

BOVRIL IMPROVES YOUR PIES



THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Of course, you know what I have come to speak about, Mr. Ewart," Hilderman began at once. "You must have thought my conduct this afternoon was very strange—very unsportsmanlike, to say the least."

"Oh, I don't know," I replied as lightly as I could. "It was a very strange affair, and it rather called for strange conduct of one sort or another."

"Still, you must have thought it cowardly to run away as quickly as I could," he insisted.

"It was some time before we even noticed you had left us," I laughed. "and then, I confess, I couldn't make out where you had got to or why you have gone."

"As a matter of fact we were rather scared," Dennis put in. "We searched for you in the river."

"It sounds a very cowardly confession to make," Hilderman admitted, "but I went back to the landing-stage, got into my boat, and cleared off as quickly as I could. I must ask you to believe that I would be best for us all that I should. But my idea proved to be a bad one and nothing came of it. So here I am to ask you if you have learned anything or have anything to suggest."

"I'm afraid we're more at a loss than ever now," I admitted. "The further we get with this thing the less we seem to know about it, unfortunately."

Hilderman was exceedingly sympathetic, and though he made numerous suggestions he was as puzzled as we were ourselves. I had some difficulty in defining his attitude. We knew as much as was sufficient to hang his friend "Fuller," but I could not make up my mind whether he really was a friend of von Guernstein's or not. It was a small thing that decided me. On an occasional table beside the American lay a steel paper-knife, a Japanese affair, with a carved handle and a very sharp blade. Hilderman picked up the knife and toyed with it.

"I should be careful with that, Mr. Hilderman," I advised. "That is a wolf in sheep's clothing; it's exceedingly sharp."

"Oh, yes," cried Myra. "If you mean my paper-knife, it ought not really to be used as a paper-knife at all, the point is like a needle. I must put it away or hang it up as an ornament."

The American laughed and laid the knife down again on the table, and we resumed our discussion. Both Dennis and I knew that we must be very careful to conceal our suspicions, but at the same time we did our best to reach some sort of conclusion with regard to Hilderman himself.

"And, I suppose, until you have searched about the Saddle," he remarked, "you will be no further on as to who stole Miss McLeod's dog. It seems to me that the dog was taken by the man who wished to conceal an illicit still, and the green flash, or green ray, or whatever you call it, is simply a manifestation of some strange electrical combination in the air."

"I'm afraid we shall have to leave it at that," I said with an elaborate sigh of regret.

"Not when you have Mr. Burnham's distinguished powers of deduction to assist you, surely, Mr. Ewart?" said Hilderman, and waited for an answer.

"Flukes are not very consistent things, I fear," Dennis supplied him readily, "and if we are to make any progress we shall hardly have time for idle speculation."

"Fortune might continue to favor you," the American persisted. "Don't you think it's worth trying?"

"I'm afraid not," said Dennis, with a laugh that added emphasis and conviction to his statement.

"By the way," Myra suggested, "I don't know if anybody would care for a whisky or soda or anything. I won't have drinks served in here, but if anybody would like one, you know where everything is, and I'll get it up as if anyone wants a drink in my den they can go and get it, and then I know they really like being in the den. You see I'm a woman, Mr. Hilderman," she laughed.

"I must say I think the idea of refreshment would not enter the head of anyone here who had the pleasure of your company here, Miss McLeod, unless you suggested it yourself."

We laughed at the rather heavy compliment, and I went into the dining-room to fetch the decanters, syphons and glasses.

"I'll help you to get them," called Dennis, and followed me out of the room.

"Well?" I asked as soon as we reached the other room. "What do you make of it?"

"I'm not sure," Dennis admitted. "I'm puzzled. I shouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be a Gowers secret service man keeping an eye on Fuller-von-Guernstein, and that when he has quite made up his mind that the mystery of the green ray is connected with his own business he will show his hand."

"Something of the same sort occurred to Gurney," I said. "Well, at present we'd better avoid suspicion and go back before he thinks we're holding a committee meeting."

So I led the way to the den. I was walking carefully and slowly, because I was unaccustomed to carrying trays of glasses and things, and consequent-

ly I made no noise. I pushed the door open with my shoulder, Dennis following, with couple of syphons, and I did so I glanced to glance upwards.

