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# 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 luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer 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 live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer (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 and in consideration of release within 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 Rosslaer and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by Trask. Lady Rosslaer claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and invites Marcia for the following Sunday.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"But, my dear child! Of course you must go!"

Audrey Alden ceased her occupation of pouring tea to look in some amusement at Marcia's flushed face. The girl had been speaking of Lady Rosslaer's visit, of her invitation and of her own disinclination to accept it.

She stirred now, restlessly, frowning.

"I know I must—I absolutely couldn't refuse! But I don't want to! To begin with, I don't like Lady Rosslaer. I don't know why, but I don't."

Mrs. Alden picked up the tea-pot again.

"She can be of quite considerable assistance to you," she declared practically, handing his tea-cup to Michael Trask, who had drifted in a few minutes after Marcia. "After all, she's Lord Rosslaer's wife; she has social standing—she——"

"As if I cared for that. I want to be free—to pick my friends and acquaintances for myself—to go about where and how I choose."

"Visiting Lady Rosslaer won't interfere with those desires," Audrey assured her. "And you'll probably enjoy yourself quite a good deal. Lord Rosslaer is an old dear—a perfect old English gentleman. Gordon gets on one's nerves a bit, I admit—but you can snub him, so long as you don't do it in front of his mother! And then there's Kemp. You like him, don't you?"

Marcia stirred again, so sharply that Trask looked up and across at her. He remained sipping his tea and watching her face with a certain thoughtful intentness in his mild eyes.

"Of course. At least—I have seen him only very occasionally."

She got up abruptly in the middle of the sentence and walked across to the window. Her cheeks were flushed; she lifted her face gratefully to the cool breeze. She hated herself for her lack of composure; she wondered uncomfortably if Mrs. Alden had noticed it. Apparently she had not, for she went on placidly:

"By the way, I wonder what has become of him lately. I don't believe I've seen him more than once in the last two or three weeks, and then at a distance. I thought he was looking wretchedly ill, too. Poor old Kemp! I wish Fate and his father were a little kinder to him. Though, I suppose, the old man really is beginning to feel the strain——"

She paused for a moment, looking across at Trask.

"I suppose you and Araby have seen him—Kemp I mean?"

The faintest suspicion of a frown drew Trask's brows together. He stirred his tea with an energy that overflowed his cup.

"I don't know if Araby has. I haven't."

Marcia's cheeks had cooled. She stood leaning against the window and looking back into the room. Mrs. Alden's attention was still upon Trask.

"And you don't sound as if you cared much!" she put in. "Ah, well! It won't make much difference to Kemp, either way. Have some more tea."

Trask handed his cup in silence. The line was still between his brows.

"I like Kemp," he said, after a minute. "I don't think anyone could help it—there's something about him very attractive, very lovable! But I could wish that he had started life better equipped to make good for himself. It doesn't do a man any good to have no occupation—to be dependent for his income——"

He paused. Audrey grinned.

"The role of heavy father doesn't suit you in the least, my friend!" she told him. "And, anyway, it isn't Kemp's fault. It's his father's. He ought not to have brought him up as he did; ought to have had him taught a profession. I know Kemp pretty well, and I know that he doesn't want to be an idler. Only there's so mighty little that he can do, isn't there?"

Trask swallowed his second cup of tea at a gulp, as if he did not enjoy it. He answered with unwonted acerbity.

"Nothing, I should say!" he retorted. "Except, of course, gamble indiscriminately and accumulate debts that he can never hope to pay! Under the circumstances it is—unfortunate."

"Meaning, by 'circumstances' Araby?"

A shade of distress passed over Trasks face. He rose and set down his cup on the tray.

"Meaning Araby," he agreed quietly; then took her hand for a moment, bowed over it awkwardly, and took a somewhat abrupt departure.

Mrs. Alden looked after him thoughtfully; then, from the window, Marcia spoke, upon an impulse which she could not control.

"Are things—really—so serious for Araby and—and Mr. Rosslaer?"

