

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

(Chapter XV. Cont.)

"All the same," Den muttered dolefully, as we hurried down the stable path, "it's going to be what the Americans would call 'some' wireless in the middle of a grown-up mountain in the twinkling of an eyelash. It is, indeed, old fellow," I agreed, "but don't let us worry about that. We'll get in and see Myra and the General, and then have a look round for the Pictures—the paper you were looking at."

We found Myra sitting on the verandah and wondering what on earth had kept us, and if we had changed our minds and gone straight back with Garnet.

"I'm most awfully sorry, darling," I apologized. "It's all my fault, of course. We went to Glasbainie, and since then I've been showing Dennis the river and generally forgetting my duties as deputy host."

"What did you go to the river for?" Myra asked suspiciously.

"Oh! just to have a look round, you know, dear. A very nice river," I replied airily.

"Ronnie, dear, please," she said gently, laying her hand on my arm and turning her veiled and shaded face to mine. "Please don't joke about it. I can't bear to think of you running risks there."

I looked at my beautiful, blind darling, and a pang shot through me. "God knows I'm not joking about it, dearest," I said sadly.

"I know you weren't really, Ronnie. But, please, oh! please, keep away from the river."

"Very well, dear," I promised, "I will, unless an urgent case takes me there. We must solve this mystery somehow, and it may mean my going to the river. But I promise not to run any unnecessary risks."

"I'll keep an eye on him and see that he takes care of himself," Miss McLeod said, coming to the rescue.

"Thank you, Mr. Burnham," the girl replied, "but you know it applies to you as well. You must look after yourself also."

"By the way, dear," I asked, changing the subject, "have you a copy of this week's Pictures?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "Most of the copies I've just been looking at another illustrated paper."

"Looking at what?" I cried, jumping to my feet. "Darling, who's talking about running risks?"

"Oh, it's all right, dear," she assured me. "I got Mary to bring my dark-room lamp down to the den and just glanced at the pictures by the red light. But I won't do it again, if it alarms you, dear. All the same, I'm quite sure I could see by daylight."

"You promised Garnet you wouldn't tell him about this, darling," I urged. "It might be very dangerous, so please don't for my sake."

"Very well, then," Myra sighed. "I'll try to be good. But I hope he'll write soon."

"Where do you think we could get a copy of the paper?" asked shortly.

"If it's frightfully important, dear, you might get one in Glenelg, and, failing that, Doctor Whitehouse would lend you his. I know he takes it in. Why are you so keen about it?"

"We'll go into the den and tell you everything in a minute or two, dear," I promised. "Is there any objection to my sending Angus in to the doctor?"

"None whatever," Myra declared. "He can go now if he likes."

So after I had despatched Angus into the village with strict instructions not to come back without a copy of the paper if he valued his life, we all adjourned to Myra's den, and my friend and I told her in detail everything that had happened. About an hour and a half later Angus returned with the paper. I took it from him with a hurried word of thanks and nervously turned over the pages.

"Ah! here's a page I didn't see," I exclaimed excitedly, but the only thing on the whole page was a photograph of a new dancer appearing in London. Without waiting for me to do so, Dennis leaned over me and turned the page over with a quick jerk of the wrist.

"Phew!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and Dennis gave a long, low whistle. "Oh! what is it? Tell me!" pleaded Myra, anxiously.

"It's a photograph of our friend Fuller," I replied slowly, in a voice that shook with excitement. "And he's wearing court dress, and underneath the photograph are the words 'Baron Hugo von Guernstein, Secretary of the Military Intelligence Department of the Imperial German General Staff.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

Discloses Certain Facts.

"There's no doubt about it," I remarked as soon as we had partially recovered from our surprise. "That's Fuller right enough."

"Oh! there's no doubt it's our man," said Dennis emphatically. "Even if we had not the evidence of the torn page to corroborate it, the likeness is perfect."

"Yes," I agreed, "but what do you think his game can be? I'm coming round to Garnet's wireless theory."

"Whatever it is, we've stumbled on something of real importance this time. We must find out what it is and show it up at once."

"I hope you'll take care," said Myra anxiously. "I shouldn't mind so much if I could be with you to help, but it's dreadful to sit here and know you are in danger and not be able to do anything at all."

"I'm very glad you can't, darling," I said heartily, as I threw my arm round her shoulders. "I don't want you to come rushing into these dangers, whatever they may be. In a way I am glad you are not able to

join us, because I know how difficult it would be to stop you if you were."

