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are used to produce the famous  
**"SALADA"**  
blends. Every leaf is fresh, fragrant  
full of its natural deliciousness. Sold  
in sealed packets only.

### About the Household

#### Dainty Dishes.

**Lemon Jelly.**—Make the jelly by using the juice of 2 lemons and the rind of 1 grated, 3 eggs, butter size thickened with 1 cup of white sugar, thicken over the fire, but do not let it boil. This is nice for tart, which should be made of puff paste.

**Yorkshire Pudding.**—One pint of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 5 tablespoons of flour; salt to taste. Mix eggs, flour and salt with a little milk until smooth, then add the rest of the milk gradually. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dripping pan and bake 15 minutes in a tolerably hot oven. This is nice served with roast beef or poultry.

**Cabbage Slaw.**—Take a small head of cabbage, wash well, cut very fine with a slaw cutter or a knife of any kind. Take two small onions, peel and cut fine, mix with the cabbage, then season with salt, pepper, and vinegar to taste. Now take an extra onion and mix three good-sized table-spoons of thick cream with one table-spoon of sugar and mix with the slaw. This is delicious, especially if kept cool till serving time.

**Bread Sauce for Game.**—Cook half pint of soft, stale bread-crumbs, a pint of milk, one good-sized onion chopped very fine, a saltspoonful of ground mace, a saltspoon of paprika and a level teaspoon of salt for five minutes in a double boiler; stir constantly. The mixture must be perfectly smooth. Add a rounding table-spoon of butter; stir until melted; then add four table-spoons of thick cream and use at once for game or roasted guinea fowl.

**Substitute for Whipped Cream.**—Sometimes one wishes to serve a dish that calls for whipped cream when neither the cream nor the time for whipping it are available. An excellent substitute is made by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth, adding a ripe banana cut into very thin slices and beating until the banana is only a pulp evenly distributed through the egg. The result is a creamy delicacy that can be used in any recipe that calls for whipped cream.

**Turkish Rolls.**—Pound one cup blanched almonds to a paste, put into a double boiler with one pint of milk, a pinch of saffron and a table-spoon of sugar, a scant teaspoon salt and a table-spoon rounded of butter. Heat to scalding, remove from fire and when lukewarm add one-half cake yeast dissolved in a little water. Add sifted flour to make a soft dough and knead ten minutes. Put into a warmed earthenware bowl and cover until light; make into very small, long rolls, place an inch apart in greased pans to rise, then brush with beaten white of an egg and sprinkle with finely minced almonds. Bake in a quick oven.

**Pot Roast.**—The genuine pot roast is brown and rich and juicy, being cooked wholly in its own gravy and without any added water. A four to six pound is a nice size to cook properly. Select a piece with enough fat

on it to furnish richness. Also add a small piece of beef suet. Heat an iron kettle until it is hot enough to sear the meat at once, then drop the suet and the meat into the kettle and turn over from side to side until the whole is seared so that the juices will not escape. Do not let the roast burn, turn often enough to prevent that but let it roast to a deep brown. Add no water for the meat will cook thoroughly in its own gravy. Do not have too hot a fire. Three to three and one-half hours of slow cooking should do the meat to a turn. If it is desired to serve browned potatoes with the roast, remove the meat when cooked, add water to the gravy and drop the potatoes (either Irish or sweet) into the gravy and let them cook as usual. Season both meat and potatoes to suit the taste.

**Macaroni in Variety.**  
**Macaroni with White Sauce.**—Break the macaroni in one inch pieces, three-fourths of a cup, wash, roll and cook in salted water, then drain. For the sauce, melt four table-spoons of butter in a sauce pan. When it begins to fry add four table-spoons of flour and stir until well blended. Then stir in gradually while beating two cups of scalded milk, bring to the boiling point, add salt, the macaroni and let simmer for a minute before serving.

**Baked Macaroni with Cheese.**—Boil the macaroni in hot water as directed. (It should first be broken in inch lengths.) Put a layer of the macaroni in the bottom of baking dish, then a layer of grated cheese, add pepper and salt, repeat with another layer of crackers and cheese. Put bits of butter over the top, add enough milk to nearly cover the food and bake in the oven until a rich brown. Serve with crackers and toast.

