## GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard." By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

"That's all very well, my friend," not consider any other." said, "but kindly remember that Monty's face once mon you are young, and well, and strong. I am old, and an invalid. I need sup-

I am old, and an invalid. I need support. Don't be hard on me, Trent he exclaimed passionately; "I'll not part with it!"

"No, nor fifty hundred," Trent answered shortly. "I don't want your money. Don't be such a fool, or you'll mover live to enjoy it."

I ou are a beast, I rent—a buny: he exclaimed passionately; "I'll not part with it!"

"I hope you won't," Trent answered. "I've told you what I should think of you if you did."

Monty moved a little nearer to the

the bottle rested he hesitated; at light. His eyes filled with maudlin last he paused, his eyes lit up, he stretched out his hand stealthily. But before he could possess himself of it. "My little girl," he whispered. "My little daughter." "I was mad," Monty moaned. "She hand a quarter of a bottle of brandy." "I was mad," Monty moaned. "She hand a quarter of a bottle of brandy." "I was mad," Monty moaned. "She hand was upon his collar. "Trent had re-lit his pipe and startalone, can't you? You want to poison yourself I know. Well, you can do as you golly well like when you are out of this—not before."

Monty's eves flashed evil fires, but the risk is nothing to me, of course," till the new wing is finished. That'll be you reme wing is finished. That'll she had a moment or so ago her picture was worth less to you was my own little daughter. "A German killed my son," she explained in a shaky voice. "I want to make a bullet to kill a German was my own little daughter, God help her!"

"I never heard you speak of her be wicked to 'ev such a wish ore," Trent remarked.

"I never heard you speak of her be wicked to 'ev such a wish ore," Trent remarked.

"There was a moment's silence. Then Hope lit up her eye as she hobbled

just one sip of that brandy! It is the finest medicine in the world for me! It will keep the fever off. You do not want money you say! Come, is there anything in this world which that three inches of brown liquid?" Trent was on the point of an angry

most likely lose, and you're much bet-ter without the brandy."

Monty was foaming with passion and baffled desire,
"You beast!" he cried, "you low, ill-bred cur! How dared you look at her picture! How dare you make me such an offer! Let me go, I say! Let But Trent did not immediately relax

his grasp. It was evidently not safe to let him go. His fit of anger bordered upon hysterics. Presently he grew calmer but more maudlin. Trent at last released him, and thrusting the bottle of brandy into his coatpocket, returned to his game of Patience. Monty lay on the great state of the state of th Monty lay on the ground

"Trent," he thimpered. But Trent did not answer him.
"Trent, you needn't have been so beastly rough. My arm is black and blue and I am sore all over." But Trent remained silent. Monty

crept a little mearer. He was beginning to feel a very injured person.
"Trent," he said, "I'm sorry we've had words. Perhaps I said more than I ought to have done. I did not mean to call you names. I apologise."
"Granted," Trent said tersely, bend-

ing over his game.
"You see, Trent," he went on,
"you're not a family man, are you? If you were, you would understand. I've been down in the mire for years, an utter scoundrel, a poor, weak, broken-down creature. But I've always kept that picture? It's my little girl! She doesn't know I'm alive, never will know, but it's all I have to remind me of her and I couldn't part with it, could I?"

"You'd be a blackguard if you did,"
Trent answered curtly.

Trent answered curtly.

Monty's face brightened.

"I was sure," he declared, "that upon reflection you would think so. I was sure of it. I have always found you very fair, Trent, and very reas-onable. Now shall we say two hun-

onable. Now shall we say two hundred?"

"You seem very anxious for a game," Trent remarked. "Listen, I will play you for any amount you like, my I O U against your I O U. Are

you agreeable?"

Monty shook his head. "I don't want your money, Trent," he said. "You know that I want that brandy. "You know that I want that brank" I will leave you to name the stake am to set up against it."
"As regards that," Trent answered

Monty's face once more grew black

with anger. "You are a beast. Trent—a bully!"

money. Don't be such a 1001, of your never live to enjoy it.?

Monty shuffled on to his feet, and walked aimlessly about the hut. Once or twice as he passed the place where the bottle rested he hesitated; at light. His eyes filled with maudlintens he baused his eyes lit up, he

nutter to himself.
"I am sure to win—Trent is always fore," Trent remarked.
There was a moment's silence. Then

and death. Don't worry me like a spoilt child. Roll yourself up and get to sleep! I'll keep witch."

