

# THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

## CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"Someone you know?" she asked, as I righted our course.

"Only a chap I met on the train," I explained.

"It looks like the tenant of Glasnabinnie, but I couldn't be certain. I've never met him, and I've only seen him once."

"Glasnabinnie?" I exclaimed, with a new interest. "Really? Why, that's quite close to you, surely?"

"Just the other side of the loch, directly opposite us. A good swimmer could swim across, but a motor would take days to go round. So we're really a long way off, and unless he turns up at some local function we're not likely to meet him. He's said to be an American millionaire; but then every American in these parts is supposed to have at least one million of money."

"Do you know anything about him—what he does, or did?" I asked.

"Absolutely nothing," she replied, "except, of course, the silly rumors that one always hears about strangers. He took Glasnabinnie in May, in fact, the last week of April, I believe. That rather surprised us, because it was very early for summer visitors. But he showed his good sense in doing so, as the country was looking gorgeous—Sgorri, na Ciche, and the Cuchulains under snow. I've heard (Angus McGeachan, one of our crofters, told me) he was an inventor, and had made a few odd millions out of a machine for sticking labels on canned meat. That and the fact that he is a very keen amateur photographer is the complete history of Mr. Hilderman so far as I know it. Anyway, he has a gorgeous view, hasn't he? It's nearly as good as ours."

"He has indeed," I agreed readily. "But I don't think Hilderman can be very wealthy; no fishing goes with Glasnabinnie, there's no yacht anchorage, and there's no road to motor on. How does he get about?"

"He's got a beautiful Wolsey launch," said Myra peevishly, "a perfect beauty. He calls her the Balmorhea. He looks along the Balmorhea at Mallaig when we left. Oh! look up the loch, Don! Isn't it a wonderful view?"

And so the magnificent purple-grey summit of Sgorri na Ciche, at the head of Loch Nevis, claimed our attention—and that and other matters of a personal nature—and J. G. Hilderman went completely from our minds. Myra was a real Highlander of the West. She lived for its mountains and lochs, its rivers and burns, its magnificent coast and its fascinating animal life. She knew every little creek and inlet, every rock and shallow, every reef and current from Fort William to the Great Loch. I have even heard it said that when she was twelve she could draw an accurate outline of Benbulbin and North Uist, a feat that would be a great deal beyond the vast majority of grown-ups living on those islands themselves. As we turned to cross the head of Loch Hourne, Myra pointed out Glasnabinnie, nestling like a lump of grey lichen at the foot of the Cruinich Burn. Anchored off the point was a small steam yacht, either a converted drifter or built on drifter lines.

"Our friend has visitors," said Myra, "and he's not there to receive them. How very rude. That yacht is often there. She only makes about eight knots as a rule, although she gives you the impression she could do more. You see, she's been built for strength and comfort more than for looks. She calls at Glasnabinnie in the afternoons sometimes, and is there after dark, and sails off before six." (Myra was always out of doors before six in the morning, whatever the weather.) "From which I gather," she continued, "that the owner lives some distance away and sleeps on board. She can't be continuously cruising, or she would make a longer stay sometimes."

"You seem to know the ways of yacht owners, dear," I said. "Hullo! what is that hut on the cliff above the falls? That's new, surely?"

"Oh! that beautiful thing," said Myra in disgust. "That's his, too. A smoking-room and study, I believe. He had it built there because he has an uninterrupted view that sweeps the sea."

"Why 'beastly thing'?" I asked. "It's too far away to worry you, though it isn't exactly pretty, and I know you hate to see anything in the shape of a new building going up."

"Oh! it annoys me," she answered sulkily, "and somehow it gets on daddy's nerves. You see, it has a funny sort of window which goes all round the top of the hut. This is evidently divided into several small windows, because they swing about in the wind, and when the sun shines on them they catch the eye even at our distance. And, as I say, they get on

daddy's nerves, which have not been too good the last week or two."

"Never mind," I comforted her; "he'll be all right when his friends come up for the Twelfth. I think the doctors are wrong to say that he should never have a lot of people hanging round him, because there can surely be no harm in letting him see a few friends. I certainly think he's right to make an exception for the grouse."

