

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halsted, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rossier, his stepmother Lady Rossier and her son Gordon. But when she returns she finds the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find out what she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden she finds Kempton Rossier (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing her in her step-brother's shoes. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name and in consideration of the fact that six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. After the secret marriage ceremony Rossier and Marcia go to her home; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Trask had acted upon Waldron's suggestion and had painted Marcia's black gown with the rose brocade cloak slipping from her shoulders. The black had a queer sombre note, which he had accentuated by making the background entirely of shadows. Her eyes were a little sombre, too, with a wistfulness of which she had been unconscious and which he had painted just as he had seen it. But there was the alluring curve of a smile upon her lips; youth was in her cream and rose loveliness of her face—a color in the wonderful cloak. Araby said so with increasing emphasis.

"It ought to sell," she asserted, and then stopped short, looking at Marcia. "But perhaps you wouldn't like that?" she added.

There was something in the wistfulness of her tone—and then the other look at her quickly—and then she turned round the sunny, empty studio. There were so many canvases with their faces to the wall—so many little signs that success had been achieved. She made a sudden cry.

"But, of course!" she cried, gesturing. "But, of course!" she cried, gesturing. "But, of course!" she cried, gesturing. "But, of course!" she cried, gesturing.

"Trask began to scrape his palette with energy. "To Jasper Waldron," he acquiesced, with the most tranquil smile. "He saw it last night. It was enchanted. He gave me a check for it there and then. Five hundred pounds he paid!"

Araby gasped. There was almost consternation in the glance she turned back a little and there was a quick hot color aflame in her cheeks, a half-startled brightness in her eyes. Perhaps naturally Araby mistook the color and the hurried look of Marcia, she swung indignantly upon her father.

"But—really—you are impossible!" she declared. "You had no right to sell it without Marcia's permission—not to anybody!"

Marcia interrupted hurriedly: "I do not mind," she said, and Trask looked at her for a moment, and a sort of level, smiling comprehension. "I know that!" he told her. "It isn't as if you had sold it to a stranger. It was sold to one of our own people. And, besides, it was sold to a man who is worth a fortune."

"It isn't worth such a sum!" Araby's young voice was uncompromisingly blunt. "I don't mean," she said, "that it isn't a delightful picture. It is! But it is certainly not worth five hundred pounds!"

Trask smiled and pushed his half-bleached mustache with the rest of his paraphernalia into an inadequate tin box. "It is," he contradicted, placidly. "It is!" he contradicted, placidly.

Marcia remembered those words more than once with a queer breathlessness and a tingling sensation of pleasure. But she shied away from him as if to just exactly what they had meant or why Jasper Waldron had bought her portrait.

Also the conversation had pointed to her a way by which she could, perhaps without hurting them, help this gay couple who already had become warm friends of hers. She commissioned another, smaller portrait, head and shoulders only, which, she said, she wished to give to her mother. She factually named the sum she was willing to pay, ignoring Araby's assurance that she was mad, seeing only that she was mad, seeing only that she was mad, seeing only that she was mad.

mother tells me she is unable to visit at all—but you—
—then that's half the battle! When a woman was off, shrugging. For a woman was off, shrugging. For a woman was off, shrugging. For a woman was off, shrugging.

Again she smiled dazlingly, and Marcia drew a quick, half-startled, little breath. The sense of uneasiness was stronger upon her than ever. "You must come and see us very soon. What about dining on Sunday? Not a party, you know—just ourselves!"

Marcia's lips framed a hurried excuse; but they did not utter it. With some dismay she realized that no excuse was possible without seeming to be grossly ungracious. Lady Rossier chose to take an interest in her; her connection gave her a certain claim to pursue an acquaintance.

A little wildly she searched her mind for some means of escape. The idea of going to this woman's house—so abhorrent to her—was almost unbearable. "I don't know," she began with a distress she could not entirely conceal, and which Lady Rossier completely misread. She interrupted, laughing: "My dear child! Surely you can't have an engagement for Sunday? And I really should like Lord Rossier to meet you. Besides, now I've found folks belonging to me! I'm going to make the most of them! Will you come?"

