

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to lunch with Kempton Rossler, his stepmother Lady Rossler and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot give longer than six months; the answer she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-eight.

Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds the missing key (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, and a young man, Jasper Waldron. A week after the marriage ceremony Rossler visits Araby and, to his consternation, learns that Marcia has decided to remain in London and is improving in health. Meanwhile Marcia and Waldron are dining together at a restaurant.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"Haven't I as much claim as Araby to you: friendship?"

That which was in Jasper Waldron's voice and eyes, rather than the question, dissipated the remnants of Marcia's composure. She felt for the moment like the veriest schoolgirl. No man had ever looked at her quite like this before. No man's voice like this warned as Waldron's warned now. His earnestness brought the breath fluttering to her lips. It was an earnestness which was quite genuine. She felt that it was that which robbed her of her usual coolness and poise. She hated herself for blushing, wondered indignantly why she should, and, with an effort caught at her self-control.

With a further effort she forced herself to speak lightly; but there was a flicker of shyness under the thick dark lashes as she looked at him.

"Of course—at least—I suppose so. Only—"

"Only what? Are you going to tell me that I do not appeal to you as a friend?"

Again the half hint of reproach in his voice. She made a quick little gesture.

"You know I am not! But friendship—to my way of thinking—is a big word; not to be lightly used, or lightly thought of. There—her soft voice sobered—there is something too sacred and comforting about it for mine. And—I don't know why—but Miss Trask makes me feel like that. Warm somehow, and—of course—of someone who understands to turn to. It is rather strange, isn't it, for a minute?"

Her voice wavered on the question. Waldron was still looking at her intently, and, now, with something of her own soberness, he answered quietly:

"True friendship, like love, is born of a hand—a glance. I suppose that's why it is so rare. I suppose, too, there are lesser friendships, like lesser loves. I have made many friends, with men and with women—but only one great one. And that is the least demonstrative of all!"

She looked at him curiously. His voice had warmed again; there was a little, passing glow behind his eyes. She spoke before she realized what she was saying.

"With a man?" She was instantly angrily conscious of a certain eagerness in her voice, and of her rising color. She looked down, biting her lip.

Waldron's laugh relieved her, brought her eyes back quickly to his face. It was boyish, amused.

"My dear lady! But of course! Great friendship between a man and a woman is the rarest thing in the world. It is almost impossible."

Marcia's self-possession had come back to her. She laughed, a little, soft, half scoffing laugh.

"My dear man!" she mocked. "What about those really happily married couples one meets?"

Waldron's lips twitched humorously, not unkindly.

"They are so unique they don't seem real!"

"I didn't know you were a cynic!" Marcia felt that she was steering the conversation into lighter channels; but Waldron's eyes sobered instantly.

"I did not mean to be. Friendship—real friendship—is an elusive thing. It is the only true basis for marriage. When the two merge and exist between man and woman the result is something mystical, wonderful, and holy!"

Marcia stirred slightly. There was a ringing conviction in the man's voice for all its quiet. She found her interest in him waxing, deepening. She did not answer. She suddenly she felt how young she was; and how ignorant.

In the humdrum days that lay behind her she had never thought of love. Her mind had been occupied with the daily task, and the discomfort of a weary body. Marriage she had regarded listlessly as a mere form. Its significance had meant nothing to her.

Now, quite suddenly, she found herself looking upon the whole thing with different eyes. Her vitality had burned higher under the influence of this last week's excitement, new comfort and luxurious living. She was no longer half starved in mind and body. The woman in her was quickening, awakening. She felt the change within, realizing what it was, and it disturbed her.

Yet it did not distress her. More than ever she hungered to taste all that life might have to offer her. And there was so much. She knew it; she knew it more keenly whenever she was with Araby Trask, or this man, who was particularly, perhaps, when with him. He was so vigorously full of life, so big. He gave so vivid an impression of great strength of reliability. And something of the freshness of wide spaces clung about him still, even here in the artificial atmosphere of social London.

As she remained silent it was Waldron who spoke at last. He was smiling again, that sunny, kindly smile of his, and now his brown hand lay across the table, palm upward.

"Well?" he asked, lightly enough, but with an underlying gravity in his voice. "Are you going to let me count myself one of your friends?"