In a large mirror which hung over the fireplace I saw the reflection of Hilderman's face, knitted in a fierce frown, gazing intently at some object which was outside my view. Myra was talking, though what she was saying I did not notice. I went into the room and put the tray on the big table, and as I filled the glasses I looked round casually to see what Hilderman had been looking at. Lying on the sofa on which Myra was sitting was the copy of the Pictures, open at the page bearing the incriminating photograph!

I mixed Hilderman's drink according to his instructions—for by this time he had entirely recovered his equanimity—and handed it to him. As I did so I happened to look in the direction of the small table beside him. Myra's Japanese paper-knife was still there, but the point had been stuck more than an inch into the mahogany top of the table. I turned away quickly, with a laughing remark to Myra, which did not seem to raise any suspicion at the time, though I have no recollection now what it was I said.

A few moments afterwards I quickly and unobtrusively slipped out of the room. Surely there could be no doubt about it now. The whole thing was obvious. Hilderman had noticed the paper, jumped to the conclusion that we suspected everything, and in the sudden access of baffled rage had picked up the paper-knife and stabbed it into the table.

There was only one possible reason for that—Hilderman was an enemy. In that case, I thought, he has come here to try and find out how much we know and to keep an eye on us. Possibly he might be attempting to keep us from finding out that Fuller could get up to some satanic trick elsewhere. I decided to act at once. I turned back to the den and put my head round the door.

"Will you people excuse me for a bit?" I said lightly. "The General wants me." And with that I left them. I had almost asked Hilderman not to go till I came back, but I was afraid it might sound suspicious to his acute ears. I hardly knew what to do. I should have liked to have been able to speak with Dennis, if only for a moment. Indeed, I am quite ready to confess that just then I would have given all I possessed for ten minutes' conversation with my friend, still quietly out of the house, and thought furiously.

If Hilderman wanted to keep us from spying on Fuller, where was Fuller? Would I be wiser to wait and try to keep an eye on Hilderman, or was my best plan to ignore him and leave the matter to the police? I decided on the latter course. I went back and wrote a short note to Dennis and slipped it inside his cap.

"I'm convinced they are both enemies. Take care of Myra. I may be out at night. Don't let her worry about me; I may not be back for some time, but I shall come back all right."—R.

I left this for my friend, knowing that sooner or later he would find it, and went down to the landing-stage. The Baltimore II and Myra's boat, The Jenny Spinner, were drawn up alongside, and I realized that if I took the Jenny I should be raising Hilderman's suspicions at once. Anchored a little way out was another small motor-boat—the first the General had—while Myra had also called after a trout fly—the Coch-a-Bondu—though the play upon words was lost on most people. The boat was still in constant use, and Angus and Hamish continually went into Mallin and Glenelg in it to collect parcels and so on. I ran to the petrol shed, and got three tins of Shell, put them in the dinghy and pushed out to the Bondu, climbed on board, scudded away the tank, filled it up, and started out across the Loch. I can only plead my anxiety to get well out of sight and hearing before Hilderman should think of leaving the house, as an excuse for my lamentable thoughtlessness on this occasion. Indeed, it was not till long afterwards that I realized I had forgotten to anchor the dinghy, and I left it, just as it was, to drift out to sea on the tide.

I made all the pace I could and reached the other side in about twenty minutes. I was safely equipped for an adventurous expedition! I had no flask to sustain me in case of need, no weapon in case I should be called to defend myself; I was wearing a dinner-jacket, no hat, and a pair of thin patent-leather pumps!

I ran the boat right in shore, heedless of the danger to the propeller in a small sandy cove round the point, so that I was hidden from Glasnatinie. Then I realized that I had been a little too precipitate in my departure. There was no anchor-chain on board, and the painter was admirably suited for making fast to pier-heads and landing-stages at high tide, but was nothing like long enough to enable me to make the craft secure on shore. However, I dragged her as far up as I could, and prayed that I might be able to return before the tide caught her up and carried her away. In those circumstances I should have hesitated in the enemy's country, by no means a pleasing prospect!