**Macaroni Cutlets.**—Cook a half cup of macaroni broken in small pieces, drain and make a sauce as follows: Melt two and a half table-spoons of butter and add one-third cup of flour. Stir until well mixed, then add gradually one cup of scalded milk. Add one-fourth cup of grated cheese, and season with salt and pepper. Cool and shape in the form of cutlets, roll in bread or cracker crumbs, dip in beaten egg then in the crumbs again and fry in plenty of hot fat to brown nicely.

**Household Hints.**  
Course salt is an excellent cleanser of irons.  
Cheaper cuts of meat always require more cooking.  
Good milk, eggs and butter are necessities, not luxuries.  
Salt in cold water will remove blood stains from linen.  
A tiny pinch of salt added to eggs makes them froth more quickly.  
A lump of sugar dropped into milk will prevent its turning sour, it is said.

Glass or china can be safely packed if damp straw or hay is used for packing material.  
A large glass bottle makes a good receptacle for buttons. By shaking the bottle you can see whether you have the button desired without taking all out.  
Sugar forms about 70 per cent. of honey; it is derived from natural sugars by inversion, and is more easily digested in this form than cane sugar.  
Before washing lace curtains run a narrow strip of muslin or tape along each outer edge. This will keep them perfectly straight, and will keep them from stretching at the edge.  
Tar may be removed from any washing dress by spreading butter on the tar. This should be left for an hour or two to soak well in, and should afterwards be washed in the ordinary way, when all trace of tar will be gone.  
Cane chairs that have become slack can be tightened by rubbing them with salt and water. Turn them upside down and put them in the sun and air to dry. They will be found to have tightened up like new articles.  
When the butcher has cut the roast too heavy, ask him to cut off thin slices for steaks. Have the pan very hot, put in a piece of suet to make the pan greasy and fry steak quickly. The meat has a very good flavor.  
The best and simplest way to toast silk is to cut off a small piece and burn it. If it burns out quickly, leaving a clear, crisp, grey ash, the silk is pure; but if it smoulders and leaves a heavy, reddish-brown ash, the material has been treated with chemicals and will not wear well.  
To destroy the smell of paint place pails of cold water—which should be changed daily—in the rooms that are being painted. It lessens the annoying smell considerably. If you live in the country you can get hay put a handful of hay into the water, as this also helps to absorb the smell.  
Quite a number of people find porridge made in the ordinary way most unpalatable, but here is a hint that will make the mixture one of the most sought after breakfast dishes. Put the water into your pan. Add a beaten egg and mix well in before sprinkling the oatmeal. Then boil and salt as usual.

**Just a Scratch**  
But it needs looking after. "Vaseline" Carbollated will help it to heal quickly and prevent risk of infection. First aid treatment with  
**Vaseline CARBOLATED**  
Prepared in Canada  
It is a most effective antiseptic dressing for cuts, bruises, boils, and skin irritations of all kinds, such as eczema, poison ivy and barber's itch. Also good for corns.  
AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Bases on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name of VASELINE MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores.  
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## THE GOLDEN KEY

