

BOVril IMPROVES YOUR PIES



THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"Just above the Dead Man's Pool you get a beautiful view of Hilderman's hideous hut," Myra declared as we walked along. "I may explain here that 'Dead Man's Pool' is an English translation of the Gothic name, which I dare not inflict on the reader."

"See?" she cried, as we climbed the rock, looking down on the gorgeous salmon pool, with its cool, inviting depths and its subtle promise of sport. "Oh, Ronnie, isn't it wonderful?" she cried. "Almost every day of my life I have admired this view, and I love it more and more every time I see it. I sometimes think I'd rather give up my life than the simple power to gaze at the mountains and the sea."

"Why, look!" I exclaimed. "Is that the window you meant?" "Yes," Myra replied, with an air of annoyance, "that's it. You can see that light when the sun shines on it, which is nearly all day, and it keeps on reminding us that we have a neighbor, although the loch is between us. Besides, for some extraordinary reason it gets on father's nerves. Poor old daddy!"

It may seem strange to the reader that anyone should take notice of the sun's reflection on a window two and a quarter miles away; but it must be remembered that all her life Myra had been accustomed to the undisputed possession of an unbroken view. "Anyhow," she added, as she turned away, "we came here to fish. One of us must cross the stream here and fish that side. We can't cross higher up, there's too much water, and there's no point in getting wet. I'll go, and you fish this side; and when we reach the loch we'll get into the boat. See, Sholto's across already."

And she tripped lightly from boulder to boulder across the top of the fall which steams into the Dead Man's Pool, while I stood and admired her agile sureness of foot as one admires the graceful movements of a beautiful young roe. Sholto was pawing about in a tiny backwater and trying to swallow the bubbles he made, until he saw his beloved mistress was intent on the serious business of fishing, and then he climbed lazily to the top of a rock, where he could keep a watchful eye on her, and spread himself in the sun. I have fished better water than the Malluch river, certainly, and killed bigger fish in other lochs than the beautiful mountain tarn above Invermaltuch Lodge; but I have never had a more enjoyable day's sport than the least satisfying of my many days there.

There was a delightful informality about the sport at the Lodge. One fished in all weathers because one wanted to fish, and varied one's methods and destination according to the day. There was no sign of that hideous custom of doing the thing "properly" that the members of a stockbroker's house-party seem to enjoy; no drawing lots for reaches or pools overnight, no roping-in a gillie to add to the chance of sending a basket "south." When there was a superfluity of fish the crofters and tenants were supplied first, and then anything that was left over was sent to friends in London and elsewhere. At the end of the day's sport we went home happy and pleased with ourselves not in the least depressed if we had drawn a blank, to jolly and delightful meals without any formality at all. And if we were wet, there was a great drying-room off the kitchen premises where our clothes were dried by a housemaid who really understood the business. As for our tackle, we dried our own lines and pegged them under the verandah, and rewound them again in the morning, made up our own casts, and generally did everything for ourselves without a retinue of attendants. And thereby we enjoyed ourselves hugely.

Angus and Sandy, the two handymen of the place, would carry the lunch-basket or pull the boats on the loch or stand by with the gaff or net—and what experts they are!—but the rest we did for ourselves. By the time

I had got a pipe on and wetted my line, Myra was some fifty yards or so up the stream making for a spot where she suspected something. She has the unerring instinct of the investigator-poacher! I cast idly once or twice, content to revel in the delight of holding a rod in my hand once more, intoxicated with the air and the scenery and the sunshine (What a good thing the fish in the west "like it bright!"), and after a few minutes a sudden jerk on my line brought me back to earth. I missed him, but he thrilled me to the serious business of the thing, and I fished on, intent on every cast.

I suppose I must have fished for about twenty minutes, but of that I have never been able to say definitely. It may possibly have been more. I only know that as I was picking my way over some boulders to enable me to cast more accurately for a big one I had risen, I heard Myra give a sharp cry. I turned anxiously and called to her.