"I will be reasonable," Monty whined. "I will go to sleep, my friend, and worry no more when I have had instead of the standard of the st willingly up. Monty was standing over him with white, twitching face and bloodshot eyes.
"Deal the cards," he muttered sim-

ply, and sat down.
Trent hesitated. Monty misunder-

Trent took his own cards up, look-at them nonchalantly, and helped himself to one card. Monty could renimself to one card. Monty could restrain himself no longer. He threw his hand upon the ground.

"Three's," he cried in fierce triumph, "three of a kind—nines."

Trent laid down his own cards calm-

a moan. His eyes were fixed with a moan. His eyes were fixed with a fascinating glare upon those five cards which Trent had so calmly laid down. Trent took up the photograph, thrust it carefully into his pocket without looking at it, and rose to his feet.

"Look here, Monty," he said, "you shall have the brandy; you've no right to it, and you're best without it by long chalks. But there, you shall have your own way."

have your own way."

Monty rose to his feet and balance CHAPTER II.—(Continued). - | shortly, "I've named the stake; I'll he faltered. | "Give me back the photograph."

Trent shrugged his "Why?" he asked coolly. "Full hand beats three, don't it? It was my win and my stake."

"Then—then take that!" But the blow never touched Trent. He thrust

Monty burst into tears.
"You don't want it," he moaned;
"what's my little girl to you? You never saw her, and you never will see er. her in your life."

you jolly well like when you are out of this—not before."

"I am sure to win—Trent is always inducty at cards—such a little risk, and the brandy—ah!"

"I am sure to win—Trent is always induced in this lips for a moment."

"I am sure to win—Trent is always induced in his lips for a moment."

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"I am sure to win—Trent is always induced in his lips for a moment."

"I am sure to win—Trent is always induced."

"I am sure to win—Trent is always induced. Then Monty's eyes flashed evil fires, but his lips for a moment. With a slight gurgling sound. He looked at mel. I ask you now whether I am not better for that last drop. I looked in the shoulder, and his face grew haggard with longing. His eyes sought, Trents, but Trent was smoking stolidly and looking at the cards spread out before him, as a cless-player at his pieces.

"Such a very small risk." Monty whispered softly to himself. "I need the brandy too. I cannot sleep with out it! Trent!"

"You ronly wasting your breath, Monty," he said, "I couldn't touch money won in such a way, and I want to get you out of this alive. There's a keen competition in the matter of output. The winaers down and lower still! Then she ceased to be my daughter! After all it is food and wine to me. Then the was a triffe either of us get a touch of it that drop of brandy might stand between a spoilt child. Roll yourself up and get. At that moment is always with the renewed intimation to the sure was a different. Down and lower still! Then she ceased to come from a great distance. Then Monty with the renewed to come from a great distance. "Have rever told you alout her," the said, "Both he was a triffe of the men and gives of Leeds making the worthy to be her father than you want to touch fit was different. Down and the constant of the man of keen to touch of it was different. Down and down and lower still! Then she ceased to be my daughter! After all it i

were outstretched, claw-like and bony, his eyes were fierce as a wild-cat's. But Trent stood between him and the

wife, or daughter, or sweetheart like conducts the visitor to the official this —he touched the photograph al-whom he wishes to see. ant money you say! Come, ply, and sat down.

anything in this world which trent hesitated. Monty misunder most reverently—"why, I'd go through fire and water, but I'd keep through fire and water, but I'd keep downwards upon the table. Trent bit fool, now? We've made our piles, you to get a servant because domestic

Trent was on'the point of an angry negative. Suddenly he stopped—downwards upon the table. Trent bit fool, now? We've made our piles, you a silly old downwards upon the table. Trent bit fool, now? We've made our piles, you as now the stopped—his lip and frowhed.

"Rather a foolish game this," he said. "Let's call it off, eh? You shall have—well, a thimbful of the fall tup with sudden hope. "Come," he cried, "there is some thring I see! You're the right sort, I frent. I lon't be afraid to speak out. I lon't be afraid to speak out. I lon't be afraid to speak out. Ift's yours, man, if you win it. Speak upon the tred."

But Monty swore a very profane and a very ugly oath.

"I' will stake that brandy," Trent answered, "against the picture you let fall from your pocket an hour ago."

CHAPTER III.

For a moment Monty stood as though dazed. Then the excitement which had shone in his face slowly subsided. He stood quite silent, mut.

