a restlessness in his manner which matched that of Kempson Roscoe. He looked as though he had been making something of a night of it, and there was an odd, furtive uneasiness in the way his eyes roved toward the room.

Again Marcia was conscious of a faint antagonism. Neither mother nor son appealed to her at all. She could not have told why, but she felt a vague distrust of them both.

Once more she moved toward the door, but Audrey Alden turned quickly from Lady Roscoe and called to her.

"Just a minute, Miss Halstead. I've got to go at once, and there are one or two little things I want you to do for me before you leave for the day."

She picked up the little brass key from the table where it lay beside the careless collection of jewels, holding it out to Marcia.

"I want you to put those jewels safely away in the proper place in the safe," she said. "You know where they go."

Audrey gave the key into Marcia's hands, and making a gesture to her to precede her, moved to the door. On the threshold she paused and looked back.

"I shan't want you again to-day, Miss Halstead. I probably shan't be in till late this evening. I should go and see Mr. Hugh Dallas if I were you, and then have a nice rest Good-bye."

Marcia echoed her good-bye, and murmured a word of thanks. With the key in her hand she stood listening to the sound of the retreating steps of her guests to the door. Then, as she was about to gather up the jewels, she heard Audrey utter a word of apology and come running back.

She looked round the door, a smiling, dainty vision.

"Oh, I forgot!" she cried. "I left the duplicate key somewhere in the drawing-room last night after I got out the jewels. You might get it and take charge of them both for me until to-morrow."

Her voice was soft, but it held a carrying quality, and Marcia half frowned. She did not altogether care about the responsibility of depositing the gems safely and guarding the keys until the morrow.

Mrs. Alden had no time to protest, for as Marcia followed her and stood looking after her the maid opened the door of the flat for her to pass out after her guests.

At the same moment a movement in the drawing-room opposite caught Marcia's attention. Kempson Roscoe came sauntering into the hall; lazier came sauntering into the hall; and as he met the girl's eyes, smiled at her, waving a small volume.

"Audrey's latest," he told her with his easy, boyish gaiety. "She said I could take it. Good-bye, Miss Halstead."

He was gone, and, again, with a half sigh, the girl turned back into the room. She first closed the door, then very carefully put the jewels back in their respective cases, locked them and replaced them in the safe.

She looked first for the duplicate key upon the little Sheraton bureau in the drawing-room, but could not find all the other various tables in the room, still without success. Then she went over the whole room systematically, looking in the most unlikely places, until finally, bewildered and more than a little troubled, she was convinced that her search was in vain.

The duplicate key to the safe was not there.

It was considerably past noon when Marcia left Arliss Mansions and after a lunch before going home.

She had spent an unprofitable half hour in continuing her search for the key all over the flat, without success. She did not know where Mrs. Alden was lunching and so could not ring her up and after a while dismissed the matter from her mind. She had the one key quite safe.

She lunched at a quiet little restaurant and leisurely and with as much enjoyment as possible for one alone. Then she went on to the rather gray dwelling in Bloomsbury where her mother awaited her.

The latter was a smiling, patient woman with quiet eyes and something of her daughter's sweetness of expression. "Audrey's the girl, glad, and for a moment or two Marcia sat chatting to her, greeting her with some things which were very far from feeling."

Her mother was the only creature in the world she had to care for, or who cared for her. The bond of affection between them was very strong and the girl's grief and regret were that she could not earn sufficient to

make her mother's life luxurious as well as comfortable; could not buy for her that constant care and medical skill which would have meant so much to her. But sometimes she echoed with a desire to do more; sometimes envied those richer than herself with a fierce envy that overwhelmed her.

As she rose to pass into the little bedroom they shared, her mother said: "A letter came for you after you left this morning, dear. Won't you read it before you change? It may be important."

She indicated a long, neatly addressed envelope on the mantel-piece. Marcia nodded and picked it up; as she looked round for a paper-knife, she said: "By the way, mum, isn't it queer? Lady Roscoe's maiden name is Halstead. I suppose it's impossible that we should be related or connected?"