Having done the best I could for Myra's motor-boat, I made my way round the hill, climbing cautiously upwards all the time, my dinner-jacket carefully buttoned in case a gleam of moonlight on my shirt front should give me away at a critical moment. It was a rocky and difficult climb, and I soon regretted that I had not taken the bridge path to Glasnatinie and made my way boldly up the bed of the burn. However, it was too late to turn back, and eventually, after one or two false steps and stumbles, I succeeded in reaching a spot from which I could obtain a good view of the hut. No, there was no light there, no sign of movement at all. I decided to work my way round to the other side and then, if I continued to get no satisfaction, to desert to the house. The windows of the hut, or smoking-room, as the reader will no doubt remember, extended to whole length of the structure; and surely, I thought, if there were a light in the place it would be bound to be visible. I edged round the face of a steep crag, floundered across the stream between the two falls, getting myself soaked above the knees as I did so, and crouched under the heather on the other side of the building. No, there was no one there, the place was deserted. I knelt down and peered about me, listening intently.

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Can Carelessness Be Cured?

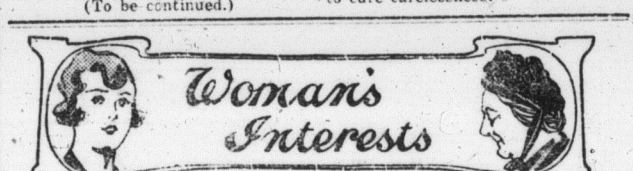
Experiments carried out to test the mental effects of loss of sleep have revealed the remarkable fact that there are two distinct phases of fatigue.

The first is one of stimulus, under which work is done rather better than under normal conditions. Then follows a phase of much longer duration in which the body makes good its losses—a period characterized by general loss of accuracy, power of concentration, and retentiveness. There is, however, no sense of fatigue during this phase—quite the reverse.

What is called carelessness is often due to this second stage of fatigue. When a man knows he is fatigued, he naturally takes excessive precautions, but when the second stage comes along, he does not feel tired, and consequently carelessness steps in.

Some of the famous workers of the world seem to be able to work abnormally long hours and live abnormally long lives. Possibly their bodies supply naturally a fatigue anti-toxin.

There is a fortune awaiting the scientist who discovers an anti-toxin to cure carelessness!



The School Lunch.

The vacuum lunch kits are a great advantage where it is impossible or impractical to serve hot lunches, as children need at least one hot drink or dish for lunch. These lunch kits usually have removable aluminum trays for salads, pudding or preserves. However, if this sort of lunch kit is not available, folding fibre lunch boxes may be procured for a small sum.

Lunch cloths or napkins should, of course, be provided. Paper napkins may be used for the purpose. They are inexpensive and lessen the work on washday.

We keep all cold cream, vaseline and similar small jars for packing the lunch boxes. They make excellent receptacles for custard, sauce, preserves, salads and puddings, the screw tops preventing the contents from spilling. Small-sized aluminum salt and pepper shakers are handy and cost but little.

Loaves of bread baked in baking powder cans or other tall cans, are excellent for sandwiches. They take but little extra time to make and are always a delight to the children. Little individual pans, shaped like bread pans, but smaller, may be obtained at any five and ten cent store or at a variety store. Cakes baked in these are handy to pack than slices of cake and do not crumble so easily; little children or moist pies may also be made in them.

A little variety in food should be afforded from day to day, as a child soon tires of the same food prepared in the same way. The main part of the lunch should, of course, be the sandwiches. Two varieties of these should be prepared. These need not necessarily have meat filling as there are other foods more easily digested by the growing boy or girl, than meat.

Hard-boiled eggs are an old standby with many mothers. Boiled for the usual length of time these are exceedingly hard to digest. During the first half hour of the boiling they become tough. It is at this stage that they are generally taken from the fire. They should be boiled for about two hours, at the end of which time they are tender and as easily digested as though soft-boiled. Mash in with a fork and seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and cream, they make fine filling for sandwiches.

An unusual sandwich may be prepared by chopping nuts and seedless raisins together, moisten with cream and spread between lightly buttered slices of bread.

Brown bread cut in thin slices, buttered, and spread with mashed beans and salad dressing, makes an unusual and substantial sandwich.

Brown bread spread with peanut butter and some kind of a tart fruit jam is also delicious.

Many other delightful and unusual fillings will suggest themselves if you give a little thought to the subject.

Left-over cake icing may be used as sandwich filling between square crackers.

Next in importance to the sandwich, comes the vegetable or salad. Salmon, potato, cabbage, corn or apple may be used. Here is where the little jars come into play.