"Out downwards upon the table. Trent bit fool, now? We've made our piles, you as fool, now? We've made our piles, you can go back and take her a fortune, give her jewels and pretty dresses, and give her jewels and pretty dresses, and all the fal-de-lais that women love. You'll never do it if you muddle yourself up with that stuff, old 'un.

But Monty swore a very profane and a very ugly oath.

"Every drop; every — drop! Ay."

"You don't know my little girl,"

Then Trent, who had more faults than more faults worthly say by the her work to go and make bullets. Girls of good middle-class families are here. Solwing the work to go and make bullets. Girls of good middle-class families are here. Solwing the work to go and make bullets. Girls of good with through the now my rate!"

"You don't know my little girl,"

"You don't know my little girl,"

Then Trent, who had more faults worthly say by the more the picture you don't know my little girl,"

Then Trent, who h

For a moment Monty stood as though dized. Then the excitement which had shone in his face slowly subsidied. He stood quite silent, muttering softly to himself, his eyes fixed on Print. "Your deal," he said laconically. "Same as before I suppose?" Monty nodded, for his tonger. With a little chuckle of content was not an easy thing. But he dealt he ards one way turns! You can play or not are my turns! You can play or not as you like! I don't care." "How many?" Trent asked, holding out the pack. "Monty hesitated him was as a child in the younger man's grasp. Trent held him at a distance dasily and without effort. "There's nothing for you to make he was a visible for a fuss alout," he said gruffly. "I asked the form of the said lacent that the draw had im-

His Status. Longhorn Luke—Are you for the allies or for Germany, stranger? Affable , Stranger-I'm . neutral-

A GERMAN "TEA PARTY" ON THE WESTERN FRONT

In this picture the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, are seen on a visit to the headquarters of General von Heeringen, who is in command opposite Rheims. The three sat down to tea and discussed the

## **ALL LEEDS IS** DOING WAR WORK

WOMEN AND GIRLS MAKING MUNITIONS FOR ARMY.

Even the Very Old Occupants of the Poor-Houses Are Working.

She was very old, with as kindly bled up to the gateway of the muniout his hand and held his assailant tions works and enquired if there was away at arms length. any chance of a job, writes James Sherliker from Leeds, England "Sorry, mother,' said the doorkeep-

We turn a hundred women and girls away every morning. Wait er in your life."

"She is nothing to me, of course," till the new wing is finished.

If a girl is taken ill or feels faint she is at once helped to a cosy restbrandy bottle.

"Look here," he said, "you shall a trained nurse wait upon her. have the picture back—curse you! and down the big yard tramp a But listen. If I were you and had sentries in khaki, and a Boy room, where a charming matron and Up

the workhouses were appealed to, Take, for example, the men who work and now hundreds of men who were in the Canary Cage." paupers are helping to serve the guns. Hundreds of men who left their work found a new lease of life and energy. low as a canary's wings. But y down.
"A full hand," he said, "kings up."

It's sometimes hard for a man to man—they are all missing from their man—they are all missing from their customary haunts. They are too old The habitual loafer, the street-corner don't grumble, never fear!"

## There's a Flavour of Distinction in every cup of

blending of the finest 'hill-grown' teas and scrupulous cleanliness in preparation is the secret. This flavour constitutes the individuality of SALADA and will never change, no matter how costs may rise.



utility bird is rarely worth doc- one-sided diet. toring, the axe being an excellent

Balanced rations supply maximum waste. Cull closely, for it does not pay to

plish thoroughly.

Every insect left to mature will de- egg will pay for the keep of crease the profits of the flock. F-i-l-t-h spells failure. Good stock is the best foundation will find a large part of her

but it must be handled with common, Hens are not magicians; so cannot maunfacture eggs unless given the This fact has caused the he proper materials.

Indolence and poultry-bredding and shift largely for herself make a combination which would course when thus disrigardel that the I-know-it-alls never make attention.

uccessful poultrymen. Kindness shown to fowls pays in increased egg-supply. Lice multiply rapidly in uncleanly and dogs. The table scraps and excelsurroundings.

May chicks pushed to maturity, make fall layers to fill in the time when earlier hatched birds are rest-

faction of a single breed. One's favorite breed is usually the food and great loss of fowls may be best with which to win success. Pullets should be separated from salted a quantity of sweet corn found cockerels as soon as sex can be distinguished.