Audrey rattled the tea-cups impatiently. She was a born matchmaker, and she loved to see the path of love run smooth. She was warmly attached to Kemp, really fond of Araby, and in sympathy with the youth of both.

"Really!" she returned. Then she threw herself back in her chair with a little sigh. "Araby is not an easy person to probe. She seems such a child, so gay, so careless and so utterly inconsequent. I haven't enough of her confidence to ask how she feels about the whole thing; but if she cares for Kemp at all it is with her whole heart. For him—he worships the air she breathes. I do know that!"

Marcia turned her face to the window again. Her deep eyes were troubled; against her will her thoughts had leaped back to those hateful moments when she had confronted Kempton Rosslaer before Mrs. Alden's safe. She thought of him, as she had seen him then—caught—trapped—found out, branded as a thief! And she thought of Araby, of her wide, candid sweet eyes, the warm friendliness of her smile.

She felt a little choked. She was conscious, too, of a wonder at herself for not feeling more of contempt for Kempton than she did. Surely he was deserving of it? Surely he was utterly unworthy of a girl like Araby?

And yet—yet! She leaned forward, looking down into the street, her hand clenched against the sill. He must have been driven by an extremity of desperation to such a course—even as she had been driven to the course she had taken. He must have suffered in a very madness of despair, as she had done.

She choked again. Warm hearted, sensitive, tender toward all who suffered, that vague pity she had felt for Kempton from the beginning leaped to a sudden very real sympathy. How he must have suffered! How he must be suffering still!

She knew comprehension rather than blame for the thing he had done. It was not for her to censure. And then, again, as Araby's face rose before her, she stirred and sighed. He loved Araby! A quick, sharp stab of fear, of guilt struck at her heart. Loved Araby and——

Audrey Alden's voice broke across her tangled thoughts. She straightened herself and turned back into the room.

"And now, about this visit to the Rosslaers! It won't do to try and get out of it, Marcia. Besides, you don't want to. You owe it to yourself to move in those circles from which you can accrue the most benefit. You've got money, and you've got beauty; you need only a certain social position to have the whole world at your feet."

She smiled suddenly, her quick, charming smile. "I'm very worldly-wise, am I not? But one has to be—on occasions And remember, Marcia, when fate dowers you out of a clear sky with a fortune it dowers you with responsibilities as well! And you can't shirk them!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

'When Fate dowers you with a fortune it dowers you with responsibilities as well! And you can't shirk them!"

Audrey's words, went with Marcia the following Sunday evening as she drove to the Rosslaer's house. She knew that they were true, and her lips set just a little tightly as she contemplated the ordeal before her. It seemed to her that the road of her choosing had its jars and obstacles as well as its smooth places and its rose leaves.

She was really nervous. She wondered if Kempton Rosslaer would be there, and prayed that he would not. She wondered if he knew that she was coming. If he did he would, surely, make some excuse to be away.

But he was there. At Lady Rosslaer's tactful suggestion old Lord Rosslaer had asked him personally to stay at home that night. And with a shrug Rosslaer had acquiesced.

He knew that there were to be guests, but his step-mother had not much opportunity of seeing him, and when she did she was careful not to mention Marcia's name. She had her own ideas about matchmaking, and she had no intention that Kempton should be suspicious of her intention.

Marcia did not see Kempton at once; he was standing at the end of the long room in the shadows. But as she was announced he swung around sharply, utter consternation in his eyes. For a moment he was shocked into numbness, then a seething rage against Fate, and of furious resentment against Marcia herself swept up through him.

His face was set like stone when a few minutes later he exchanged greetings with her. It did not relax even when he saw the distress of her soft eyes, and felt that her fingers were trembling uncontrollably as they touched his.

Lord Rosslaer took Marcia in to dinner, for which she was devoutly thankful. She found him a charming, courteous old man, who did his utmost to amuse and interest her.