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

### CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"You haven't any friends," she said softly, "nor any education, but you're a millionaire! That is quite sufficient. You are a veritable Caesar with undiscovered worlds before you."  
"I wish I knew what you meant," he said with some hesitation.  
"Don't you understand," she said, "that you are the fashion? Last year it was Indian Potatoes, the year before it was actors, this year it is millionaires. You have only to announce yourself and you may take any place you choose in society. You have arrived at the most auspicious moment, can you assure me that before many months are past you will know more people than ever you have spoken to in your life before—men whose names have been household words to you and nothing else will be calling you 'old chap' and wanting to sell you horses, and women, who long ago would have been your dearest as though you were their dear friend, will be lavishing upon you their choicest smiles and whispering in your ear their 'not at home' afternoons, if it's lucky I'm able to prepare you a little for it, or you would be taken quite by storm."  
He was unmoved. He looked down at her with a grim tightening of the lips.  
"I want to ask you this," he said. "What should I be the better for it all? What use have I for friends who only gape at me and wish I am rich? Shouldn't I be better off to have nothing to do with them, to live my own life, and make my own pleasures?"  
She shrugged her shoulders.  
"These people," she said, "of whom I have been speaking are masters of the situation. You can't enjoy money alone. You want to race, hunt, entertain, shoot, join in the revels of country houses! You must be one of them, or you can enjoy nothing."  
Monty's words struck him like a bolt of lightning. "After all, pleasures could be bought—but happiness!"  
"And you," he said, "you too think that these things you have mentioned are the things most to be desired in life?"  
A certain restraint crept into her manner.  
"Yes," she answered simply.  
"I have been told," he said, "that you have given up these things to live your life differently. That you choose to be a worker. You have rich relations—you could be rich yourself."  
She looked him steadily in the face.  
"You are wrong," she said. "I have no money. I have not chosen a profession willingly—only because I am poor!"  
"Ah!"  
The monosyllable was mysterious to her. But for the wild improbability of the thing she would have asked whether indeed he knew her secret. She brushed the idea away. It was impossible.  
"At least," he said, "you belong to these people."  
"Yes," she answered, "I am one of the poor young women of society."  
"And you would like," he continued, "to be one of the rich ones, to occupy your place amongst them on equal terms. That is what you are looking forward to in life?"  
She laughed again and said he was joking.  
"Of course I am! If there was the least chance of it I should be delighted. For you mustn't think I'm different from other girls in that respect because I'm a worker. In this country there's only one way of enjoying life thoroughly, and that you will find out for yourself very soon."  
He rose and held out his hand.  
"Thank you very much," he said. "For letting me come. May I—"  
"You may come," she said quietly, "as often as you like."

CHAPTER XXII.  
"Mr. Scarlett Trent, the Gold King, left for Africa on Thursday last on the Danottar Castle, to pay a brief visit to his wonderful mine which is there before the great Bekwando Mining and Exploration Company is offered to the public. Mr. Trent is already a millionaire, and he is now offered in floating the company on the basis of the prospectus he will be a multi-millionaire, and certainly one of the richest of Englishmen. During his absence workmen are to be going night and day at his wonderful palace in Park Lane, which he hopes to find ready for occupation on his return. Mr. Trent's long list of financial successes are too well known to be given here, but who will grudge wealth to a man who is capable of spending it in such a lordly fashion? We wish Mr. Trent a safe voyage and a speedy return."  
The paper slipped from his fingers and he looked thoughtfully out seaward. It was only a paragraph of many, and the tone of it was the same. Ernestine's words had come true—he was already a man of note. A few months had changed his life in the most amazing way. He was now edged back upon it now it was with a sense of unreality—surely all these things which had happened were part of a chimerical dream. It was barely possible for him to believe that it was he, Scarlett Trent, who had developed day by day into what he was at that moment. For the man was changed in a hundred ways. His grey flannel clothes was cut by the Saville Row tailor of the moment, his hands and hair, his manner of speech and carriage were all altered. He recalled the man he had met, the club he had joined, his stud of horses at Newmarket, the country houses at which he had visited. His most clear impression of the whole thing was how easy everything had been made for him. His oddness of speech, his gaucheries, his ignorance and nervousness had all been so lightly treated that they had been brushed away almost insensibly. He had been able to do so little that was wrong—his mistakes were ignored or admired as originality, and yet some delicate way the right thing had been made clear to him. Ernestine had stood by his side, always laughing at his swift fulfilment of her prophecy, always encouraging him, always enigmatically. Yet at the thought of her a vague sense of trouble crept into his heart. He took a worn photograph from his pocket and looked at it long and searchingly, and when he put it away he sighed. It made no difference, of course, but he would rather have found her like that, the child with

