

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER LV.—(Cont'd.)

"Araby's through with me," Kempton said concisely. "For keeps." She thinks the worst that is to be thought. And she refuses to listen. She wouldn't believe if she did. Can I have the job, Jasper—right away?" Waldron looked once, deep into his eyes. He understood, better than Marsden. Or he thought he did. "It's waiting," he said quietly, "whenever you're ready."

Two evenings later Marcia presented herself at the Trask's little Chelsea home. She looked a little pale and a little tired, but there was an unaltered brilliancy in her eyes. It was the brilliancy of happiness, a strange, poignant happiness that had in it just a little of tragedy. During the last few days she had felt utterly dazed. She was no longer capable of caring very much what happened. It seemed to her that it did not matter very much, except when Araby Trask was concerned. Freedom was hers, and the knowledge overwhelmed her. The thought of afterward for her mother no longer was a torment. She had Waldron to turn to, his love to lean upon.

She gave but little consideration as to how things were to be arranged without scandal, talk. She knew, vaguely, that somehow it would be managed. She knew that Lady Ross-lae's tongue would be tied, and that, anyhow, the fact of Gordon inheriting, after all, would make her less malicious.

The rest lay between the two men and the little lawyer. So long as he proved reasonable the world need know nothing. Only there was Araby. She shook her head at the old gray housekeeper's attempt to refuse her admittance, and went softly up the familiar stairs.

She found Araby in the studio. From the little room beyond she heard the sound of Audrey Alden's voice, dictatorial rising above Trask's. She was, apparently, criticizing his day's work.

In spite of herself Marcia smiled. Then she met Araby's eyes and caught her breath. And before the girl could rise or speak she began.

"I've come," she said, rather jerkily, not quite steadily, "to tell you the truth, Araby—the real truth. Come to tell you that you're all wrong about Kemp, cruelly wrong, and that you're deliberately driving him out of your life, out of every chance at happiness. For he loves you, Araby! He—"

"Loves me!" The young voice was hard, so hard that Marcia winced, but she went on steadily, ignoring the interruption.

"Loves you. He has always loved you. Whatever wrong he has done, has been, almost, as much for the sake of your happiness as for his family honor, for his dying father's sake. And you wouldn't listen to him; you wouldn't hear any excuse from him."

She laid her hands suddenly upon the girl's slim shoulders and forced her back into her chair.

"But you've come to hear me," she finished breathlessly, and plunged headlong into explanation.

Perhaps she told her story disjointedly, but she made it clear, as women can. When she finished Araby drew a long breath. His eyes were wide. There was a dazed wonder in them.

For a long moment she sat quite still. Then she turned her eyes quickly from the great, dark, tragic yet smiling eyes bent upon her. And it was Marcia who broke the silence.

"Kemp-ton leaves for Liverpool this morning," she said. "That's why I came. I did not know he was going so soon. He sails to-morrow for Buenos Aires, by the mail steamer. Are you going to let him go?"

Araby got rather stammering to her feet. Her eyes looked unnaturally large, more tragic than Marcia's own. Her lips shook.

"Marcia!" She whispered the word. Then, a little brokenly, "But how can I be sure? How can I believe in this?" She stopped. Marcia's hands were on hers. Her eyes were very soft, tired, oddly sweet despite that hint of tragedy.

"A dying woman doesn't lie," she said.

Waldron's voice in her mother's sitting room. He was sitting in a low chair by the little log fire. Mrs. Halstead, placid, sweet, was knitting on her couch.

Marcia paused for a moment in the doorway to look and to whisper to herself thankfully that, after all, her mother would not be quite alone. She would have Waldron to care for her.

She was smiling as she went forward, but Waldron saw something of her pain in her face and rose quickly, putting a strong arm about her slim shoulders. With a little stifled breath she turned and laid her face against his shoulder.

He understood, but only the strength of his grip upon her told her so. Then he set her gently in his chair and Mrs. Halstead looked gravely at her across the top of her glasses.

"You look worn out!" she observed. "Personally," she added, "I don't think that wonderful doctor of Mrs. Alden's did you so very much good, after all!"

