

THE GOLDEN KEY

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

After six weeks incessant throbbing the great engines were still, and the Dunottar Castle lay at anchor a mile or two from the African coast and off the town of Attra. The boat, which in motion had been hard enough to bear, was positively stifling now. The sun burned down upon the glassy sea and the white deck till the varnish on the rails cracked and blistered, and the sweat streamed like water from the faces of the laboring men. Below the ship's side half a dozen surf-baths were waiting, manned by Kru boys, who seemed perfectly comfortable and cheerful as usual. All around were preparations for landing—boxes were being hoisted up from the hold, and people were going about in search of small parcels and deck-chairs and various necessaries. Trent, in white linen clothes and goggles, was leaning over the railing, gazing towards the town, when Da Souza came up to him.

"Last morning, Mr. Trent?" Trent glanced round and nodded. "Are you disembarking here?" he asked. Da Souza admitted the fact. "My brother will meet me," he said. "He is very afraid of the surf boats, or he would have come out to the steamer. You remember him?" Trent answered, "Yes, I remember him." Trent answered, "He was not the sort of person one forgets."

"He is a very rough diamond," Da Souza said apologetically. "He has lived here so long that he has become almost half a native."

"And the other half a thief?" Trent murmured. Da Souza was not in the least offended. "I am afraid," he admitted, "that his morals are not up to the 'third-rate' standard. I know that you will have your way. It is no use my trying to dissuade you. You shall waste no time in searching for Monty. My brother will tell you exactly where he is."

Trent hesitated. He would have preferred to have nothing at all to do with Da Souza, and the very thought of Oom Sam's name made him shudder. On the other hand, time was very valuable to him and he might waste weeks looking for the man whom Oom Sam could tell him about. He decided to accept Da Souza's offer.

"Very well, Da Souza," he said. "I have no time to spare in this country. I know that you will have your way. It is no use my trying to dissuade you. You shall waste no time in searching for Monty. My brother will tell you exactly where he is."

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you about the contracts. My first business is a private matter with these gentlemen. Will you come here and breakfast with me?"

The Englishman, a surveyor from London office, assented with enthusiasm. "I can't offer to put you up," he said gloomily. "Living out here's beastly. See you in the morning, then."

He strolled away, fanning himself. Trent lit a long cigar. "I understand," he said, turning to Oom Sam, "that old Monty is alive still. If so, it's little short of a miracle, for I left him with scarcely a gasp in his body, and I was nearly done myself."

"It was," Oom Sam said, "veree wonderful. The natives who were chasing you, they found him, and the Englishman whom you met, he rescued him. You see that little white house with a flagstaff yonder?"

He pointed to a little one-story building about a mile away along the coast. Trent nodded. "That is," Oom Sam said, "a station of the Basle Mission and old Monty is there. You can go and see him any time you like, but he will not know you."

"Is he as far gone as that?" Trent asked slowly. Oom Sam said, "Yes, gone. One little flickering spark of life goes on. A day! a week! who can tell how long?"

"Has he a doctor?" Trent asked. "The missionary, he is a medical man," Oom Sam explained. "Yet he is long past the art of medicine. It is seem to Trent, turning at that moment to relight his cigar, that a look of subtle intelligence was flashed from one to the other of the brothers. He raised with the match in his fingers, puzzled, suspicious, anxious. So there was some scheme hatched already between these precious pair? It was time indeed that he had come to ask, he said a moment or two later. "What about the man Francis. Has he been heard of lately?"

Oom Sam shook his head. "Ten months ago," he answered, "a trader from Luhalulu reported having passed him on his way to the interior. He spoke of visiting Suigiaroo, another country beyond. If he ventured there he will surely never return."

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things. Between you and me," he sidled a little closer to Trent, "I must have got into a bit of a scrape of some sort—I feel as though there was a blank somewhere."

Again he became unintelligible. Trent was silent for several minutes. He could not understand that strained, anxious look which crept into Monty's face every time he faced the town. Then he made his last effort. "Monty, do you remember this?"

"Zealously guarded, yet a little worn at the edges," he drew the picture from its case and held it before the old man's blinking eyes. There was a moment of suspense, then a breathless cry which ended in a wail.

"Take it away," Monty moaned. "I lost it long ago. I don't want to see it." "I have come," Trent said, with an unaccustomed gentleness in his tone, "to make you think. I want you to remember that this is a picture of your daughter. She is rich now and there is no reason why you should not come back to her. Don't you understand, Monty?"

It was a grey, white face, shriveled and pinched, weak eyes without depth, a rapid smile in which there was no meaning. Trent, carried away for a moment by an impulse of pity, felt only disappointment at the hopelessness of his task. He would have been honestly glad to have taken Monty whom he had known back to England, but not this man! For already that brief flash of awakened life seemed to have died away. Monty's head was wagging feebly, and he was casting continual little, furtive glances towards the town.