I could not distinguish her at first among the gray rocks in the river. Surely she could not have fallen in! Even had she done so, I hardly think she would have called out. She was extraordinarily sure on her feet, and in any case, she was an expert swimmer. What could it be? Immediately following her cry came Sholto's deep bay, and then I saw her. She was standing on a tall, white, lozenge-shaped rock, that looked almost as if it had been carefully shaped in concrete. She was kneeling, and her arm was across her face. With a cry I dashed into the river and floundered across, sometimes almost up to my neck, and ran stumbling to her in a blind agony of fear. Even as I ran her head was carried past me, and disappeared over the fall below.

"Myra, my darling," I cried as I reached her and took her in my arms, "what is it, dearest? For God's sake tell me—what is it?" "Oh, Ronnie, dear," she said, "I don't know, darling. I don't understand." Her voice broke as she lifted her beautiful face to me. I looked into those wonderful eyes, and they gazed back at me with a dull, meaningless stare. She stretched out her hand to grasp my hand, and my own hand clutched aimlessly on her collar. In a flash I realized the hideous truth.

Myra was blind!

CHAPTER IV. The Black Blow.

"Oh, Ronnie, darling," Myra asked in a pitiful voice that went to my heart. "What can it mean? I—I—I can't see—anything at all!" "It's the sun, darling; it will be all right in a minute or two. There lie in my arms, dear, and close your poor eyes. It will be all right soon, dearest."

I tried to comfort her, to assure her that it was just the glare on the water, that she would be able to see again in a moment, but I felt the pitiful inadequacy of my empty words, out of my life. I pray that I may never again witness such a harrowing beautiful head on my shoulder, suddenly stricken blind, doing her best to pacify her dog who was heart-broken in the instinctive knowledge of a new, swift grief which he could not understand.

I must ask the reader to spare me from describing in detail the terrible agony of the next few days, when the hideous tragedy of Myra's blindness overcame us all in its naked freshness. I cannot bring myself to speak of it even yet. I would at any time give my life to save Myra's sight, her most priceless possession. I make this as a simple statement of fact, and in no spirit of romantic arrogance, and I think I would rather die than live again the gnawing agony of those days.

I took Myra in my arms and carried her back to the house. Poor child; she realized almost immediately that I was as dumbfounded as she was herself at the terrible blow which had fallen on her, and that I had no faith in my empty assurances that it would soon be all right again, and she would be able to see as well as ever in an hour or two, at most. So she at once began to comfort me! I marvelled at her bravery, but she made me more miserable than ever. I felt that she might have a sort of premonition that she would never see again. As we crossed the stream above the fall I saw again the reflected light from through the window, and a pang shot words on that very spot—she would rather die than be unable to see her beloved mountains.

I clutched her in my arms, and held her closer to me in dumb despair. "Am I very heavy, Ron, dear?" she asked presently. "If you give me your hand, dear, I can't walk. I think I could even manage without it; but, of course, I should prefer to have your hand at any time." She gave a natural little laugh, which almost deceived me, and again I marvelled at her pluck. I had known Myra since she was four, and I might have expected that she would meet her tragic misfortune with a smile.

"You're as light as a feather, dearest," I protested, "and, as far as that goes, I'd rather carry you at any time."

"I'm glad you were here when it happened, dear," she said. "Tell me, darling, how did it happen?" "I asked, 'I mean, what did it seem like?' Did things gradually grow duller and duller, or what?" "No," she answered, "that was the extraordinary part of it. Quite suddenly I saw everything green for a second, and then everything went out in a green flash. It was a wonderful liquid green, like the sea over a sand-bank. It was just a long flash, very quick and sharp, and then I found I could see nothing at all. Everything is black now, the blink of an intense green. I thought I'd been struck by lightning. Wasn't it silly of me?" "My poor, brave little woman," I murmured. "Tell me, where were you then?"

"Just where you found me, on the Chemist's Rock. I call it the Chemist's Rock because it's shaped like a cough-lozenge. I was casting from there; it makes a beautiful fishing-table. I looked up, and then—well, then it happened."

"We're just coming to the house," said Myra suddenly. "We're just going to turn on to the stable-path." "Darling!" I cried, nearly dropping her in my excitement; "you can see already?"

"Oh, Ronnie, I'm so sorry," she said penitently. "I only knew by the smell of the peat stacks." I could not restrain a groan of disappointment, and Myra stroked my face, and murmured again, "I'm sorry, dearest."

