

Three Extension Dining Tables



City House Furnishing Company, 1310 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal, Que.

THE GOLDEN KEY

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

The spirits of men and women who are mercenary things, and it was later in the little Moorish room at the head of the staircase. But Ernestine left her host without even appearing to see his outstretched hand, and she went on without a word. Only when Francis would have followed her, Trent laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Scarcely a word passed between the two men until they found themselves in the smoking-room of Trent's house. A servant noiselessly arranged decanters and cigars upon the sideboard and, in response to an impatient movement of Trent's, withdrew. Francis lit a cigarette. Trent, contrary to his custom, did not smoke. He walked to the door and softly locked it. Then he returned and stood looking down at his companion.

to have that week's grace. We're both men, Francis, who've been accustomed to our own way. I think I want to know on what terms you'll grant it me."

Francis knocked the ash off his cigarette and rose slowly to his feet. "You want to know," he repeated meditatively, "on what terms I'll hold my tongue for a week. Well, here's my answer! On no terms at all!" "You don't mean that?" Trent said quietly.

and furnished for him. He looked at the pile of letters waiting for him upon his desk, little square envelopes many a piece, all telling the same tale, all tributes to his great success and the mockery of it all smote hard upon the walls of his solitude. Lower and lower his head dropped until it was buried in his cold-arms—and the hour which followed he always reckoned the bitterest of his life.

CHAPTER XL. A little earlier the usual next morning Trent at his office in the City prepared for the worst, and in less than half an hour he found himself face to face with one of these crises known to most great financiers at some time or other during their lives. His credit was not actually assailed, but it was suspended. The general public did not understand the situation, even those who were in a measure behind the scenes found it hard to believe that the attack upon the Bekwando Gold and Land Shares was purely a ploy. For it was known that Da Souza who had fired the first shot had flung his large holding of shares upon the market, and finding them promptly taken up, had gone about with the worst known of thankfulness and sinister remarks. Many smaller holders followed suit, and yet never for a moment did the market waver. Gradually it leaked out that Saturday, we shall say, and public interest leaped up at once. Would Trent be able to face setting daylight without putting his vast holdings upon the market? If so, the bulls were going to have the worst known of them had for years—and yet—and yet—the murmur went round from friend to friend—"Sell your Bekwando."

"Dear Sir,—We notice that your account to-day stands at £115,000 overdrawn, against which we hold collateral security shares in the Bekwando Land Company to the value of £150,000. As we have received certain very disquieting information concerning the value of these shares, we must ask you to adjust the account before closing hours to-day, which may have compelled to place the shares upon the market."

CANADIAN FISH IN LONDON. Trial Consignment Brings Fancy Prices Overseas. A trial consignment of Canadian fish, shipped from here, has just been sold for fancy prices on the London market. The British Government is said to regard the experiment as exceedingly important, in view of the Ottawa assertion that with proper facilities 2,000,000 pounds of fish per week can be supplied for English markets.

FAMOUS INN CLOSED. The Three Pigeons' Has Many Literary Associations.

"The Three Pigeons," one of England's oldest and most famous inns, and the sole existing tavern of Elizabethan times, was closed recently by the Middlesex Licensing Justices in accordance with a movement inaugurated some time ago by the temperance leaders to restrict the number of licensed inns. The inn was used as a background for the low comedy scenes in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and is alluded to in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." The inn perhaps has had more literary associations than any other English tavern.

Little Pete's Defence. At a meeting of the Canadian-American Society in a Maine town one evening recently, two members of the organization fell to disputing which had the smarter children. Joe Belanger was proclaimed the victor when he came to the front with the following: "De nodder day my leetle boys Pete went on to de schoolhouses wid hees leetle dog and tol' heem get mad wid de house jes' so quick hee went and took de dog and never bring heem back som' more. Leetle Pete do jes' w'at de teachers is tol' it. Bimeby Leetle Pete is go back on de schoolhouse and jes' so soon hee set himself down, som' leetle dogs was com' in and stand up on front of Leetle Pete. De teacher was get mooch mad wid jes' 'Pete, w'at you bring back dat dog w'en I tol' you never bring back dat dog som' more?"

More to See. Gosling—"Hullo, old man, how are you? I haven't seen much of you lately." Maddox—"You have seen more of me than I have of you." Gosling—"How do you make that out?" Maddox—"Well, I'm much bigger than you."

So Flat. Little Boy—"Didn't you get wounded at all?" Soldier—"No, not at all." Little Boy—"Not even a slight wound?" Soldier—"Not even a scratch." Little Boy—"Why, you might just as well have stayed at home."

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About the House

Help for Home Laundries. Every woman who has wrestled with the problem of looking well on a small income realizes that the ability to do things for herself goes a long way toward its solution. A crumpled blouse or a soiled vest will spoil the effect of an otherwise smart costume, but professional cleaning is always expensive, and apparently one must be born with a talent for laundry work just as one must be born with a talent for music. So if you have a knack for mending a smooching iron and applying soap and water, rejoice, and if you haven't—well perhaps even then you may find these suggestions worth while.