Potatoes are good, and also convenient to carry if baked in the shell. Select large, smooth potatoes for this purpose. Bake until soft, then take from the oven, split lengthwise and remove the potato from the shell. Mash well and season to taste. Put back in the shells and put dots of butter over the top. Brown lightly in the oven.

Last, but not least, comes the dessert. This should consist of cake, cookies, very occasionally some kind of pie, and fruit of some kind.

Cupcakes or cakes baked in muffin or gem pans do not dry out so quickly as slices of cake. Plain or colored fondant candy may be melted, to ice the little cakes. The candy may be put in a bowl and set over the tea-kettle. When melted, dip the tops of the cakes in. They will harden quickly

and what is left of the icing may be kept for the next time.

Oatmeal cookies and cookies with raisin filling are a pleasant change from the usual molasses, cream or drop cookies.

Tiny pies baked in shallow gem pans are nice and are handy to carry than pieces of larger pies.

Apples seem to be the favorite fruit for school lunches. A handful of raisins are a welcome change.

Overwork.

A housekeeper who is overworked often says, "I know that I am doing too much, but I must keep going, for when I try to stop I feel worse." She does not realize that such a condition is a danger signal. She feels "worse" because when the "speeding up" ceases the over-supply of blood that has been directed toward certain nerve centres is withdrawn to repair wasted tissues. Though she feels "let down" when the process of recuperation sets in, she is really on the road to recovery.

The exhaustion caused by overwork is often augmented by brain-fog. For example, women who have become overtired from the care of a house, often needlessly add to the burden by dwelling upon the details of the housework. While they are doing the washing they keep thinking about the big ironing that they will have to do next, and while they are ironing they worry about the work for some other day.

They need to learn to make some kinds of work as automatic as possible. Beds should be made, lamps filled and dishes washed as mechanically as you can do these things without neglecting the work.

If there is something to do in the evening, some member of the family should read aloud and thus divert the mind of the member from what has become drudgery. A hospital patient told her nurse that she had sat alone for hours mending her husband's stockings and those of the hired men until she felt that she could "never take another stitch." When she returned to changed conditions at her home the task became a pleasure.

Women who have always had leisure may suggest, "Why did she not let her work go, and rest?" Some physicians advise that way out of the difficulty, with the trite remark, "Your health is worth more than anything else." But busy women realize that to "let the work go" for long when there is no help to be had only increases the burden later on and makes the mountain almost insurmountable. Breakdown can be avoided only by learning how to work steadily without wasting energy.

Look Pale, Please.

When you go to be photographed remember that rosy cheeks will look hollow in the picture. If you are pale, do not make the mistake of "touching up" your face with rouge, as the paler you are the better you will look in the photo. This leads to a hint for the double-chinned lady. A line of rouge run under the chin from where the fullness starts to where it leaves off on the other side will materially lessen the fullness in the photo.

Dye Old Wrap, Skirt, Sweater, Curtains, in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a rich, fadeless color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything! Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. 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.

The grounds of Buckingham Palace extend over about forty acres, about five of which are occupied by a miniature lake.

If you want to be wretched, look within; if you want to be distracted, look around; if you want to have peace, look up.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S NIPS

It's a DOUBLE treat—Peppermint Jacket over Peppermint gum.

10 for 5c

Candy jacket just "melts in your mouth" then you get the delectable gum center.

And with Wrigley's three old standbys also affording friendly aid to teeth, throat, breath, appetite and digestion.

Soothing, thirst-quenching. Making the next cigar taste better.

THE FLAVOR LASTS

C17

AFTER EVERY MEAL

To Kill a Soldier.

Nothing caused the newspapers reader during the war greater surprise than the colossal expenditure of ammunition.

It was agreed that in former wars it took a man's weight in bullets to kill him. In other words, that for every thousand rifle-bullets fired away one man was killed.

In the late war, if all the metal expended in ammunition were reduced to rifle bullets, no fewer than 50,000 would be required to kill a man. Of course, the calculation is rendered difficult by the fact that millions of tons of metal were expended in putting up barbed wire and the like, and in intensive bombardments of the enemy's positions, but it is safe to say that for every man killed in the war about three tons of metal were expended.

