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BOVRIL

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Ah!" said I. "It has come, then." And I was surprised that I had forgotten all about the war, which was actually the cause of my presence there. I noticed with some curiosity that Hilderman looked out of the window with a strangely tense air, his lips firmly pressed together, his eyes wide open and staring. He was certainly awake now. But in a moment he turned to me with a charming smile.

"You know, I'm an American," he said. "But this hits me—hits me hard. There's a calm and peaceful, friendly hospitality about this island of yours that I like—like a lot. My own country reminds me too much of my own struggles for existence. For nearly forty years I fought for breath in America, and, but that I like now and again to run over and have a look round, you can keep the place as far as I'm concerned. I've been about here now for a good many years—not just this part, for this is nearly new to me, but about the country—and I feel that this is my quarrel, and I should like to have a hand in it."

"Perhaps America may join in yet," I suggested.

"Not she," he cried, with a laugh. "America! Not on your life. Why, she's afraid of civil war. She doesn't know which of her own citizens are her friends and which aren't. She's tied hand and foot. She can't even turn round long enough to whip Mexico. Don't you ever expect America to join in anything except family prayer, my boy. That's safe. You know where you are, and it doesn't matter if you don't agree about the wording of a psalm. If an American was told off to shoot a German, he'd ten to one turn round and say: 'Here, hold on a minute; that's my uncle!'"

"You think all the Germans in the States prefer their fatherland to their adopted country, or are they most of them spies?"

"Spies?" said Hilderman. "I don't believe in spies. It stands to reason there can't be much spying done in any country. Over here, for instance, for every German policeman in this country—for that's all a spy can be—there are about a thousand British policemen. What chance has the spy? You don't seriously believe in them, do you?" he added, smiling, as he offered me a Corona cigar.

"I don't know," I said doubtfully. "I didn't want to argue with my good Samaritan. There is no doubt a certain amount of spying is done; but, of course, our policemen are hardly trained to cope with it. I daresay the whole business is very greatly exaggerated."

"You bet it is, my boy," he replied emphatically. "Going far?" he asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"North of Loch Horn," I answered.

"Oh!" said Hilderman, with renewed interest. "Gleneg?"

"I take the boat to Gleneg and then drive back," I explained. "I was in a mood to tell him just where I was going, and why, and all about myself; but I recollected, with an effort, that I was talking to a total stranger."

"Drive back?" he repeated after me, with a sudden return to his dreamy manner. Then, just as suddenly, he woke up again. "Where are we now?" he asked.

"Passing over Morar bridge," I explained.

"Dear me—yes, of course!" he exclaimed with a glance out of the window. "Well, I must pack up my wraps. Good-bye, Mr. Ewart; I'm so glad to have met you. Your country's at war, and you look to me a very likely young man to do your best. Well, good-bye and good luck. I only wish I could join you."

"I wish you could," I replied heartily. "I shall certainly do my best. And many thanks for your kind assistance."

And so we parted, and returned to our respective compartments to put our things together; for our journey—the rail part of it, at any rate—was nearly over. And it was not until long afterwards that I realized that he had called me by my name, and I had never told him what it was.



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of any definite train of thought, I led Myra quickly behind a Japanese screen to a small table by a side window. After all, it was no business of mine if Hilderman wished to say he had joined the train at Ardul. He probably had his own reasons. Possibly Dennis was right, and the man was a detective. But I had seen him at King's Cross and again at Edinburgh before we reached Ardul, so I thought it might embarrass him if I walked in on the top of his assertion that he had just come from the Clyde. However, Myra was with me, which was much more important, and I dismissed Hilderman and his little fib from my mind.

"Romnie," said Myra, in the middle of lunch, "you haven't said anything about the war."

"No, dear," I answered clumsily. "It was an astonishingly difficult thing to say when it came to saying it."

"And yet that was what you came to see me about?"

"Yes, darling. You see, I—"

"I know, dear. You've come to tell me that you're going to enlist. I'm glad, Romnie, very glad—and very, very proud."

"Myra turned away and looked out of the window."

"I hate people who talk a lot about their duty," I said, "but it obviously is my duty, and I know that's what you want me to do."

"Of course, dear. I wouldn't have you do anything else," and she turned and smiled at me, though there were tears in her dark eyes. "And I shall try to be brave, very brave, Romnie. I'm getting a big girl now," she added pluckily, attempting a little laugh.

