

# THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Not a sound greeted my expectant ear save the incessant rumble of the falls. Then as I turned my attention to the house itself and looked down the course of the burn to Glasnabinnie, I could scarcely suppress a cry of astonishment. For there below me, moving to and fro between the house and the hut, was a constant procession of small lights, like a slowly moving stream of glow-worms, twenty or thirty yards apart. I was rooted to the spot. What could it mean? Was this another weird natural manifestation, or was it, as was much more likely, a couple of dozen men bearing lights? Yes, that was it, men bearing lights—and what else besides? Men didn't climb up and down steep watercourses in the night for the sake of giving an impromptu firework display to an unexpected visitor, I told myself. There was only one thing to do, and that was to investigate the matter and chance what might happen to me. I crept down to the hut, and lay on my face among the heather and listened. Here and there a mumble of voices now and then a subdued shout, apparently an order to be carried out by the mysterious light-bearers, broken occasionally by the shrill call of a gull, conveyed nothing to me that I could not see. I looked up at the hut. No, there was no one there, and the windows were not screened, because I could see the moonlight streaming through the far side. Yet, surely, the hut must be their objective, I thought. Where else could they be going to? Fascinated, I crawled on my hands and knees till I could touch the walls of the smoking-roof by putting out my arm. I heard a great commotion coming, it seemed, from the very ground beneath my feet.

I laid my ear to the ground and listened. The noise grew louder, and the voices seemed to be shouting against a more powerful sound—the waterfall, possibly. I thought perhaps the floor of the hut would give me more opportunity to locate the source of the disturbance. I threw caution to the winds and slipped through the wide windows into the room. I moved as carefully as I could, however, on my feet found the floor, for if there should be anyone below, for they probably hear me up above. I turned back the carpet in order to hear more distinctly, and as I did so I noticed a rectangular shaft of light which trickled through the floor. There was a trap-door. I knelt down and lifted it cautiously by a leather taut, which was attached to one side of it and peered through. I can never understand how it was I did not drop that hatch again with a self-confessing "ah" when I realized the extraordinary nature of the sight that greeted me. There was a peaceful American citizen, where only a few hours before I had spent a pleasant hour in friendly conversation, and now I was lying on the edge of the entrance to a great cavern. Below me there was a confused mass of machinery and men. Some were working on scaffolding, others were many feet below. The nearest of them was so close to me that I could have leaned down and laid my hand on his head. I tried to make out what they were doing, but except that they were dismantling the machinery, whatever it might be, I could make nothing of it. I watched them breathlessly, trembling lest at any moment one of them should look up and detect my presence.

The place was lit by electricity, though there were not enough lamps to illuminate the cavern very brightly, and as my eyes got accustomed to the lights and shadows I was able to make out the cause of this.

Evidently there was a turbine engine below, driven by the water from the falls, which supplied the necessary power. After a moment or two it dawned on me how the cavern came to be there; it was, or had been, the course of a hidden river, such as are common enough among the mountains, but the stream had been diverted, probably by some sort of landslide, and had left this tumbled-shaped cave, resembling a pit shaft. Now, I thought, I have only to find out what all this machinery is for and the whole mystery is solved. I opened the trap a little further, and allowed my body to hang slightly over the edge.

Then for the first time I saw, to my

right, fixed so that it almost touched the floor of the hut, a great round brass object, mounted on an enormous tripod, which, again, stood on a platform. In front of this was a large square thing like a mammoth rectangular condenser, such as is used for photographic enlarging and other projection purposes. Had it not been for this condenser I should have taken the whole thing to be an elaborate searchlight. But, I asked myself, what would be the good of a searchlight there? Suddenly the whole truth dawned upon me.