Later, as she drove away with Marcia's stammering murmur of assent still in her ears, she smiled. "I do believe," she murmured under her breath, "that the girl is really attracted to Kemp! She must be, or why on earth should she get all flushed and uncomfortable at the mere mention of my name? And if so—she leaned back with a long sigh that had in it something of satisfaction—"If so

Priscilla led the way, and stood aside, smiling, as they passed through the arch. "Well," she said, "what do you think of it, Prue?"

"Of all the queer mixtures!" said Prudence frankly puzzled. "It's my Christmas corner," said Priscilla proudly. "Your present happens to be growing somewhere else; but my main Christmas crop is here. I can't spend lavishly in money; and last year I spent too much in nerves and eyeglass. So this year instead of doing fancywork I'm turning to my garden. Here are the sweet things: lavender and lemon verbena, to fill your linen closets; and here are my old-fashioned everlasting flowers—yellow and crimson—and here are my purple and white—for winter bouquets and for baskets; and here are a few clumps of my choicest flowers, like those in the main garden, but especially reserved for seed, to put in pretty packets for my gardening friends—"

"I'm a gardening friend!" suggested Prue. "You'll like what I'm planning for you, Prue—at least, I do, and I'll disown you if you don't appreciate it!—but you mustn't covet what I'm giving sweet herbs; those are for the kitchen-loving contingent—thyme and tarragon and summer savory and sweet marjoram. I love the very sound of the names, don't you? Some I'll dry in bunches, and some I'll make into flavored vinegars, for salads and ragouts. And here are tomatoes—the little plum and cherry varieties in red and yellow to put up whole; they make a gayest and most Christmas preserve. And over there against the wall is our ancient quince tree; it bears lots of fruit some years, and some people haven't learned yet that quinces make delicious jam. A jar of that, neatly labeled and tied with red ribbons is sure to please anyone who likes goodies. And who doesn't? That's all, I think—at least in the corner. But I'm going to use all my rose leaves and preserve a few of our strawberries whole in jelly. And did you ever see parsley packed between layers of salt in a preserve jar with goodness, I was just going to mention what I'm raising for you!"

"Don't! I'd rather be surprised. But if you should slip up on it, Prissy dear, I can assure you I'd be quite contented with any of your other Christmas products. What I really covet, though, is the grand idea of growing them. Why didn't I have the wit to make my garden help out my Christmas?"

"It isn't too late yet," suggested Priscilla, consolingly. "And I have no copyright on the plan!"

Let's Plant Dahlias. No matter what you may or may not have in your garden, you must have dahlias if you would have your garden family complete. Flowering as they do in late summer, you will be sure to appreciate them, because your roses and peonies will mostly be over by that time.

Much of the success with dahlias depends entirely on the soil, especially the way it is prepared. Dahlias never take kindly to soil that is too rich. Even on clay soil you can grow the finest varieties of dahlias. If you want dahlias, plow or dig

tion I wanted I'd go to work and get it; and I asked myself why I should not also go to work and get a new family. I'd been sitting there crying when all the while there were thousands of other lonely people in the world, and many of them were worse off than I, who am young and strong and able to make friends."

"As soon as I realized that there were other lonely persons," Ruth continued, "I realized that I had missed a whole year of having a grandmother. I had known Grandmother Barrett all my life at home and used to run in to see her a dozen times a week. She had three children then. Now they're all dead except one son, who is in the navy. So grandmother and I adopted each other. As for Billy, he was in my Sunday school class. He is an ambitious little fellow, but there is no one at home to help him; his people can't appreciate the value of an education. But Billy is working for one. I'm going to be mighty proud of him one of these days."

"And who is to be your next relative?" Sara asked. Ruth hesitated. "Next I want—a sister," she said. "If I had a sister I think that she and I could adopt Poncia, the most adorable little three-year-old Spanish baby that you ever saw. She is in the day nursery at the mission, for her mother has to work. Some one should make clothes for the child and teach her things that her mother has neither time nor knowledge for, and—" Ruth's voice failed.

Sara saw the appealing look in her friend's eyes and leaned forward. "O Ruth!" she exclaimed. "Would I do? Could I be your sister? Would you teach me how?"

"Would I!" Ruth cried. "O, Sara, would I!"

