

# Bouril sets you up

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

### CHAPTER I Beside Still Waters.

The youth in the multi-colored blazer laughed.

"You'd have to come and be a nurse," he suggested.

"Oh, I'd go as a drummer-boy. I'd look fine in uniform, wouldn't I?" the waitress smiled in return.

Dennis Burdett swallowed his Niqueur in one savage gulp, pushed back his chair, and rose from the table.

"Silly young ass," he said, in a voice loud enough for the object of his wrath to hear. "Let's get outside."

The four of us rose, paid our bill, and went out, leaving the youth and his flapping commode to themselves. For it was Bank Holiday, August the third, 1914, and I think, though it was the shortest and most uneventful of all our river "rambles," it is the one which we are least likely to forget.

On the Saturday Dennis, Jack Curtis, Tommy Evans and myself had started from Richmond on our yearly trip up the river. Even as we sat in the two punts playing bridge, moored at our first camping-place below Kingston Weir, disquieting rumors reached us in the form of excited questions from the occupants of passing craft. And now, as we rose from the dinner-table at the Magpie, Sunbury, two days later, it seemed that war was inevitable.

"What I can't understand," growled Dennis, as we stepped into one of the punts and paddled idly across to the lock, "is how any young idiot can treat the whole thing as a terrible joke. If we go to war with Germany—send it seems we must—it's going to be—"

"Good Heavens! who knows what it's going to be?"

"Meaning," said Tom, who never allowed any thought to remain half-expressed, "meaning that we are not prepared, and if they come, we have to step straight into the ring untrained to meet an opponent who has been getting ready right and day for the Lord knows how many years."

"Still, you know," said Jack, who invariably found the bright spot in everything, "we never did any good as a nation until we were pushed."

"We shall be pushed this time," I replied, "and if we do go to war, we shall all be wanted."

"And wanted at once," Tom added.

"Which brings me to the point which most concerns us," said Dennis, with a serious face. "What are we going to do?"

"It seems to me," I replied, "that there is only one thing we can do. If the Government declares war, it is in your cause and mine; and who is to fight our battles but you and me?"

"That's it, old man, exactly," said Dennis. "We must appear in person, as you lawyers would say. I'm afraid there is not the slightest hope of peace being maintained now; and, indeed, in view of the circumstances, I should prefer to say there is not the slightest fear of it. We can't honorably keep out, so let us hope we shall step in at once."

Jack's muttered "hear, hear" spoke for us all, and there was silence for a minute or two. My thoughts were very far away from the peaceful valley of the Thames; they had flown, in fact, to a still more peaceful glen in the Western Highlands—but of that anon. I fancy the others, too, were thinking of something far removed from the ghastly horror of war. Jack was sitting with an open cigarette-case in his hand, gazing wistfully at the bank to which we had moored the boat. There was a "little girl" in the question. Poor chap; I knew exactly what he was thinking; he had my sympathy! The silence became uncomfortable, and it was Jack who broke it.

"Give me a match, Tommy," he exclaimed suddenly, "and don't talk so much." Tom, who had not spoken a word for several minutes, produced the matches from a capacious pocket, and we all laughed rather immoderately at the feeble ally.

"As to talking," said Tom, when our natural equanimity had been restored, "you all seem to be leaving

hands before turning in. But, try as I would, I couldn't sleep. For a long time I lay there, in the beautiful silence of the night, my thoughts far away, sleep farther away still. Presently I grovelled for my tobacco-pouch.

"Restless, Don't?" Dennis asked, himself evidently quite wide awake. "Can't sleep at all," I answered. "But don't let me disturb you."

"You're not disturbing me, old man. I can't sleep either. Let's light the lamp and smoke."

Accordingly we fished out our pipes and relit the cigarette lamp, which hung from the middle hoop. Jack turned over in his sleep.

"Put out the light, old fellow. Not a cabinet meeting, y'know," he murmured drowsily. And by way of compromise I pulled the primitive draught curtain between the two boats and as I sat up to do so I noticed with a start that Dennis was a worried look. I had never seen before. I lay back, got my pipe going, and waited for him to speak.