sweet, trusting eyes and a laughing mouth. Was there no life at all, then, outside this little vortex into which at her bidding he had plunged? Would she never have been content with anything else? He looked across the placid, blue sea to where the sun gleamed like silver on a white sail, and sighed again. He must make himself what she would have him. There was no life for him without her.  
The captain came up for his morning chat, and some of the passengers, who were sitting on the deck, lingered for a moment about his chair on their promenade. Trent lit a cigar and presently began to stroll up and down himself. The salt sea-air was a wonderful tonic to him after the nervous life of the last few months. He found his spirits rapidly rising. His partnership had been undertaken in obedience to a sudden but overpowering impulse. It had come to him one night that he must know for himself how much truth there was in Da Souza's story, and he had been driven back by the next morning's issue of his great Company afforded all the excuse that was necessary. If Da Souza's story was true—well, there were many things which might be done, short of a complete disclosure. Monty might be satisfied, if plenty of money were forthcoming, to abandon his partnership and go back to his applications. Trent smoked his cigar placidly and, taking off his cap, bared his head to the sweeping sea-wind, which seemed to lead him with buoyancy. Suddenly as he swung round by the companion-way he found himself confronted by a new-comer who came staggering out from the gangway. There was a moment's recoil and a sharp exclamation. Trent stood quite still and a heavy frown darkened his face.  
"How can you be here?" he exclaimed. "How can you be here?"  
Da Souza's face was yellower than ever, and he wore an ulster buttoned up to his chin. Yet there was a flash of steel in his eyes which he answered: "I came by late tender at Southampton," he said. "It cost me a special from London, and the agents told me I couldn't do it; but here I am, you see!"  
"And a poor-looking object you are," Trent said contemptuously. "If you've life enough in you to talk, be good as to repay him all that you are owing me like this!"  
"I came," Da Souza answered, "in both our interests—chiefly in my own."  
"Can believe that?" Trent answered shortly, "now speak up. Tell me what you want."  
Da Souza groaned and sank down upon the deck.  
"I will sit down," he said, "I am not well! The sea disagrees with me horribly. Well, well, you want to know why I came here? I can answer that for you. I came to repay him all that you would owe on a partnership account? You couldn't do it, Trent. I've heard of your four-in-hand and your yacht, and your racers, and that beautiful house in Park Lane. I tell you that to part with half your fortune would ruin you, and the Bekwando Company could never be floated."  
"I don't anticipate parting with half," Trent said coolly. "Monty hasn't lived to live—and he ought not to be hard to make terms with."  
Da Souza beat his hands upon the handles of his deck-chair.  
"But why do you go to him at all? He thinks that you are dead. He has thought that you are in England. Why should he know? Why do you risk ruin like this?"  
"There are three reasons," Trent answered. "First, he may find his way back to me. Second, I have the shares of a conscience, but I can't leave a man whom I'm robbing of a fortune in a state of semi-slavery, as I darsay he is, and the third reason is perhaps the strongest of all; but I'm not going to tell you."  
Da Souza blinked his little eyes and looked up with cunning eyes.  
"Your first reason," he said, "is a poor sort of one. Do you suppose I don't have him looked after a bit?—no chance of his getting back to England. I can tell you. As for the second, he's only half-witted, and if he was better off he wouldn't know it."  
"Even if I gave way to you in this," Trent answered, "the third reason is strong enough."  
Da Souza's face was gloomy. "I know it's no use trying to move you," he said, "but you're so silly, dangerous, wildgoose chase."  
"And what about yourself?" Trent asked. "I imagine you have some other purpose in taking this voyage than that of arguing with me."  
"I am going to see," Da Souza said, "that you do as little mischief as possible."  
Trent walked the length of the deck and back again.  
"Da Souza," he said, stopping in front of him, "you're a fool to take this voyage. You know me well enough to be perfectly assured that nothing you could do would ever influence me. There's more behind it. You've a game of your own to play over there. Now listen! If I catch you interfering with me in any way, we shall meet on more equal terms than when you laughed at my revolver at Walton Lodge! I never was a shot, but I've no mind to be trifled with, and mark me—if harm comes to that old man, it will be your life for his, as I'm a living man."

