

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The outbreak of war sends Ronald Ewart, a young London barrister, to the Highlands to say good-bye to his fiancée, Myra McLeod. On the train he meets Hilderman, who calls himself an American and a stranger in those parts, but later Ronald finds that he has built a hut on a cliff above the falls opposite General McLeod's lodge. While fishing in the river Myra is suddenly blinded by a flash of green light. The physician advises consulting a London oculist. Gen. McLeod tells Ewart of a curious experience at the Chemist's Rock. At the station they meet Hilderman, who is very curious as to the cause of Myra's blindness. The General telegraphs that Sholto is blind. The London doctor holds out no hope and Ewart consults a Glasgow oculist, Dr. Garnesk.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"So that's the complete story of Miss McLeod and her dog Sholto," I mused, when I had finished speaking. For a brief second I thought he was about to laugh at the apparent absurdity of the yarn, but before I had time to answer he spoke again. "Miss McLeod and her dog are apparently blind, and Mr. Ewart is a bundle of nerves—and this is very excellent brandy, Mr. Ewart. Allow me."

"I accepted the proffered glass with a laugh, in spite of myself. "What do you think of it?" I asked. "He sat on the edge of the table and swung his leg, wrapt in thought for a moment."

"I'm very glad to say I don't know what to think of it," he replied presently. "Why glad?" I asked anxiously. "Because, my dear sir, this is so remarkable that if I thought I could see a solution I should probably be making a mistake. This is something I am learning about for the first time, and, frankly, it interests me intensely."

Suddenly he sat down abruptly, with a muttered "Now, then," and began to catechise me in a most extraordinarily searching manner, firing question after question with the rapidity of a machine gun.

I shall not detain the reader with details of this catechism. His inquiries ranged from the system on which the house was lighted, and the number of hours Myra averaged per week on the sea to the make of the engine in her motor-boat. His last question was: "Does anybody drink the river water?"

"Windows that flash in the sun seem to me to be confusing the issue," he said at last. "Windows must always reflect light in a certain direction at a certain time, and though they may be irritating they could not possibly produce even temporary blindness. Still, we won't forget them, Mr. Ewart, though we had better put them aside for a moment. Now, how soon can you bring Miss McLeod to see me?"

"We had hoped," I ventured to suggest, "that you would be able to run up and see her, and have a look at the dog as well."

"I'll be perfectly candid with you, Mr. Ewart," he replied. "I was just going to start on a short holiday. I was going to Switzerland; but the war has knocked that on the head, so I am just running up to Perthshire for a week's fishing. I need a holiday very badly, more especially as I have undertaken some Government work in connection with the war. Fortunately, I am a bachelor, and I will willingly give up a couple of days to Miss McLeod."

"Why not combine business with pleasure?" suggested "There's good fishing at Invermalloch, gorgeous scenery, a golf-course a mile or two away, and you can do just as you please on the General's estate. He'll be delighted."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Well, anyway, I can go to the Glenelg Hotel and fish up Glenmore. Now, Mr. Ewart, we will catch the afternoon train, the earliest there is—though I suppose there's only one."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Garnesk," I said. "It may mean a very great deal to me that you are so anxious to see Miss McLeod."

"I am not anxious to see Miss McLeod," he answered cryptically. "I'm anxious to see the dog."

I left him to telegraph to the General that I was arriving that night, bringing the specialist with me; and I need hardly say that I left the telegraph office with a comparatively light heart. The journey to Mallaig was one of the most interesting afternoons I have spent. Garnesk was consulting oculist to all the big chemical, naval and other manufacturers in the great industrial centre on the Clyde, and he kept me enthralled with his accounts of the sudden attacks of various eye diseases which were occasionally the fate of the workers. The effects of chemicals, the indigenous generation of gases in the furnace rooms, and so on, had afforded him ample scope for experiment; and, fortunately for us all, he was debarred from having found any means for changing his experimental apparatus for professional anecdotes and picturesque scenes which he entertained me, now and then rushing across the carriage to get a glimpse of a salmon-pool in some river over which we happened to be passing, gave me an amusing insight into the character of one whom I have since learned to regard as a very brilliant and charming man. When we arrived at the landing-stage at the Lodge, the General greeted him with undisguised joy.