"Please go away," he said. "I don't know you, and you give me a pain in my head. Don't you know what it is to feel a buzz buzzing inside? I can't remember things. It's no use trying."

"Monty, why do you look so often that way?" Trent said quietly. "Is some one coming out from the town to see you?"

Monty threw a quick glance at him and Trent sighed. For the glance was full of cunning, the low cunning of the lunatic criminal. "No one, no one," he said hastily. "Who should come to see me? I'm only poor Monty. Poor old Monty's got no friends. Go away and let me die."

Trent walked a few paces apart, and passed out of the garden to a low, strange, grey mist, rising not from where a sea of glass rippled on to the broad, firm sands. What a picture of desolation! The grey, hot mist, that came a mist, sticky heat, the air was fetid. Trent wiped the perspiration from his forehead and breathed hard. This was an evil moment for him.

GERMANS ARE HARSH.

Military Training Has Brutalizing Effect on Men.

Owing to his curious mixture of emotion and stolidity the German is far more easily excited than most of his enemies. I read in English books of the "stolid German," says a neutral observer in the London Times. "If the German ever was a stolid person he certainly is not to-day. The stern, and over-bearing, particularly in this so-called non-commissioned officers. Down-trodden for generations, they are now retelling on such unfortunate inhabitants of Russia, Poland, France, and Belgium as eminent sedulously circulate photographs and cinematograph films of posed German soldiers playing with enemy children. I have no doubt that in such cases such episodes have generally taken place, because many a Landsturmer has sympathy with little people; but on the other hand, I have witnessed absolute brutality on the part of German soldiers towards their own people."

Here is an instance. I had occasion to visit the office of the military commandant at Posen shortly after the Russian retreat. It was interesting to observe the cringing display by an Unterofficer before his superior. Immediately afterwards this man was approached by an old couple, two returned refugees, who humbly and civilly inquired where they should find a lodging. His whole attitude changed. Turning upon them savagely, yelling and screaming, he took them by the shoulders and kicked them out of the building, saying, "Go to the right place to ask such questions. I have nothing to do with such people as you." This is a case of German harshness to Germans.

The man had been browbeaten by his superiors all his life, and now the desire to browbeat others expressed itself. One trembles to think of the attitude such men would adopt if they ever succeeded in their cherished ambition to land in England.

Embroidered Boleros Pretty and Smart.

The fall and winter styles are, without question, a credit to their originators. Every woman wants to dress with refinement and style; and to keep up-to-date, inexpensively in these days of rapid changes, it is almost necessary to do all one's own dressmaking. This is not difficult when a good pattern is used. For instance, the illustration here shown, Ladies' Home Journal Pattern No. 9089, is a fine example of up-to-date and smartness. This dress will be particularly welcome because of the ease and accuracy with which it can be made and adorned. The blue bird pattern, No. 1444, is delightful



1444 9089

on it. It makes up charmingly in the new plaids in prunelle shades combined with voile or broadcloth. The pattern consists of a foundation waist opening in front, with full-length or shorter sleeves with circular cuffs. The scalloped sleeveless bolero falls over a double girdle, while the three-quarter skirt is completed by a tunic gathered at the waistline, and may be finished with or without the scalloped hem. Pattern cuts in sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure, requiring in size 36 3/4 yards 36-inch plaid with 4% yards 36-inch voile.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be purchased at your local Ladies' Home Journal dealer or from The Home Pattern Company, 183 George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Military Memos.

To the victors belong the spoiled towns and villages. Are the Russian army costs charged to running expenses? Speaking of soldiers, a body of burglars should make a crack corps. And a corps of stokers should be able to advance under a hot fire. Why do soldiers need blankets when they can cover themselves with glory on the field?

About the Household

Dainty Dishes.

Steamed Indian Pudding.—One cup corn meal, one-third cup sour milk, one-half cup molasses, one-third cup chopped suet, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, few grains ginger. Mix soda with sour milk, add other ingredients, pour into buttered mold and steam four hours.

Meringued Apples.—Prepare apples as for baking. Cook until tender, but not broken. Fill centers with apple jelly or marmalade and coat each apple with meringue made with whites of eggs and sugar, one tablespoon of sugar to one egg white flavored with lemon. Brown in oven.

Cassell Pudding (English).—Take weight of two eggs in butter, in sugar and in flour. Rub butter and sugar together, add to them grated peel of half a lemon and yolks of eggs beaten light. Stir in flour and, last of all, whipped whites of eggs and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Grease small, deep patty pans and bake pudding in these for about one-half hour; turn out on hot dish and serve with hard sauce.

