To the Treasurers of all Municipalities

COUNTIES, TOWNSHIPS, CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES

WE WILL BUY YOUR BONDS

Send full details

EDWARD CRONYN & CO. CRONYN BUILDING, TORONTO

BOVRIL

ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF

A MOST STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE

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 finacee, Myra McLeod. On the train he meets Hilderman, who calls himself an American and a stranger in those parts, but later Ewart 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. Gen McLeod tells Ewart of a strange experience at the same place, known as Chemist's Rock. Hilderman is very curious as to the cause of Myra's blindness. The famous London oculist holds out no hope and Ewart, after taking Myra home, brings Dr. Garnesk from Glasgow. In the meantime Sholto is also blinded, then chloroformed and stolen. Garnesk asserts his belief that Hilderman knew of Sholto's affliction. The next morning the two men find footprints and keel-marks on the beach.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"What makes you say 'sea-boots'?" I asked. "You can't tell a top-boot by the footmarks."

"Indirectly you can," Garnesk replied, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe. "That boat was pulled in and pushed out by a man who exerted hardly any pressure, although the beach only slopes gently. His companion did not lend a hand by pushing her out with an oar; if he had done so we should have seen the marks, and I couldn't find any. The only other way to account for it is that our friend, who exerted so little pressure, was wearing sea-boots and walked into the water with the boat. Had he been alone, the jerk of his final jump into the boat would have left a deeper impression on the beach. The tide was going out; it would have no time to wash this mark away. I looked for the mark, and it wasn't there; so I came to the final conclusion that two men arrived in the cove shortly after seven last night in a small open boat. One of them—a tall, left-handed man in sea-boots—pushed the boat out again and went ashore."

I am afraid I was rude enough to shout with laughter at this very definite statement; but it was mainly with excited admiration that I laughed—certainly not with ridicule. Garnesk turned to me apologetically.

"I know it sounds far-fetched my dear chap," he said; "but we shall have to think a lot over this business, and I am simply thinking aloud in order that you can give me your help in my own conclusions."

"My dear fellow," I cried, "don't, for heaven's sake, imagine that I am laughing at you. It was the left-handed touch that made me guffaw with sheer excitement."

"Well, I think he was left-handed, because the foot-marks were going ashore on the right-hand side of the keel-marks, and going seawards on the left-hand side. Jump out of a boat and push it out to sea, and notice which side of the boat you stand by instinct—provided you were doing as he was, jushing on the point of the bows. The fact that his feet obliterate the keel-marks in one place proves that. So now we want to find a left-handed man in sea-boots who knew Sholto was blind"—and he laughed in a half-apology.

"What about these sea-boots," I asked "and the place we are to find where he left them?"

"We'll look for that now; and if we find it we can be pretty sure our mariner stole the dog."

"You seem to be taking it for granted already," I pointed out.

"The easiest way to prove he didn't is to satisfy ourselves that there's no evidence he did," said the oculist. "But I fancy he did."

"From the way you've sized it up so far I should be inclined to back your fancy," I admitted frankly. "I take it, from your diagnosis, that our nautical friend came ashore here, went up on to the cliff, and glued his eye to the dining-room window. When he saw we were at dinner, and it was getting dusk—in fact, almost dark—he took off his sea-boots and slipped up to the Lodge in his stocking-soles. So if we climb the cliff, we expect to find the spot on which he deposited his boots."

"If we expect that," Garnesk replied, " we should also expect to find his boots; and he wouldn't be likely to leave such incriminating evidence in our hands as that. No, my dear Ewart; when he left the cliff he was wearing his boots, and he left them at some point on the path between the house and his embarking place. Come—let's look."

It was intensely interested in my friend's deductions, and I felt convinced that he was right. So we climbed the cliff, he by one route and I by another, in order to see if we could find any traces of last night's visitor. But that was impossible; the rocks were too storm-swept to harbor any sort of lichen which would have shown evidence of footmarks. Still, we were not disappointed when we reached the top, and Garnesk looked at me with a charming expression of boyish triumph when we came across a patch of ground where the heather had obviously been trampled about and worn down by someone recently lying there.

"I don't think we'll worry about tracing him from here just now," said the specialist. "It would be a very difficult job, and we may as well make for the most likely spot to embark from."

"Right you are." I agreed. "I think there can only be one—that is a secluded little inlet, almost hidden by the rocks on the other side of the house."

"Come on, let's have a look at it," my companion urged; and we blundered down the side of the cliff and hurried along the shore. But when we came to the small bay which I had in mind there was certainly some sign of disturbance among the rough gravel with which the shore was carpeted; and that was all the evidence we could find.

"It is such an ideal spot for the job that this almost knocks our theory on the head" murmured Garnesk ruefully. "There are no boatmarks, or anything."