"Bless! Mr. Garnesk," he blurted. "I'm thundering glad to see you, sir. It's good of you to come, sir—extremely good."

"That remains to be seen, General," said Garnesk, solemnly, "whether my

visit will do any good. I hope so, with all my heart."

"Amen to that!" said the old man, pathetically, with a heavy sigh.

"How is Miss McLeod?" asked the specialist.

"Her eyes are no better," the General replied. "She cannot see at all. Otherwise she is in perfect health. She says she feels as well as ever she did. I can't understand it," he finished helplessly.

A suitcase, a bag of golf-clubs, and a square deal box completed Garnesk's outfit.

"Steady with that—here, let me take it!" he cried, as Angus was lifting the last item ashore. "Business and pleasure," he continued, raising the box in his arms and indicating his clubs and fishing-rods with a jerk of the head. "I've one or two things here that may help me in my work, and as they are very delicate instruments I would rather carry them myself."

As we approached the house the sound of the piano greeted us in the distance; and soon we could distinguish the strains of that most beautiful and understanding of all burial marches, Grieg's "Aase's Tod."

"My daughter can even welcome us with a tune," said the old man proudly. To him all music came under the category of "tunes," with the sole exception of "God Save the King," which was a national institution.

Garnesk stopped and stood on the path, the deal box clasped carefully in his arms, his head on one side, listening.

"We have the right sort of patient to deal with, anyway," he remarked, with a slight relief. "But to me the melancholy insistence of the exquisite harmonies was fraught with ill-omen, and I could not restrain the shudder of an unaccountable fear as we resumed our walk. Later on, when I found an opportunity to ask her why she had chosen that particular music, I was only partially relieved by her ingenious answer."

"Oh! just because I love it, Ronnie," she said, "and there are no difficult intervals to play with your eyes shut. I thought it was rather clever of me to think of it. I shall soon be able to play more tricky things. It will cure me of looking at the notes when I can see again."

Myra and the young specialist were introduced; and, though he chatted glibly with her, and touched on innumerable subjects, he never once alluded to her misfortune. Though the General was evidently anxious that Garnesk should make his examination as soon as possible, hospitality forced him to suggest dinner first, and I was surprised at the alacrity with which the visitor concurred, knowing, as I did, his intense interest in the case.

But, after a few conventional remarks to the General and Myra, I was about to show him to his room when he seized my arm excitedly.

"Quick!" he whispered. "Where's the dog?"

I led him to a room above the coach-house where poor Sholto was a pitiful prisoner. Garnesk deposited his precious packing-case on the floor, and called the dog to him. Sholto sprang forward in a moment, recognizing the tone of friendship in the companion's chest. For twenty minutes the examination lasted. One strange test after another was applied to the poor animal; but he was very good about it, and seemed to understand that we were trying to help him.

"I should hate to have to kill that dog, but it may be necessary before long," said the specialist. "But why didn't you tell Miss McLeod her dog was blind?"

"We were afraid it would upset her too much," I answered, and then suddenly realizing the point of the question, I added, "but how on earth did you know we hadn't?"

"Because," he said thoughtfully, "if you had, she strikes me as the sort of girl who would have asked me straight away what I thought I could do for him."

"You seem to understand human nature as well as you do science," I said admiringly.

"The two are identical, or at least co-incident, Mr. Ewart," he replied solemnly. "But what was it you did tell her?"

"I said he was suffering from a sort of eczema, which looked as if it might be infectious, and we thought she ought not to be near him for a bit. Otherwise, of course, she would have wanted him with her all the time."

When the examination was over for the time being, I chained Sholto to a hook in an old harness-rack for he was strong and unused to captivity, and the door had no lock, only a small bolt outside. Garnesk packed away his instruments, and then we sprinted upstairs to dress hurriedly for dinner.

Myra, poor child, was sensitive about joining us, but the specialist was very anxious that she should do so, and we all dined together. There was no allusion whatever to the strange events which had brought us together, but, with my professional knowledge of the mysteries of cross-examination, I noticed that Garnesk contrived to acquire more knowledge of various circumstances on which he seemed to wish to be enlightened than Sir Geire Olverly had gleaned from forty minutes' blunt questioning.