"I wonder," he said presently, through the clouds of smoke that hung imprisoned beneath our shallow roof—"I wonder if there would have been any war if the Germans smoked Jammies?"

"What's worrying you, Den?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"Worrying me? Why, nothing. I've got nothing to worry about. What about you, though? I don't want to butt in on your private affairs, but you've a lot more to be worried about than I have."

"I? Oh, nonsense, Dennis," I protested.

"None of that with me, Ron. You know what I mean. There's no point in either of us concealing things. This war is going to make a big difference to you and Myra McLeod. Now, tell me all about it. What do you mean to do, and everything?"

"There isn't much to tell you. We're not engaged. Old General McLeod objects to my engagement on account of my position. Of course, he's quite right. He's very nice about it, and he's always kind to me. You know, of course, that he and my father were brother officers? Myra and I have been chums since she was four. We love each other, and she would be content to wait, but in the meantime—"

"I should prefer to paddle back," I replied. "It would be a pity to break up our party immediately. I don't want to be sentimental, or anything of that sort, but you chaps will agree that we have had some very jolly times together in the past, and if we are all going to take out our matrimonial papers in the Atkins family, it is just possible that we—well, we may not be all together again next year."

"And you, Jack?" asked Dennis.

"Oh, down stream for me," said young Curtis, with what was obviously an effort at his usual light-hearted "naïveté," and had all the beer we've got left." But the laugh with which he accompanied his remark was not calculated to deceive any of us, and I am afraid my clumsy speech had set him thinking again. So we went "ashore," and had a nightcap at the Magpie, where the flippant youth was announcing to an admiring circle that if he had half a dozen pals to go with him he might join the jolly army himself! Having scoured the village in an unavailing attempt to round up half a pound of butter, we put off down stream, and spent the night in the beautiful backwater. No one suggested cards after supper, and we lay long into the night discussing, in the thousands of other people all over the country were probably discussing, conscription, espionage, martial law, the possibilities of invasion, and the probable duration of the war. I doubt very much if we should have gone to sleep at all had we been able to foresee the events which the future, in its various ways, held in store for each of us. But, as it was, we plunged wholeheartedly into what Tommy Evans described as "Life's new interest."

We positively thrilled at the prospect of army life.

"Think of it," said Jack enthusiastically, "open air all the time. Nothing to worry about, no work to do, only manual labor. Why, it's going to be one long holiday. Hang it! I've laid drain-pipes on a farm—for fun!"

It was past one o'clock when we got out supper. And our appetites lost nothing by the prospect of hardships which we treated rather lightly, since we entirely failed to appreciate their seriousness. Jack's visions of storming ramparts at the point of the bayonet merely added flavor to his amazing collection of cold beef, ham, brawn, cold fowl, and peaches and cream, which he insisted on winding up at nearly two in the morning. He would have shouted with laughter had you told him that in less than three weeks he would be dashing through the enemy's lines with despatches on a red-hot motorcycle. And Tommy—poor old Tommy—well, I fancy he would have been just as cheerful, deer old chap, had he known the fate that was in store. For to him was to fall the lot which, of all others, everyone rich and poor alike—understands.

There is no need for me to repeat the story. Even in the rush of a war which has already brought forward some thousands of heroes, the reader will remember the glorious exploit of Corporal Thomas Evans, in which he won the D.C.M. and also, unfortunately, gave his life for his country. It is sufficient to say that three men in particular will ever cherish his memory as that of a loyal friend, a cheery comrade, a clean, honest, straightforward Englishman through and through.

As for Dennis and myself—but I am coming to that.

Having finished our early morning supper, we turned in for a few hours' sleep. Jack and Tommy in one boat, Dennis and I in the other. But before we did so we stood up, as well as we could under our canvas roof, and drank "The King"; and I fancy that in the mind of each of us there was more than one other name silently coupled with that toast. Then, for the first time in my memory of our intimacy together, we solemnly shook



## Woman's Interests

### Remember the Absent Student.

Treeping to school and college have just gone many young men and women to spend a season away from home for the first time in their lives. Fathers and mothers are more or less anxious to know how their boys and girls will face the new responsibilities, and whether they will stand the physical strain; but if they are wise, they will not show too much anxiety on that point. Youth has the happy faculty of seeing so much of the good and so little of the bad that a well-brought-up young person can be trusted to a great extent.

