

No Waste—more Taste.
Use Bovril in your Cooking

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 Rossier, his stepmother Lady Rossier 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 have longer than six months; that 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 Emily Trask) replacing the general which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will give her within two days. To shield his father's name and in consideration of release within six months, Kempton consents. At the restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. Rossier and Marcia go their several ways; he 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 Rossier claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron but never sees him again. Rossier no longer avoids Marcia.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Only Rossier's visits to the big city studio overlooking the big world tumbled garden had not been quite so frequent as in the old days. Still, they were more frequent than in the immediate past, and some of the wilfulness died out of Araby's eyes. A little of the inconsequent glad gaiety returned to her manner.

At the same time she continued to notice a certain change in Kempton's attitude toward her. It bewildered her while she tried to find a name for it. She began to realize, with a faint sense of shock, that it was most marked after any chance encounter with Marcia Halstead.

To-night she had noted the faint deepening color in Marcia's face as she had given Kempton her hand; had seen the nervousness in his own greeting and had wondered at it.

A shadow had fallen upon her face, but it lifted as, after a few moments' side chatter with the others, Rossier gave his attention entirely to her. The warmth crept back to her eyes, the color to her cheeks, the smiles to her lips. Love irradiated her; it revealed itself quite unconsciously.

Russier saw, and felt the blood rush to his head. His pulses quickened, his eyes brightened under the spell of her light little laugh, half shy, half enchantment, he forgot that which had been; that which was. He remembered only that they loved—and the new gladness and factuality dropped from him like a cloak.

He was his boyish self again, inconsequent, reckless of all save the light that lay in his lady's eyes—the love that beat high in his heart.

Trask watched and looked furtively from the two to Marcia. She was looking at them under lowered eyelids, her head slightly bent. Waldron, noting the unusual piercing quality of the little man's glance, followed it. But neither he nor Trask could fathom the expression that was upon Marcia's face. It was utterly baffling; yet each man was troubled by it.

A wistful questioning was there; trouble—sadness, too. As Audrey spoke to her she shook herself together with an effort. But more than once her glance strayed back to these two so deeply absorbed in each other.

only they are people one couldn't offer that kind of help to?"
She paused. Waldron had gone close to her. His sleeve brushed her shoulder. He watched the slow color tint her cheeks at the contact as he asked: "You mean?"
Marcia made a wide gesture. "I mean people like Araby—like Mr. Trask—and—and like Kempton Rossier!"
She bit her lip, then went on hurriedly.

"I've helped Mr. Trask, perhaps, a little. You bought that picture of me, and I commissioned another to give to mother. He—he did them well; they are both good—people are beginning to say nice things about his work. That is very nice—very satisfactory. But Araby—"
She paused, half frowning, then went on:

"I can give her sweets—cakes—cigarettes of a finer quality than she has ever been able to afford. I can give her pleasure—amusement—supper and theatres and lunches! But I can't pay her bills, or give her clothes—or so many other things she lacks because of the lack of money!"
Waldron stretched out a big hand and laid it for a moment over hers.

"If Trask is getting more notice it will be thanks to you—and will mean an easier time for Araby. My dear, I think in a little time you've accomplished quite a good deal. Except, of course, as regards Kempton! To confess the truth, you surprised me when you say that he is among the 'newly' ones. I thought he was having the usual aimless but moderately easy time that a man of his upbringing generally has!"

Marcia looked at him quickly. "And I thought," she retorted, "that you told me your wife's friend!"
"I am! I always have been. I'd do more for Kempton than for any man else in all this world—save you! But it's some years since we were together much, and lately it has seemed to me that he has wanted to avoid me. I've seen practically nothing of him since I've been home. And I very seldom hear gossip. So I'm a bit in the dark. Is Kempton hard up?"

"Horribly!" Marcia spoke impulsively; again she bit her lip. "At least, so I—no, woman like—do understand. I—I've heard Audrey Alden, you know—they are great friends; Audrey's as fond of him as if he were her brother. His father's marriage made a lot of difference to his prospects, of course—and he's heavily indebted."