Try to waste no feed, either by them salted mash potatoes.

I smiled. years ago have returned to it. Turn-Canary Cage is the room where we ers and fitters who believed that their make lyddite. If you remain inside "Never heard of 'em? Well, the I've been swindled in every country working days were gone seem to have it for long your skin becomes as yel-

Unless you give your flock regula surgical instrument to apply to sick care, they do not pay to keen. much' that they can learn nothir of nourishment with minimum of from the experience of others.

Hens are Profitable Assets. Do not attempt too much to accome as big a profit for food as de heir Seems strange, but true, that one hens one day.

A hen if given a chi and during certain year will be able to lay ber of eggs without any further feed great many instances to be reglected bankrupt a wealthy financier. cannot be expected to be as profit Just a little observation will prove able as when given good care and

ttention.
The refuse from the kitchen be profitably turned into eggs rather than given to some worthless cats lent diet for fowls. Care must be exercised in feeding refuse from the kitchen or the outcome may be fatal. If foods where large quantities of salt were used in their pre-No mixed flocks can give the satis- paration are given to the fowls they may gorge themselves on this salty encountered. One party who had late in the spring that this corn was fad-another note from the dim shadno langer wanted for cooking pur-Quickly kill the chicks which are poses and thoughtlessly threw it to

the chickens. An excessive amount and bone last winter will resume now, of it was eaten and in a few hours to prepare for the soldier's needs next many of the fowl had died. In much snow-time. So the over-watchful the same way a farmer lost a fine manufacturers of women's wear have bunch of young chickens by feeding designed the knitting apron, with

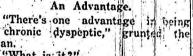
An Advantage.

"What is it?" picnics for your

Did a Marathon. "So papa jumped from his when you asked him for my hand. And what did he say?' "I'm not sure he said anything."

"Not sure? Didn't you hear anything?" faster than the sound of his voice."

Few tips come to the waite sits down while waiting



"No; but perhaps I was travelling

"Your relatives quit getting up baby doll parasol. When opened, the



Fashion

What to Wear and How Fashions come and fashions go, but the male critic thunders on forever. Short skirts, long ones, narrow skirts or full ones—there is al. ways some reason for his disapproval! Heaven grant that we may never follow his example and c ad ourselves in

In the days of our great-grand-mothers a lady possessed one very fine gown and that, usually, was of black silk "that would stand alone" At that period this new country prac-At that period this new country practiced thrift and economy. Silk was scarce and expensive, and all seiting was done by hand, all and, the emotions of a Puritanical fore-mether who returned to contained to contain the returned to contain the country practice. who returned to earth and beheld her descendants chal in sik hosiery, sik underwear, silk petticents, and a sike frock worn for "every day," It is not a very long time ago when a silk lining in a gown was considered a luxury, but now the little factory girl goes to work with for high-heeled boots displaying glim stockings. Luxuries ave become so common, in this rich country of opportunity and waste, that we no long. er regard them as I

the most ordinary new spiles. The stiff, heavy sills, such as tar grandmeres wore, are coming back from the buried aisle of the past, along with numerous quaint fashion of the 1830s.

In Lyons, France, where the finest silks in the world ar woven, this heavy grain silk is in the lead. They are careful, over there, that the French conturieren shall have first choice. It is always a great serre of silken fabrics for the son. Winter silks are ready now for the market. The great of Paris get first charge that is of extremely high-class naterials and the buyer must have not a hint anything until August when he is permitted to make his honorable so lections.

However, a little birdie says that the finest of the Lyons output has a matallic effect, and the stiff, heavy, rich brocades and plais silks are going to be strong again. will disappear. Among the expensive fabrics of the next senson will be faille silk with velvet design.

There promises to be a great apron ows of the past. Women who were knitting their fingers down to skin large pockets for wood and needles and all the rest.

While linens, are used in popular knitting aprons are of sheer white plaited organdy, in jabot effect, chronic dyspeptic," grunted the with turned-over, two-inch hems. If you wish to buy something nice

for your small daughter, get her a ruffled skirts of the dol sunshade. The youngs ers are interested in fashions, and this combines fashion and fun. in harry in the

Pulp Production Increases. Some economists had termed this the "paper age" from the increasing use of paper in all walks of life. This being the case it is gratifying to know that Canada is one of the greatpaper countries of the world and is destined to begoine still greater in

this respect.

In spite of the war the consump tion of pulpwood in Canadian mills was over 10, per cent greater in 1914 than in 1913.