"Grouse!" sniffed Myra. "They come for the Twelfth because they like to be seen travelling north on the eleven. And I have to entertain them. And some of the ones who come for the first time tell me they suppose I know all the pretty walks round about! And in any case," she finished, in high indignation, "can you imagine me entertaining anybody?"

"Yes, my dear, I can," I replied; and the "argument" kept us busy till we reached Invermullach. The old General came down to the landing-stage to meet us, and was much more honestly pleased to see me than I had ever known him before.

"Ah! Ronald, my boy!" he exclaimed heartily. "Pon my soul, I'm glad to see you. It's true, I suppose? You've heard the news?"

The question amused me, because it was so typical of the old fellow. Here had I come from London, where the Cabinet was sitting night and day, to a spot miles from the railway terminus, to be asked if I had heard the news.

"You mean the war, of course?" I replied.

"Yes, it's come, my boy, at last. Come to find me on the shelf! Ah, well! It had to come sooner or later, and now we'll do what we can. Begad, I'm glad to see you, my boy, thundering glad. It's a bit lonely here sometimes for the little woman, you know; but she never complains." (In point of fact, she even contrived to laugh, and take her father's arm affectionately in hers.) "And besides, there are many things I want to have a talk with you about, Ronald—many things. By the way, had lunch?"

"We lunched at Mallaig, thank you, sir," I explained.

"Well, well, Myra will see you get all you want—won't you, girlie?" he said.

"I say, Ronnie," Myra asked, as we reached the house, "are you very tired after your journey, or shall we have a cup of tea and then take our rods for an hour or so?"

I stoutly declared I was not the least tired, as who could have been in the circumstances?—and I should enjoy an hour's fishing with Myra immensely. So I ran upstairs and had a bath, and changed, and came down to find the General waiting for me. Myra had disappeared into the kitchen to give first-aid to a bare-legged crofter laddie who had cut his foot on a broken bottle.

"Well, my boy," said the old man, "you've come to tell us something. What is it?"

"Oh!" I replied, as lightly as I could, "it is simply that we are in for a row with Germany, and I've got an enlisting."

"Good boy," he chuckled. "good boy! Applying for a commission, I suppose—man of your class and education, and all that—eh?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" I laughed. "I shall just walk on with the crowd, to continue the simile."

"Glad to hear it, my boy—I am, indeed. 'Pon my soul, you're a good lad, you know—quite a good lad. Your father would have been proud of you. He was a splendid fellow—a thundering splendid fellow. We always used to say, 'You can always trust Ewart to do the straight, clean thing; he's

a gentleman. I hope your comrades will say the same of you, my boy."

"By the way, sir," I added, "I also intended to tell you that in the circumstances—I—Well, I mean to say that I shan't—shan't expect Myra to consider herself under—under any obligations to me."

"However difficult it was for me to say it, I had been quite certain that the old General would think it was the right thing to say, and would be genuinely grateful to me for saying it off my own bat without any prompting from him. So I was quite prepared for the outburst that followed."

"You silly young fellow!" he cried. "Pon my soul, you are a silly chap, you know. Do you mean to tell me you came here intending to tell my little girl to forget all about you just when you are going off to fight for your country, and may never come back? You mean to run away and leave her alone with an old croak of a father? You know, Ewart, you—you make me angry at times."

"I'm very sorry, sir," I apologized, though I had no recollection of having made him angry before.

"Oh! I know," he said, in a calmer tone. "Felt it was your duty, and all that—eh? I know. But, you see, it's not your duty at all. No, now, there are one or two things I want to tell you that you don't know, and I'll tell you one of 'em now and the rest later. The first thing—in absolute confidence, of course—is that—"

But at this point Myra walked in, and the General broke off into an incoherent mutter. He was a poor diplomatist.

"Ah! secrets? Naughty!" she exclaimed laughingly. "Are you ready, Ronnie?"

"He's quite ready, my dear," said the old man graciously. "I've said all I want to say to him for the time being. Run along with girlie, Ewart. You don't want to mess about with an old croak."

"Daddy," said Myra reproachfully, "you're not to call yourself names."