She stopped. She was remembering Kempton's face as she had seen it to-night, older, sterner, a little haggard, a little lined—as she had seen it presently while he was talking to Araby. And again she was conscious of a quick uprising of sympathy for him to make things easier for him. As always, she was nervous—ill at ease—when mentioning his name, or hearing it.

She could not shut her mind entirely to what had been; that that un-guessed-at bond that was between herself and Rossier; and it agitated her to remember it. She met Waldron's eyes now with something of an effort. He was frowning, but he smiled a moment later.

"I had no idea of this," he told her, and added, quietly, "I'm glad you told me. I was silent a moment, then he turned upon her abruptly. As she looked, half startled, he laid his hands lightly but firmly on her shoulders.

"But," he said quickly, "we were talking of you. Do you know, Marcia, you're looking almost like you did that first night I met you. And—I can't have it!"
There was a sudden warm note of possessive tenderness in his voice. He drew her suddenly closer, bending his face to hers.

"You belong to me, now, remember! I've finished, and for an instant the hot passion he had been so careful to suppress leaped up anew in his eyes like a flame.

"You belong to me!"
(To be continued.)
Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



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games, feats and forfeits, story-telling and singing.
Of course, since not a little of the fun of such a "sociable" is in keeping the guests doing things out of doors for the better part of a long summer day, you must postpone the party if the weather is unfavorable.

A Summer Dish.
The most popular dish of the summer—ice cream—when flavored with raisins, is not only a cooling confection, but one that helps to take away the listlessness caused by warm weather. The cooling qualities of ice cream are but a temporary relief, it is pointed out; combined with the delicious flavor of raisins, it is truly a delightful, healthful dish.

The sugar in raisins is in practically predigested form, and is turned into energy almost immediately. This re-vitalizing quality of the raisin makes this fruit-food a boon to warm weather fatigue and listlessness.

Quite True.
The work of a choir director is hard, but it is not wholly without humor. Recently a man was telling of his experiences with the boy choir of an English cathedral. "I was teaching them," he said, "to chant the Litany and flattered myself that we were getting along unusually well when I noticed the words they were chanting for the response. Every last one of them was saying, Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" Surely it was true enough of most of them."

The earliest records of Korea go back to 1122 B.C.

BY-PRODUCTS OF CANADA'S FISHERIES

LITTLE ATTENTION PAID TO WASTE MATERIALS.

Steady Expansion Will Follow Increase of Exploitation and Capital.

Canada with her vast stores of raw materials on which to draw his heretofore paid little attention to the utilization of her waste materials. Of the major industries, the fisheries perhaps present the most lucrative field for the manufacture of by-products. Such commodities as cod liver oil, fish fertilizer, fish glue, fish leather, fish meal, glycerine, isinglass, and fish oils are in constant daily use and their manufacture in Canada at the present time is on a somewhat limited scale.

Various Kinds of Fish Oil.
There are several kinds of fish oil, among the more prominent being cod liver, herring, whale, porpoise, seal and blackfish. Cod liver oil is the most widely known, and is manufactured in Digby county, Nova Scotia. It is made from livers cooked while practically fresh, and sold as crude cod liver oil. Cod, herring and porpoise oils are used for tanning; seal and whale oils for burning in miner's lamps; and refined whale and porpoise oils for lubrication. The waste from the manufacture of oil can be made into cattle meal concentrates, hog feed poultry scratch feed, dog biscuit and a good fertilizer.

Isinglass and glycerine are not of very great importance. Glycerine, which is sometimes made from dog fish, is produced in Canada as a by-product of soap manufacture. The best isinglass is made from the sounds of sturgeon. These are shipped from Lake Erie to the United States for manufacture. In addition, the Hudson's Bay Company annually ship a small quantity from Northern Ontario and Northern Manitoba to be sold at public auction in London, England.

Whale By-Products.
The production of whale by-products is confined to the Pacific coast, where large numbers of these mammals are still to be found. From the sperm whale, which is the most important, sperm oil, sperm wax and fertilizer including bone-meal wax obtained from other varieties, whale oil, and whalebone or baleen. A fair sized whale will yield approximately six tons of oil. During 1920, about 80,600 gallons of whale oil, worth approximately \$100,000, were exported. In addition, 2,500 pounds of whale meat, valued at nearly \$20,000, left the country during the same period, going almost entirely to the United States, Fiji and Samoa.