"I suppose this is all one affair," she said doubtfully. "You don't think this is something quite different from the green ray? It might be two quite separate things, you know."

"I don't think we are likely to meet with two such interesting problems in such a remote locality unless they are connected with each other, Miss McLeod, and especially as everything else apart from the photograph of Baron von Guernstein points to Fuller as the culprit. I think we can take it that in solving one mystery we provide the solution to the other."

"I quite agree with you, Dennis," I said, "but what I am worrying about now is, what we are going to do."

"The first thing you must do is to dress for dinner, and not let anyone imagine there is anything untoward about," Myra advised. "And please don't tell father you have been jumping with one of the Kaiser's principal spies, that's what the Baron's title really means. I would much rather you said nothing to him at all about it for the present, and in any case you must have something definite in mind as to your plans before you put the matter to him. If you tell him you don't know what to do about it he will be in a dreadful state. He is very far from well, and all this business has told on him dreadfully."

"That is very excellent advice, Miss McLeod," Dennis agreed warmly. "Ronald, we'll go and disguise ourselves as ordinary, undisturbed human beings and hide our fears and doubts behind the treacherous smile of a starched shirt. Come along."

So Dennis dragged me away, and then, realizing his indiscretion, allowed me to return to my fiancée "just for two minutes, old fellow."

Dinner was a curious meal, though not quite so strange as the meal the General and I had together the night, less than a week before, that Myra lost her sight.

I hope I shall never live through a week like that again. Even now, as I look back, I cannot believe that it all happened in seven days. It still seems to have been something like seven months at the very least.

We had one thing in our favor as we sat down to the table; we all had a look at the Pictures. We were each of us determined to forget the green ray for a moment. Fortunately the old man took an immediate fancy to Dennis and that brightened me considerably. There are few things so pleasant as those who share your opinion, you value getting on with your friends. Only once, and that after Mary McNeill had come to take poor Myra away, did the subject of the green ray crop up.

"Mr. Burnham knows about it all," I suppose," the General asked.

"I've told him everything, and Garnet and I went over the whole thing with him before the train went."

"Good!" said the old man emphatically. "Excellent fellow, Garnet—excellent; in fact, I don't know when I've met such a thundering good chap. No new developments, I suppose?"

I hesitated. I could not have brought myself to lie to him, and in view of the complications with which we had so recently been confronted, I was at a loss for an answer. Dennis came to my rescue just in time.

"I think Ron's difficulty is in defining the word 'developments,' General," said he. "If we said there were developments it would naturally convey the impression that we had something definite to report. I think perhaps the best way to put it would be that we believe we are getting on the right scent, by the simple process of putting two and two together and making them four. We hope to have something very decided to tell you in a day or two."

"I shall be glad to hear something, but in the meantime we will try to forget about it. You have had a tiring journey, Mr. Burnham, followed by a strange initiation into what is probably a new sphere of life altogether—the sphere of mysteries and detectives, and so forth. No, Ronald, we'll give Mr. Burnham a rest for to-night."

But just as I was congratulating myself that we had escaped from the painful necessity of putting him off with an evasive answer, if not a deliberate lie, the butler entered and announced that he had shown Mr. Hilberman into the library.

"Well, as we are ready, we had better join him," said the old man, and we adjourned to the other room.

Now if Hilberman should by any tactless remark betray our strange experience in the afternoon there would be the devil to pay. I followed the General into the library, beckoning to the American with a warning finger on my lip. He saw at once what I meant, fortunately, and held his tongue, and we all talked of general matters for a short time. Then Hilberman took the bull by the horns.

"As a matter of fact, General," he announced boldly, "I ran over to have a word with Mr. Ewart about a certain matter which is interesting us all. I don't suppose you wish me to worry you with details at the moment?"

"I should be very glad to hear what you have to tell us, Mr. Hilberman, but unfortunately I—er—I have a few letters I simply must write, so I hope you will excuse me. My daughter is in the drawing-room, so perhaps you fellows would care to join her there. Her counsel will be of more use to you than mine in your deliberations, I have no doubt."

However, when we looked for her in the drawing-room Myra was not there, and I found her in her den.

"Why not bring him in here?" she asked. "He won't bite, and it will be conducive to a free and easy discussion. I should like to hear what he

has to say for himself in view of his running away this afternoon, and I shouldn't feel comfortable in the drawing-room with this shade on. In here I feel that he must just put up with any curiosities he meets." (To be continued.)

Failure.

