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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 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 jeweler who tells her she cannot find the key in six months; then she answers her door to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rossler (whom she secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the jewels with a step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. In consideration of release within a six-month period, 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 Rossler 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 Rossler claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which she declines. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron but keeps him at a distance. Waldron discovers the penniless state of his life-long friend Rossler, offers him a partnership, then announces his intention of marrying Marcia.

help feeling Mr. Trask is going to be famous some day—I do hope so! I don't know anything to write about—you won't forget us, will you?
—MARCIA.
"Imagine me this time to-morrow in France!"
She set Lady Rossler a cheque finally and sat with brooding eyes as she weighed the letters in her hand. There was upon her a sudden, rather weary other people's burdens. She wondered as she rose if, in her new environment, after to-night she would find it easier—come in contact with folks less difficult to shower good things upon. Some instinct told her that Lady Rossler would not be averse to aid whenever she was in need at the fact that the older woman roused in her no warmer feeling of friendship.
She was very silent on her way to the station. And, crossing, she lay wide-eyed, with an odd stirring of pain at her heart, a fierce yearning for the land she was leaving.
There were so many happy memories. And she had been happy—really happy! She thanked God for that; then, remembering Waldron's deep gaze and steady hand grip, stifled a hard little throb in her throat.
Morning found her a little pale, but with very bright eyes. A new world was before her—the wonder world which she had dreamed. The old one lay behind like a drama upon which the curtain has rung down.

Lady Rossler received the cheque the following morning. She sat with it in her fingers, looking down at it with unfathomable, curiously brilliant eyes. It was for an almost foolishly generous amount; yet while her breath caught sharply on a sigh of satisfaction there was nothing of warmth or ennobling sense of duty, of resentment, as well as of envy. And there was something else, too—something hard, inexorable, watchful.
As she put the cheque away in safety she sighed again.
"Wonder," she murmured to her own reflection in the mirror, "I wonder—"
Mrs. Alden's first feeling upon reading her note was that of hurt and indignation; it changed to bewilderment and then to question. It struck her vaguely, that there had been something unnecessarily hurried in Marcia's departure—something strange, not quite comprehensible.
Finally she took a taxi to Chelsea and drove in upon Araby and Trask in the middle of their decidedly fresco luncheon. Araby was sitting on the edge of the table, swinging her legs and eating a thin slice of ham between two thick slices of bread. Trask, with a far-away look in his eyes and paint liberally smeared on his person, absent-mindedly devoured cheese and sandwich together. A big bottle of Camembert stood between them.
"Have you heard from Marcia?" Audrey asked the question almost breathlessly. Araby, getting off her stool to greet her, nodded rather gloomily.
"I can't understand her going off like that"—Mrs. Alden's voice suggested that she was personally aggrieved—"without a word to any of us beforehand! It is—its positively peculiar. And France is so vague."
Trask suddenly appeared to come out of the clouds. He finished his sandwich, emptied his glass and lighted a Woodbine. Then he sauntered at either his daughter or Mrs. Alden, and when he spoke, his voice was quite casual.
"Didn't someone tell me," he asked, "that Kemp Rossler is going straight on from Spain—also to France?"

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In spite of her casual tone, consciously or unconsciously, Trask laid the faintest possible emphasis on the "also." Audrey scarcely noticed it, but Araby looked up quickly and a little flush came into her face.
"Why shouldn't he?" she demanded, then bit her lips fiercely. Trask merely shrugged. He did not answer. And after a minute Audrey turned and looked from one to the other, half questioningly. Something in Araby's face startled her. She looked at Trask, the frown deepening in her eyes.
"What an utter fool you are, Marcus!" she ejaculated uncompromisingly and with more heat than she was wont to speak. Trask shrugged again. He had smoked out the Woodbine with unusual quickness; he lighted another. His eyes remained fixed upon the garden without.
"Perhaps," he agreed placidly, and with a little jerk of her shoulders Mrs. Alden turned her back upon him. Involuntarily her eyes went again to Araby's face. Her breath was coming and going a little quickly; she started to look back at her pretty eyes. Trask's attitude had presented a new twist to her mind. Against her will she found herself looking back long ago when she had uttered her idle opinion with regard to Waldron's growing feeling toward Marcia. She heard again his violent "impossible!"—the tinkle of the glass he had nervously swept from the table.
She wondered if Araby remembered it, and wondering, she was more

angry with Marcus Trask than she had ever been before. Her anger made her speak, where otherwise she would have been silent.
"Surely," she flung at him over her shoulder, "you are not suggesting that anything but the purest coincidence is—also—taking Kempton to France—or Marcia?"
Araby moved abruptly, and walking past her went to the window-seat opposite to that at which her father was standing. The color was coming and going in her cheeks, her breath was beating a little heavily in her throat. Her hands felt hot and dry.
She was more than a little frightened at her own emotions; she was conscious of a sudden fierce resentment against her father—a quick throbbing of something like jealousy when she thought of Marcia—of wonder and of pain remembering Kemp's obvious interest in her.
Vaguely she had felt something of this before, but only very vaguely. But to-day there had been a suggestion in Trask's words to which she could not wholly shut her ears or her mind. But she waited without speaking, listening.

