

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
The outbreak of war sends Ronald Ewart, a young London barrister, to the Highlands to see his uncle, the famous Myra McLeod. On the train he meets an American who calls himself an American and a stranger in those parts, but later Ewart finds that he has built a hut on a cliff above the falls opposite General McLeod's lodge. While fishing in the river Myra is suddenly blinded by a flash of green light. Gen. McLeod tells Ewart of a strange experience at the same place, known as Chemist's Rock. Hilderman is very curious as to the cause of Myra's blindness. The famous London oculist holds out no hope and Ewart, after taking Myra home, brings Dr. Garnesk from Glasgow. In the meantime Sholto is also blinded, then chloroformed and stolen. Garnesk asserts his belief that Hilderman knew of Sholto's affliction. The next morning the two men find footprints and keel-marks on the beach, and the name-plate from the dog's collar.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Garnesk insisted that, much as he would like to stay, he felt bound to leave at once, but Myra was equally obstinate and, as was natural, being a woman, she won on a compromise. Garnesk agreed to stay over the weekend. I was very glad that Myra liked my new friend. She had been very shy of Olverly, but she took an immediate fancy to the Glasgow specialist. She liked his voice, she told me afterwards, and on the second day of his visit she asked him if his sister was very much younger than he. Garnesk looked up in surprise.

"One of them is," he replied, "nearly twenty years. What made you guess it by the way you talk to me?" Myra declared confidently.

"The detective instinct seems to be in the air," I laughed. So when I borrowed Angus's ramshackle old cycle, and went into Glenelg along a road which is more noteworthy for its picturesque than its navigable qualities. I left Garnesk to his examination with the knowledge that he would do his utmost, and that she would help him all she could.

I wrote to Dennis: "I can meet you at Mallaig Monday morning. Wire reply.—Ronald." Then I sent a couple of picture postcards to Tommy and Jack, wishing them luck, and explaining that I had not returned to join them. Myra was ill. I was sure Dennis would appreciate the urgency of my message, but I worried it carefully, deliberately making it appear to be the answer to an inquiry for the reason that it is always wise to do as little as you can to stimulate local gossip. Anything like "Come at once; most urgent," despatched by one who was known to be a visitor at the lodge, would have set the entire country-side talking. So I jumped on to Angus's collection of old metal and jolted back again as fast as I could. Garnesk was still engaged with Myra, and I took the opportunity of a chat with her father.

"Would you care to see the discoveries we made this morning?" I asked, when I found him in the library. "Yes, I should indeed, my boy," he responded eagerly, and I think he was glad of the diversion. "I'll come with you now."

"There is one thing I want to say, sir, before we go any farther," he said. "What is it?" he asked, looking rather anxiously at me. "I want to tell you, I said, that in the event of Myra not regaining her sight I should like your permission to marry her as soon as she herself wishes it. As you know, I have a small private income, which is sufficient for my needs in London, and would be more than I should require up here. If Myra is to be blind, I should like to marry her in order that I may always be able to take care of her, and I should propose to settle down somewhere near you. I dabble in contributory journalism, and I could extend that as far as possible, and I might even do pretty well at it. Both she and you would know then that, in the event of anything happening to you, she would be cared for by someone she loves."

"My dear Ronald," exclaimed the old man, affectionately laying a hand on my shoulder, "I'm very glad to hear you say that. As a matter of fact, whatever happens, I don't care how soon you marry my dear girl. She wants it with all her heart and I have always been fond of you myself. The only thing that has held me back up to now is the question of money, and, possibly, a little selfishness. I'm not a rich man, as you know, and if it were not for my pension, I couldn't even live in my father's house. But now my one desire is to see my poor little girl happy, and we'll scrape together a shilling or two somehow. Shake hands, my boy."