Johnyakee.—One-half cup sugar, one-half cup thick sour cream, one-half cup thick sour milk, one egg, one-half cup flour, one cup corn meal, one teaspoon soda, one pinch salt. Beat egg until light, add sugar and add to sugar, egg, together with sour cream. Add flour, corn meal and salt, beat thoroughly, pour into well-greased biscuit pan and bake twenty minutes in hot oven.

Rice à la Mode.—One pint cooked rice, six slices bacon or salt pork, three eggs, one tablespoon butter, one-fourth cup milk, one tablespoon chopped onion, salt, pepper and one teaspoon parsley. Beat eggs, add milk and pour into hot saucepan in which butter is melting. Stir constantly, adding onion, salt, pepper and parsley. When creamy add rice and when thoroughly heated again round in platter, surround with hot fried bacon or salt pork, and serve.

Date Cake.—This cake is economical and quickly put together. One-third cup soft butter, one and one-half cups brown sugar, two eggs, one-half cup milk, one and three-fourths cups pastry flour, one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg and one-half teaspoon stoned and shredded dates. Put all in mixing bowl and beat three minutes, using slitted wooden spoon. Turn into buttered and floured cake pan and bake in moderate oven from forty to forty-five minutes. Sprinkle with confectioner's sugar after removing from oven.

Carrot Soup.—Two cups chopped raw carrots, two slices onion, sprig parsley, one-fourth cup raw rice, four tablespoons butter, one and one-half teaspoons salt, few grains cayenne, two cups water, two cups scalded milk, two tablespoons flour. Cook carrots in water tender and add to soup. Press through sieve, reserving liquid. Cook rice in milk in double boiler. Cook onion in butter. Add flour and seasonings. Mix carrot mixture with rice and milk and pour on to butter and flour. Bring to boiling point, strain and serve. Garnish with chopped parsley. If you wish to thicken this with cream or milk.

Breads.

Brown Bread.—Two cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one cup buttermilk, one of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half cup of sorghum; divide batter into three equal parts and put into greased baking powder cans (pt. size). Cover with lids and set in a covered bucket or pot to steam for three hours, then remove lids and set in oven to dry for ten or fifteen minutes. This is especially nice for wash day.

Pocketbook Rolls.

One cup of sweet milk, one-fourth cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of potatoes, flour to make thin batter; beat for five minutes or until smooth and light. Let rise four or five hours, or until air bubbles cover the surface and show that the batter is light. Now add one-half cup of lard and one teaspoon of salt; mix in flour to make dough as stiff as ordinary biscuit dough. Let rise two hours, roll out, cut in biscuits, dip in melted lard or butter, fold together, let rise until ready for oven. Cook quickly and brush tops with cream or butter.

Household Hints.

A quick and easy method of polishing linoleum is to wash it over with milk. Change the lids of the kitchen range frequently, and you will prevent their warping. Cold meat minced fine and mixed with mashed potatoes in potato cakes makes a good dish. A good idea is to have egg spoons made of black horn; the silver ones discolor so badly. Comfortable living is not a matter of money so much as it is a matter of foresight. When buying nuts avoid the mixed nuts bait. They are generally made up of the cheaper nuts. Never store any diseased potatoes in the cellar or anywhere else—they will ruin the good ones. Wood alcohol will take vaseline stains from wash goods. Soak them a few minutes in the alcohol. Pack glass or china in hay which is slightly damp. This will prevent the articles from slipping about. Boiled rice added to the soup or mutton broth served the invalid. The second and third cuts from the top of the round of beef are not expensive, and they are not tough. Ten and coffee should be kept in a cool, dark place as far as possible, as this helps to preserve their flavor. Meat should be taken from the paper as soon as it arrives, and never

put in direct contact with the ice.

Sugar is present largely in bananas, grapes, etc., and their food value is derived almost entirely from that.

The juice of a lemon added to a pan of water will freshen wilted vegetables. Let them stand in it for one hour. It is wise to use either mustard or red pepper in preparing baked beans or lobster dishes, as these condiments used sparingly render the food more digestible.

Delicious tomato sandwiches are made by cutting the tomato very thin and spreading it with mayonnaise. Cut the bread rounds with a cookie cutter, spread and use the slices of tomato for filling.

Keep a bottle of glycerine in the laundry, a tea stain, however persistent, will often yield to this when other means fail. Wet the stain first with water and then with the glycerine. After a few hours wash well with soap and water.

VERY SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

Duke of Marlborough Helping to Solve the Food Problem.

The Duke of Marlborough, who married Constance Vanderbilt, of New York, is rapidly gaining the fame of Britain's "master farmer." On March 17, 1913, the Duke sent an open letter to Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, condemning radical land measures, and announcing that he was about to put 1,000 acres of his estate, Blenheim Park, at Woodstock, under the plow. He outlined an alluring scheme of increasing the national food supply and cutting down the size of the army of the unemployed. Also he promised he would grant land for workmen's cottages.