She thought him looking very bent and fragile; she had never dreamed that he was so old. She had pictured him as something of a martinet, fierce, dictatorial. But only his very bright eyes suggested that there was any fire left in him at all. He looked weary; really ill.

She scarcely glanced at Kempton throughout the meal. On her other hand Gordon Ruthven paid her fatuous compliments in a blase way that made it almost impossible to believe that he was still merely a lad.

She thought he looked more dissipated and world weary than ever; she suspected even a weak viciousness in the lines about his mouth, and she did not encourage his amenities. The nervousness and excitement of the visit had brought two brilliant spots of carnation to her cheeks; her eyes were very bright.

Lady Rosslaer, looking at her, was forced to confess that, after all, she had looks—decided looks. Even Kempton looked at her, half reluctantly, more than once.

Later, after coffee had been served, they found themselves unexpectedly alone together. They were standing at the wide windows opening onto the balcony. Lady Rosslaer had gone to the piano at the other end of the long room to where Gordon was idly playing the newest waltz song. Lord Rosslaer, in his deep chair, was near them, half asleep.

(To be continued.)

A match head does not think and when it is irritated it becomes excited and bursts into flame.

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# Women's Sphere

**How to Have a Pretty Mouth.**

"Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers and are famous preservers of youthful looks."—Charles Dickens.

One of my correspondents wants to know how she can obtain a pretty and shapely mouth. A pretty mouth is partly a birthday gift and partly an indication of character. Dr. Galbraith, in her book on hygiene for women, says: "There are twenty-eight muscles about the mouth. Since all these muscles are developed by use, the mouth comes to assume the expression given to it by the thoughts of the individual. The figurative expression, "down at the mouth," comes to be literally true, and the angles of the mouth are seen to be habitually drooping until at last this is the fixed expression of the face. A healthy frame of mind is the only means to keep the face from being converted into a map of wrinkles and drooping angles at the mouth. The wrinkles are not, as a rule, caused by any trouble in the skin itself, but in the underlying muscles, the tissues of which have become relaxed or weakened."

Many an otherwise pretty face is spoiled by the expression. The Venus de Milo would not be considered beautiful if she looked peevish or cross, or as if she felt that the whole world was against her. Time and again a girl whose features, if analyzed, are positively plain has passed for a good-looking and decidedly attractive young woman, because of a sweet expression and a radiant smile.

If you have reason to suspect that your expression is not all that could be desired, try the smile cure. This was invented by an ingenious woman who had a disagreeable and discouraged droop to her mouth, and it worked wonders in her case. Her usual expression was caused by worry, as it is in almost everybody, and the worry itself unfitted her for her day's work by making her nervous and unable to concentrate her mind. One day this woman felt so tired and discouraged that she decided to turn over a new leaf and see if somehow a smile wouldn't help things. Greatly to her surprise she found that in a very short time it did. Worries seemed to straighten themselves out and appeared of small account, and the world was a pleasanter place to live in just because she had learned to smile instead of frown.

This woman told me that any one having a peevish droop to her mouth should sit in front of her mirror and smile at her own reflection for ten minutes, three times a day, or oftener if she found hreself worrying. At first, she said, it seemed absolutely imbecile to sit and grin at nothing at all, and to watch oneself doing it; but after the operation had continued for a minute or two, one always got to laughing at the idiocy of it and the "blues" and other fancied miseries vanished like magic. Several times a day the drooping muscles of the mouth should be massaged with the tips of the first two fingers, starting in the centre, underneath the lower lip, using both hands at the same time and pressing gently but firmly upward, especially when the corners of the mouth are reached, until the fingers meet in the centre just above the upper lip. Then take the fingers off and start again below the lower lip. Use a little cold cream with this massage.

The lips should be rubbed lightly with the cold cream several times a day, as it improves their color, keeps them free from chaps and cold sores and makes them flexible. Thick or full lips will be less noticeable if kept soft and smooth, and they should be kept closed. Too many persons having a full underlip allow this to drop, giving the face a vacant expression, while closed lips make the mouth look firmer and improve the expression.