Marcia looked up quickly. The wild rose color was in her cheeks; again the man was impressed with her look of new youth, impressed, too, by a certain fragility in her loveliness. The certainty was flickering alluringly under the half veiling lashes.

"But, of course—if you really want to!"

A trifle hesitatingly she slipped her slim hand into the brown palm. There was a very odd expression on Waldron's face as he looked down at it. He spoke upon an impulse that surprised himself.

"I want to—very much. More than I have wanted anything for a very long time!"

During the rest of the dinner he did his utmost to amuse her. He pointed out people of interest and importance as they came and went. He made her laugh with little gay anecdotes. He told her stories of those many places which he had visited in his travels. And he was careful that no further hint of seriousness should creep into the conversation.

He felt that already their friendship was progressing with a rapidity. And he had no very satisfactory reason for this but that he would change her attitude toward him of frank liking. She was so much younger than he had realized; and so much less learned in the lore of life.

As presently, having wrapped her in the rose-hued loveliness of her cloak, they moved down the room and out through the swing doors, a man came running lightly up the steps, meeting Waldron's eyes, stopped dead. "Jasper!" His hand flashed out, Waldron's gripped it eagerly.

"Kemp! Old man! I've scarcely caught more than a glimpse of you since I've been back! Where on earth have you been hiding yourself? But I forgot—"

the high, sweet color draining out of her cheeks. Her eyes were wide, almost frightened. Waldron gave an exclamation of wonderment.

It was Rossler who recovered himself first. He gave Marcia a little smiling easy nod that made her gasp. "Hallo, Miss Halstead! How are you?"

He exchanged a further airy sentence or two with Waldron, then, trailing off into an excuse about being late for an appointment, disappeared.

Waldron looked concernedly at the girl. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You're quite white."

The girl answered, amazed at her own composure. "I've a bit of a 'heart', you know! Sometimes it plays me tricks. I'm all right, really, thanks—now."

Still concerned, he piloted her to the waiting car.

"You're doing too much!" he asserted. "You want to go slow. There's plenty of time!"

Marcia's lips twitched suddenly. Involuntarily she shivered. Then she laughed.

"The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly—and lo! the Bird is on the wing!" she quoted. There was a weariness in her voice that made him look at her quickly, frowningly. But he did not speak immediately. When he did it was completely changing the subject.

"Talk of the devil!" he said. "You remember I was saying I had made a great friendship with one of my boys. It began years ago—when we were boys. It has never wavered, though often there have been years between our meetings. And when we do meet it's as casual as if we were the merest acquaintances. Well—that man is Kempton Rossler!"

Rossler went somewhat blunderingly up the room, picking out a table at random. He had left Araby twenty minutes ago, feeling shaken and on edge. His chance encounter with Marcia just now had shaken him still more.

He realized suddenly, that such meetings could quite easily be of daily occurrence if she really had changed her mind and meant to stay in town. They would be trying, to say the least of it, for both of them—a constant and painful reminder of the secret bond between them.

He ordered a cocktail almost savagely, and when it came allowed it at a gulp. As he set the glass down he became aware that a woman at a table just across the room was trying to attract his attention. Recognizing his stepmother, his face hardened, grew grim.

He had scarcely seen her since that unforgettable night over a week ago. He had avoided going home as much as possible; he had been in no mood to talk to her, to meet her in no mood to listen to Lord Rossler's queer questions and complaints. The sight of Lady Rossler now jarred him, brought back with a force that made him wince all that had happened.

For a moment he thought of taking no notice of her. Then, reluctantly, he rose and walked across to her table. She was alone; but there was an empty coffee cup on the table beside her, a crumpled napkin lay opposite it.

She gave him her hand, and he released it almost immediately.

She made a half nervous gesture toward the place opposite to her.

"Gordon is with me," she told him. "He has gone to telephone someone. I want to have a talk with you before he comes back. Do sit down—tell them to bring your dinner here."

"Thanks!" Rossler pushed aside the coffee cup and sat down. "I'll have my dinner after our talk. Not that I can imagine what you can have to talk to me about."

The woman stirred restlessly. Her vividly beautiful face was pale and looked a little haggard. For the first time Kempton noticed fine lines at the corners of her eyes. There was a feverish brilliancy in the eyes themselves. They met his in a momentary flash of resentment.