"I'm not suggesting anything," Trask defended himself. His glance gleaming head, and his face looked troubled. "At the same time, it seems to me that it is fairly obvious that young Rossler is interested in Miss Halstead—rather more interested than their short acquaintance warrants!"
"Fudge!" Mrs. Alden glowered at him scornfully. "They've known each other quite a while—she met him at my flat often—and as for interest—of course he's interested. She's an interesting person, is Marcia, what usually wealthy women, whose wealth had come to her rather like a fortune in a fairy tale. Personally, I think that everyone is interested in her. It doesn't follow that Kempton's interest is—"
She paused. Trask made a deprecating gesture.

Care of the Growing Child in Summer.
The age from two to six has been designated as the neglected age of childhood. The "better babies" eruptions of the past few years have resulted in the proper care of babies broadcast, while recent health surveys in our schools have resulted in parents watching more carefully the health of the school child.
The child is laying the foundation for good health in the pre-school years and must be watched carefully if the foundation is to be well laid. Of course, no child can grow properly unless it has the proper food. However, food alone will not keep the child growing properly unless other fundamentals are properly adhered to. There must be plenty of sleep in a quiet, well ventilated room.
Quite often during the hot weather my little lad of three has a bath before dinner. Then after dinner I take off all clothing but underwear, or put on a thin nightgown and put him on the floor in the coolest room in the house for his nap. The windows are all open, permitting a circulation of air. During extreme hot weather the little fellow has another bath before going to bed early in the evening. The warm bath is restful and induces sleep.
The child should drink plenty of water during hot weather. By all means avoid eating between meals. Ice cream and the popular between-meal dainties may be given occasionally at meal time, but are harmful between meals.
Children of this age are quite apt to play too hard and become over-tired. They should be watched, and not allowed to run around too long in the shade for a part of the time, especially during the hottest parts of the day. A sand pile in a shady place is a boom for health. Our children spend many hours playing in the creek not far from the house. They put on bathing suits and dig and splash in the shady creek bottom and enjoy that immensely.
One wise mother of my acquaintance, who was quite famous for her good-tempered children, used to insist that occasionally each of the children should have a day in bed. She had special amusements laid away for this day, and they considered it great fun due to her planning, to spend a day in bed and have their meals served on a tray. In that family the children were not allowed to become over-tired. Being over-tired reacts very quickly on the nerves of the child.

The Preservation of Food.
The Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture has just issued a revised edition of Bulletin 252, "The Preservation of Food ready for free distribution to the homemakers of the province and may be had by writing the Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. It will be found a most useful addition to the kitchen bookshelf as it deals not only with the canning of fruits and vegetables but also includes sections on jam and jelly making; pickles and sauerkraut; the canning of chicken; the preservation of eggs; the drying of fruit; the curing of pork and beef on the farm; and storing vegetables for winter use. Every Ontario housewife should secure a copy of this up-to-date pamphlet.

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"Quite so!" he agreed. "Quite so! He, too, paused. Then, with a sigh, he went back to his easel. Audrey regarded him for a moment frowningly; then she shrugged, laughed, and moved a step after Araby.
"What a funny little man you are!" she murmured. "You live in the clouds, find yourself on earth at unexpected intervals and make a mountain out of it. There, you're too stupid to talk to. Araby, I want you to come out to tea with me this afternoon. I shall—somehow I feel lonely."
Araby stirred and turned. The curious, half-wistful, half-resentful expression was in her eyes, but after a moment she smiled.
"I'd love it!" she declared. But Mrs. Alden was vaguely aware that there was not the wonted enthusiasm in her voice. She gave a dissatisfied jerk of her shoulders, then crossed to the door and opened it.
(To be continued.)

Plants That Now Are Cool.
Beneath every coal seam is a stratum of so-called "fire clay," which once upon a time was soil that supported a plant growth of wonderful luxuriance. It is full of fossil plant roots and contains abundant impressions of twigs, leaves, nuts and delicate ferns—sometimes even flowers. The impressions show that ferns and giant mosses of extinct species contributed very largely to the making of the coal.
Similar "casts" are found plentifully in the strata of slate which immediately overlie seams of coal, and now and then the miners come upon an entire fossil trunk of a big tree mashed flat between layers of this black slate, which anciently was mud.
The age of these fossils can only be estimated. Science tells us they are millions of years old.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Woman's Sphere
Eleanor took his advice. She saw the basket packed with cookies, two tiny glasses of jelly, a paper-doll supplement from a magazine, a pin-cushion in the shape of a slipper and a little package of silk scraps. Aunt Delia looked at the collection and nodded briefly. "That will keep her busy for two-three days," she said, "and then we'll find something else."
"How do you always manage to have something?" Eleanor asked slowly. "I shouldn't—not if I gave all the time as you do."
Aunt Delia's smile was bright. "Why, bless you, child, you can always find something to give if you want to give hard enough. I've lived sixty-nine years, and I haven't known it to fail yet."