"Sometimes," she whispered in a broken half-sob, "I think it is too hard to bear! I want so much to be happy! I want—I want to live!"

The man did not answer. The same words were in his own soul; the same knowledge of that ever-nearing shadow, Mrs. Halstead's death, made him to click again. She looked up placidly.

"By the way," she inquired mildly, "did you know he was dead?"

"Dead!" Marcia sat upright in her chair. Her voice was startled, a little metallic. Her mother nodded.

"So very sad. Especially the circumstances. And he was such a young man. They say it was over-work, overstrain that caused the breakdown. It was in the paper the other day, quite a long paragraph. I meant to show you. I think it is in my workbasket, Jasper, if you care to read it. Rather terrible, I call it."

Marcia sat quite still; Waldron fumbled for the paper under the little reseeded table by the invalid's chair. He found the paper at last, searched it for the paragraph. Then he dropped it into Mrs. Halstead's lap.

"Read it," he said. His eyes were on Marcia. Mrs. Halstead adjusted her glasses and obeyed.

"DEATH OF SIR HUGH DALLAS. Sir Hugh Dallas, the eminent heart specialist, died yesterday at the Nursing Home in Bourne-mouth, to which he was taken after his seizure, a week or so ago.

"His collapse was very sudden, but for some time his condition has, it appears, been of considerable anxiety to his friends. Everything was done, almost as long as a year ago, to persuade him to give up practice, but without avail.

"It has since transpired that Sir Hugh's mental condition during this last year has been by no means sound. Many patients, visiting him upon separate occasions, have found his statements contradictory. In some cases this has caused considerable anxiety, which has resulted in those under treatment seeking other advice, which, only in a few cases, has confirmed Sir Hugh's opinion.

"It is believed that, had he lived, he would have been quite unfit for practice."

"Jasper! What is the matter?" But Waldron, unheeding, was bending over a limp, slender figure that had sagged suddenly over the arm of the big chair.

He drew a long breath and stood upright.

"It's all right," he said steadily to Mrs. Halstead. "Tell her maid to show me her room—and send—at once for a doctor!"

He spoke unevenly, like a man who has been running. But his eyes were agonized as he looked at Marcia and followed the scared Tonnette across the hall.

An hour later he faced a dapper little man with shrewd, kindly, searching eyes across the sitting-room table. He had told all that he knew and the little doctor's smooth air of satisfaction had given place to a frowning alertness. He had even gone back to Marcia's room, only to return within a very few moments. He smiled in answer to the agonized, steady questioning of Waldron's eyes.

There is nothing at all the matter.

with Miss Halstead's heart," he announced. "It is as sound as my own, or yours."

"According to what you have told me, when she visited Sir Hugh for consultation, she was in a rundown, nervous state, anemic, probably improperly and inadequately fed! She is very young, excitable and impressionable."

"Since that time she has been utterly exhausting herself, while she has lived within the shadow of a terrible dread hanging over her. Her nervous system has suffered badly. Otherwise, there is no cause for alarm."

"You mean—"

"Waldron got out the words with difficulty. His world seemed to be reeling round him. His eyes pleaded. The little doctor polished his glasses carefully.

"I mean," he said, "that all Miss Halstead needs is a change, a complete rest and a lot of care. I understand you are to be married. Let it be soon and take her to some place she has never been before; avoid excitement, discourage recreation, and in a year she will be a perfectly normal, healthy, happy young woman! I will wish you good-night!"

CHAPTER LVII. Kempton Ross-lae, leaning over the deck rail, looking with haggard, bitter eyes through a mist of rain and accumulating cloud at the crowded decks, starting and turned at the light touch of a hand upon his arm.

The steamer was already throbbing and quivering under his feet, hoarse voices were uttering varying commands. In a little while they would be swallowed in the mist and England would be gathering denser veils of it around her, shutting her from sight.

So that, recognizing Araby, he gave a hoarse cry of amazement, then stood very still.

"You!" he uttered. "Great heavens! Why are you here?" he broke off. She was smiling at him, a shabby little figure in a blue Tam o' Shanter and much-worn Burberry, her bare hands clasped upon her arm. She looked utterly fagged, travel-worn, but her eyes glowed.