"Will you please put me down now?" she asked. "If daddy saw you carrying me to the house he'd have a fit, and the servants would go into hysterics." So I put her tenderly on her feet, and she took my arm, and could see nothing, not even in the hazy confusion of the nearly blind; yet she walked to the house with as firm a step and as natural an air as if she had nothing whatever the matter with her.

"You had better leave dad to me, Ron," she suggested. "We understand each other, and I can explain to him. You would find it difficult, and it would be painful for you both. Just tell him that I'm not feeling very well, tell him I want to see him. Give me your arm to my den, dear."

I led her to her "den," a little room opening on to the verandah. There was a writing-table in the window covered with correspondence in neat little piles, for Myra was on all the charity committees in the county, and the rest of the room was given up to a profusion of fishing tackle, shooting gear, and books. Sholto followed us, very now and then rubbing his great head against her skirt. I left her there, and turned into the hall, where I met the General. He had heard us return.

"You're back early, my boy," he remarked. "Yes," I said, taking out my cigarette-case to give myself an air of assurance which was utterly unknown to me. "Myra is not feeling very well. She's resting for a bit."

"Not well?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Very unusual, very unusual indeed." And he turned straight into Myra's room without waiting for an answer. To his quiet tap on the door, with a heavy heart I went upstairs to the old school-room, now given over to Mary McNeill, Myra's old nurse. (To be continued.)

Cheating by Wireless.

An Italian schoolboy who was caught cheating in school has won fame. Two small wireless installations were set up by him. One was controlled by the boy in the school; the other was presented to a well-known professor who was prepared to give suggestions during examinations. Whenever any difficulty arose the professor's advice was sought. It was communicated in various ways to each scholar in the class-room. The boys' general improvement was noticed by the teachers, and soon the secret was discovered.

Recently, Senator Marconi, the famous wireless inventor, called to see the boy, and discovered that the youth's device contained some great improvements on the present wireless system.

Rainbows in a Flame.

The color of a heated object depends largely upon the temperature to which it is subjected. When, for example, a poker is placed in a fire, it will first turn a dull red, then a bright red, and finally a glaring white.

The same principle applies to a flame, the outside of which is far hotter than the inside, and, in consequence, gives off a brighter light. This difference in temperature is due to the fact that only the outer portion of the flame comes in contact with the oxygen of the air, while the inner part has to be content with the small amount of this inflammable gas which reaches it still unconsumed.

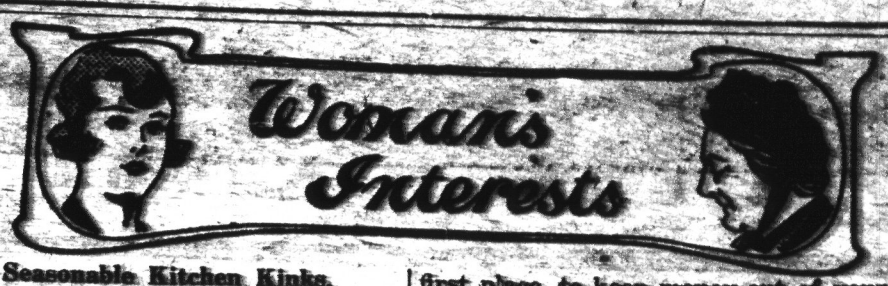
The heat is greatest where combustion is fastest and most complete, and it is for this reason that the outer part of a flame is a bright yellow while the interior is a dull blue.

"First-Class Stang."

Unlike many slang terms, "A I" has an ancestry which is distinguished. It is nothing less than the scale of rating used by Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

Here the higher classes of vessels are marked "A," and the figure "1" following the letter shows that the equipment is complete and efficient. "A I," therefore, is a logical and descriptive synonym for "first-class."

The French have a similar expression, "C'est un homme marquée A I." "He is a man marked with an A I." This is not derived from the same source as our own slang phrase, but from the fact that money coined in Paris was formerly stamped with an "A."



Woman's Interests

Seasonable Kitchen Kinks.

Syrup made of brown sugar is better than any you can buy. To one pound of sugar add a cupful of water and boil until thick enough. Maple sugar makes the best syrup.

Apples stuffed with sausage are appetizing. Core medium-sized, tart apples and insert fresh sausage in the opening. Put in a pan with water and bake until the apples are soft and the sausage is cooked.