Never wash your sheer blouse, collar, etc., without mending any tiny rips or breaks that may have appeared, nor without removing possible stains. There are, of course, many proprietary cleansers and stain eradicators on the market, whose merits have no part in an article like this. But it is well to remember that most, but not all, fruit stains and those made by tea or coffee can be removed by pouring boiling water over the spot. Blood stains should be soaked in cold water, then washed in cold water, then in warm water with plenty of soap. Ink spots should be rinsed in repeated cold waters, then soaked in milk. Neither cold water nor milk will fix a stain.

For Damp Hinters.—Throw some salt on the fire and hold the feathers over it, shaking them vigorously. Don't put them so near the fire that they will burn. To Clean Cloth.—To clean black cloth or serge, take a large handful of dry leaves. Steep them well in boiling water and leave until cold. Sponge the material with this infusion and it will be both clean and revived.

Dainty Dishes. Raisin Sauce.—One cup quartered raisins, one and one-half cups cold water, one-half cup sugar, juice one-half lemon. Simmer raisins in water until soft, add sugar, boil gently fifteen minutes and just before serving flavor with lemon juice. Carrot Croquettes.—Boil carrots tender in two waters, mash smooth, add beaten egg, one large teaspoonful melted butter, pepper and salt to taste, and set paste aside until cool enough to handle. Form into croquettes, roll in fine crumbs, set in cold pan for one-half hour or longer, and fry in deep fat until well browned.

Red Cabbage.—One medium-sized head red cabbage, one large tart apple, one onion, two tablespoons beef drippings or lard, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, three cloves, one tablespoon salt, one cup cabbage and wash in cold water. Melt drippings in heavy kettle, add cabbage, onion in which cloves have been stuck, apple in quarters and remaining ingredients. Cover tight and simmer about two and one-half hours, adding more water if needed.

Ontario Archives TORONTO

GERMAN GUNS WERE CAPTURED



GREAT BRITISH CHARGE AT BATTLE OF LOOS. Drive Is Vividly Described by a Participant in Victorious Struggle.

The following stirring story of the fighting at Loos is by one of the 20th London, who was formerly a member of the "London Daily Express" staff:— It had been the talk of the trenches for weeks. Platoon commanders and company commanders lectured us about it, joked about it, swore about it, and speculated on it, and we, mere privates of the line, had the audacity to criticize it. From what I could gather from the various lectures, heart-to-heart talks, rumors, and my own imagination, the 2nd London Division (47th Division) were to take the principal part in the greatest assault launched against the Teutonic armies since the beginning of the war. We, the 20th London Regiment, were to follow the London Irish when they had occupied the German first line and rush on to the second defences. It all sounded very nice and simple in cold, precise English; but we had our doubts. Previous experience had taught us that German barbed wire has an awkward knack of remaining intact after a bombardment, and the British artillery had for the past six months been curiously short of shells.

The morning of December 20 dawned cold and we Slinny mud clung to us; drizzling rain soaked us through and through and damped everything save our spirits. It was exactly at 6.15 a.m., and I who am a pessimist by nature, allowed myself just twenty minutes to live. Unlike most heroes who are about to die, I did not call down the blessings of the saints upon my relatives, or regret that I had teased my little sister in her early youth. It was too wet for regrets or heroics. I looked at the watch on my wrist again and found it just on 6.30. Everybody around me was trying to look unconcerned, but the twitching of lips and furtive glances at photographs and soiled letters betrayed nerves strung to the highest pitch.

Sudden Quiet. Suddenly the bombardment, which had been practically continuous for the past three days, ceased. Not a shell shrieked; not a gun thundered. The silence, after that indescribable din, seemed oppressive and unnatural. The earth seemed to tremble and then lie still as if recovering from a blow. I took a deep breath and pressed my hand to my aching temples, and looked wonderingly upon a new and silent world. Then the man next to me broke the silence.

London's Turn. "It's our turn now," beamed an officer, "and we've got shrapnel to go through as well as bullets." "And perhaps a little high explosive to give it a flavor," I added, with a grim attempt at humor. Once again I looked at my watch. It was 6.35. "Twentieth Lon-derm," bawled somebody on my right, with an accent on the "er," "On the sound of the whistle—"

Up-to-Date. "How is Dr. Wombat as a physician?" "Best ever. When you get exhausted over bridge he prescribes dancing as a rest cure." "Why are laundry women the most forgiving beings on earth?" "Because the more cuffs you give them the more they do for you."

Advertisement for Sloan's Liniment, featuring an illustration of a man in pain and text describing its effectiveness for rheumatism, stiff joints, and sprains.

Large advertisement for Gillett's Lye, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its uses for cleaning and household purposes.