"I only heard—yesterday!" she whispered, "that you were sailing by this boat. I thought I should be too late."

She stopped. The throbbing grew heavier. He laid his hands upon her shoulders.

"But we start in less than a minute. 'I'm going to Buenos Aires. I—good heavens—"

He stopped, made dumb by the wonder of her eyes. She slid her hands up about his neck and drew his face down.

"I know," she said. "And added, on a little, blissing sob. 'I'm your wife, Kemp! I'm coming, too!' (The End.)"

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Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery, spot, fade, color that will not streak, spot, fade, or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything!

Washing a Hill Away.

A remarkable piece of engineering has been carried out by American engineers in preparation for the forthcoming centenary exhibition at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. They have bodily removed into the harbor a hill of respectable size, called the Castello Moro.

It stood nearly in the centre of the city, and though it was picturesque it was decided that its removal would be a great deal more valuable than its company. The removal of the hill furnished a site for a large part of the exhibition, and, after that is over, will add many valuable acres of building land to the city.

The hill was removed by washing it away. Hydraulic power cut into the hill like a scoop into cheese, and the earth, turned into liquid mud, was washed down through pipes into the sea much more cheaply and quickly than it could have been removed solid in vehicles.

Keeping Account of Your Canned Goods.

Do you keep a record of your canning activities? It is well to know just how much food has been prepared for further use, and to know how rapidly it is being used. One housewife has worked out a system which

Woman's Sphere

Pickling and Preserving.

Tomato conserve: Peel, cut into small pieces and remove seeds from twelve cups of ripe tomatoes, add eight cups of sugar, and the juice and grated rind of three oranges. Cook all together until as thick as jelly. Put in sterilized jars and seal with paraffin.

Chutney is made thus: Chop together two dozen ripe tomatoes (medium size), six onions, three red peppers (remove the seeds), one dozen tart apples and one cupful of finely cut celery. Add one pound of seedless raisins, two quarts of vinegar, three cups of sugar, and salt to taste. Combine the ingredients, and cook until chutney is thick and clear, then pour it into hot sterilized jars, and seal.

Excellent pepper relish is made of one peck of green tomatoes, four red peppers and four green peppers (omitting the seeds), two cups of celery, two cups of sliced onions, one-half cupful of salt, six cups of vinegar, one-half cupful of mustard-seeds and two cups of brown sugar. Since the vegetables and run them through a food-chopper. Add the salt and allow to stand all night. Next morning drain off the liquid, add the other ingredients and cook until vegetables are soft. Bottle and cork tightly.

Preserved citron: The commercial product sold at grocery stores is the candied rind of a certain citrus fruit, not generally grown. Citron preserves are made of the citron melon thus: Wash the citron, cut in halves, remove seeds, cut in strips and peel. Add one pound of sugar to each pound of citron and allow to stand overnight in a large bowl. Next morning place over the fire, add a small piece of gingerroot, and when nearly done, add one thinly sliced lemon to each three pounds of citron. Cook slowly until the fruit is transparent and the syrup thick, then pack in jars and seal.

Plain cucumber pickles: When but a few pickles can be made at a time, the following recipe is invaluable: As the cucumbers ripen place in a jar and cover with cold water to find out how much brine will be needed. Then make a brine strong enough to bear an egg, heat the brine and pour over the cucumbers. Let stand overnight, then pour off, make a new brine, heat and pour over the cucumbers, allow to stand overnight and next day re-heat this brine and allow to stand overnight again. The next day remove cucumbers from the brine, wash in cold water and pack in quart jars. Place a small piece of horseradish and a piece of red pepper to each jar. Boil the required amount of vinegar with spices to taste. Fill up jars with the cover with cold water and pour over cucumbers and seal tightly. Natural sweet pickles can be made by adding brown sugar to the vinegar.