We both of us forgot all about the terrible war, and, naturally enough, the mysterious trouble which faced us then was sufficient for the moment. Having settled that question at last, I conducted the old man to the small cove where we had made our first discovery, but we began by visiting the coach-house. I daresay that to the trained eye there may have been valuable evidence lying under our very noses, but the only confused marks which we found on the surrounding ground suggested nothing to either of us. Later, on our way back to the house, from what we now called "the emerald-point," we came upon a spot where the heather had been cut

off in fairly large quantities. The old man stood, and contemplated the stumps for a moment, and shook his head solemnly. It was not that he had any sentimental regret for the heather which grew on almost every inch of ground for hundreds of miles round, but he objected to the sign of visitors, as he would have said, "trippers."

"Who would want to cut heather here?" I asked, for I could not see the slightest reason for gathering anything which could be obtained at your door wherever you lived in the Highlands.

"Holiday-makers," he said ruefully. "They take rooms in the village, and get it into their heads that the heather in one spot is better than anything else for miles round, so they walk out to that spot, and cut some to take away with them when they go back home. I wish they'd always go back home and stop there."

When I showed the General the keel-marks in the cove and explained to him in detail how Garnesk had arrived at his conclusions, the old man was quite awed.

"For me soul, he must be thundering clever, thundering clever," he murmured. "But it's not healthy, you know, Ronald; in fact it's a bit un-healthy. I've always been a bit scared of these people who see things that are not there. Still, I suppose it's the modern way; reading all these detective yarns and so on does it, no doubt."

He was still marvelling at this new mystery when we got back to the house to find Myra sitting on the verandah with the specialist, who was keeping her in fits of laughter with anecdotes of some of his wealthy women patients.

He sprang up as he saw us approaching, and ran down to meet us. "I'm certain of one thing," he said excitedly, as he walked between us, and answered the General's question. "We have got to solve the mystery, and she will see again. This is something new, but it has a very simple solution, which we must find out by hook or by crook. When I know how Miss McLeod lost her sight I shall very likely be able to find out how to restore it, and I shall also know something that perhaps no other oculist has ever dreamed of. There isn't the slightest sign of any organic disease, which probably means that Nature will assert herself, and she will eventually regain her sight naturally. But we mustn't wait for that. We've got to be up and doing. I tell you, sir, I wouldn't have missed this for anything. Have you missed this for anything? Have you been exploring?"

"We've been having a look at those marks which meant so much to you and conveyed nothing whatever to me, although I was once considered something of a scout," the General admitted.

"Did you find anything fresh?" "No, only some trippers, as the General calls them, had been cutting heather," I replied.

"That's not likely to help us much," the oculist agreed. "Unless they were not trippers at all, and were cutting the heather as a blind. What were they like?"

"Oh, we didn't see them. We only saw the results of their iconoclasm. The heather was recently cut, but not freshly, cut," I replied, and the old man glanced at me with some slight suspicion, as if he feared I, too, was about to take up the deduction business.

"Recent, but not fresh?" muttered Garnesk. "Now, why should a man who wanted — Good heavens! I've got it."

"What are you dear people getting so excited about?" Myra asked, for by this time we had almost reached the verandah.

"Of course," he continued, as if thinking aloud, "it's obvious. The man came ashore in a small boat, picked some heather, and concealed it in his arms. Anyone who noticed him would have noticed his load of heather. Then he stole Sholto, concealed him under the heather, and was still apparently only carrying a bundle of innocent heather. Why! they seem to have thought of everything, and made no mistake."

"Except that the man was wandering about the countryside, gathering wild flowers, in his stocking-soles," I pointed out.

"Skill! It was almost dark, and he chanced that," said Garnesk. "What I don't understand about it is this," the General joined in: "Where did he come from to gather this heather? A man must know that if he is seen to come ashore and pick heather and get into his boat again he is doing a very curious thing. That boat can only have come from Knoydart of Skye at the farthest, and everybody knows you wouldn't take heather there."

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right, General," Garnesk admitted, with a sigh of regret, and I was compelled to agree with him.

"I know where he came from, then," I said so quietly that it started us all, though it was Myra who spoke. "There, then?" we all asked together. "He must have come from a yacht."