"Don't be hateful! Kemp!" she leaned a little across the table to him. "There's no use in being bitter against me! What happened wasn't my fault. Gordon was desperate, besides himself—mad!"

Her lips twitched, she gave a little shiver and reaching for her fur pulled them up over her shoulders. As he did not answer, she went on:

"It was cruel of you to—keep away as you have done. I'm still utterly in the dark as to how you managed—what happened! I've been wretched—miserable—on edge the whole time. I—I've hardly known what to expect; what might crop up!"

(To be continued.)

My Neighbor's Screened Porch.

One improvement that brings comfort and joy to any home is a screened porch.

One of my neighbors had an old porch that had been screened in years ago but it was worked over last spring and immensely improved.

This porch opens off the kitchen and dining room; it has an entrance from the front yard and one from near the concrete-covered cistern.

When the porch was remodeled, glass doors were placed at these entrances; a new floor was laid and show soil; the side and both ends were boarded up about two and a half feet and a window sash was set in such a manner that half of them may be slid behind the others for ventilation and coolness; galvanized screen-wire was used. The overhead is painted blue and the walls are white.

With blue-and-white china, blue-bordered table cloth, blue bird curtains and a few flowering plants my neighbor enjoys a very attractive summer dining-porch. At one end is plenty of room for a sink and tables where many tasks may be performed.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Women's Sphere

Emergency Bedding.

An old aunt visiting a busy young man spent her leisure time on a lot of old bedding that the young woman had cast into the rag bag. There were pieces of old cotton and woolen blankets, ragged quilts, discarded pillow ticks, sheets with gaping holes, old comforts, soiled and ragged, and other evidences that the "setting out" of the bride had received a half dozen or so years back was showing the effects of childish feet and hands on the materials. Like most brides she had started in life with flimsy silkline bedding, embroidered pillow slips, spreads bought for style rather than wear, and all other perishable things which young girls delight to put in their hope chests, so everything looked hopeless to her as her aunt went over it.

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Bran Recipes.

Bran Porridge.—1 cup milk, 1 cup of water, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ¼ cup oatmeal (rolled, or other cereal), ¼ cup of bran. Place in double boiler and boil for a half hour. Serve with sugar and milk, or sugar and butter. All water may be used if desired.

Bran Griddle Cakes.—1 cup bran, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon butter or butter substitute, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk. Mix dry ingredients, add egg slightly beaten, and milk and butter. Beat thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle. Serve with butter and syrup. This will make twenty cakes.

Bran Doughnuts.—1½ cups bran, 1½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Roll on floured board. Cut with doughnut cutter. Fry in very hot deep fat. This will make three dozen doughnuts.

Bran Muffins.—1 cup bran, ½ cup white flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute, 1 cup milk, 1 egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add egg slightly beaten, and sugar. Add milk and melted butter. Mix all well together. Bake in well-greased muffin tins in a hot oven for about twenty-five minutes. Will make twelve muffins.

Draw-in Threads.

Draw-in threads are more popular than ever. This trimming is used on luncheon cloths, napkins, doilies, table runners, waste baskets, handkerchiefs, desk sets, dresser scrubs, pin cushions and bed-room curtains. An attractive table runner of natural-colored crash is trimmed with blue, red and black draw-in threads. The edges are ravelled and finished with hand tied fringe.

Venetian Girdles.

Undoubtedly smart are the new Venetian head girdles and belts. They are made of red, green, purple, tan and black wooden beads of various shapes and sizes. Some are strung in even rows and finished at the ends with tassels made of the varicolored beads while others are strung on heavy black silk cord. They are worn with the popular straight-line dresses of turtleneck and serge.

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Jugo-Slavia or Jugoslavia?

Jugo-Slavia represents the hyphen and insists that the name be written in one word—Jugoslavia and Jugoslavia. The reason given by the "Revue Jugoslavia" is that "jug" in the Serbo-Croatian language means "the south." To compound the two words "Yug" and "Slav" the Serbo-Croatian language uses an "o" instead of a hyphen—Jugo-Slav—Jugoslavia.

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Fungous Diseases of the Forest.