A recipe for pickleball which is highly praised requires one-half gallon of best cider vinegar, seven ounces of ground, yellow mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one and one-half pounds of sugar, one-fourth pound of mustard-seed, four green and two red peppers (remove seeds), one pint of small onions, one pint of carrots (sliced, boiled and cut into small pieces), one pint of lima beans, one pint of corn (cut from the cob after boiling three minutes), one large head of cauliflower and two level tablespoonfuls of tumeric. Boil the carrots, beans and cauliflower in slightly salted water until tender, but not soft. Break the cauliflower into small pieces. Chop the peppers into small pieces, peel and scald the onions. Bring the vinegar to boiling point, mix the mustard and tumeric with a little cold vinegar and add with the salt and sugar to the boiling vinegar, stirring constantly. Allow to cool, then add the remaining ingredients. Mix well, bottle and cork tightly.

Large Pores and Wrinkles.

When the word astringent is used in connection with cosmetics, it means something which closes the large pores of the skin, or tightens the lax muscles of the face. An astringent of some sort should be kept on hand at all times, and used after each bath. A fresh-faced woman needs one occasionally. For ordinary purposes a little tincture of benzoin is very good. This can be poured into the rinse-water—which, of course, should be cold—and the face bathed with this mixture. Half a dozen drops of the benzoin will be enough for the ordinary sized washbasin.

Used thus, benzoin will close the pores. If the pores of the face are enlarged, use twice as much, or better yet, mix half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin with six ounces of rose-water and keep in a bottle. After rinsing the face in cold water, shake the bottle to be sure the contents are well mixed and pat a little of this over the skin, letting it remain on to dry. Apply with a bit of absorbent cotton.

This treatment will help prevent wrinkles and sagging muscles, because it is good for the skin and because all good care wards off the fatal day when middle age shows in the lines of the face. But if you already have wrinkles and lax muscles and want something stronger, try ice as a massage. Ice is a powerful astringent. It brings the blood to the skin, inducing a better color, draws up the muscles, and smooths the wrinkles. Of course, as ice is very drying, it should only be used after a hot wash and a cold cream massage.

There is another astringent, a paste sometimes called a "pack" and variously used by facial specialists. There are a hundred ways to make this, the simplest form being as follows: Beat up an egg, using the white only, if you want this to help cure pimples and for a bleach as well, beat the yolk in at the same time. Mix in half a teaspoonful of powdered alum—this will curdle, but that doesn't matter. Add enough white wine vinegar—cider vinegar if you can't get the other—to make a thin paste. Or use cucumber juice and vinegar, half and half. This amount will last for a long time.

Clean the skin with a cleansing cream. Rub in a little of the paste, lie down (this is important) and rest for twenty minutes while the paste dries. The rest will relax your muscles and give the astringent a better chance to act upon the lines in the face and the tiny lax muscles of the skin. Wash off with very warm water, massage with a good cold cream, and end with an ice-cold rinse.

While cucumbers are in season, make this cucumber cream; you will find it excellent for the skin: Put into a double boiler four ounces of almond-oil and two ounces of cucumbers, washed but not peeled, and chopped into small pieces. Allow the oil and the cucumbers to simmer for two

suits her; you may find it satisfactory also. She keeps a large sheet of white paper, neatly ruled, both horizontally and vertically, tacked up on the inner side of the pantry door. On the left side of the sheet is a list of names of the vegetables and fruit which she has canned, and after each name there are numerous little black marks, some of them crossed off.

The housewife explains her system thus: "Every time I put up a jar of anything, I put down a mark to represent that jar. The figure 1 represents a quart jar, the figure 0 represents a pint. During the winter, when I use a jar of canned goods, I cross off one of these marks. It is really very simple.

"I put five marks in a column to facilitate counting. It is easier and quicker to count by fives than by ones. For the same reason, to facilitate counting, I begin at the right to mark off my used jars. Do you understand?"

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hours, then strain. Add one ounce white wax, one ounce spermaceti, and one ounce orange-flower water, and beat the mixture until it is creamy. Pour into jars and seal tightly.

The Muskrat Knows.

A furrier was trying to sell a muskrat coat to a woman customer. "Yes, madam," he said, "I guarantee that this muskrat coat will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the woman. "What effect will the water have on it? What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered he dealer, "I have only one answer. Did you ever hear of a muskrat carrying an umbrella?"

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A new device that aids deaf persons to hear closely resembles a walking stick with a slightly enlarged head.