"All right, then; I won't," he laughed. "You young people will excuse me, I'm sure. I should like to join you; but I have a lot of letters to write; and I daisy you'd rather be by yourselves. Eh?—you young dog!"

It was a polite fiction between father and daughter that when the old fellow felt too unwell to join her or write. And occasionally, when he was in the mood to exert his strength, she would never refer to it directly, but often she would remark, "You know you'll miss the past, daddy."

And they both understood. So we set out by ourselves, and I naturally preferred to be alone with Myra, much as I liked her father. We went out on the verandah, and while I unpacked my kit, Myra rewound her line, which had been drying on the pegs overnight.

"Are you content with small mercies, Ron?" she asked, "or do you agree that it is better to try for a salmon than catch a trout?"

"It certainly isn't better to-day, anyway," I answered. "I want to be near you, darling. I don't want the distance of the pools between us. We might walk up to the Dead Man's Pool, and then fish up stream; and later fish the loch from the boat. That would bring us back in nice time for dinner."

"Oh! splendid!" she cried; and we fished our fly-books. Her's was a big book of tattered pig-skin, which reclined at the bottom of the spacious "poacher's pocket" in her jacket. The fly-book was an old favorite—she wouldn't have parted with it for worlds. Having followed her advice, and changed the Orange I had tied for the "bob" to a Peacock Zulu, which I borrowed from her, we set out.

(To be continued.)

A caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 6,000 times its own weight in food. It will take a man three months before he eats a quantity of food equal to his own weight.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

## Goat-Raising in British Columbia

Goats in the Province of British Columbia now number approximately 5,000, according to a statement issued by the Provincial Department of Agriculture. Practically all of these animals are of the Toggenburg, Saanen and Nubian breeds. When first introduced into British Columbia it was predicted that goats were but a passing fad, but such has not been the case and to-day goat-raising occupies a recognized position in the livestock industry of the province. While no other province in the Dominion has entered into this industry so extensively, the demand for these animals in British Columbia still continues unabated.

The original foundation-stock, numbering some 200 head, entered Canada in 1917 from the United States, where they were examined by Federal authorities and each animal tagged with a little metal plate stating that it was officially recognized by the Government as foundation stock. In order to avoid confusion and to limit the registration of pedigrees, all efforts have been concentrated on the three main breeds, Toggenburg, Saanen, Nubian, which are noted for their milk-producing qualities. The amount of milk produced by many of these goats is truly remarkable. Official records have been made of over 2,000 pounds per annum, and one animal is credited with a production of 2,941 pounds.

No laborious work is entailed by an owner in caring for a herd of goats. A snug and comfortable house, free from draughts and rain-proof, is all that is required for shelter. A good-sized yard is necessary for the animals to browse in. In feeding, leaves of all kinds, broom, wild berries, and practically all kinds of trash are relished by them, as well as grass and most

weeds, they will also eat the young roots of bracken and of coniferous trees, and in winter will eat freely of the latter, and bark the young branches as well.

The chief source of income from a goat is derived in the form of milk, which is the equal of cow's milk in nutrition. Practically all of the goats now in the province are owned by householders, who keep one or two in the backyard or on a nearby vacant piece of land. They are milked twice a day at regular hours, and thrice if the goat is a heavy milker. The income from milk alone in the province last year amounted to \$45,300, representing 75,450 gallons. In addition, butter and cheese can be made from the milk, but experiments have proven that the quality of these products is not up to the standard of that made from cow's milk, and as a result there is no market.

A goat breeder's society was formed in British Columbia in 1917 with a membership of 175, which has increased annually until at the present time the number is well over 400. Another society, known as the Canadian Goat Society, has also been formed for the purpose of registering pedigrees of goats.

There is a continual demand for goats in British Columbia, where the climatic conditions and abundance of natural feed make the province an ideal one for the raising of these animals. In time it is probable that the success which has attended the efforts of breeders in British Columbia, will also take up this form of livestock, and in the meantime no efforts are being spared to make the Pacific province the leading goat-raising territory on the continent.