Is it necessary to add that no matter how shapely the mouth may be it is unattractive if the teeth have been neglected? Irregular and protruding teeth can be straightened by means of dental appliances, but treatment of this sort is not within every one's reach. However, any one can, and every one should keep the teeth clean, using a tooth-brush three times a day and a tooth-paste or powder at least once a day.

Remember, that a smiling face, provided the teeth are clean, is always an attractive face, no matter what the features are; and a pleasant expression is more becoming and will beautify one more quickly than all the lotions and creams in the world.

**Controlling the Wily Moth.**

If you want to avoid any possibility of finding woolen underclothes, winter coats, furs, or your precious blankets riddled with moth holes next winter when you want to use them again you have to be very careful how you pack them away. This is the time of the year when the clothes moth is busy finding the spot in which to deposit her eggs and she usually makes a beeline for the finest woolens.

The safest way of all to defeat the moths is to put the garments into an airtight bag or box and seal the box up securely. Before doing this, however, it is necessary to well brush and even beat the clothes, for one can never be absolutely sure that moth eggs have not already been deposited on them. If this has already happened the most elaborate precautions will not prevent disaster.

Grease in particular must be removed, for moths will always select such spots in preference to any other. Another point to remember is that woolens should be washed before they are put away. It is a fact that moths much prefer anything that has been near the body to perfectly clean garments.

So few of us possess airtight boxes that a few alternatives which have been proved successful should be useful to the housewife. One method is to first put the garments into a cardboard box and sprinkle with naptha or carbon balls. Then wrap the box in several thicknesses of newspaper and paste down securely so that the moth cannot possibly find entrance. The box, of course, can be dispensed with and more newspapers used, but the box helps to keep the garments from creasing.

A covering of newspapers and finally tar paper is usually successful, and a cotton bag, like a pillow slip, securely fastened at the open end, is an easy way of dealing with the trouble, but it is not so easy to be sure that the fastening is really secure.

It is a mistake to put the packages in a dark cupboard or anywhere where there is the least suspicion of damp. A light, dry cupboard is better.

Don't on any account use pepper. It is true that moths hate pepper, but the dangers that await the re-opening of pepper-laden garments are too great to be risked.

**To Set Colors in Wash Goods.**

Reds and Pinks—Soak in a strong solution of salt and water for one hour.

Greens, Mauves and Purples—Wash thoroughly in a solution of one ounce of alum to one gallon of water.

Blues, Browns, Tans and Lavenders.—Soak for several hours in one gallon of water in which one ounce of sugar of lead has been dissolved.

Blacks, Grays and Buffs—Use one tablespoonful of black pepper to a gallon of water.

If one cannot trust to memory to recall these directions just when they are needed, copy the above or cut it from the paper and paste onto the can where you keep the powdered alum and the sugar of lead, and place on the shelf with ammonia, blueing and other materials used on wash day.


# CORNS

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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!

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


Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

## Newsprint Production.

The News Print Service Bureau, of New York, in its April Bulletin, gives the production of newsprint by the sixteen Canadian member mills for the first quarter of the current year as 267,824 tons, an increase of 44,941 tons, or 22 per cent., over that for the same period of 1921.

The thirty member mills of the United States during the first three months of 1922 produced 355,934 tons, a decrease of 8,709 tons, or 3 per cent., from that of last year.

During March stocks of newsprint decreased at the mills by 2,723 tons, being 1,616 tons less at Canadian mills and 1,107 tons less at United States mills. Canadian exports of newsprint to the United States in March amounted to 63,516 tons; the next largest supplier of newsprint to that market being Sweden, which shipped 10,871 tons.

Do you wish people to speak well of you? Then never mention the fact.

Many a man wastes so much time bragging about the things he is going to do that he never has time to do them.

Three great Asiatic rivers, the Yangtze Kiang, the Mekong, and the Salwen, which at one point in China are only a few miles apart, discharge through mouths 2,000 miles apart.