And though, of course, we afterwards discussed the regiment I was to join, and how you kept your buttons clean, and a thousand other things, that was the last that was said about it from that point of view. There are some people who never need to say certain things—or at any rate there are some things that never need to be said between certain people."

After lunch we strolled round the "fish-table," a sort of subsidiary pier on which the fish are auctioned, and listened to the excited conversations of the fish-curers, gutters, and fish-ermen. It was a veritable babel—the mournful intonation of the Broomielaw, the broad guttural of the East Coast, mingled with the shrill Gaelic scream of the Highlands, and the occasional twang of the cockney tourist. Having retrieved Sholto, who was inspecting some fish which had been laid out to dry in the middle of the village street, and packed him safely in the bows, we set out to sea, Myra at the engine, while I took the tiller. As we glided out of the harbor I turned round, impelled by some unknown instinct. The parson's dog was standing at the head of the main pier, seeing us safely off the premises and beside him the tall figure of my friend J. G. Hilderman. As I looked up at him I wondered if he recognized me; but it was evident he did, for he raised his cap and waved to me. I returned the compliment as well as I could, for just then Myra turned and implored me not to run into the lighthouse.

(To be continued.)

Letters That Have Changed a Nation.

On one occasion Lord Wolseley prophesied that eventually the Chinese would rule the world. It looks as if this prediction may be nearer the truth.

In the past, ninety per cent of the Chinese people were quite illiterate. There has, however, come an awakening, and a desire for education has developed.

One of the reasons for this sudden change is that the Chinese have adopted a new phonetic alphabet. By means of thirty-nine signs, or letters, it is possible for them to write and express anything which can be spoken in their own language.

For thousands of years there had been a way of writing Chinese, but it was such a difficult way that only scholars attempted it. The old Chinese alphabet had 43,000 signs, and it is scarcely surprising that most Chinese men gave up all idea of learning to read and write.

Eventually China's ruling men set themselves the task of inventing a simple phonetic alphabet, such as most languages possess.

The Chinese Board of Education, with the help of various foreign authorities on languages, succeeded in inventing an alphabet of thirty-nine letters, which are not unlike shorthand. Missionaries and teachers have undertaken the teaching of reading and writing by means of this simplified method. The modern Chinaman is hungry for knowledge and education, and even old people are found to be anxious to learn to read and write.

The oldest known English picture is one of Chaucer, painted on panel in the year 1380.

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TWELFTH ANNUAL TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW
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Woman's Interests

Order and Ends in Time Savers.
Almost every day one learns little helps in the daily routine of work. One Sunday not long ago, my family made an unexpected visit to my sister on the farm. My brother went out and dressed two chickens so quickly as to excite my wonder. At home we never have hot water ready for immediate use. I asked my sister about it and she said, "I keep the tea kettle full of water in a place where it will always be hot." Since that Sunday I have always had my tea kettle full of water, and hot, too.

How many of us in doing our Monday washing finish the washing before we hang out any clothes? I always thought this was the only way to do. But I have learned differently. Lately, I have been scrubbing out the first two boilers and flannels and getting them all ready for the line; then with the last boiler on the stove, and the machine going, I hang the clothes that are ready on the line. By the time I am through washing those clothes, unless the weather is rainy, are dry and I bring them in and sprinkle them. In the afternoon while my two little girls are taking their naps, I iron the white clothes. On Tuesday I have only the colored clothes to iron and I can do some mending in the afternoon. I find I do not get as tired this way as I do when I wash one day and do all the ironing the next.

My mother told me a fine thing in doing housework. Have certain things to do every day and your work will be twice as easy. I tried letting my work go one week in order to get some dressmaking done and when Saturday came the house was in general disorder. I found playthings, dust and dirt in the most unheard of places. It took all day to go through and get the house in order once more. Since then I have followed mother's advice and have done the housework, dishes, bed-making, picking up, sweeping and dusting, and then taken time to do the other little things that are sure and more satisfied if the house is in order, ready for any emergencies that might arise.