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Danderine is delightful—not sticky or greasy. Go to any drug store now and get a bottle. Use it. Have healthy, heavy, beautiful hair and lots of it.

AIR FOR SALE

"Free as the air" is a saying as old as the hills, and we talk about empty air as though there were nothing of value outside our earth and water.

Yet the outstanding discovery of the present century is the fact that the air is valuable for many purposes beside breathing. In another quarter of a century we may have begun to know what the cushion of atmosphere which surrounds the earth is really worth.

Already it is realized that the air can no longer remain a No Man's Land, governed by no laws, and free for anybody to use or misuse at will. For the present, while we breathe the air, we must also regard it as:

(a) The pathway for airplanes and aeroplanes, which are to be the world's chief means of transport and communication in a future by no means distant.

(b) The medium through which wireless messages are transmitted.

(c) The storehouse, apparently inexhaustible, of gases of a commercial value equal to that of the coal and oil of the earth itself.

Possibilities and Problems.

So every country possesses, in the air above it, a most valuable right of way, a telegraphic system, the possibilities of which are only dimly understood, and a storehouse of chemical wealth. No laws govern it as yet; but it is impossible that the air should remain free much longer, because it is too valuable.

One day we shall have definite air routes, and they will not carry the jumble of traffic at present seen on our roads.

One lane for slow and heavy vehicles, another for light pleasure craft, and at least a third for speed maniacs will surely be the rule.

They will require polling, weather reports, and a dozen other services apparent to any ordinary imagination. The countries over which they pass will be responsible, and will collect dues and provide services. Like the Suez Canal, or any big railway, an air route will be worth something considerable.

Let us consider the question of wireless next. One of the most fascinating features is the mysteries upon which wireless operators are continually stumbling.

At least two areas have been discovered which are described as "dead." Wireless messages sent across these areas are subject to such interference that results cannot be obtained.

Just Fancy That!

Elsewhere it is found that the range over which messages can be sent varies enormously with the condition of the air. These things are not yet understood, but their mystery will one day be solved.

The result may easily be a set of laws entirely different from those applicable to aerial navigation. In the last war the use of wireless was forbidden; in the next we may have to protect our air from being tampered with.

In the last war, too, Germany proved the commercial value of the air. The blockade having cut off the supply of nitrate required to fertilize German fields, the chemists of the country drew upon the nitrogen in the air to supply the deficiency. With cheap power, cheap fertilizer can be made from the air, and more is now being produced every year.

Other commercial gases derived from the air are oxygen, argon, and helium. The process of making oxygen from air is getting cheaper as time goes on; when it reaches an easy stage of cheapness an enormous demand will arise. Just as oxygen is now used for welding and other purposes in which great heat is desired, not gradually but very speedily, so it will be required for smelting and a hundred other purposes.

The Age of Miracles.

Argon, a much rarer gas, is used to fill incandescent bulbs. Formerly they were filled with nothing at all, but the substitution of this gas ensures a brighter light and a very much longer period of usefulness.

Helium, taken from the air, is used to inflate dirigibles and observation balloons. It is not cheap at present, but it is safe as well as light.

It is likely that these things only begin to indicate what the air is worth. Among its secrets, still withheld, are the mystery of rainmaking, and of bottling sunshine, estimated by our sceptical fathers as impossibilities equal to that of flying.

These possibilities are not so vague as may be supposed. Hardheaded farmers already pay rainmakers by results, and the harnessing of the sun has begun.

Air is obviously too valuable to be adulterated by smoke and other noxious poisons. A charge for breathing sounds an absurdity; yet there are hot beds where the air is purified and heated or cooled according to the season, and the cost appears in the bill. So there you are, the air is no longer free.

A Waste of Good English.

"Bobby," said his mother, "why do you keep telling Rover to 'let up' when you know 'bit up' is what you should say?"

"Oh, well, mother," said Bobby, "of course I know lots of grammar, but I don't like to waste it on Rover when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."

In Holland there are 950 miles of canals.



Competing squaws and papozes at the celebrations when the David Thompson Memorial was opened at Windermere, British Columbia.

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