The searchlight must operate through a trap in the wall of the hut just below the floor. I leaned further in, forgetting my danger in the intoxication of sudden discovery. Only a foot or two away from me a man was working on the searchlight. Carefully taking it to pieces, he was handing the parts to another man, who was perched on the scaffold below him. He was so close to me that I could hear him breathing. I was about to wriggle back to safety when he looked up. He gave a sudden loud shout. "I lay there fascinated. After all, I thought, before they can reach me I can slip out and edge round the cliff, run down on to the shore, and get away in the motor-boat. Even as the man shouted, and the other left their work to see what was the matter, Fuller dashed out from behind the platform, gave one terrified look at me, and, flinging himself at the wall of the cavern, threw all his weight on a rope which dangled there. I scuttled to my feet, intending to make a bolt for it. But the boards shivered beneath me, and, before I could realize what was happening, I found myself hurtling through the air to the floor of the cavern below.

## CHAPTER XVII. Some Grave Fears.

And now, as the reader will readily understand, I must continue the story as it was afterwards related to me. Myra, the General, and Dennis sat up and waited for me till the early hours of the morning, but I did not return. The young people did what they could to assure the old man that my sudden and unexpected disappearance had been entirely voluntary, and Dennis, who had found my note, as soon as he put on his cap to stroll out casually, and see where I had got to, gave him subtly to understand that it was really part of a prearranged plan, and Myra at length persuaded him to go to bed at midnight.

When I failed to put in an appearance at breakfast-time, however, they began to be a trifle alarmed, but they did their best to conceal their fears. They scoured the hillside and then went down to the landing-stage. Dennis had reported the previous night that the motor-boat was still in its place when he saw Hilderman off, and it never occurred to Myra that I might make my departure in the Cocha-Bondhu.

"He hasn't gone by the sea, anyway," Dennis announced again, as he and the girl stood on the landing-stage.

"You mean the Jenny is still there?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dennis, "she's just where she was when we arrived from Glasnabinnie in Hilderman's boat yesterday."

"Mr. Burnham!" Myra cried suddenly, "is there another boat, a brown motor-boat, anchored just out there?"

"No," said Dennis, realizing how terribly handicapped they were by Myra's inability to see.

"Are you sure?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Quite sure," said Dennis positively. "There is one motor-boat here, and that is all."

"I suppose he took that to put Hilderman off the scent," Myra muttered, "and in that case he is probably quite safe. I daresay he's gone to look for our friend Von What's-his-name's yacht or his house at Loch Duich."

Dennis clutched at the opportunity this theory gave him to allay her fears, and declared that it was ridiculous of him not to have thought of it before, and he gave Myra his arm to the house. But he was not at all satisfied with it, and, as it turned out afterwards, Myra was not very confident about it either. Dennis knew me well enough to know that I should

never have set out with the deliberate intention of stopping away overnight without leaving some more definite message for my fiancée. However, their thoughts were speedily diverted, for they had hardly reached the house before a strange man made his way towards them through the shadows.

"Mr. Ewart, sir?" he asked.

"Do you wish to speak to Mr. Ewart?" Dennis asked cautiously.

"I have a parcel and a message for him from Mr. Garnesk," said the stranger, a young man, who might have been anything by profession.

"Oh, indeed," said Dennis, his suspicions aroused at once. Garnesk, he knew, had only arrived in Glasgow the night before.

"I see you are wondering how I got here and why I came down the hill, instead of up a road of some sort," said the youth with a smile.

"Frankly, I was," Dennis admitted.

"Then, perhaps, I had better explain who I am and how I came to be here. My name is McKenzie. I am employed by Weldon and Delaunay, the Glasgow opticians, makers of the 'Weld' telescopes and binoculars. Mr. Garnesk has a good deal to do with our firm in the matter of designs for special glasses to withstand furnace heat, for ironworkers, etc. He arrived at the works last night in a car, and, after consulting with the manager, they kept a lot of us at work all night on a new design of spectacles.

"I was sent with this parcel in the early hours of the morning. There was no passenger train, but Mr. Garnesk got me a military pass on a fish train, and here I am. I was to deliver the parcel to Mr. Ewart, or, failing him, to Miss McLeod. When I saw this lady with the—er—the shade over her eyes I thought you were probably Mr. Ewart, sir."