Another time-saver which I find to be a great help is always to keep some kind of cold canned meat on hand for the unexpected visitor or workmen. Salmon is good, but I find that a two-pound can of roast beef goes farther and also provides gravy which may be thickened or not, just as one cares to do. I also have marshmallow cream and confectioners' sugar on my shelves ready to fix up a cake or disguise cookies and make them appear more appetizing. Sauce is ready in the cellar, and also vegetables. This

leaves no cause to worry in regard to the hurried meal and one has no reason to feel that the meal was a failure with these or similar things on hand.

If there is an especially busy day ahead peel the potatoes the day before and cover with water. Cook the meal the day before and also get the dessert ready. By preparing things the day before one gets time for the little odd jobs that are sure to arise on a busy day when everything is hustle and bustle.

One more help. Baby is just beginning to creep and takes up all the dust and dirt. Take the tops of old stockings and cut them down a short way. Then sew these up and place a rubber cord at the top and at the bottom of the legs and let her wear them around. The stockings take up the dirt instead of baby's clothes and the cost is nothing.

(It is not a good thing to make a rule of allowing peeled potatoes to stand long in water, as they lose part of their nutritive value.—Ed.)

Looking Your Best.
Cookstoves and complexions! You've never thought of them together, but they really are. For, after all, what is cooking a big dinner but giving your face the preliminaries of the steaming treatment that the beauty parlors charge so much for? Only you mustn't stop at the preliminaries if you're after a pretty skin. You must follow the same course as the beauty shops do.

After the dinner is cooked—that means after the steaming is over—take a clean towel and wipe your face thoroughly. Be especially careful of the corners where the blackhead is most prone to congregate. You see, the steam has opened all your pores and brought every bit of oil and foreign matter to the surface. When you wipe this away, you leave your skin very clean.

But, besides being clean, the skin is now relaxed and every pore is gaping open. To correct this, take the other end of the towel and dip it in the coldest water you can find. Slap it vigorously against the whole face, not neglecting the neck. What is the charm of a pretty face if it surmounts an ugly, dingy neck? Press your hardest against the muscles that are most likely to sag, and try to smooth out the little fine lines that fatigue brings so quickly under the eyes.

This treatment closes the pores and makes the skin firm and smooth. It will only take a minute or two before you sit down to dinner. But you will find that it is a minute or two well spent. For if you persist in turning your cookstove into a beauty parlor you'll find that your skin is becoming more attractive.

Progress in Canada.
The recently discovered deposit of iron ore on the shore of Lake Athabasca has been the subject of analyses by the University of Alberta. Specimens were found to contain approximately 21 per cent silica, 70 per cent iron oxide, 0.3 per cent phosphorus and 0.7 per cent sulphur, with equivalent of iron in the iron oxide 50 per cent.

Eighteen carloads of Jonathan apples, packed in suitable cases, constituted the first shipment of apples from British Columbia to Glasgow, Scotland, this year. They were loaded on the Royal Mail steamer "Mollere," and sailed for Scotland by way of the Panama Canal.

The first oil refinery in Alberta will be in operation near Fort McMurray, next year, according to George J. Hammond, a well-known Vancouver capitalist. Control of 6,000 acres of tar sands near Fort McMurray has been obtained by the company which Mr. Hammond represents, and by a special process, which has already been successfully proven, it is proposed to extract the oil and other by-products from the tar sands.

The water-power at Great Falls now being developed by the Manitoba Power Company is capable of 168,000 h.p. ultimate development. The first installation will be for 56,000 h.p. and the power will be distributed through the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company. The development of the first unit provides all the dam necessary for the development of the ultimate capacity of 168,000 h.p., and in developing further units it will only be necessary to enlarge the power house and install the necessary machinery.

High grade stucco, known as Firestone Stucco, will be manufactured by the Bishopric Manufacturing Company, of Ottawa, from magnesite obtained from the mines of Wilson, Paterson and Gifford, Limited, Montreal, located in Quebec province. Although quantities of magnesite have been known for some years to be deposited in Quebec province, nothing has been done to use this material, except a limited quantity in clinkered form in the steel mills during the war.

A record was made at Port Arthur, Ont., recently, in loading a grain cargo. The steamer "Westmount" docked at 6.30 p.m. at the Saskatchewan elevator. Loading was commenced at 7 o'clock, and at midnight 335,000 bushels of grain were in the hold of the ship. Only four scales were used in loading.

A total of 116,092,164 bushels of wheat have been shipped from Fort

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