You were afraid of me once, Da Souza. I haven't changed so much as you may think, and the Golden Coast isn't exactly the center of civilization. There! I've said my say. The less I see of you now till we land the better I shall be pleased."  
He walked away and was challenged by the Doctor to a game of shuffleboard. Da Souza remained in his chair, his eyes blinking as though with the sun, and his hands gripping nervously the side of his deck-chair.  
(To be continued.)

### WAR AND BUTTERFLIES.

What Fashionable Women Are Doing in the Great War.  
Centuries ago a chronicler of the crusades recorded quaintly of a certain vain and valorous knight: "Three wounds he received in this battle, whereat he laughed; but the Paynim who stole his tail plucked the cursed deeply and he died not till he had, with his good sword, shorn off his head."  
That was in the day when every gentleman who was not a priest must be a fighter, and could be a dandy only by the way. It was many years before that another type arose, dandy first and fighter afterwards; the graceful idler, the society fox, suddenly transformed by patriotism, at his country's call, into a hero. History proved him, fiction adopted him; he became one of the most popular figures in drama, story, and romance. But until now neither fact nor fiction has supplied a corresponding type of heroine.  
The great war of to-day, although it demands of many of the noble women who have answered the call greater ability, responsibility, and thoroughness of training than has ever been demanded of women before, has also offered opportunities of service to others, hitherto merely women of fashion and the gay world, which many have eagerly accepted. Women used only to organizing balls toll on committees; women who have shone in foreign capitals interpret for hapless refugees; women who have played with petted children in charming nurseries establish orphanages, care for destitute mothers, or adopt war babies. Other women, of the modern athletic type, untrained in nursing, devote their nerve and muscle to slaving in hospitals—hastily improvised, un-manned hospitals—where they face for the real nurses, and turn their hands to anything from writing wills and messages for dying men to mental and often horrible tasks of washing, scrubbing and disinfecting.  
Others give themselves, with their automobiles, to the Red Cross, and drive their own cars, filled with wounded, over war-torn roads and half-wrecked bridges with skill and daring. Often they run them under fire, and not one of them has flinched.  
"If ever this terrible time, which seems an endless nightmare, does really end," the American wife of an Englishman of high social position who has been loyally working with the red, wrote home recently, "and if I wake up to peace and pretty clothes and gay doings, and life as it used to be—sometimes I wonder who it will be that will wake? Not I, as I am now, or it wouldn't be waking, and not I, the old I of before the war; that I, my dear, is as dead as if she had been shot. I want to be happy and joy again, yet when I think of the old life it seems no more possible to take it up and live it than to go back and be a little girl. I have died, or grown up, or been born again since the war—I don't know which. I must have coal, and she must have the wheelwright to pay for them through legitimate commerce."  
Sometimes to lose a self is to find a soul.

### ZINC IN WAR TIME.

A Constituent of Cartridge Brass and Shell Fuses.  
Zinc is so essential in war that it has risen enormously in price in the past year. Costing originally only two-fifths as much as copper, it now costs decidedly more than copper, in spite of the fact that copper itself has sharply increased in value. Zinc is a constituent of cartridge, brass and shell fuses, and is used also as a covering for iron barbed-wire fencing. In 1913 the United States, Germany, and Belgium were the leading producers of zinc. Of the three, only the United States smelted domestic ores. Belgium and Germany relied mainly on zinc concentrates that they imported from the Broken Hill mines in New South Wales, where, for one reason and another, it does not pay to do the smelting. France, Spain, and Great Britain also produce substantial quantities, but not enough to supply their own needs. Austria and Germany have considerable deposits of ore in Silesia, Hungary, Carinthia, and the Tirol. As the zinc-smelting furnaces of Great Britain are not well adapted for dealing with the Broken Hill concentrates, it buys the bulk of its supplies from the United States.  
NEW WAY OF FIGHTING FLIES.  
A Farmer Gives an Easily Applied Preventative.  
Farmers whose barns and outhouses are infested by flies this summer season may be interested in learning how to banish the pests. According to the Bloemfontein (South African) Friend, a farmer who had many cows housed in different sheds saw, without being able to prevent it, the annoyance to which the animals were subjected. He happened, however, to observe that one shed, the walls of which were of a somewhat bluish tint, was free from flies, and the cows were unworried by their attacks. Thereupon he added a bit of blue color to the lime with which he covered the walls of his sheds, and from that moment the flies deserted the premises. The following is the formula he used in providing this effective specific against flies: To twenty gallons of water add ten pounds of slaked lime and one pound of ultramarine. The wash should be applied twice during the summer.