My Garden.
A garden is a lovable thing, God wot! Rose plot, Fringed pool, Fern'd grove—The veriest school Of peace; and yet the fool Contends that God is not—Not God! In gardens! when the eve is cool? Nay, but I have a sign; 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.—Thomas Edward Browne.

The Efficiency of a Happy Mind.
We are just beginning to learn that everything which depresses the mind and which makes us unhappy, that all worry and all anxiety are rank poisons and that many of these unfortunate conditions are due to lack of proper nutrition, to a semi-starved brain. No person can be normal unless healthfully nourished.
Whatever the brain accomplishes it must accomplish by team work, and when there is unhappiness and discord in the mental realm from any cause, from fear, worry, anxiety, jealousy, envy or from living a dissipated, abnormal life, this will upset and defeat the result of the team work.
There must be harmony and all the faculties must work together for one

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THE FLAVOR LASTS

The Good Fellow.
Nearly every man has among his neighbors one who is conspicuously the good fellow—the "life of the party," the "genial joker," one who is good-humored, generous, high-spirited, popular with men and women alike. Surely the good fellow is an amiable character, always having a good time and always helping other people to have a good time; and surely the pleasant things of life come more readily to him than to others, says a writer in Youth's Companion. Does not his personal charm gain for him clients or customers and contribute handsomely to his worldly success in life?
Well, does it? We are unconvinced. Other things being equal, we probably prefer our doctor or our lawyer or our broker, our grocer or our market man or our plumber, to be a good fellow. In the sense in which the expression is commonly used, but often the other things aren't equal, and in cultivating the qualities of the good fellow our neighbor has slighted the demands for thoroughness, sturdy and hard work that competence in any business or profession makes.
Good-fellowship that is so enviable a trait in a friend subjects a man to strains upon his character that the less gregarious man is not likely to undergo. The good fellow who withstands them successfully is likely to be a better man than one who is never put to such a test; but often the test is too severe, and the good fellow of the neighborhood becomes the careless father and the indifferent husband. Generosity abroad and selfishness at home sometimes characterize the man who seems to the casual acquaintance one of the best fellows in the world.

Robert came in from school one afternoon wheeling his bicycle.
Mother was busy getting the tea, but paused for a moment.
"What has happened to your bicycle, Robert?" she inquired.
"Oh," said Robert, "the tyre is punctured."
"You mean punctured, my boy," said his mother.
"Well, at any rate," said Robert with conviction, "I came to a full stop."

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DEVELOP CANADA'S MINES AND MARKETS

OVERCOMING HANDICAP OF TRANSPORTATION.

Silver-Lead Ores of Mayo District, Yukon, Shipped 5,000 Miles to Smelters.
When discussing the estimates for the Department of Mines at the last session of Parliament, Hon. Charles Stewart stated his intention to devote special consideration to the promotion of mineral development in Canada. For this purpose Dr. Charles Cassell, Deputy Minister of Mines, is now in Europe, surveying the metal markets and endeavoring to intensify the interest of metal-using industries in the products of Canadian mines.

A further step in the direction of enabling mining to be more successfully carried on has been taken in connection with the silver-lead mining in the Yukon Territory, especially in the Mayo field. An Order in Council exempts from payment of royalties the silver and lead content of the ore shipped from the Yukon Territory for a period of three years, or until a smelter is erected in the Yukon. This will have considerable effect upon the development of the Mayo district, which is so situated as to be, for the present at least, well beyond the area of reasonable transportation costs.

Long Distance Shipping.
Silver-lead ore is being mined in considerable quantity at Keno Hill, in the Mayo district, and owing to the lack of a smelter in the Yukon, the ore has to be shipped to smelters on the west coast, a total distance of over 5,000 miles and at a freight charge of about \$25 per ton for water transportation charges are reported to be about \$100 per ton, whereas the selling price of the lead content of the ore, about 65 per cent., is \$55 a ton, thus involving considerable loss, except for the value of the silver content recovered in the smelting, which varies in quantity.

Extensive development work in the Mayo district has been confined almost entirely to the Keno Hill area, almost directly east of Dawson. Here about 700 claims have been staked and three companies are aggressively operating. The mines are principally at 5,800 feet above sea level, slightly above the altitude of forest growth. Nearly 3,000 feet of tunnels and open cuts have been made, and twelve veins have been exposed. The Keno Hill Company has shipped out 2,150 tons of ore, which assayed 60 per cent. lead and 196.7 ounces of silver to the ton.
A sawmill is in operation at Mayo Landing, which supplies the mines with timber, and at Tantalus Butte, on the Yukon river, a coal mine, producing about 2,000 tons a season, supplies the district.

With practical recognition of the need for encouragement of the mining industry of the Yukon and the exemption from royalty of the lead and silver contents of the ore, the Mayo district should develop in to a prosperous mining field.

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