CHAPTER X The Secret of the Rock.

We stood on the beach looking at each other, but no one had seen a yacht anchored or otherwise resting off the point the previous night. One or two yachts had been noticed passing the mouth of Loch Hourn during the evening, but they were mostly recognizable as belonging to residents in the neighbourhood, and in any case not one of them had been seen to drop the two men in a boat who were causing us so much anxiety. When Garnesk and I went up the river to the Chemist's Rock we were equally unsuccessful there.

"Look here," I said, "suppose you were to go blind, Mr. Garnesk? I can't allow you to run any risks of that sort. We have every reason to know that there is something gruesome and uncanny about this spot, and I should feel happier if you would keep at a safe distance."

"How about yourself?" he replied. "It's a personal affair with me." "You pointed out, 'but I can't let your kindness in assisting us as you are doing run the length of possible blindness.'"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," he exclaimed; "we're in this together. I am just as keen to get to the bottom of this matter as you are. But it behoves us both to be careful. It is most important that you should take care of yourself at the present moment. What would happen to Miss McLeod if I carried you back to the house in a state of total blindness?"

"Oh, I shall be all right," I declared confidently. "But, of course, your point is a good one, and I shall not run any risks."

"And yet you start by carrying up the river here when we have very excellent reasons for supposing that it is hardly the place to spend a quiet afternoon."

(To be continued.)

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Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyes is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.

A Safeguard.

Mrs. Smith was astonished to find that the new cook, who had already shown more skill than the Smith household had known in many moons, was illiterate.

"And so you can read, Mary?" said the mistress. "Gracious, how did you ever learn to cook so well?"

"Shore, mam," replied Mary. "I lay it to not bein' able to read them cook-books."

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his, and patted her soft, round chin, she drew back, and asked:

"George, do you save yourself?" "Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever—"

Then she stopped; but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump at his heart.

Only that love that seeks no personal gratification or reward, that does not make distinctions, and that leaves behind no heartaches, can be called divine.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

Crows are a pest in Vancouver, B. C., and a bounty of twenty cents is placed on their heads. In four months the Provincial Government has paid out \$607.50 for heads.

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezons" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callus, without soreness or irritation.



Your Child's Reading.

One of the highest tasks imposed upon the schools is the development of a taste for good reading in the child. The study of the Bible in literature, including the Bible, is not only necessary to secure an education; it also develops a high moral sense. Whenever we study with a child a masterpiece in literature or a Bible story and arouse in him a desire to hear the same story re-read, we have stimulated in the child a desire for reading of the best kind.

An eminent educationist once said: "That school which results in a taste for good reading, however unsystematic, the schooling may have been, has achieved the main end of elementary education." Many people live entirely without reading and they are the most difficult of all classes to get a comprehensive view of the great problems with which the masses are confronted. The desire for reading is most potent in the child between the age of seven and seventeen and it is then that the guidance received earlier in life shows results. It is a pitiful fact that we frequently find children in the grammar grades of our schools without the slightest knowledge of the sublime characters of the Bible, the world's greatest book.

The place of the Bible in education and in the home is well recognized, and schools and home churches are using it in their work. If the child's reading has been well directed, he will be eager to see the masterpieces of literature on the screen.

Not all persons can acquire an education in the schools. We can point out many successful men and women who were a failure in mathematics or science or history; but because their reading was wisely directed at a critical time, they became masters in their line. If we can develop a taste for good literature and good reading to the exclusion of the trashy, we have accomplished something worth while. Educators are fully agreed that one's success in life is more largely determined by the taste they have acquired for good reading than by any other single factor. The mother who takes a short time each day to develop and direct this taste in her child will have the satisfaction of knowing that she started him out wisely and well.



Minard's Citron.

Many people have an idea that candied citron used in cakes, puddings, etc., is the same melon that grows in our gardens. This is not so. There are two different melons called "citron."

There are several varieties of common citron melon grown in Canada. The raw but is pickles and "citron" which stores does not. It is grown in the region and is exported to other parts of the world.