Myra had hardly left us after the meal was over when the butler handed the General a card, and almost simultaneously a tall, shadowy figure passed the window along the verandah.

"Who is it?" I asked, rising. "Mr. A. G. Hilderman wishes to express his sympathy with General McLeod for his daughter's illness. Very respectfully indeed."

I ran out after Hilderman, and found that his long legs had taken him nearly half-way to the landing-stage by the time I overtook him. He stopped as I called his name.

"Why, Mr. Ewart," he exclaimed in surprise, "you back again already? I hope you have a very satisfactory interview with the specialist."

I told him briefly that our visit to London had given us no satisfaction at all, and gave him the General's invitation to come up to the house.

"I wouldn't think of it, Mr. Ewart," he declared emphatically. "Very kind of General McLeod, but he don't want to worry with strangers just now."

He was very determined; but I insisted, and he eventually gave way. I was glad he had come. I had a somewhat unreasonable esteem for his abilities and resource, and every assistance was welcomed with open arms at Invermalloch Lodge at that time. His extensive knowledge even included some slight acquaintance with the body's most wonderful organ, for he told us some very interesting cases he had heard of in the States. He was genuinely dumfounded when we told him that Sholto was an additional victim.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Well, that is remarkable. It sounds as if it came out of a book. In broad daylight a young lady goes out, and is as well as can be. An hour later she is stone blind. Two days afterwards her dog goes out, and he comes in blind. Yes, it's got me beaten."

"It's got us all beaten," said Garnesk deliberately, and was shocked to hear him say it. I reflected that

"For my soul, what's the name of him, said the simple-hearted old man. 'You shoo him, Ronald, and fetch him back.'"

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so many illicent concoctions instid, and French rag-out the top of the heap?"

"Well, he never pried into me cookin' ag'in, and I niver wasted a scrap of mate; but I niver broke me word. Jimmy niver had to ate hash!"

Put An Egg In Johnny's Lunch Box. Physicians, nutrition specialists, all who know, sing praises to the nutritive value of eggs. They stress their iron, and vitamin content and wax eloquent on the value of their proteins. They advise them for young and old and frequently recommend them in illness.

Mr. Egg-Producer, how many eggs does your family use? If you are getting fifty a day, do four dozen go to town—and the other two into your kitchen? It is a strange, but true fact that in many farm homes where the best of everything is produced in garden and dairy and poultry house, the table is set with few vegetables, also instead of butter, coffee where there should be milk and very few eggs.

Send into the kitchen every day at least one egg apiece for every member of the family—and sometimes more. If eggs are good for city folks, so good that they will pay as high as ten cents apiece for them, are they not just as good for the farmer, and especially for his family?

And not only your own family. Many a poultry man lives in a neighborhood where he is one of the few farmers who produces eggs. He ships them out of the community, and his neighbors in turn, when they do buy their eggs, buy them from city markets.

How about a little local advertising on the food value of this product? It could easily be done by talks in grange and county board meetings, in fact at any gathering of farmers. Then there is the local press, posters, and most of all, word of mouth—Talk it up.

A live home market, ourselves and our neighbors all enjoying eggs means not only an improved egg market, but better health in the community. Your business as a poultryman, as in anything else, will not amount to much unless you believe in it thoroughly yourself, and to believe in it, you must know it backwards, forwards, and side down. Learn all you possibly can about the food value of eggs, be able to say emphatically and sincerely that eggs are one of our best foods. Find new and attractive ways of cooking them, and let your wife spread the recipes over the neighborhood. Encourage their use in the hot school lunch, and above all serve them on your own table. Enjoy eggs! Then you will become a real live booster for the egg business.

Ge's Blessing On Our Home. Bless the Four Corners of this House, And be the Lintel blest; And bless the Hearth, and bless the Board, And bless each Place of Rest; And bless the Door that opens wide To Stranger as to Kin; And bless each crystal Windowpane That lets the Starlight in; And bless the Roof-tree overhead, And every sturdy Wall; The Peace of Man, the Peace of God, The Peace of Love on All!

Concrete Anchors. Inventors are experimenting with concrete anchors for ships, some of which have steel flukes.

Minard's Lintment Used by Veterinaries.