"I'm not, as a matter of fact," said Dennis. "But where have you come from, and why didn't you come up the path?"

"Mr. Garnesk gave me instructions, sir, which I read to the boatman who brought me here. Mr. Garnesk said I would find several fishermen at Mallaig who had motor-boats, and would bring me across. He also gave me a paper, and told me on no account to deviate from the directions he gave."

Dennis held out his hand for the paper. He glanced through it, and then read it to Myra.

"Take a motor-boat from Mallaig to Invermullach Lodge," he read. "Tell the man to cross the top of Loch Houran as if he were going to Glenelg, but when he gets well round the point he is to double back, and land you as near as he can to the house, but to keep on the far side of the point. You are on no account to be taken to the landing-stage at the lodge. When you arrive at the lodge insist on seeing Mr. Ewart, or Miss McLeod personally. If Mr. Ewart is not there, then rejoin your motor-boat, and go on to Glenelg. Wait there for the first boat that will take you to Mallaig and come back by the train. Do not return to Mallaig by motor-boat."

"Those are very elaborate instructions, Mr. Burnham," said Myra. "It would seem that Mr. Garnesk is very suspicious about something."

"Exactly," Dennis agreed. "You'd better let Miss McLeod have that parcel," he added to McKenzie. The youth handed him the parcel, and at Myra's suggestion Dennis opened it. Topmost among its contents was a letter addressed to me. Dennis tore it open and read it.

"Miss McLeod is to wear a pair of these glasses until I see her again. She will be able to see through them fairly well, but she must not remove them. The consequences might be fatal. The three other pairs are for you and Burnham, and one extra in case of accidents. It will also come in handy if you take Hilderman into your confidence. Wear these glasses when you are in any danger of coming in contact with the green ray. I have an idea that they will act as a decided protection. I also enclose a Colt automatic pistol and cartridges, the only one I could get in the middle of the night. If you decide to ask Hilderman's help tell him everything. I am sure he will be very useful to you. Keep your courage up, old man! The best to you all. In haste.—H. G. (To be continued.)"

If a brass-headed tack is driven part way into the lower portion of each picture frame, it will prevent marks from appearing on the wallpaper, as is usual where pictures hang. The tack will hold the frame a sufficient distance from the wall to allow free circulation of air between frame and wall. There will be nothing to discolor the wallpaper.

# \$2,000 in cash prizes

Many people have discovered that 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes are good for other things than for shining shoes. For example:—

- 2 in 1 BLACK—Good for polishing motor cars; refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers, hats, etc.
- 2 in 1 WHITE—cake or liquid—Good for cleaning hats, stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, auto tires, etc.
- 2 in 1 TAN PASTE—Good for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, etc.

For the Best List of New Uses for 2 in 1, We are Awarding Cash Prizes as Follows:

1st award	\$500.00—for the most acceptable list	20 Prizes of \$15.00—for the next twenty
2nd "	300.00—for next best list	50 " " 5.00—for the next fifty
3rd "	200.00—for third best list	50 " " 2.00—for the next fifty
10 Prizes of	25.00—for the next ten	100 " " 1.00—for the next 100 lists

Try to find new uses for any of the 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes, either black, tan, oxblood, or brown paste, white cake or white liquid, black or tan combination.

Write on one side of paper only. List uses according to colors. Awards will be made according to decision of special committee, and payment made on or before October 1st, 1922. All lists submitted to become our property. Address:

Prize Editor,  
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED,  
HAMILTON, CANADA.



## Fight Spring Fever With Vitamines.

Spring fever, so often experienced on the first warm day, is not cured by taking sulphur and molasses, but can be prevented by following a proper diet during the winter. Canned vegetables are valuable for the succulence which they furnish, and are necessary in preventing constipation; they are also valuable for the vitamins which they contain. Cabbage served as coleslaw, lettuce and fresh fruits, are also valuable and may supplement the canned vegetables and fruits.