She spoke quite idly, more for want of something to say than because she was in the least interested, but her mother gave a little exclamation and stirred among her cushions.

"Lady Roscoe?" she repeated, then shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. Halstead's not a very usual name, but of course, it's very improbable we should be connected. She is Lord Roscoe's second wife, isn't she? I have a cousin, Ruth Halstead, somewhere—she must be a good ten or fifteen years younger than I am, though."

"My husband's father had only two brothers, Clive and Dane Halstead. Ruth was Dane's only daughter. Now I come to think of it, I believe she married a man named Ruthven. I think it was, yes, I am sure, because I always thought what a quaint name Ruth Ruthven was. Why, Marcia, what is it?"

"For the girl had given a little exclamation, and with the letter still half in and half out of its envelope, was staring at her wide-eyed."

"Then it is—I mean Lady Roscoe is a connection. Why, mother, she must be that very cousin! I know her name is Ruth—Mrs. Alden told me—and she was a Mrs. Ruthven before Lord Roscoe married her! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"Very extraordinary!" Mrs. Halstead agreed. "I never met her, of course. Her father died soon after Africa or Australia—I forget now of him for years. I do not know even if he is dead or alive. We were very poor friends in the old days. I heard, I was a great favorite of his. Poor Uncle Arthur! I wonder—"

She stopped short. Marcia had been perusing the letter while she was speaking, and now looked up with a smothered exclamation and eyes that were bright with surprise.

"This is a day of coincidences!" she cried. "Mum, listen to this: 'Dear Marcia—If you are the daughter of the late Gerald Halstead"

and Marvella Halstead, and grand-niece of Clive Halstead, deceased, will you kindly call upon us at your earliest opportunity, when you will learn something to your advantage?"

"You're talking to me," she said. "MORRIS & MOORE, 'Solicitors'."

"I wonder what it means!" The girl handed the letter to her mother as she spoke and the elderly woman read it eagerly with anxious eyes. Then she looked up.

"I don't know! Poor Clive, then he is dead after all! Ah, well, he would have been a very old man! Marcia, child, it must be something more or less good, or they would not say 'learn something to your advantage.' You will go and see them, dear, to-day?"

"Of course!" Marcia was already pinning on her hat. There was a little unwonted flush in her cheeks, her eyes were still bright. She looked bewilderingly pretty as she bent to kiss her mother a tender good-bye.

"I shan't be long, dear," she said. "But don't build up hopes of a fortune, you know. That sort of thing only happens in the pictures or story books. I'll be back to tea."

Nevertheless she ran down the stairs humming a little tune. The afternoon was very bright, the sunshine mellow and warm, and as she walked along her mind was busy with conjectures as to what the solicitor's summons might portend.

Then she remembered that she had the key of Mrs. Alden's safe still holed in her purse. She slipped her hand in suddenly to feel it was safe, and as she did so her fingers came in contact with the letter which Audrey had written to the specialist, Sir Hugh Dallas.

(To be continued.)

Dye Old Curtains, Sweater or Skirt in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Misnamed. She—"I hear you skated into an air-hole the other day." He—"That's what they call it, but I found it full of water."

The fox ranches of Prince Edward Island, during 1921, sold live animals for breeding purposes to the value of over \$500,000, while the pelts produced during the year were worth \$1,500,000.

Old Mac (to young Englishman anxious to marry his daughter): "Ye speak at great length about yer honored name. Noo, what I want to ascertain is, whata bank honors it, and for hoo much?"

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

Be polite, but don't make it a substitute for charity.

Build Your Home

LAYERS

Baby's Own Soap

Imperial Mica Axle Grease

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil

CORNS

Imperial Oil Limited

250,000 FARMERS

RITZ-CARLTON

THE NEWEST HOTEL

AT THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RESORT

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INVENTIONS

CONSTITUTION

Vaseline

CAMPBOR ICE

Imperial Mica Axle Grease

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil

CORNS

Imperial Oil Limited

250,000 FARMERS

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EFFECT OF SLEEP ON THE HUMAN BODY

EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD.