But it is well to remember that young people get desperately homesick, and frequent letters from home help wonderfully. Then, too, every young person likes to get "lots of mail," and if the home folk rise to the occasion, much of the loneliness will vanish.

Presentations of various sorts should follow the student, and take off the keen edge of hunger that a healthy, hearty boy or girl feels in a college boarding house. The box of apples, the loaf of homemade bread, the roasted chicken, the jelly, the big fruit cake, the mince pie, the nuts and pop corn, the cookies fat with fruit, the gingerbread and all the other homely good things cost very little, yet are so welcome to the young students! Even if the young folks have a little spending money for luxuries, the home things taste better than anything else.

It is also well not to weigh down the absent ones with cautious reminders that "your father and I have to sacrifice to get you through school, and we expect you to make the most of your opportunities." If the young people are in earnest, their standing will show their attitude toward their opportunities; if they are not in earnest, they might as well go home. Let the youngsters work out their college life unhampered by a constant admonitions. Make them feel that you have confidence in them and their determination to succeed.

And then remember that a little money gift now and then helps out wonderfully. At school, as at home, unexpected expenses come up, and the student who has his allowance figured so close as to preclude anything for emergencies will have a hard time if it unless he can get work. Little special occasions spring up as if by magic, and students who have no money for them are soon left out. Not that excessive spending should be encouraged, but rather that the country boy or girl should not be compelled to play the wallflower merely for the lack of a dollar or two.

Have the young people home as often as you can and make the occasion one of rejoicing and encouragement. Praise them all you honestly can, and be hopeful for the future.

Care of Furnaces.

Keep all heaters clean. Soot and ashes reduce effective heating.

Leaks cause drafts and consequent loss of heat. Mend them with cement, shake grate and remove ashes.

Put in crumpled papers cover with kindlings laid cross-wise to admit air, then a thin layer of coal, or hard wood, if wood is used. Open ash pit and smokepipe dampers and light paper. When fuel is burning freely adjust the dampers.

Attend to fire regularly. If low, put on only a little coal. If a large

amount of coal is used leave a part of glowing fire exposed.

In severe weather fill last thing at night. The first thing in the morning open dampers and add a little coal. When fire is burning well, shake it and add more coal.

Clean ash-pit daily. A short, swift stroke of shaker shifts ashes through grate. In mild weather have a bed of ashes on top of the grate. In severe weather, shake till a glow appears. Always leave grate set level.

Keep firepot full. You get better heat if coal is even with door in front and a little high in the back. Never poke fire bed.

Sunny Monday.

"Away with blue Monday! Let's make the day sunny. With the aid of our wits. We surely can do it."

When one's washing machine is run by a gasolene engine or some other machinery, run motive power, one is not so concerned about the size of her weekly washing. But when one is dependent upon elbow grease as a motive power and there is a good-sized family to wash for, then it behooves the housewife to study up ways and means of making the weekly washing smaller.

I find that by using oilcloth for various purposes the weekly washing may be lessened to quite an extent. An oilcloth apron for kitchen use minimizes the number of dish aprons.

A good-sized bib apron made of oilcloth, hung in a convenient place at the barn or in the dairy will be handy for the man of the house when he is milking and caring for the milk. Oilcloth apron bibs for the children to wear at the table help wonderfully in keeping their clothing clean.

The use of paper towels, napkins, etc., will be found a labor-saver. While these articles are comparatively cheap it might not be wise from an economical standpoint to use them every day, but it is a good plan to keep a supply on hand to be used when there is sickness or extra work to be done and one has little time to spend in washing clothes.

I find that the general washing is also greatly diminished when, through the week I gather up and wash the small pieces, such as hosiery, handkerchiefs, dollies, dish-towels, small pieces of children's wearing apparel, etc. It takes but a little time to wash a number of these, yet the general weekly washing will be noticeably smaller if this is done. A small wash tub, a stout toy washboard, the kind that usually sells for half a dollar, and a large pan with a cover to be used as a boiler, are the utensils I find handy when washing these small things.