Crackling cornbread is a southern dish, made at butchering time. Sift and mix two cupfuls of cornmeal with one cupful of wheat flour, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sweet milk, and two tablespoonfuls of fine cracklings, preferably from leaf lard. Bake in a hot oven.

Make plain pudding thus: In a large baking dish place alternate layers of buttered bread and raisins. Beat six eggs, add half a teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, half a nutmeg grated and two quarts of milk. Pour over the bread, set in a cool place and let stand overnight. The next day bake in a slow oven until the pudding is set and browned.

Fried oysters cooked in the oven are more digestible, and palatable than when cooked in fat. Drain and dry the oysters, roll them in flour, dip in beaten egg, then roll in bread crumbs well seasoned with salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper, and dip in vegetable oil. Bake in a hot oven until light brown. Serve with tomato catsup, cabbage salad or cole-slaw and mashed potatoes.

Chocolate dainties are sure to please. The recipe calls for: One-half cupful of dates or raisins, one-half cupful of figs, one-half cupful of nut meats, one square unsweetened chocolate, one teaspoonful of orange juice and one fruit peel of one orange. Put the dates and nuts through a meat chopper. Add orange juice, grated peel, and melted chocolate. The mixture may then be molded into balls and rolled in chopped nuts or granulated sugar, or it may be packed in an oiled tin, put under a weight, and then cut into squares.

Parisian sweets can easily be made by the children. They require: One-half pound of nut meats (locally grown), one-half pound of dates or raisins and one-half pound of figs. Put all ingredients through the meat chopper. Mix thoroughly, roll out on a molding board to one-quarter-inch thickness, using powdered sugar to dust the confection from sticking to the board. Cut into squares or diamonds.

To make marshmallow fudge, cook together two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one and one-half squares of chocolate, one-half cupful of milk, until the mixture will form a soft ball in water. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla. When slightly cool, add gradually a cupful of marshmallows cut in pieces, and beat thoroughly; when the marshmallows have partly melted, pour the mixture into buttered pans to cool, then cut into squares.

Make molasses candy for a candy-pull, by this recipe: Mix together over the fire three cupfuls of molasses and one cupful of brown sugar, add half a cupful of vinegar and cook slowly, stirring occasionally. After it has cooked for twenty minutes begin testing by dropping a little of the syrup in cold water. When it seems brittle, add a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little hot water. Do not cook the candy after the soda has been added, but pour immediately into buttered pans and pull as soon as it is sufficiently cooled.

Necessities. Mary Ellen's wide eyes looked anxiously at her mother. "Mother, do you think we could afford to have a party?" Ethel Macy's cousin is coming to see her, and almost everyone is going to give her a party."

Mary Ellen's mother kissed the small face. "How would it do for us to have her to lunch instead of to a party, dear? We can make little candy dolls dressed like roses."

"Oh, yes!" Mary Ellen cried joyously. "Do let's, mother. I'm going right over to tell Ethel."

But when the small feet had danced away, Mary Ellen's mother buried her face in the pillows of the old lounge and cried. "I knew it was bound to come sometime," she sobbed. "I haven't broken down in all these four hard years, but to have Mary Ellen asking if we can afford things! And I had tried so hard not to let the children think about money."

The other person in the room was a classmate of Mary Ellen's mother and her dearest friend. She leaned down and kissed her. "I'm going to leave you to cry it out, Ellen," she said. "I'll be back in half an hour."

At the end of that time she returned with a cup of hot chocolate. Mary Ellen's mother looked at her apologetically. "I'm so ashamed," she said, "to spoil your visit this way."

"Spoil nothing, as your son and heir would say. I'm glad you let go. You'll feel like another person. And now, while you take this chocolate, I will take the lecture platform. In the

first place, to keep money out of your children's thoughts may be an ideal, but like most other ideals it can only be approximated in this age. Moreover, I am not sure that it is the finest ideal. I think perhaps the wisest way is to acknowledge the necessity of dealing with money and teach the children directly, as you are constantly teaching them indirectly, that money is only valuable for what it can purchase, and that therefore the greatest wisdom is to learn how to use it for the greatest things. In the two weeks I've been here I've noticed several things. One is that the children have been taught to help carry on the household and to share its pleasures. I notice that their friends have as well recognized a place in it as your friends; that, although your meals are simple, hospitality is not a luxury with you, but one of the matter-of-course things of life. If you could know the families that I know in this age of apartments—"

Ellen's eyes were shining now, but not with tears. "Oh, you make me so ashamed!" she cried. "So ashamed and so glad and so rich!"