The Tale of a Sunny. Mary, aged six, walking along a country lane with her mother, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, I saw a sunny-rabbit run down there!" "Nonsense, child! Imagination!" said her mother.

Mary was silent for a few minutes; then: "Mummie, is 'maginations white behind?"

The Ins-and-Outs. Tommy and Billy had been fighting on their way home from school. The teacher received a note the next day to this effect: "Dear Sir,—As one of your scholars hit my boy in the eye with a stone, he can't see out of it. So will you please see into it?"

South African Bridges. Seventeen railway bridges, to cost approximately \$1,000,000, are to be built in South Africa.

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The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th NOVEMBER, 1921

LIABILITIES	
TO THE PUBLIC:	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest earned) to date of statement.	\$ 250,447,452.00
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	10,572,108.10
Balance due to Dominion Government	2,826.00
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	12,525,550.27
Balance due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	10,572,108.10
Bills Payable	10,572,108.10
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	10,572,108.10
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital Stock Paid up	\$ 20,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	856,748.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	21,300,000.00
Dividends Unclaimed	15,680.77
Dividend No. 137 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable December 1st, 1921	610,528.00
Bonus of 2%, payable December 1st, 1921	407,082.00
	\$22,387,200.76
	\$200,648,429.76
ASSETS	
Current Coin	\$ 18,012,312.87
Dominion Notes and other Foreign Currencies	29,212,018.51
United States Currency and other Foreign Currencies	\$ 74,464,737.02
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserve	12,000,000.00
Notes of other Banks	2,225,410.11
Cheques on other Banks	21,584,382.76
Balance due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	24,060,818.28
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value	24,060,818.28
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and other Public Securities not exceeding market value	9,327,432.42
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	15,126,526.50
Call loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	12,000,000.00
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada	24,542,074.57
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	\$163,017,469.20
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	88,122,320.47
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	431,865.20
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	\$28,561,044.99
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	956,572.50
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contract	12,525,550.27
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Creditation Fund	856,748.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	249,241.68
	\$200,648,429.76

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director. C. E. NEILL, General Manager.

WE Report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada: That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and that we have checked the cash and other verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office on 30th November, 1921, as well as at other times as required by section 56 of the Bank Act and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.

That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank. That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A., W. GARTH THOMPSON, C.A., JAMES G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. Ross & Sons, Auditors.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account 30 November, 1920	\$ 646,928.20
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unadvanced bills	4,087,836.69
	\$ 4,734,764.89

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Dividends Nos. 134, 135, and 136 at 12% per annum	\$ 2,486,488.97
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders	407,082.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	400,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation	202,158.04
Transferred to Reserve Fund	122,996.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	306,044.98
	\$ 4,734,764.89

RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit, 30th November, 1920	\$ 20,124,010.00
Premium on New Capital Stock	132,986.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	132,986.00
Balance at Credit, 30th November, 1921	\$ 20,400,000.00

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director. C. E. NEILL, General Manager. Montreal, 19th December, 1921.

The Bait.

Little Maurice, aged seven, was sampling the good fare on the side-board. "Mother," he said, "what kind of cake is this? It's the best I've ever tasted."

"That is, weddingcake, my dear," said his mother. "Do people always have cake like this when they get married?" queried Maurice.

"Yes, they do generally," was the reply. Maurice pondered a minute. "Ah," he said at last, "I see now why Henry VIII. was married so many times!"

One for the Colonel.

As the colonel of the crack cavalry regiment was riding down Princes St., Edinburgh, he noticed a small street urchin running beside him, and staring at him very intently.

The officer was amused, and, wanting to find out the cause of the small boy's interest, he pulled up his horse, and shouted down at him. "Hallo, boy!" he said. "Have you not seen a warhorse before?"

"Oh, ay!" replied the boy. "I've seen many a warhorse, but I've never seen a waurrier!"

The Tale of a Sunny.

Mary, aged six, walking along a country lane with her mother, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, I saw a sunny-rabbit run down there!"