Improved methods of handling and hatching the eggs of the whitefish are showing such results that this exceedingly valuable fish species is now steadily gaining numbers in the Great Lakes. The work has been highly systematized, and is being conducted by the United States Fisheries Bureau in co-operation with our own Canadian authorities. The scale on which the artificial propagation of the whitefish is being carried on may be judged from the fact that in the year 1921 the Fisheries Bureau hatched 540,000 eggs and planted 420,000 young " fry." Thanks to this work, the whitefish supply in the Great Lakes has been increasing ever since 1917. It is hoped that in the matter, and States are taking in the framing of laws for the protection of the whitefish and the regulation of the size of mesh allowed to be used for seines and traps. If the mesh be not too small, the little ones, which have no commercial value, can get away and have a chance to grow big.

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EVEREST ASCENT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE

BLOOD PRESSURE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

Rarefied Atmosphere at High Altitudes is Almost Insurmountable Obstacle.

Can a human being endure the highest altitude one arth? This unanswered question is the biggest obstacle between this year's Mount Everest expedition and success, in the opinion of Colonel Bury, leader of last year's expedition; G. L. Mallory, climbing member of both parties, and Sir Francis Younghusband, president of the Royal Geographic Society, whose joint volume on the 1921 expedition was issued recently.

"No scientific man and no physiologist or physician can say for certain whether the human body by its own efforts can reach the height of 29,000 feet above the sea," says Sir Francis Younghusband. All three stress the fact that it is this unknown quantity rather than mountaineering difficulties which will make or break this year's attempt. Speaking of the actual physical obstacles of Mount Everest, Mr. Mallory says: "It is at least probable that the obstacles presented by this mountain can be overcome by any competent party if they met them in the Alps. But it is a very different matter to be confronted with such obstacles at elevations of between twenty-three and twenty-nine thousand feet. We do not know that it is psychologically possible at such high altitudes for the human body to make the efforts required to lift itself up even on the simplest ground." Both Bury and Mallory found that the rapidity with which the party acclimatized itself at a great height a hopeful sign. "That it is possible to acclimatize the system to live at heights is true," says Colonel Bury, "but only to a certain extent—up to 18,000 feet we could acclimatize ourselves very comfortably and at greater heights I think a prolonged stay permanently lowers vitality."

Become Acclimatized Quickly. "Nothing is perhaps so astonishing," says Mr. Mallory, "in a party of reconnaissance as the rapidity with which they become acclimatized and capable of great exertions at heights of from 18,000 to 21,000. Where is the limit of this process? Will the multiplication of red corpuscles continue so that they may become acclimatized much higher? There is evidence to show they may exist comfortably through eating and digesting hearty meals and retaining their feeding vitality up to 23,000 feet. It may be that after two or three days quietly spent at that height, the body would sufficiently adjust itself to endure still the greater difference from normal atmospheric pressure, 6,000 feet higher. At all events that alone can provide proof.

Too Hot in the Icefields. "Our greatest enemy, as we went on, was not after all the deep powdery snow. The work was arduous for the first reason but it was possible to pick on at a slow pace. "The heat was a different matter. In the glacier furnace the thin mist became steam, which enveloped us with a clinging garment from which no escape was possible and, far from being protected by the sun's fierce rays, we seemed all the more uncomfortable because of them. "The atmosphere is enervating to the last degree. To halt even for a few minutes was to be almost overcome by inertia, so difficult, it seemed, once the machinery had stopped and lost momentum, to heave it into motion again."

Tree Planting in Dominion Forests. Planting trees and sowing tree seed in Dominion forest reserves is done for two purposes; first, to restock the area with some desirable species, which has become extinct or nearly extinct through repeated fires in years gone by; and second, to furnish data as to the best methods of planting and seedling, the rate of growth, etc. Those experimental plantings were greatly increased during the year. Approximately 58,000 Scotch pine, Jack pine, and white spruce seedlings and transplants were set out in twenty-seven plots aggregating about twenty acres. A large part of the planting stock was furnished from the Forest Nursery Station at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and the remainder came from small nurseries established on various reserves. In addition to the above, nineteen experimental plots covering approximately twenty-five acres were sown with seventy pounds of tree seed, about evenly divided between white spruce and Jack pine. Annual Report, Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

Unbelief. There is no unbelief. Whoever plants a seed beneath the earth And waits to see it push away the sod, Trusts to be God.