When at his easel a great artist wrought, A man, all snowed with years, his paintings brought;

And as at school a bright-faced lad will raise His slate to catch his teacher's eye, and scan Her brow to read the verdict there, this man

Hoped so for one assuring word of praise. But Benny's servant felt he dare not let

Yet who could quench the light within the eye Of him who, just to know the truth, elate, Had brought some bits of twilight word to find

Their worth by canons of a master mind, And for an answer did all breathless wait?

Awile the stranger saw the shadows play Across the artist's brow, then heard him say:

"You ask for truth: this work is little worth!" The trembling man then showed a piece he had

What think you of it? Is it, too, of earth?" "Dear child of genius!" was the quick reply

"His morn gives promise of a golden sky: A soul speaks here, and, whose so'er it be

Unto this common crowd doth not belong. His listening ear hath heard the speechless song, His eyes hath seen unveiled Reality!"

Then, the man, with half-averted face, "Twice these two sets can you no likeness trace?"

This, too, is mine—I caught it long ago In happy morning fields, all wet with dew."

The artist sighed as the sad form withdrew. "What golden mornings into greyness go!"

—Alexander Louis Fraser. (Rossetti, who was the artist referred to, told Watts the story suggesting the above. An authority calls it "one of the saddest stories in the annals of art.")

He Valued Company.

Two farmers met after church and had this conversation: "I hear you've sold your pig?"

"Yes, sold him last Thursday." "What'd ye get?"

"Thirteen dollars." "What'd it cost ye to raise it?"

"Paid three dollars for the shote, five for the lumber in the pen and house and five more for the feed."

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

Trees Attract Birds.

An interesting and unexpected feature of tree planting in the Prairie Provinces is that in regard to birds. Since considerable planting has been done around Regina, the Provincial Game Guardian reports that several species of birds that have never been seen in that part of the country before have taken up their abode in Wascana Park and in the trees around the Parliament Buildings.

Miracles of Bird Flight

When you see a flock of birds on the wing it seems difficult to believe that once, millions of years ago, no creature had the power of flight.

It is believed that originally birds came from reptiles, which originally had taken the form of small, lizard-like animals. They probably had a great power of leaping from branch to branch in the trees of the forests where they took refuge from their enemies.

As time advanced these reptiles became more agile in leaping, and the forelimbs, which would be held out sideways during each leap, would become more and more enlarged, while the covering scales would be transformed into some form of feather.

Longer and longer leaps would become possible as the animals discovered the secret of gliding, and then finally a beginning was made of an active use of the primitive wings.

The great strides made in the course of these countless years are to be seen in the wonderful flying achievements of present-day birds, which have been known to travel as fast as; if not faster than, aeroplanes.

Carrier-pigeons usually travel at from thirty to thirty-six miles an hour; crows from thirty-one to forty-five; small song-birds at twenty to thirty-seven; starlings at thirty-eight to forty-nine; and ducks at forty-four to fifty-nine.

A famous naturalist quotes the case of a flock of swiftnets flying at 6,000 ft. above Mount, in Mexico at 6,000 ft. In their ordinary pace they even out-distanced the observer's aeroplane when it was doing sixty-eight



Woman's Interests

No Guest Room.

With the high cost of material many of the newer houses contain just enough room for the members of the family, and when guests come there are many makeshifts to be made to accommodate all. If company over night is not a frequent happening then it is easy to manage, but where guests come often it takes careful planning on the part of the housewife to get through without trouble. Many a woman has wished for a house built of India rubber that she could stretch on occasions to fit her needs, and then let it fly back to place when the need was over for increased space, but until such a dwelling can be invented by some genius laboring for the good of womankind some other ideas will have to be carried out in the little house.

For about six months in the year a tent can be set up on the lawn. It will make an ideal "annex" to any farm house, and since most of the country company comes in summer the sleeping problem is not so complex if the boys or the men folks or the girls or even the ladies of the family can be shifted to the temporary sleeping quarters. With the fly of the tent open and a netting over it to keep out insects, the tent is the ideal place to sleep, even when there are no guests.

The tent furnishings can be old and simple. Several old beds or cots simply spread up with old sheets and old quilts will supply every need. Our neighbors sleep in a tent all summer and one of them is a lady past seventy. Of course, an occasional storm drives them to the house, but that doesn't happen often, particularly after July. Even a little summer kitchen or clean woodhouse which has had many windows or openings added for a summer sleeping apartment is better than a stuffy upstairs room right under the eaves.