## SWISS PAY DEAR FOR NEUTRALITY

COUNTRY HEMMED IN BY WAR-RING NATIONS.  
Can Produce From Its Own Soil Only a Sixth of the Grain Required.

A nation of less than four million inhabitants, Switzerland had an army of over a quarter of a million upon its frontiers before the end of the first week of August of last year, all well armed and well drilled, completing mobilization before either Germany or France.

Within Switzerland's own borders, among the twenty-two cantons of the confederation, influences have been at work to break the Government's neutrality which began their activities before the soldiers had rushed to answer the first call to arms. Among the French Swiss were numerous friends of France who cared more for the interests of the sister republic than for those of their own. Among the German Swiss assistance to Germany was sought at the expense of patriotism. The Italian Swiss worked toward the same end; to sacrifice their country in answering the call of nationality. Every village was flooded with pamphlets, newspapers were subsidized and orators travelled through the land, each preaching doctrines whose acceptance by the Government would have wrought nothing but evil to Switzerland.

### Production Small.

Switzerland can produce from its own soil in a year only food sufficient to last for two months. Most of its grain has been accustomed to get from Russia. For over a year it has been beaten off starvation with difficulty. Material interest must speak loudly in Switzerland for England. Great Britain buys twice as much as it sells to Switzerland, and is, in fact, the little republic's best customer. The German nationality has the majority among the cantons, there being nearly three million Germans to one million divided between the French, Italian and Roumansh; but the German Empire buys of Switzerland only about half as much as it sells to it. But to close the commercial door to Germany would be to deprive the country of some of its vital necessities. All the pig iron which goes into the Swiss machinery, sold in the markets of the world, must come through Germany.  
In times of peace the Swiss embroidery machinery and the Swiss embroideries find eager buyers. The Swiss lace can more than hold their own with those manufactured in Nottingham and Saxony. Importing raw silk from Italy, the Swiss merchants can produce finished products to rival those of Florence and Lyons.  
Markets Lost.  
The Swiss watches are the best in the world. The Swiss milk industry produces chocolate so excellent in quality that the shrewd British merchant long ago obtained the monopoly. The Swiss hotel system has satisfied the desires of tens of thousands of tourists annually.  
All of these industries of peace and wealth have been rudely swept into ruin by the war, and Switzerland is reduced merely to the sustenance of life. She must have food and she must have coal, and she must have the wherewithal to pay for them through legitimate commerce.

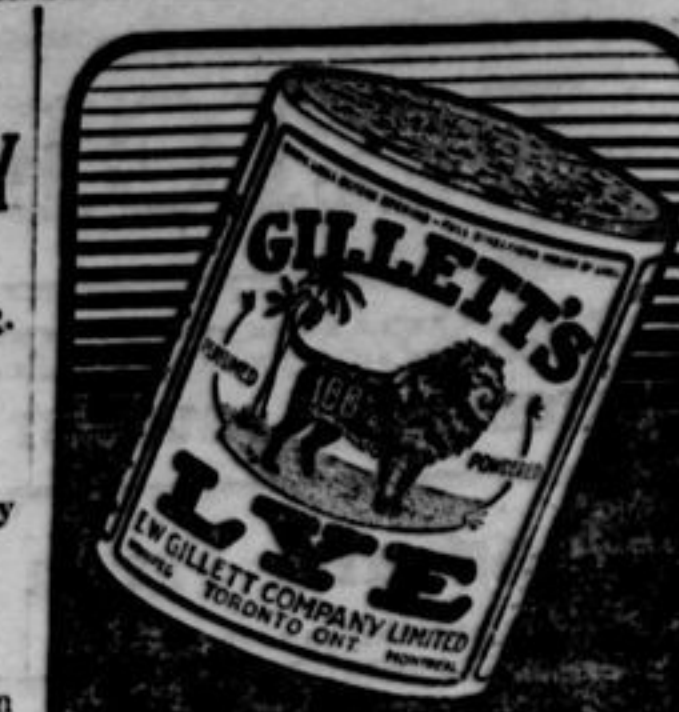
### BIG GIFT FOR WOUNDED.