A scientist who experimented with rats, giving them the usual heavy winter diet to which human beings are accustomed, found that after a period of time the rats showed marked signs of spring fever, more properly known as a deficiency disease. Deficiency diseases were recognized during the Japanese-Russian war when hundreds of Japanese sailors were afflicted with beriberi or with neuritis (inflammation of the nerves). By adding the hulls of rice to the usual diet of polished rice, the diseases were at once checked. Whole rice, including the brown hulls, was then substituted for the polished rice, and an extract of rice hulls cured a number of very bad cases. This episode marked the discovery of vitamins. Many experiments have been made to discover their exact nature, but the elusive vitamins have been neither isolated nor dissected; they are "known only by their deeds."

Vitamines have been classified into three different types, depending upon the functions for which they have in mind. Many experiments have been made to discover their exact nature, but the elusive vitamins have been neither isolated nor dissected; they are "known only by their deeds."

The second type known as fat-soluble vitamins are found in butter, eggs, milk, cream, cheese, beef fat, and the heart, kidneys and liver of animals. They also exist in certain seeds. When fat-soluble vitamins are absent from the diet a disease of the eyes results, which if prolonged produces blindness. Thus we see why babies are given fresh milk and egg-yolks.

The third type is known as anti-scorbutic vitamins; that is, those which prevent scurvy. Orange juice supplies the anti-scorbutic vitamin, which bottle-fed babies need to prevent scurvy, rickets or pellagra. But babies are not the only ones who need these vitamins. A boy who was working his way through school and boarding himself, with potatoes as his main food, had a very bad case of scurvy which was finally cured by correcting his diet. The anti-scorbutic vitamins are found in grapefruit, oranges, lemons and other citrus fruits, and in such vegetables as spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, carrots, cabbage, turnips, and in eggs and raw milk. (Pasteurizing or sterilizing the milk reduces the vitamin content to a certain extent.) Fruits and vegetables are not luxuries but necessities. "An apple a day will keep the doctor away," is a wise saying; yet more than one apple is needed, and vegetables and other fruits are just as good for the purpose of supplying the necessary vitamins.

## Household Hints.

If you have a damp closet place a saucerful of lime on a shelf, and renew this every two or three weeks. If the closet is very damp renew every time it becomes slack. This not only stops dampness but lends a good odor to the closet.

To remove threads from the carpets, dampen your broom and sweep with the grain of the rug or carpet very lightly. You will find by doing this that every thread will roll up and come off very easily. Dressmakers, especially, will appreciate this.

If you are so unfortunate as to have your oil stove "draw up" and scatter a coating of soot over everything, remember to take a dry cloth to remove it and it is wiped off as easily as dust, leaving no traces.

If you spill grease on the floor dash it instantly with cold water and the grease will not soak into the wood, leaving a bad stain.

Various toilet soaps can be made at home by melting any good home-made, hard white soap made with fat—a mixture of half sweet lard and half tallow is good, made by the hard-soap-without-rosin recipe, then adding any desired perfume. Or the perfume may be stirred into some of the freshly made soap mixture just before you pour it out to harden.

The only sure way of drying curtains perfectly straight when one has not the stretchers is to run a slender stick or pole through both ends and rest on two lines stretched high so the curtain will not touch the ground.

## Dye Old Curtains Sweater or Skirt in Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

## Unique Prize Contest.

New uses for shoe polish! Such is the basis for a novel prize contest recently launched by the F. F. Dalley Company, manufacturers of the famous 2 in 1 Shoe Polish.

For instance, it has been found that 2 in 1 Black is excellent for polishing motor cars, refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers and hats. The Tan Paste is highly recommended for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, and autos, while the White, cake or liquid, has been used with good results on stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, polishing silver, window glass, and in cleaning automobile tires and straw hats.

So impressed have the manufacturers become with its possibilities, they are now offering \$2,000 in cash prizes for the discovery of new ways of using their shoe polish.