Ears and Specialists. No one except the ear specialist can know much about the complicated and delicate mechanism of the human ear. Before the day of specialists it fell to the lot of the devoted general practitioner to deal with ills of the ear. That the results were no worse than they were proves his courage and especially his common sense.

In those days the doctor's first idea in most cases was to use the syringe. Sometimes it was a good idea; but careful syringing will remove impacted wax and that is always a help. But syringing will not do much more than that in any case, and in many cases it will do serious harm. Anxious or officious relatives should never undertake it.

The first thing the specialist does is to find out by means of his apparatus for seeing inside the ear what part is affected—the external ear, the middle ear, or the internal ear. Has he got to deal with a boil—an exquisitely painful matter—or with an acute mastoiditis—a very dangerous matter? Only he can determine. If the trouble is in the internal ear, he may use the X-rays to help his diagnosis.

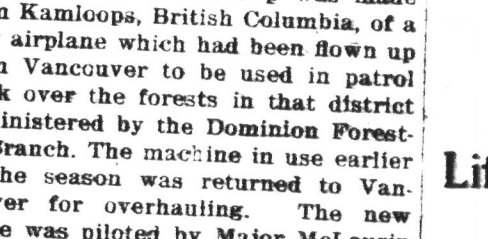
When suppuration is taking place inside the ear the farther in it is the greater the danger. The tendency of pus to "burrow back" if it cannot escape in any other way menaces reason and life itself. When the trouble is a boil of the external ear the treatment is to excise and get rid of the pus as soon as possible.

Children sometimes poke objects into one of their ears; when that happens a specialist should be called at once. Occasionally an insect finds its way inside the ear and generally causes great agony by its efforts to escape. The best course is to drown the intruder at once with a few drops of water or of alcohol and then get it out afterwards.

Airplanes and Forest Fires. Recently the initial trip was made from Kamloops, British Columbia, of a new airplane which had been flown up from Vancouver to be used in patrol work over the forests in that district administered by the Dominion Forestry Branch. The machine in use earlier in the season was returned to Vancouver for overhauling. The new plane was piloted by Major McLaurin of Vancouver and with him on this trip were Mr. D. Roy Cameron, district forest inspector, and Mr. J. A. Wilson, of Ottawa, secretary of the Air Board of Canada. The trip of 250 miles was made in three hours and twenty minutes. There had been a smoke haze for some days, which had made detection of fires from the lookout stations difficult and the use of the airplane with its greater range of visibility overcame this. No fires which Forestry Branch officers did not know of were discovered, but from the airplane the fires were classified according to their size and importance, so that suppression measures could be directed accordingly. In fact so detailed was the observation carried out by the district forest inspector that those in the plane could see the firefighters clearly and the kind of work they were doing.

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STAMMERING. "Many happy returns," said the sensible swimmer to the smiling incident. "And I intend to make you a present. What shall it be?—A birthday book or a kiss?" And with a passably good imitation of a blush, she answered ingenuously, "I'm not very fond of reading."

Some women won't be happy in heaven unless they can scrub it out twice a year.

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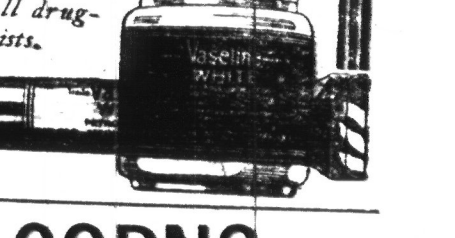
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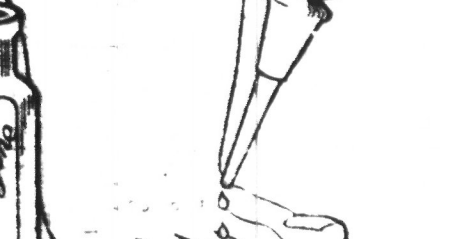
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