Since 1910 the pulpwood consented in Canadian mills has a little more than doubled. The consumption ! 1910 was 595,487 cords and in felt. 1,224,376 copels. The commonestant cheapest kind of palp, made by the grinding process and know as ground-wood pulp, increased by 9 per cent over 1973, but" hat made by chemical processes increased by over 14 per cent. This indrending one of chemical processes he p try greatly as the product is worth nearly three times as much as the ground wood pulp. Quebec is still the

vince in pulp production thaviar at active mills out of a total of a mile for all Canada. Queber produced 3 per cent of all Canadian pulp in 1915. Ontario came second win nearly 37 per cent of the total production and the other producing profines in or der, were British Columbia, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. total value of pulpyood consumed in Canadian mills, in 1914 was \$8,089,883 and of that exported to loreign comtries in a naw state \$6,50,400 making a grand total of \$1470358 for the value of the pulpwood produced last year. It is interesting to know that the proportion ('anada is manufactured into pulp i increasing over that experted in the aw state.

Pearl Divers Feel War. Hawaiians who depend for a living on the pearl-diving industry are having a hard time as a result of the The entire absence of a European market is given as the main Thursday Is and is a centre cause. of the industry.

Young Folks

A Morning Call. and Polly were travellin with their parents, and they had stor ped for the night near an Indian re

servation. In the morning the chi Indian village near by, and they wer very curious to go over to the tolit and see how the Indian's lived. "Come, Polly, let's go and find the music," Sammy said to his little street. He took her by the hand, an they hurried over to the nearest grou of tents.

The grove that sheltered the time Indian village was only wo ngoin walk from the hotel, but Sammy she ried along so fast that Polly near fell down in the dusty road. At the entrance to the first little playhouse, there stood a beaut ful Indian child, who wore long to her leggings and an enther shirt. At first Sammy therest hat the child was a boy; but he smiled, and said in a sweet. oice, "How do!" he real kell time ark little Indian was a liel of at is own age. She came close to him and touche

his light curly hair. Sammy said, "My nan Tufts. I have brought you some ples. I want to see the beating that drum." A-wah-nee-for that wa me-turned and beckoned to the follow her:

They saw a number of logs; one boy was mending an in and other boys were bitching on But they all stopped and kentche two white children. A-wall-nee "Sikhs," which meant friends; so all smiled, and some of them falls the newcomers. A-wah-nee led them to a large there a dozen Indians were make

rugs. One old man, sitting in sun, beat now and again drum that looked as if it ha ade from an inverted platter A-wee-nee called ( "Yo e-mie!" and a boy abo ld came running out of said something to him language, and he took ; like instrument from his et and sat down beside. Together they played a ki and some of the children Indian song, danced to the flute and drum.

A-wah-nee smiled at S ly, and when they had said, "Good, good, ch ?"

Sammy did not like the well, but he did what he ! father do: he threw some them all. He had only five the boys seemed delighted for them, and one boy the y in the air and then caus in his mouth. The old Indi beating his drum, and pad tion to the children. Then A-wah-nee said. d her brown finger at S

Sammy did not know but suddenly he thought still clung to his hand. song about the silver sing to them, Polly, ale and the moon," he said. Polly was frightened. always did what her, bro to do, she began to sing. children all smiled bro Polly has finished, andet of the older children ene

a penny. Polly drew back, asto-Sammy reddened; but a them said, "Take the pe it is the only way the thanking you. They ag be polite and do just who people do S. Sammy and Polly tu

toward their father, who em without being see "Why, father, we can't "Why not, if you explain take yours? But I'll te we'll do: this afternoon them other gifts."- Your

Italians Well Tr: The Italian soldier ore severe training in than any friend or armies of Europe. His 4.30 a.m., and drill-and tinue, with, a two-hour compulsory repose," After that he has four. dom, but he must be back by nine o'clock, or 8.30 i supposed to be abed hour later, the bugles so enzio." He is extremel for by the authorities, marches are reckoned am sentials of his training, i giments can cover 60 mil miles an hour, and conside ing remarkable.

Look Here!

A Cockney angler, t him with the respect due tion, expostulated thus: my good man, you don't soem to "Hoots, that's naothing, reply, "My and stors has

quite who I am. Do you ke my family have been entired to arms for the last two years?" was the reply, "My and stors been entitled to bare legs for the two thousand years."