One would imagine that shoe polish is used exclusively for shining shoes, but that such is not the case has been amply proved by the Dalley Company. This proof came through the medium of letters received from people who, being of an experimental turn of mind, found that 2 in 1 could be used to advantage and profit in various ways.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

## Make Each Move Count.

Every day you are playing a great life game upon which depends everything in life that is worth while. Each day you must make a move; do you study it as though all your future depended upon it?

On every hand we see people who sit at the great chess board listlessly, with the utmost indifference. They start the game in the morning with exhausted vitality, with muddled brains, and they make every move with a wandering, indifferent mind, and then they wonder why they lose.

In order to make every day count one must, of course, make every hour count. Suppose you were notified that all your future welfare depended upon your winning at a single game of chess, and suppose you were given thirty days notice of this game. What would you do in the meantime? Of course, you would enter into a course of the finest and most effective sort of training in the game. Every step would be taken with scientific accuracy. You would see that your body and brain were kept to their highest possible efficiency.

You would not indulge in any sort of dissipation, you would avoid everything which could possibly sap your vitality or waste your energy. You would conserve all of your resources so that you could bring them to the test in superb condition.

You would give careful attention to your diet and not allow your blood or brain cells to become poisoned by fatigue or lack of sleep. You would put yourself into the most favorable possible environment—physically and mentally, so that you could fling all of your life forces into that supreme contest.

When you entered into the great game you would watch every move of your antagonist, and would feel such a tremendous responsibility that you would bring the finest discrimination to your every move.

Each day you must make your move in the game of life. There is no dodging it, and if you have not studied the game, if you do not come to it with a scientific training, prepared to move with the finest judgment and far-seeing discrimination, with a great deal of wisdom, you will lose, and if you make a bad move to-day, however much you may resolve to remedy this to-morrow, you will be placed at just so much greater disadvantage, and the habit of bad moving, the habit of carelessness, indifference, moving, will grow stronger and stronger at every repetition.

It is a great thing to lie down at night with the consciousness that you have done your level best. This is the only thing that can make life as a whole worth while, making each day count, each move count.—O. S. Menden.

## Colloquium in Physics.

In the past few years the custom has grown up at the University of Toronto of taking advantage of the visits to America of eminent professors to arrange conferences in certain important subjects. Examples of this excellent scheme have been the recent conferences in Physics and in Philosophy, the results of which were so beneficial to the students, to the staff and to the general public who took advantage of them. These conferences are very effective indeed in stimulating to further thought and to further research all who are fortunate enough to be concerned in them. Following out this plan a Colloquium in Physics is in progress this week in which Professor H. A. Lorentz of the University of Leyden, Holland, Professor J. C. MacLennan of the University of Toronto and Professor L. V. King of McGill University are the chief figures. The topics under discussion are Light, Molecules, the Constitution and the Structure of Matter, Fluorescence, Phosphorescence, Atoms and the Spectroscopy of Isotopes of Lithium and other elements. Though to those not versed in the intricacies of higher scientific study such "subjects" may seem abstruse, they do have in their applications a very definite bearing on many of the problems of everyday life. This Colloquium, like its predecessors, is open to the general public.

## Do You Play With Your Children?

Happy the home where the mother plays with her children. The mother who works every moment is no joy to herself nor to her family, for if she does not become irritable she generally smother's spontaneity and happiness, nor does she ever know what it means to be the glorified mother at the end of the day.

Busy mothers who want suggestions on how and what to play with children will find the following books of great value. Mothers who do not care to purchase them should request that they be placed upon the shelves of the public libraries in their towns.

Home Occupations for Little Children, by Katherine Beebe; A Home-made Kindergarten, by Nora A. Smith; Play Life in the First Eight Years, by Luella Palmer; A Montessori Mother, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; The Play Way, by Colwell Cook.

## A Trained Agriculturist.

Farmer A—"So your boy's got home from college. Does he take any interest in the farm?"

Farmer B—"He's beginning to. He's been showin' me where we could have a fine golf course an' how easy 't would be to turn the barn into a garage."

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