Lemberg, the Polish town, is spelt by the Poles themselves, Lwow; by the Ukrainians, L'viv; by the Russians, L'vov; and by the French, Leopold. Lemberg is really the German form of the name.

2 in 1 Shoe Polishes
More and Better Shines to the Box

Grocers Were Grocers.
Many of our modern trade names have curious origins. The costermonger, for example, was in the old days a costard-monger. He hawked a kind of fruit called the costard. The word "menger" means a seller, and is still found in iron-monger, fish-monger, and so on.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Increasing Fish Tribes.
Improved methods of handling and hatching the eggs of the whitefish are showing such results that this exceedingly valuable fish species is now steadily gaining numbers in the Great Lakes.

Away with Castors.
Don't buy furniture or metal beds fitted with old-fashioned, shaky, destructive castors. Tell your dealer you must have the

Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe
Never falls, falls out or goes sideways. Slides harmlessly and noiselessly over carpets, rug linoleum or hardwood floors. Saves housework—prevents damage. Furniture and hardware dealers sell them.

Vaseline Carbolated Petroleum Jelly
A very efficient antiseptic when used as a first-aid dressing for cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, etc. Keep a tube in the house for emergencies.

The Famous Cooney Canuck Rifle
The only rifle in the world with the wonderful, accurate, hard-hitting, grooved barrel, and the automatic safety half-cock on the bolt. See them at your local store.

Bee Supplies
Beekeepers will find, by looking up our catalog, everything needed for the production of honey.

Ruddy Mfg. Co. Ltd.
Successors to Ham Bros. Co. Ltd. Send for a copy.

Corns
Lift Off with Fingers
Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

SPRYWHEEL
The \$185 Tractor (F.O.B. Toronto). Cuts the Cost of Cultivating
A Sprywheel and one man can do more cultivating than five men with wheel hoes. It pays for itself before the growing season is half over, in labor saved. The better crops you'll get are additional reasons for buying a Sprywheel now.

SPRYWHEEL
52 COLBORNE STREET TORONTO

Women's Sphere

The Christmas Corner.
"Your garden always is the most entrancing place, Prue. But what's in that little corner over beyond the trellis? You keep steering me away from it, but it looks altogether too inviting to miss."

Ruth's Family.
"It's all very well to talk about life's being rich and full," said Sara Crandall, "but if you had no family at all,—no relative in the world nearer than a second cousin,—you wouldn't like it much yourself."

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SPRYWHEEL
52 COLBORNE STREET TORONTO

One week flourishing—some Canadian newspaper, less than three United States inner history the record of transportable The Chicago newspaper immediately were to usual newspaper, its newspaper was sent to Toronto for the paper's on to the at North, it could be destroyed Northern of two hundred awaited news cars were 100 newspaper, merely two plant, About seventy times in newspaper, A T. J. of

Tricks of the Land
The land was engaged in an emigrant in an officer, who is these gentry acres of orange years ago, has a tree will grow. If all is not, certainly all it looks like it. The most fertile there is much for cultivation of America are absolutely sure.

In some parts enormous areas look to be fairly arid—underlaid "hard-pan," a thick yellowish rock, water-proof.

Plant fruit trees flourish for a year to a good crop, in the die. Dig out the tap-root, snub it, plant in a hole of young Britons into buying hand all that they possess. But your land at tricks like this knows no bounds. It was a good thing this country was here most attractive north the advantage ment on the Gulf was called St. Paul alleged to be a perfect soil for one were pictures of amp showing hills still to be pursued were quite low.

Scores of people invested from two in lots of fruit land point is that a local Englishman, usually long-headed, as a world, also brought. Arriving on the purchaser found a pure white sand—call it in Florida—the sea beach so a thing was concerned. Even this is not a good-sized lake, which is called reason of this name of R—some three feet—was once sold as land suitable for tallion.

Second Little Brother— you go and stand by Mr. Johnson's man; but why? Little Brother— can see through you if I can."

A clergyman has a writer which will