New Zealand Woman Gives Mining Land Worth \$75,000,000.  
It is announced by the Government that a wealthy woman resident of New Zealand has offered to make the colony a free gift of one of the most valuable pieces of mining land in the island, the only condition being that all profits from the sale of minerals should be used for the support of wounded soldiers.  
The land offered contains principally an ore called scheelite, yielding tungsten which is used principally in hardening steel. The deposit, according to mining engineers, should yield 30,000 tons of the metal, worth about \$75,000,000.

### Surf He Would.

Did you ever have a cold you could not get rid of?  
No—if I did I'd still have it now.

Exactly.  
"Pa, what happens when the wind blows great gusts?"  
"A weather report follows, my son."



THE STANDARD ARTICLE SOLD EVERYWHERE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

### THE MONGOOSE IN JAMAICA.

They Have Become the Bane of the Island.

The introduction of the mongoose into the West Indies some 40 years ago has upset the order of nature there much as it has in the Hawaiian Islands. Just as in Hawaii, these ferret-like animals from India not only destroyed snakes and rats in the sugar cane fields, the object for which they were imported, but proceeded to clean out the wild birds of the island, as well as poultry yards, pigs, kids, lambs, new-born calves, puppies and kittens. In the West Indies they have killed, added to the list, with the result that insects have increased to an alarming extent.  
It was less than 20 years after four male and five female mongooses were turned loose in Jamaica that the Government had to appoint a commission to investigate. This body drew up a severe indictment against the animal, noting to his diet not only all birds nesting on or near the ground and the young of the farmyard, but turtles, landcrabs, bananas, pineapples, sweet potatoes, cacao and even fish, which he catches with his paws. Worst of all was the charge that while protecting the sugar cane from its enemy, the rat, he even bit and drank the juice of young cane.  
In late years outbreaks against the mongoose have come from other islands. In Trinidad the Government offered a reward for the body or tail of each mongoose, but instead of reducing the pest, it only set some of the natives to mongoose breeding for the reward.  
Prizes have been offered by an agricultural society for an effective but cheap mongoose trap.

### BRITAIN'S DREADNOUGHTS.

Numbers More Effective in Sea Than Land Fights.  
The question of numerical superiority is of extremely great importance in naval fights—much greater than in land battles, says the World's Work. Ashore a weaker force, by intrenching and using obstacles, can stand off a much stronger one; for example, the German army in France has probably been outnumbered more than two to one during the recent extraordinary operations, yet the allied troops have been unable to make very much headway against the strongly intrenched line.  
But on the water the "terrain" offers no protection, and, in consequence, it is mathematically demonstrable that, assuming equality of units, the "strength" of two opposing fleets varies as the "square" of the numbers of ships.  
The great value of initial numerical superiority is evident; if England's 45 dreadnoughts can bring to action Germany's 26, the preponderance of strength of the larger fleet (assuming equal units) will be in the ratio of 2025 to 676—that is to say, England's superiority will be actually more than three to one, instead of less than two to one, as seems at first evident from the numerical proportions.  
Advantage of Years.  
The novelty's small boy had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. His sob's having died away, he sat for a time in silent thought.  
"Pa," said he, "how long will it be before I stop gettin' licked for tellin' lies an' begin to get paid for 'em, like you do?"  
Exactly.  
"Pa, what happens when the wind blows great gusts?"  
"A weather report follows, my son."

## War upon Pain!

Pain is a visitor to every home and usually it comes quite unexpectedly. But you are prepared for every emergency if you keep a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. It is the greatest pain killer ever discovered.

Simply laid on the skin—no rubbing required—it drives the pain away instantly. It is really wonderful.

### Sloan's Liniment

for RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, SORE MUSCLES