Then there is the screened porch that is even better than the tent. By using screens or hangings to separate the "apartments" the whole family can rest and enjoy the fresh air from spring to fall, leaving the inside room to the chance guest. If the porch is in front, cots should be used so they can be stacked away when the room is wanted for a sitting-room; but if at the side or back they can be left in place all day, or old-fashioned bedsteads can be used. If each bed has an oil cloth cover an occasional storm will do no harm, or the porch can be fitted with windows that will close.

If there is no money for a tent or to build a porch with screens, there are still ways to manage. A couch that can be made into a bed in the living-room will answer, or cots can be carried in from the woodhouse and back out in the daytime. It is not an ideal way, but it will do until prosperity makes an addition to the house possible. If a cot must be used in winter it should be a three-quarters one fitted with a good mattress, as it is very easy to catch cold with only a little bedding folded under the sleeper and that liable to slip from under him in the night. Every piece of old bedding should be saved for the makeshift beds as it is very hard to get good things, particularly the pretty light comforts, to use them on narrow cot beds where they are bound to get on the floor. If there is a small cheap child's bed to be had, or even an old-fashioned cradle, keep it for small guests, as it can be carried in easily.

It takes forethought and extra bedding and good management to make a number of people comfortable by using the living rooms as bed rooms, but

it can be done and the mistress of the house who longs for more bed rooms can console herself with the fact that a little house has its advantages for everyday living that the big house has not, even if the big house is better when company comes.

Fillings and Frostings for Cakes. Pineapple filling: Use ordinary frosting and sprinkle the frosting with grated or crushed pineapple which has been thoroughly drained.

Orange marmalade filling is made with one-half cupful of powdered sugar beaten with one-fourth of a cupful of orange marmalade, and sufficient water to make it spread well.

Quick filling No. 1: Beat one cupful of powdered sugar with milk, cream or butter, orange or lemon-juice (or any desired flavored fruit juice) until of the proper consistency to spread.

Marshmallow filling: Spread marshmallows on a pan and set in the oven for a moment to puff up. Beat the puffed marshmallows into boiled frosting and spread over the cake.

Coffee filling requires one-half cupful of strong coffee boiled with one cupful of sugar until it "hairs." Beat until creamy, flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and spread over the cake.

Cocoanut filling: Moisten one cupful of powdered sugar with cream or milk and beat until it is of proper consistency to spread. Spread on cake layers and sprinkle with freshly shredded cocoanut, or canned fresh cocoanut which has been well drained.

Quick filling No. 2: Beat up a glass of apple jelly, add ground stewed figs, spread on a sheet of hot sponge-cake and roll at once. Or, if preferred, the sponge-cake may be baked in a loaf and when cool cut into two, spreading the filling between the pieces.

Peach filling is made with one cupful of peach pulp, one-half cupful sugar and one cupful of cream, whipped. Beat well, spread on layer cake and sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts. This makes a delicious filling which must be used while fresh.

Filbert filling is made thus: Whip one cupful of cream and to this add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and four tablespoonfuls of chopped filberts. Spread on layer cakes containing chopped filberts and serve.

Walnut frosting requires one cupful of sweet or sour cream, one cupful of sweet or sour cream, one cupful of nut meats. Beat the cream and sugar until a little of the syrup dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Add the nuts and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until thick and creamy, taking care to spread the frosting before it "sets."

Maple frosting is made with one-half cupful of maple syrup or sugar and one-half cupful of cream. Cook together until the mixture reaches the "hair" stage (that is, a small quantity of the stuff spun on a thread or hair) then pour slowly over the stiffly beaten white of one egg, beating all the time. Flavor with a half-teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until it reaches the right consistency to spread.

A Home-Made Ice Box. Every farm home should have a good cellar or refrigerator but when not thus provided an ice box may be made at home with little expense.

Take a packing case, a shoe box is best, and make a partition through the middle. Bore several holes through the partition. Make a hinged cover for each division, attach four legs, and the box is complete. Place the ice in one compartment and the food or liquid to be cooled in the other. If the ice is wrapped in a piece of burlap it will last much longer. By putting the ice box on the shady side of the house, it will be a very good substitute for a refrigerator.

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Breaking It Gently. A well-dressed gentleman sat upon a bench in the park and leaned back to enjoy the refreshing air. Not far away a boy sat on the grass watching him intently. Presently the man spoke to the lad:

"Why aren't you off playing with the other boys?"

"Oh, I just want to know," he answered.

"But a chap your age ought to like to play with the other fellows."

"I am going to soon," continued the lad. "Just wanted to see you when you got up. They painted that bench you are sitting on this morning!"