"Which, in a way, bears out your diagnosis," I cried, suddenly hitting on what I thought to be the solution of the difficulty.

"How, in heaven's name?"

"Our old friend the tide," I declared, with returning confidence.

"Of course," he almost shouted. "I've got you, Ewart. The boat came in here while the tide was going out —when, in fact, it was some distance out, possibly nearly an hour after it ran into the other cove. Since then the tide has come in again and obliterated any marks the men may have made. If we find any evidence on a line running between this place and the house, we can call it a certainty."

In feverish excitement we hurried towards the house, casting anxious glances to right and left, but the stubborn heather showed no sign of any recent passenger that way. At last Garnesk, who was some distance to my right, hailed me with an exultant shout. There, sure enough, was a broad patch bearing marks of recent occupation, much the same as the other at the top of the cliff. We were able easily to distinguish the exact spot where the thief had laid the unconscious dog while he put on his boots. The discovery of an unmistakable footprint in a more marshy spot, which could only have been imprinted by a stockinged foot, completed my friend's triumph.

"My dear fellow," I cried heartily, slapping my companion on the back. "I congratulate you. If you go on like this we shall have the dog and the thief in no time."

"It will be some days, even at this rate," he warned me solemnly, "before we get as far as that. Now, back to the embarking point, and see if we can reconstruct the thing fully."

So we retraced our steps, and studied the shingle once more, but failed to discover any marks of any value. Then we sat down, and the oculist drew a vivid picture of the journey the thief had made. At last, feeling more than satisfied with our work, we rose to go in to breakfast.

"Ewart, I want you to wire for that friend of yours before you do anything else. You may want him soon. I will leave by the morning train tomorrow, but I shall continue on this case till the mystery is solved. In the meantime you will need someone you can trust at your side all the time."

"I'll go into Glenelg and wire immediately after breakfast," I promised. "Hullo, more reflections," I laughed, and pointed to a small, bright object some distance away on the rocks, which was catching the glint of the sun.

"We seem to be surrounded by a spying army of glittering objects," laughed my companion, as we strolled on. We had walked some forty yards when some instinct—I know not what—prompted me to investigate the affair. I turned back, and went to pick up the shining object, though for the life of me I could not have told you what I expected to find.

"Garnesk!" I bawled. "Garnesk! Come here!"

"What is it?" he shouted to me, as he came hurtling over the rocks.

"Look at it," I replied tersely, and placed it in his outstretched palm. He glanced at it, and then at me.

"That settles it," he said, and whistled softly, for I had found a small piece of brass, and on it was engraved:—

"Sholto, The Douglas, Invermalluch Lodge, Inverness-shire."

It was the name-plate from Sholto's collar.

CHAPTER IX.

The Mystery of Sholto.

We discussed our discovery of Sholto pretty thoroughly on the way back to the house, and both agreed that it left no doubt upon one aspect of this strange affair—the man who stole Sholto was no ordinary thief.

The General was standing on the verandah, looking about for us, as we came up the beach path. It told him of Garnesk's deductions and their interesting result and the old man was greatly affected.

"I never dreamt I should live to see the old place abused in this shocking manner," he grunted. " 'Pon me soul, it's—it's begad disgraceful. I've lived here all my life, on and off, and I've never been troubled with anything like this, scarcely so much as a tramp even. I hope to God it'll soon be over, that's all."

"Thanks to Mr. Garnesk, we're moving along in the right direction." I tried to reassure him. "And we have the satisfaction, in one way, of being able to tell Myra that Sholto is still alive, even if we don't know where he is."

"Seems to me, Ronald," said the General, "you don't know that, or anything about the poor beast, except that he has been stolen, and probably taken away in a boat. Judging by Mr. Garnesk's theory, they probably threw him overboard in deep water."

"No one who intended destroying a dog would take the trouble to wrench the name-plate off his collar," I pointed out. "The dog is alive, and not unconscious. They need his collar to keep him in hand, but they are afraid the plate might give them away. Mr. Garnesk is right, I'm sure; and if we find the thief we find the cause for Myra's terrible misfortune."

"Where do you imagine they can have taken him to then? Seems to me we're getting some pretty queer neighbors."

"That is just what we have to find out," said Garnesk "and I for one will not rest until I do."

" 'Pon my soul, my dear chap," said the old man warmly, "it's very good of you to take so much interest in the affairs of total strangers. It is, indeed, thundering good of you."

"Not at all, General," laughed the visitor. "If you spent your life trying to cure fussy ladies of imaginary eye trouble, without putting it to them that their livers are out of order, you'd welcome this as a very appetizing antidote."

"Talking about appetites," his host suggested, "who says breakfast?"

"I fancy we both do," I answered, and we turned indoors.

During breakfast Garnesk announced his determination to devote as much of the day as necessary to an examination of Myra, and then catch the evening train from Mallaig, but the girl herself rose in rebellion at this immediately.