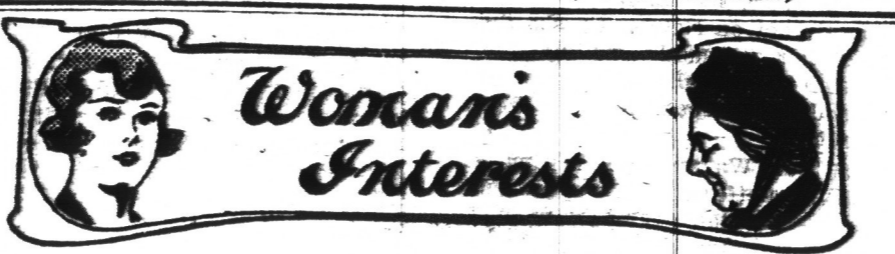
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The Ins-and-Outs.

Tommy and Billy had been fighting on their way home from school. The teacher received a note the next day to this effect: "Dear Sir,—As one of your scholars hit my boy in the eye with a stone, he can't see out of it. So will you please see into it?"

South African Bridges.

Seventeen railway bridges, to cost approximately \$1,000,000, are to be built in South Africa.



Woman's Interests

Nora's Hash. Nora had applied for the position of cook. She was big and honest and wholesome looking, and when we heard her tell how she had lost her husband and children in an epidemic we were ready to engage her at once. Still we asked a question or two.

"Are you a good cook, Nora?" "I'm not such an illicent cook v'bin it comes to the fancy dishes, but for plain, everyday cooking I can get along." Then her Irish blue eyes twinkled. "When I was first married me mon says to me, 'Nora, me girl, it's a happy change I'm a-goin' to have from the old boardin' house, and it's home cooking I'm after needin'. Only one thing, Nora; promise me on your life ye won't feed me hash. I'm tired of hash; and I'm not carin' to see any the rest of me born days.'"

Nora pronounced "hash" with the richest Irish brogue. "Yer right, Jimmy, me love," says I. "On me word ye'll niver see hash in our home!"

"Well, the very first day we had a fine bit of steak lift, bein' only the two of us, and I studded and I studded. Thin I made a nice stew of the scraps with a bit of onion and potato and gravy. Jimmy looked at it with both his sharp eyes, and thin he looked at me. 'Nora,' says he, 'ye promised me ye wouldn't be makin' hash.' 'Sure, and it's me word that's not broken,' says I, laughin'; 'that's no hash, that's Irish stew.' Taste it fer yerself.' Well, Jimmy helped himself till it was all gone. 'That's the best meal I've been aisin' for a month of Sundays,' says he. 'Then, ye may be makin' Irish stew any time!'"

"After a spell I found some more scraps—and me not wastin' a crumb. So I fixed up the v'ry nicest dish I knew. 'Nora,' says the mon, 'Nora, what's in that dish? It's suspicious, it is. Isn't that baked hash?"

"Ah, Jimmy, me lad, be after tastin' it fer yerself,' I says. 'Didn't I promise ye I wouldn't make hash? That's no hash; it's toad-in-the-hole!'"

"Well, there wasn't a mite of trouble about Jimmy's atin' at all, me havin' a bite, too, of course. Thin Jimmy wetted his lips, and he says, 'Nora, toad-in-the-hole's good atin' any day in the wake! But don't make hash!'"

"He was a fine lad, was Jimmy, and who would have thought in ten years he'd be gone, and the dear child, and I left alone, alone."

The merry twinkle vanished in a soft mist in Nora's bright eyes, and we were all silent for a few minutes. Then with a brave sigh she shook off the gloom, and the generous mouth broadened into a laugh, even before the moisture was gone from the twinkling eyes.

"No," she said, "I niver broke me promise to Jimmy. I niver gave him hash to his dyin' day. The next time I put me scraps on the table he had that same suspicious look. 'Now, Nora, this be hash for sure!'"

"And why would I be tillin' ye a lie, Jimmy? Jest sample it for yerself, Jimmy," says I. "That's the dish the French men cooks make in all the fine, swell hotels, me mon! 'That's French rag-out!'"

Though we doubted whether a French chef would have recognized the name as Nora pronounced it, we were firmly convinced that she knew the art of making excellent ragout. She had stopped to laugh, but she was speaking again.

"Thin Jimmy looked into the empty dish, 'Nora,' says he, 'what for do people make hash when there are

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