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A Few Exceptions. There has never been any love lost between Tommy and his teacher. Tommy thinks the teacher is a severe and occasionally unjust person, who has never known what it is to be young, while the teacher considers the little chap both stupid and mischievous.

"You are not attending to what I say, Thomas," said the teacher one day in the midst of an address to her class.

"Yes, teacher, I is," said Tommy with much earnestness.

"You should never say 'I is'," corrected the teacher. "I have told you that a hundred times. You know the correct form. There are no exceptions to its use. Give me two examples at once."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, meekly. "I am a pronoun."

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Modernizing a Walled Chinese City

Through the resource and perseverance of a white man Canton, China, one of the most ancient, and walled, and most backward cities of the backward empire, has now a modern street transportation system of motor buses, modeled after the European type. The bring about of this is one of the big successes of white-man endeavor in the Chinese republic.

In 1916, Tom MacInnes, a Canadian lawyer and promoter from Vancouver, went to China. Previous to this he had much experience with Chinese, having in his capacity of a lawyer drawn up the Anti-Opium Act for Canada in 1909 and the Chinese Immigration Act in 1910. Besides his knowledge of law and of the Chinese people, he has a keen mind for promoting big projects. Arrived in China, MacInnes went to Canton on business and while there traveled much about the city, which he found to be a primitive place, although it contained about 2,000,000 inhabitants. Along one side of the city flows the Pearl River. Around the other three sides of the old city ran an immense fortified wall, in some places 45 ft. through at the base and from 20 to 25 ft. high. But for many years the population had cut through these old fortified boundaries, and a new city had sprung up outside the wall. Countless narrow passages, from 7 to 15 ft. wide, cramped the streets. But they were a vast tangled maze a veritable modern labyrinth. Through a portion of the city ran canals, mostly made by the excavations to build the wall, some of them dug 2,000 years ago. On these canals sampans boats were huddled together, upon which lived a varying population numbering from 10,000 to 25,000. No other city on the face of the earth contained so many people in so cramped a space; and to serve all this great population there was no street transportation. There was not even a street worthy of the name.

His travels about Canton developed in MacInnes' mind an idea. He saw that by tearing down the major portion of the great circular wall, rooms could be made for a magnificent belt of boulevard around the old city, which would also serve the new. With this done, and a few thousand of the rickety buildings swept away, cross boulevards could be made at a fairly reasonable cost, and the whole population afforded a splendid transportation system.

A system of wide boulevards was built, on the site of the ancient wall, and where thousands of rickety houses had formerly stood. The boulevards are from 80 to 125 ft. wide. Down the centre of each, for a width of 25 ft., right of way was given the company.

The original plan of MacInnes was to build an electric tramway of the type used in all Canadian cities. But the difficulties in the way of lowering stone bridges across the canals, and other reasons, caused the company to put in operation a modern motor-bus system. This is now known as the Kwongtung Tramway Company, and has received a monopoly to operate for 25 years in any part of Canton and its suburbs, for which right is paid \$1,000,000. In the spring of 1921, Tom MacInnes saw his dream realized by a fleet of European motor buses operating on the streets of Canton. These carry 30 passengers per car, one-third first class and two-thirds second class.

Canton has begun a new era, a cleaner, brighter city, yet still a picturesque and romantic one.

Restoring Burned Forests. If fire had been kept out of Canada's forests for the past century, we might have cut all the timber that has been cut in that time and still have as much timber standing as when Confederation was consummated. That is to say, the annual growth would have been as great as the annual cut. But, because the annual growth has not been so great as the annual cut plus the losses through fire, our forests have been deteriorating. The first thing to do is to stop the ravages of fire, and the next thing is to get new forests growing on non-agricultural lands. Canadian forests have wonderful recuperative powers, and, if these powers were assisted by natural and artificial seeding, and by planting, the tide would soon be turned, and an annual growth increased to a point where it would exceed the annual cut. The need for prompt action is not because Canada is in the midst of a timber famine now, but because it takes a tree half a century or more to reach a merchantable size, and, if famine is to be avoided, Canadians must exercise forethought.

Fish and Snake Skins Used in Place of Shoe Leather. Shoes are now being made of fish and snake skins. This substitute for leather is said to cost less, and to be practically everlasting. The skins are cut and fitted in the same manner as leather, and are used for shoes of various shapes for both men and women. In some parts of the country they have attracted favorable attention, and have become quite popular.

Too Small a Capacity. Hostess—"Have you got as much as you would like, Johnny?"

Johnny (eyeing the good things on the table)—"Well, I haven't got as much as I would like, but I've got as much as I can hold."