"You mustn't do anything of the sort," she declared emphatically. "Daddy, tell him he's not to. The idea of coming up here, and looking at me, and then going away again! It's ridiculous!"

"I assure you it is ample reward," declared the oculist gallantly, and everybody laughed at the frank compliment.

"But you must fish the river, have a day on the loch. Ron must take you in the motor-boat up to Kinlochbourn. Then you've simply got to see Scavaig and Coruisk—oh! and a hundred other things besides."

(To be continued.)

Electrifying Finland.

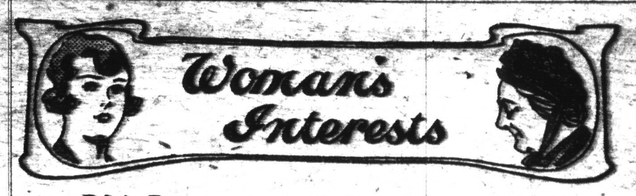
In the interior of Finland is an enormous area of crooked lakes, occupying tortuous valleys, from which many rivers run to the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea. It is a region rich in available waterpowers, from which in the course of time it will derive industrial importance.

Most important of these sources of power is the Upper Vioksen River, which has a series of considerable falls. By suitable damming and joining of falls it could be made to yield 380,000 horsepower. Comparatively simple engineering operations will enable the stream to develop 120,000 horsepower, and on that basis a power plant is to be established at Imatra which will suffice to electrify the whole of Finland. The annual output of power expected is 80,000,000 kilowatts—equivalent to what could be obtained by burning 8,600,000 cubic yards of wood or 2,000,000 tons of coal in a steam plant. The Finnish railways use wood for fuel, consuming about 2,200,000 cubic yards annually.

A Cynic's View.

The less you know about people the longer you will retain their friendship.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries



Fabric Tests.

Buying cotton goods and paying linen prices, that is what fifty per cent. of the women shoppers are doing every day, simply because they have not learned a few of the simple tests for linen fibre.

Linen is much more expensive than cotton and when linen prices are paid, linen should be demanded. Since the two fibres are rather hard to distinguish, especially when heavily starched and given a good finish, it is quite easy to deceive the buyer. Linen collars are frequently largely cotton, and handkerchiefs marked linen, often do not have a thread of linen, as is apt to be the case with the rather inexpensive embroidered handkerchiefs. Table linen sold in some shops is often mercerized cotton, cotton and linen, or even just ordinary cotton.

If the shopper would guard herself against cheap imitations she must remember that the linen fibre is long, smooth and quite lustrous when spun into a thread. That it is very strong and does not have so many fuzzy ends as are found in cotton. To distinguish linen from cotton the buyer must examine the threads carefully. Cotton is made up of short fibres which project from the surface of the thread and become fuzzy when the thread is rubbed between the fingers.

When broken, cotton has a tufted end, while the linen fibres break more unevenly and leave a more pointed end. The linen thread should be stronger than the cotton, it has more lustre and is usually more uneven. Some kinds of linen have flat threads, but cotton is frequently finished in imitation of flat thread linen.

The old test of moistening the finger and putting it under the cloth is not always a sure one, as the moisture will not come through a heavy linen, or one with much starch in it, and it will come through a sheer lightly twisted cotton. A good test but an impractical one to use while shopping is to put a drop of olive oil on the cloth and press between blotting papers. The linen will become more transparent than the cotton. Another thing that is well to remember when buying table linen is that a good linen has a peculiar leathery feel which cotton does not have.

In buying linen it is also well to know the different weaves most appropriate for various uses. The typical weaves used for linen are damask, satin, or sateen weave, used for table linens and towels. This is especially good for the former, because of the very smooth lustrous surface it affords. However, it is not so good for towels as it does not readily absorb moisture, although it is very attractive.

Huck, an uneven weave, giving a good surface for the absorption of water, makes splendid towels, and decorated with designs in damask weave, may be very handsome. Many linens in plain weaves are available for clothing, embroidery and the like. Coarse Russian crashes are popular for decorative purposes.

Temperatures in Cooking.

Temperature and time play a very important part in successful cooking, and for this reason the young and inexperienced housewife has many failures.

The manufacturers of stoves and ranges to-day realize that the housewife demands more accurate methods of cooking and that thermometers or thermostats to measure and regulate the heat are necessary. Many inexpensive thermometers are to be had in the house-furnishing departments and will save their cost in a few weeks. Oven temperatures are as follows: Slow oven 250 deg. Fahr.; moderate oven, 350 degrees and hot oven, 425 degrees.

To bake potatoes it will require fifty-five minutes at a temperature of 250 degrees, forty-five minutes at a temperature of 300 degrees.

Higher temperature than this will make the potato very dry and also cook the skin so that it will be hard.