The Duke kept his promise. The scheme worked out, and is working out far more successfully than the Government, and probably the Duke himself, had dreamed it would.

A little more than half a year after he had written his letter to Winston Churchill, the Duke ordered 1,000 acres of Blenheim Park to be plowed for the planting of cereals.

This ground produced its second harvest this year. The barley and oats are not quite equal in bulk to the crop of last year, but they bear about the same proportion to those that preceded them that the present harvest in general does to that of 1914, so the deficiency has a seasonal explanation.

The Duke of Marlborough's enterprise in restoring to cultivation a land that had been under grass for many years has aroused interest and approval throughout the British Isles, chiefly because he is pointing the way to modifications in farming that have good chances of helping to solve the problem of the home production of breadstuffs and of increasing the nation's security from its own resources, a matter of vital importance to Britain.

The Duke showed considerable foresight in the working out of his plan. The land he converted into cereal producing farms is light. The turf it carried was of little value, its owner being strongly against disturbing rich pastures or meadows.

The Duke is keeping detailed records, and the books show that there is every justification for expecting better returns from the reclaimed area under the plow than it yielded in its former state.

The Duke has subjected the administration of the Blenheim farms to a thorough evolution along industrial lines, and the results are equally as interesting and instructive as the progress of the farming itself. Together with W. Gavin the Duke had introduced important reforms, resulting in the raising of heavier crops and pronounced improvement in the quality of the permanent pasture, leading to a great increase in the total head of stock carried.

On the lawns all around the palace sheep have been substituted for the mowers, and when in June the grass was bare the scanty feed of the sheep was supplemented with cabbages grown in the flower beds.

How She Got the Price.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair for your den?"

"I was touched before she gave it."



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ROYAL YEAST CAKES



SHE KNEW COFFEE.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Stenographer Was Delighted.

A great many people who flatter themselves that they are judges of coffee or other beverages may learn a lesson of caution from the experiments carried on by Sir Hiram Maxim when he was trying to find a palatable preparation of wheat and coffee.

It occurred to me, says Sir Hiram in "My Life," that very few people knew much about coffee. One Sunday I brought out from the Maxim Lamp Works about thirty young men and women. My stenographer was also present; she was one of those young ladies that know all—from whose decisions there is no appeal.

I had cleared off a long bench and arranged on it a large number of cups, milk, sugar, cream, much coffee, and plenty of apparatus for making coffee. I got from the Army and Navy Stores various kinds of coffee that were supposed to be the very best in the world, such as Mocha, Java, and so forth, and I also got from a dealer in coffee some of the sweepings and siftings of his shop—small, imperfect, and broken kernels. These I freed from dust and dirt, roasted and ground, and mixed with three times their weight of chicory.

I was ready for the test. My shorthand writer came in, tasted the Mocha, the Java, the Costa Rica, and pronounced them all very bad. She then tried some of my wheat coffee, and some of what was half wheat and half coffee, which, she thought, were also bad, but not so bad as the others. But when she reached the mixture of siftings and chicory she was delighted. "That is coffee!" she said, with an air of finality. "That's it! That's the right stuff!"

In all probability the young lady had never tasted a cup of genuine coffee in her life until that Sunday morning.

Economy.

"He-if you made the dress yourself, what is this bill for?"

"She—Alterations, dear."

"Every one in our family is some kind of animal," said Jimmie to the amazed preacher. "Why, you should not say that!" the good man exclaimed. "Well," said Jimmie, "Mother's a deer, the baby's mother's little lamb, I'm the kid, and dad's the goat."

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is so economical and so good, that it is little wonder that millions of pounds are eaten every year in the homes of Canada.

"Crown Brand"—the children's favorite—is equally good for all cooking purposes and candy making.

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CHICKENS SIX CENTS EACH.

Eggs Offered at Three Cents a Dozen Near Hankow.

Prices of eggs, chickens and other poultry are so low in the Yang-tse-kiang Valley, China, that an English company has developed a large business in shipping such products to Great Britain.

Virtually every Chinese family in the remote country districts, as well as in the towns and cities, keeps chickens. The price of eggs in the villages accessible to river transportation is now about 3 cents a dozen. Spring chickens sell for about 6 cents each. In remote interior points, where copper coins are still largely in use, the prices are much lower.

Many of the eggs purchased along the Yang-tse-kiang are dried for the use of bakers in Europe and other parts of the world. The whites and yolks are dried separately.

267 Potatoes From One.

Having a remarkable number of spars, a potato grown at New Wood, Kent, England, was cut into 23 pieces, and planted on April 21. Each piece grew, and when the tubers were dug up it was found that the single tuber had produced 267 potatoes, about 30 lbs. in weight.

War upon Pain!

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