## Woman's Interests

### An Old-Fashioned Party.

So many parties nowadays seem to be planned for young folks only, that a party which the older people can enjoy may not come amiss. The invitations may read in this manner:

Twenty-year endowments  
We hear of every day  
They're always in the future.  
Let's look the other way.  
Twenty years behind us,  
And maybe twenty more,  
And practice all the pleasures  
We liked so much of yore.

(Important Note: Wear old-time costume.)

The collection of costumes is the first amusing feature; the ladies will be wearing hoopskirts and tiny pan-cake hats or scoop bonnets, and the men will have the most antiquated cut coat and trousers and the quaintest style of hat brims, for all the costumes should be as far as possible come out of attics. Those who wish may dress in little girl or boy clothes that belonged to their grandmothers or grandfathers.

The next amusing feature will be the showing of daguerotypes. In an oval opening, large enough to hold a person, appear in succession, one after another, characters from a by-gone age, and as each is exhibited someone reads aloud what purports to be the name and age of the daguerotype subject. Thus:

"Aunt Mary Watkins at the age of twenty-one."

"Grandma Brown the day she entered the female seminary."

"Uncle Ben and Aunt Hetty on their wedding day."

Another very entertaining feature is illustrating some of the old songs by means of tableaux in the frame. For instance, a chosen quartet may sing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," while Sweet Alice herself, in costume, smiles demurely out at the audience.

"Juanita," "Robin Adair," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," and many of the other tunes in any book of old songs will illustrate delightfully.

The most fun will come in the playing of the games of yesteryear.

Imagine a crowd of fifty and sixty-year-olds playing "Miss Jennia Jones." One player, as you know, represents the mother, another, Miss Jennia, the daughter. The rest join hands and advance, chanting:

"We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,  
Miss Jennia Jones, Miss Jennia Jones,  
We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,  
And how is she to-day?"

(Tune: "Mulberry Bush.")

The other announces that Miss Jennia is washing; so it goes through verse after verse.

Shouting Proverbs used to be one of the favorites at parties. While one person leaves the room, the others decide on a proverb for him to guess.

Then each person is portioned out a word with instructions to shout it loudly when the guesser enters. All the word holders shout at once, and the poor puzzled guesser seeks to distinguish enough to enable him to piece the complete proverb.

Copenhagen is another old and popular game. All the players but one, who stands in the centre, form a circle with hands on a rope. The central player tries to slap the hands of the other players as they rest on the rope, and the players in turn try to elude him by withdrawing their hands. It is a rule of the game not to let go both hands at once.

Another singing game—this one from England—is "Charlie Over the Water." The players clasp hands and circle round and round, one in the centre singing:

"Charlie over the water,  
Charlie over the sea,  
Charlie caught a blackbird,  
Can't catch me."

At the last word all squat down, but if the one who is "it" can touch one of them before he gets into that position, that one is "it."

Then there are "London Bridge," "Clap In, Clap Out," "Stage Coach," and "Spin the Platter"—all of which are pretty widely known.

A quieter game is "Capping Quotations." One person gives one, the next person must follow with a quotation beginning with the same letter with which the previous quotation ends.

That's what you pay for it when you buy a suit. What do you get a pound for it when you sell the wool? Canadian wool has to be sent out of Canada to be prepared for the spinner. A pound of wool bought from the farmer is sold from one commission merchant to another, stored, shipped by train and boat, stored in England, sold and re-shipped until eventually it gets back to the mill in Canada at many times the price you got for it. There is no place in Canada to prepare wool for the worst spinner. Isn't it a shame?

A mill is now under consideration, in Toronto, to convert raw wool for the spinner. What wool can be sent direct to the mill for combing and sold direct to the spinner, that the farmer will get the full price.

If this is of interest to you, Mr. Wool Grower, write Dominion Development Corporation, Limited, 709 Continental Life Bldg., Toronto, and get the full plan.

Japanese children are not allowed to attend school until after six years of age, as the Japanese believe that school education before six is physiologically and mentally detrimental.

Women have practiced medicine for many years, an important book on the subject having been produced in England during the Middle Ages by St. Hildegarde, a woman.

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Steps are under way for the setting aside of a forest reserve area in Parkenham and Darling townships of Lanark county, Ontario, under the Ontario Government plan of assisting municipalities to set aside areas as forest reserves.

# CORNS

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