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# HEAVY TOLL PAID BY OUR FUR-BEARERS

## BEAVER PELTS LEAD IN BULK VALUE.

### General Decline in Prices Has Lowered Total Value of Annual Pelt Products.

The deflation in the market value of furs is graphically illustrated in a report just issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics on "Fur Production in Canada in 1920-21." The very high prices which prevailed in 1919-20 resulted in a valution of the fur product of that year of $21,387,005, whereas, last year the output was valued at but $10,151,594. There was a slight decrease in the number of pelts taken, but market conditions were responsible for much the greater portion of the decrease in value.

In 1920-21 there were 2,936,407 pelts of wild fur-bearing animals taken, against 3,600,000 in 1919-20. Beaver was the principal pelt marketed in bulk value, 164,656 skins accounting for $2,686,472. Muskrat provided 2,015,481 skins valued at $2,505,375, and came second in point of total value. Marten or sable, with 47,292 skins, was third, with a value of $1,081,871, or $22.87 each. Otter, with 10,931 skins, at $24.02 each, and 117,561 mink at $8.23 each, were well represented in the totals. The much maligned skunk, at $1.73 per skin, produced $130,130 for the 74,972 pelts marketed.

**High Priced Fox Pelts.**

Foxes, with six classifications, are among the higher priced furs. Silver fox, the aristocrat of the fur-bearers, supplied 2,843 pelts, at an average value of $151.99. There were also 121 blue fox at $76.75; 21,416 white fox at $34.62; 3,100 cross fox at $51.09; 18,137 red fox at $11.61, and 60 other fox at $4.22, which accounted for $1,552,232 of the total.

The ermine (weasel) provided the second largest number of skins, 386,034, but at the low price of 49 cents per skin it was not largely represented in the total value of the food production, whereas but 4,866 fisher, at $58.86 per skin, accounted for $286,461.

The toll which the wild life of Canada is paying that the fur trade may be kept supplied with raw material is enormous. The taking of nearly three million animals to supply last year's demand clearly indicates that great care must be exercised, and vigorous enforcement of regulations governing hunting and trapping assured if the capital stock of wild life is not to be impaired.

This great natural resource, the first to be exploited in Canada, is one of the most consistent producers. Given reasonable protection, it will continue to reproduce itself and provide a source of revenue to many of our widely scattered settlers, to the trappers who penetrate the wilderness, sometimes at great risk, and to the various branches of the fur trade and industry.

## What is Sound?

The most wonderful achievement in acoustics that we know of is represented by the violin. Suggestion has more than once been made that an auditorium might be built in the shape of a fiddle; but obvious difficulties in the seating of an audience have prevented the carrying out of the idea.

It is only within recent years that much has come to be understood in regard to sound. Formerly churches and other places of public assembly were designed more or less by guesswork, so far as acoustics were concerned, each such building being a hopeful experiment. To-day, however, the architect is able to rely upon definite principles which have been scientifically worked out.

Scientific investigators are still working on problems of the kind, and one of the sections of the U.S. Bureau of Standards is devoted to the study and measurement of sound. Often, by its expert advice, the bureau has been able to lend important help in remedying acoustic defects of theatres, assembly halls and churches.

A few months ago a request was received from Johannesburg, South Africa, for help in improving the acoustics of the town hall in that city, which contains a very large auditorium. Although the whole matter had to be arranged by correspondence, the bureau was able, from plans and data concerning the structure, to suggest what proved to be a satisfactory remedy for the trouble.

Considering their lack of scientific data, it is wonderful how successful the architects of old-time cathedrals in Europe were in the matter of acoustics. The most remarkable building in the world, in this respect, is the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, wherein a whisper can be heard in all parts of the vast auditorium.

We all should like a cook such as an English clergyman advertised for in the London Times. In his advertisement he said among other things that it was essential not only that his cook should have a sense of humor but also that she should exemplify the spirit of Galatians v. 22. Now Galatians v. 22, reads thus: "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, longsufering, gentleness, goodness, faith."

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