In making preserves of citron melon grown here the melon is cut in strips, sliced and the seeds removed. The strips are also one lemon sliced, to each 10 pounds of fruit. The whole is allowed to stand in an open preserving kettle till the juice begins to form, then it is simmered slowly till the citron is tender, and put away in sealers. A desired quantity of crabapples, halved and cored, may be used in place of

At least 30 known varieties of oranges are produced in China.

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ANSWER THIS PUZZLE WIN \$1000.00 "Special" OVERLAND

How Universally Popular Are the Movie Stars?
That is the question which the Movie Editor of the CANADIAN FARMER is trying to solve. We believe that the Movie Stars are just as well known in every town and farming community as in the big cities and just to prove it, our editor has devised this puzzle.

How to Solve This Puzzle
In this picture the artist has depicted the inside of a Movie Theatre. The question of the Movie Editor is to play a job on his audience so he threw these movie picture names on the screen. To solve the puzzle, all you are required to do is to rearrange the letters so that they will fit the correct names. For example—No. 1 is Charlie Chaplin. Can you guess the others? If you can, which would observe sent you \$1,000.00. There is no way but to try it. This is the CANADIAN FARMER's offer to YOU to give you a like chance.



Who Are They?
1. WAR IS NO SLOGAN 2. BALD MAN OR MEN
3. BET LUCY FAK RAT 4. MIGHTY HANSOME
5. SALA CHERRY 6. IDLE BAY CAR
7. FIND PURE RICE LAKE 8. DRY HOG IS HOT
9. I PARCK MY FORD 10. I PREACT ALL CHIN

Can You Solve this Puzzle?
Put on your thinking-cap and solve the puzzle and send in your answer. Probably you give below a few of the most popular ones:
Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Fatty Arbuckle, Norma Talmage, Wallace Reid, Beverly Swayne, Thomas Meighan, Mabel Normand, Dorothy Gish, Pauline Frederick, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Alice Brady, Dustin Farnum, Pearl White, Blanche Sweet, Theda Bara.

Costs Nothing to Try
\$1,000 in a contest like this which took only a few minutes of your time? Well I should as this that hundreds and thousands of common folks have obtained their start and have risen to be the great men of today. You probably know of some such cases yourself if you think. This is the CANADIAN FARMER's offer to YOU to give you a like chance. And it won't cost you one cent.

Only 185 Points Wins \$1,000.00
(or the beautiful "Special" Overland) Second highest will receive \$500.00 and so on down the list of 25 prizes.

For each Movie Name that you correctly arrange you will receive 10 points, or 100 points in all if you arrange all ten names correctly. Then you can get 50 more points by "qualifying" your answer. That is, by proving Big Publicity & Booster Campaign. A qualification blank will be mailed you on receipt of your answer.

The final 25 points will be awarded by three prominent and independent judges on the neatness, style, handwriting and spelling of your answer. Strike while the iron is hot, and send in your answer today.

Rules of Contest
1. Write all ten Movie Names on one side of a sheet of paper.
2. If you wish to write anything else, use a separate sheet of paper and also your name and complete address on it also.
3. Three prominent judges, having no connection with the CANADIAN FARMER, will judge the qualified answers and award the prizes.
4. The answer gaining 185 points, which is the highest number obtainable, wins First Prize. Ten points will be given for each correct name you send, or 100 points if you get all ten names correct. Sixty additional points are gained by qualifying your answer, and 25 points will be given for neatness, style, handwriting and spelling.
5. Your Movie Editor receives your solution, he will send you a letter telling sample copy of how many points your solution earned and also send you a sample copy of the CANADIAN FARMER to help you in "qualifying."
6. The Contest closes on Saturday, March 11, 1922 and announcement of Prize Winners will be made in the CANADIAN FARMER shortly after.

R. W. HAMILTON, Movie Editor, CANADIAN FARMER Cor. Richmond & Sheppard Sts. Toronto, Canada