When doing general washing I find a scrub brush valuable in removing dirt and grease from heavy overalls, men's shirts underclothing, etc. Many times a machine will not remove these entirely and it is necessary to rub them on a washboard. By placing the soiled part on a board and rubbing with a stiff scrub brush the work can be done better and easier than by rubbing with the hand.

It is the fellow that has to be told again and again to do the right thing that needs to worry about his job. The man that has to be told only once is safe, and the man that can do it without being told at all will be the head of his department.

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## STRANGE FOODS USED IN OTHER LANDS

DIVERSITY OF ARTICLES OF DIET.

Will You Have an Ant Sandwich, a Butterfly Stew, or a Slice of Roast Donkey?

There are far too conservative regarding our choice of foodstuffs is evidenced by the varied selection consumed by dwellers in other lands.

There seems to be a national prejudice against certain articles of diet, which, if overcome, would lead to a more abundant food supply.

There is nothing wrong with grasshoppers if they are prepared in the proper manner. If Scriptural evidence counts for anything, they are a delectable delicacy, and permission was granted by Moses to use them as an article of food.

Many, of course, might prefer sandwich paste made of ants; the natives of Africa are partial to this compound. It forms an extremely nourishing dainty.

Junker, the African explorer, relates that the chief of a tribe on the Mesharch River sent him twenty hampers of dried ants for provisions on his journey.

The ants can be pounded into a paste. They have a distinctly meaty flavor, not unlike kidney or fresh mushrooms.

Moths and butterflies might not seem to us of much value as a food, but the Romans used them, as well as beetles, as an article of diet.

The Brazilians are fond of an insect that feeds on the palm-leaf.

National Dish in S. America.

In Chili and Peru one of the national dishes is composed of potatoes and a beetle-like insect called a "chiche". It is found in large numbers under stones along the watercourses.

Fies are not to be ignored in making up a list of queer things people eat. The blacks of Nariangari in Africa, dine upon the larvae of a common fly, which they find under the bark of certain trees.

It is astonishing the diversity of substances in the catalogue of articles of food. Nearly every species of vertebrate animal is eaten by human beings somewhere or other.

In the Aztec and Inca lands the eating of a live rat is deemed a test of manhood, and no man is permitted to marry, until he has accomplished this feat. The Chinese are not alone in being partial to dog, catfish, for the Indians of the United States have from time immemorial been fond of this dish.

A century ago the negroes of Louisiana considered roast dog as food for the gods.

There is much to be learned from the ancients concerning food and food values. Meat, or animal flesh of all kinds, was considered by the ancient athletes as the prime nourishment of their muscles, and we find camel joints, roast dromedary, and donkey pie their chief meat diet of the day.

Camels' heel, potted, was a holiday feast—Donkey flesh, however, stood very high in repute as an article of household consumption. The flesh of the wild ass was regarded as surpassing in flavor the finest venison. It was no unusual undertaking to breed and fatten donkeys, as we do cattle, for the table.

That Canadians are unduly prejudiced against many forms of animal food is, therefore, evident, and by the removal of this bias an increasing source of food would be obtainable.

Much of it, too, would be of a more palatable nature than that which is consumed at present.

Have You the Courage—

To undauntedly meet failure and obstacles on every hand?

To meet your enemies with love for hate, good for evil?

To move steadily toward your goal with a serene mind when you know others ridicule and consider you a failure?

To remain in obscurity to support a parent, or a helpless sister or brother, when you have the consciousness of the ability to do big things.

To bear the blame which belongs to another because you do not want to bring pain to others?

To speak the truth when a lie would help you out of a difficulty?

To forego extravagance so that you may provide for the future welfare of these dependent upon you?

New Life Preserver Makes Sinking Impossible.

A new form of life preserver, soon to be placed on the market, consists of an inflated rubber sheathing covering two airtight curved metal chambers and resembles a large bologna sausage hinged in the middle. It is worn around the neck and will support a weight of 500 pounds. No impediment is offered to swimming, but when effort ceases the body assumes a perpendicular position, with the chin above water.

Trouble Over Few Words.

Clerk—"Do you want a narrow man's comb?"

Customer (gravely).—"No, I want a comb for a great man with rubber teeth."

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