Cooking meats by temperature will prove economical and satisfying. Pour boiling water over meats that are to be boiled and boil for five minutes, then cook at a temperature of 180 deg. F. for required time. Rapid boiling hardens the connective tissue and makes the meat dry and flavorless. The time allowance for cooking meats by this method is as follows: Small pieces, about one and one-half to three pounds weight, allow two and one-half hours; larger pieces the usual time allowance is one-half hour for the meat to heat to cooking point, and then one-half hour per pound. Place all roasts in oven with a temperature of 400 deg. F. for one-half hour, then reduce the heat to 300 deg. and cook, allowing one-half hour per pound for small roasts, counting the time from change in temperature. Large roasts, the time allowance is fifteen minutes to the pound, counting the time from the change in temperature. This means that it requires one-half hour for meat to heat through and start to cook. Chickens without filling, one-half hour at a temperature of 400 deg., and then one and one-quarter hours at a temperature of 300 deg. With filling increase this time one-half hour.

Tame ducks with filling one-half hour at temperature of 350 deg. F., and then one and one-half hours at a temperature of 300 deg. F. Goose is first steamed for three-quarters of an hour and then filled and roasted in an oven 350 deg. for three-quarters of an hour, and then finish cooking at 250 deg. F. for two hours. Ten to twelve pound turkeys with stuffing will require a temperature of 400 deg. for the first three-quarters of an hour, and then two and one-half hours in a temperature of 300 deg.

Baste all roast poultry once every fifteen minutes, using boiling water. Fish weighing from two and one-half to three and one-half pounds will require to bake 400 deg. of heat for twenty minutes and then finish cooking with 300 deg. for three-quarters of an hour. Baste fish same as meats and poultry. Planked or broiled fish will require about three-quarters of an hour and should be basted with cold water every ten minutes after once the fish has started to brown. Season all meats, poultry and fish twenty minutes before removing from the oven.

Thoughts for Our Girls.

The moment a girl recognizes her duty, it becomes binding on her to do it.

Duty is not always something to do, sometimes it is something to leave undone.

The closer we keep to Jesus, the clearer we see right and wrong, and the stronger our consciences become.

Every hour brings some duty that belongs to it, though it be but the duty of being pleasant under difficulties.

Kindness is a beautiful gift, and no girl is too poor to give it daily to many.

If shadows stretch darkly before you it is because you have turned your back to the Light.

Changing the Basis.

"Mr. Smith," a man asked his tailor, "how is it you have not called on me for an account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why," replied the tailor, hesitating, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Unlucky Brides.

Most of the married women in Mulekula, one of the largest islands of the New Hebrides, have two front teeth missing. They have been removed by the old women of the village. Instead of getting a wedding-ring, the unfortunate bride has her teeth knocked out.

Another quaint custom is that of winding a strong cord around the head of each baby-girl, in order to alter the shape of the head. The cord is wound over a piece of matting placed on the child's skull. The girl whose head is conical in shape will marry well; whilst should her parents have neglected the winding and her head be of normal shape, she will be likely to remain an old maid.

Rabbits as a Protection From Mosquitoes.

Careful observations have been made, in France, of the extent to which mosquitoes are attracted to domestic animals in preference to human beings. It was proved experimentally that mosquitoes have a strong predilection for the blood of rabbits, stronger than for that of any other domestic animal. The discovery has been practically applied in many parts of France as a protection from mosquitoes, and particularly from those that carry germs of malaria, and similar diseases.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—Ruskin.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

INVENTIONS

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet on request.

HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO.
PATENT ATTORNEYS 131 BANK STREET OTTAWA, CANADA

This guaranteed health tonic costs you nothing, the hens pay for it in eggs.

It supplies Nature's egg-making elements.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

ADVICE FREE. Let us help you

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation

Women should Insist

No matter what you buy in kitchen utensils, demand that each article carry the SMP trade-mark shown below. SMP Enameled Ware is safe to use; acids or alkalis will not affect it; it cannot absorb odors; cleans like china; wears for years. Tell the storekeeper you want either

SMP Diamond or Pearl WARE

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is enameled steel with two coats of pearl grey enamel inside and out.

58

Wheels Turn Easier-

Imperial Mica Axle Grease gives perfect lubrication between hub and axle. Its mica flakes smooth the roughness of the spindle and hub, enabling the grease to do its work more thoroughly. Saves friction, wear and tear, horse power and axle trouble. Goes twice as far as ordinary axle grease and lasts twice as long.

Harness Lasts Longer-

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil will keep leather soft and pliable and double the life of harness. Tugs and straps remain soft and are easily adjusted, as the oil penetrates to every fibre of the leather. Prevents cracking and breaking of stitches and needless repair. Imperial Eureka Harness Oil gives a rich black, lasting finish.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Canadian Company Canadian Capital Canadian Workmen