Interesting Facts Regarding Changes Going On During Period of Unconsciousness.

The study of dreams has always been a popular hobby, but few people have ever given a thought to the condition of sleep.

We must be asleep to be able to dream at all—except day-dreams—and the kind of sleep we enjoy has an effect on the dreams we experience.

The true dream is closely associated with deep sleep, but light sleep, in which we are partly conscious of what is going on around us, produces visions which we call dreams. The reader is sure to remember an instance when his first realization on awakening has fitted in with some feature in his dream. An explosion in his dream corresponds with a door banging as he wakes up.

In this connection it is interesting to mention the changes affected in our body by sleep.

When a person feels "sloopy" the pressure with which his blood passes through his body drops. It remains at this low pressure until sleep actually begins, when there is a further fall.

Our Self-Winding Bodies.

Throughout the night, however, as we continue to sleep, our blood pressure gets stronger, until it rises to a point slightly below the normal. It is then we wake up of our own accord, feeling "bright and fresh," and at the moment of waking there is a sharp rise in our blood pressure, and our heart is working strongly and well.

In a very similar fashion the temperature of our body falls with the lowering of the blood pressure.

In the early morning as our hearts are feeling the benefit of rest through sleep, the temperature of our bodies rises, and regains its normal value at the moment of waking.

The effect of sleep is to make our breathing slower and deeper. When we are awake we take approximately the same time in inhalation as in exhalation; but whilst we are asleep inhalation is much slower, and in comparison exhalation is quicker.

During sleep our muscles are greatly relaxed, because we relax them thoroughly. The pores of the skin are cleansed, for the output of perspiration is almost doubled.

The bodily energies, released from other duties, turn their attention to digestion, and that function is expedited to a considerable extent.

It is not generally known how slight, smell, bearing taste, and touch are affected during sleep.

How It Affects Us.

Contrary, perhaps, to general belief, a sleeping person is not easily awakened by a light thrown on the eyes. A less bright light would affect the eyes if the person were awake, and had merely closed his eyelids. The effect on a sleeping person's sense of smell is similar to the effect on the eyes. A smell has to be stronger to be noticed.

Our ears are rested after only an hour's sleep, and our hearing (as also our sense of touch) recovers to a point very close to normal after that brief spell of rest, until just before waking it again rises slightly.

In the case of touch, too, there is a slight reduction of susceptibility, but only for a short duration.

So it will be seen that sleep reduces the general activity of the body, which becomes less affected by its surroundings until "rest" is received.

The effects of deprivation of sleep are more likely to be fatal than depriving the body of food for the same period. Several cases of fasts lasting more than a month are on record, but it seems that seven days and seven nights is the longest period the human body can endure without sleep.

Many instances, where people have tried to refrain from sleep for longer than this period, have ended in either serious illness or even death in quite strong, healthy people on or before the seventh day.

A person deprived of sleep loses weight, and some authorities state that there are microscopic changes in certain brain cells.

Eat Well, Sleep Well.

The usual treatment nowadays for insomnia is a sleeping draught. A well-known doctor, however, who has himself been a victim to this distressing complaint, has made a study of it. He derides the practice of the sleeping draught. In his opinion it is a defiance of all sound medical principles, as it aims merely at the elimination of the symptoms not at the removal of the cause of sleeplessness.

Of many cases he has investigated he has found that most people admit that, at one time or another during the evening, they feel "sleepy," but add that "the feeling passes off."

His advice was to urge them to go to bed whenever they feel sleepy—no matter at what hour. He does not advise them to make their last meal of the day a light one. A good good meal is the best preparation for sleep; but it should be followed by a short walk afterwards, continued until a feeling of sleepiness sets in.

Imitation coal, as good as the real article at half its price, is the latest production claimed by a German chemist.

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Bringing East Together.

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Canadian Seafarers Form Guard

A despatch from Ottawa the crew of the cruiser Canadian fleet, which is on Winter in the south, first guard of honor at the of Parliament in the Barbadoes

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