Such a calculation is staggering and yet comforting, for if the old average had held good, all the armies engaged in the war, vast though they were, would have been annihilated to the last man.

Minard's Liniment for "Ripps and Flu.

A cloth wrung out in vinegar and water clears a carpet, and saves time in dusting.

REDUCE 8 POUNDS A MONTH by taking

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GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion.

Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bismarck Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quart of glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloated right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bismarck Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

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Timber in the Northwest Territories

The increasing penetration of agricultural settlement, the extension of the trapping field, and perhaps above all the discovery of oil and valuable minerals in the area, inducing more exhaustive exploration, have made the sub-Arctic north of Canada more generally known and have revealed resources not previously known or widened the limited knowledge as to their extent. One of the resources of this great area of which little is generally known is its timber wealth. This, according to the "Canadian Forestry Magazine," is sufficient to supply the country for a number of years. Up to well within the Arctic circle, where they dwindle in size, are to be found quantities of spruce, tamarac, jack-pine, poplar, larch, birch and willow, all of good size and in commercial quantities.

In the Mackenzie district, white and black spruce attain a height of eighty to one hundred feet, and in a majority of cases these are straight and furnish at least two logs to a tree of good size. Below Fort Smith during the summer of 1921, in an area of about a square mile, two hundred logs were cut, averaging forty feet long and ten to eighteen inches in diameter. Spruce is found in scattered groups, but the clumps are generally large, annual rings numbering one hundred being quite common. White spruce attains its full size in the valleys especially. The lower half of the Slave River is thickly wooded in this respect.

Great Areas of Jackpine.

In view of the mooted schemes of utilizing the jackpine for the manufacture of paper pulp, the resources of this tree in the Northwest Territories are interesting as adding substantially to the valuable resources of pulpwood in the provinces to the south. The jackpine is very prolific in this area and entire blocks of it are to be found in the Mackenzie district. When the Prairie Provinces are called upon to supply pulpwood for Canadian paper production, this northern section will be in a position to supplement the supply.

The principal tree encountered is the poplar, which constitutes entire forests in many sections of the territories and is found elsewhere in conjunction with other trees. The balsam poplar inhabits the entire length of the Mackenzie waterways, assuming its greatest size on the Athabasca, Slave, Peace and Liard rivers. As this is the tree constituting the Prairie Provinces' main reserve supply of pulpwood, the northern addition will some day have value. At present it is used extensively in the building of log dwellings, and is admirably adapted for fuel.

Another tree of the region of considerable present economic value is the tamarac, which is found in the swamps and muskegs and is used extensively in the keels of boats, etc. Hardwoods are extremely scarce in the territories with the exception of birch which is found fairly generally.

Exploration of the north has dispelled another illusion, that of a treeless desert. Not only is the valuable timber supply this region possesses of present convenience to settlement and industrial enterprise, but, if protected adequately, constitutes a rich reserve against the time when the demand for more raw material for paper manufacture takes manufacturers to the West.

The Tramp.

An old man came to our door and begged for bread. His hair was gray, his back was bent, his face was wrinkled, and he walked with lagging steps. His clothes were ragged, and he was grimy with smoke and dirt. His hands were stiff and trembling with the chill March wind.

We gave him food and a copy of the Gospel according to Matthew. He took the little book and holding it in front of his dim eyes, read the title. Then, beginning in a somewhat monotonous voice, he told the story of the Bible—how it was prepared, the history of it, the forming of the canon and the history of the early church. He spoke of prophecy and of the signs of the times. In a few minutes he showed that he had a knowledge of the Scriptures such as you might expect of a professor in a theological seminary.

As he turned away he said, "I lost my last two jobs because I was too old. I am drifting toward the city. Maybe something will turn up there; I don't know." And without a sign of hope in his face he left the house.

In spite of all his knowledge I could not find in anything that he said evidence of the saving faith in Jesus Christ. The path of his soul was just as weary a way as the path of his feet.

It was a pitiful picture, and still I have often wondered whether there are not far too many men like him in the world. How many there are who have had Christian training and know the Bible well who have no saving knowledge of Jesus Christ! How many church members there are who have no knowledge of Him as a personal Saviour!

Buddhists of Tibet make use of prayer-wheels—cylinders inscribed with sacred formulas. By causing these to revolve, worshippers are supposed to gain merit and help to secure their desires.

Cleaning

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