Each year in our forests large amounts of timber are destroyed by fungi, and while these losses are not usually as spectacular as those caused by insects they are quite as important and deserving of attention. It is only within recent years that fungous and insect depredations in the forest have been given any thought. This is due to a realization of the fact that timber supplies in this country are becoming increasingly scarce and that every agency which is responsible for destruction in the forest should be carefully studied.

From an economic standpoint the most important group of forest fungi is that which causes the decay of wood. The fungi in this group are mostly of one general type known as bracket fungi or polypores. Some of the mushrooms, however, are also capable of destroying wood. These forms may either work in the heartwood or in the sapwood of the tree, though sometimes the same fungus will attack both heartwood and sapwood. Most of them are capable of living either upon living or dead wood.

Trees are protected from the attack of wood-destroying fungi by the bark but it is usually the case that in one or more places the bark is broken or wounded and it is at these places that the spores of the fungus gain entrance to the tree. Such wounds may be caused by birds, animals, insects, wind, snow or the natural death of limbs due to lack of light. The spores of a wood-rotting fungus, lodging on such wounds, germinate if sufficient moisture is present and the resultant mycelium grows into the wood. The mycelium is enabled to utilize the wood tissue as food material by means of the secretion of various enzymes or ferments which dissolve the elements composing the cell walls. Each fungus possesses a number of different enzymes each of which is capable of reducing certain elements of the wood—thus one enzyme will abstract lignin and another cellulose. When the lignin has been taken from the wood it becomes soft, spongy and without strength. In addition to these chemical changes, there is usually a change in color of the affected wood. It may be left either white, yellow or brown. This change in color may be due to the color of the mycelium of the attacking fungus, to secretions by the fungus or by the wood itself or to chemical changes induced by the action of the mycelium. In most cases the phenomena of decay are characteristic for each species of fungus so that, usually, the responsible organism can be determined merely by an examination of the affected wood.

After a sufficient amount of wood has been used as food the fungus commences to reproduce itself. This is accomplished by means of the fruiting bodies or brackets which are commonly to be seen on the sides of trees and stumps. The stored food materials are usually carried to the point of original infection and there the mycelium undergoes changes which finally result in the production of fruiting bodies. These produce spores in immense numbers which are borne by the wind for long distances. A few of them are deposited in wounds in trees and the life cycle commences again.

Some of these fungi commonly invade the roots and lower portion of the trunks, but the majority of them affect the tree above ground. Of the latter two of the most destructive are Trametes pini which causes a pecky wood rot of conifers and Fomes lignarius which causes a white heart rot of hardwood trees. Polyporus schweinitzii causing a brown heart rot of conifers and Armillaria mellea causing a yellow sap rot of both conifers and hardwoods are the most important of the former.

While these wood rots are of more frequent occurrence in the forest than in shade trees owing to more favorable moisture conditions, greater chances for infection due to development of fungi upon the windfalls and debris of the forest floor and to more frequent wounding yet they sometimes become a menace to valuable shade or ornamental trees. In such cases, if the expense be justified, tree surgery methods may save the tree if taken early enough. In the farmer's wood lot the appearance of fruiting bodies upon a tree should be followed by the removal of the tree as it will continue to be a source of infection for the remaining stand. If this cannot be done, at least the lot should be kept free of fruiting bodies. They should be collected and burned. In the forest the control of these and other tree diseases is intimately connected with the problems of forest management, and until such time, as we have regulated forests what must be done is to accumulate a thorough knowledge of the pathology of each of the important timber-producing species.

After much pondering, both of life and books, I think that sixty is not a period of decay, but a period when a man at his soundest and ripest— Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.

A New Testament, one-quarter of an inch thick, five-eighths of an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long, is owned by John W. Mason, of Enfield, Maine. It contains all the books of the New Testament, and can be read by the use of a magnifying glass.

Charlotte formation sections of been attracted promoters, prospector recently seen the Island eminent.

St. Stephen recently dredged near county near county berry ranch new concern United States plant here Halifax Nova Scotia 2,032,901 barrels total export barrels and Indies 4,082 13,377 barrels were consigned ports New 20,481 barrels Scotia 22,842 Indian canning 800 barrels plants 36,000

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The former Audi and her children w home of exile in Madrid

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