The fish-by-product industry of Canada is as yet in a primary state of development. There is an unlimited supply of raw material for manufacturing purposes, good transportation facilities, close proximity to markets and a steady demand. The lack of exploitation and capital has retarded this industry to some extent, but with business conditions assuming a more normal aspect, there should be a steady expansion.

Mixed Menus.
National foods are a most interesting study. Scotland's food is oats, taken in "parritch" form. Why oats? Because they are heating, and Scotland is a cool country. Ireland's national food is the potato. Why? Because Irish soil suits its cultivation. England's national food is roast beef. Why? Well, the English were ever a buccannering race, and the fighter always requires red meat.

The Hindu's national food is rice because it supplies in small form an extraordinary amount of energy and staying power. That is exactly what a hot country requires.

The national food of Germany is pork—in any form—because pork is always the food of the clever and cruel. That is not a hit at our late enemies, but a fact.

Our French friends have no outstanding national food, but are the greatest vegetable eaters in the world. That, unfortunately, is a sign of loss of vitality. Historians and scientists have commented on the fact when investigating the decline and fall of nations.

Italians like oily foods. That is because they are not great meat eaters, and they make up the deficiency of protein and carbohydrates with oil.

Russia's national food is rye. It is due to economic circumstances. It is easy to grow, cheap, and nourishing. It has been called "serf food," and that explains much.

The United States has no national food; but it is queer to note how universal is the demand there for prepared foods, quickly eaten and quickly digested. That indicates the "nation in a hurry."



The Dainty Girl's Charm List.
She is not at all the girl with the perfect features, dreamy eyes, long glossy lashes, Cupid's bow; you know the girl we all like to dream about and wish we might be.

Here is her Charm List:
Evening beautifiers—Brush teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); warm bath; thorough rub down; a sprinkle of talcum; a fresh nightie; apply cold cream when needed; apply hand lotion, garments ready for tomorrow; complete relaxation (at least eight hours' sleep).

Morning toilet—Exercise before open window; brush teeth; drink glass of water; wash hands; press back of neck; splash of cold water on face; dash of powder on nose to remove shine; brush eyebrows; dress hair becomingly.
Once-a-week aids to loveliness—Manicure nails; clear skin with cold cream; wash-bowl laundry, special care of feet; weekly mending. Every two weeks—Shampoo hair.

A Progressive Party.
If you would have a pleasant and economical variation from the usual kind of summer party and would give the girls who are in business as well as those who are keeping house, will enjoy, join with two of your friends and send out an invitation something like this:

You are invited to take part in an all-day summer frolic on Saturday, July _____, breakfast at the home of Miss _____ at 7 a.m., luncheon at Miss _____'s home at 12.30, supper with Miss _____ at her home at 6 p.m. Be prompt. Wear tramping clothes.
Of course you will decide with your friends who of you will entertain at breakfast and who at the other two meals, and will write these names in the invitation. In planning for the food do not attempt elaborate menus. Have simple, wholesome dishes and see that the three meals are well balanced—that they make up an appetizing and nutritious whole. Use as little china as possible. Paper cups and dishes, and paper napkins, of course, will simplify the cleaning up.
The chief charm about breakfast will lie in getting abroad in the fresh, early morning air and in making that usually hurried meal an occasion for sociability. Serve the meal informally. The best plan is to set everything on one big table and let everyone help herself. Afterwards, when those who have work to do have gone to it, round up the others and take them for a tramp in the woods and fields to gather flowers, grasses and foliage until it is time to go to the home of the friend who will serve luncheon.

Use some of your flowers and leaves to decorate the luncheon tables (several small tables will make a pleasant change from a large one) and put the rest in water until the afternoon. Then take the company out of doors and the foliage into baskets, tokens and bouquets to be used for dinner favors. If possible, serve dinner out of doors. It should be a more substantial meal than the others, for everyone will have time to enjoy it fully and at leisure.
Close the day with old-fashioned

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