# THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN RAY

By William Le Queux

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

Then Myra had an inspiration. She turned her head towards Fuller, as if she were looking about two feet to the right of his head.

"You may as well kill me as leave me here," she said calmly.

"Nonsense," said Hilderman. "If we leave you here, and see that you have no means of getting away by sea, you will have to find your way across the hills or round the cliffs. There is no road, and by the time you return to civilization we shall be clear."

"That's very thoughtful of you," said Myra. "You bargain on my falling over a precipice or something. A blind girl would have a splendid chance of getting back safely!"

"Good heavens!" Hilderman cried. "I thought you must be able to see. Fuller, this means that that fellow Burnham came with her, and is close at hand. What in the name——"

But he, too, was interrupted, for a great, gaunt figure flashed like some weird animal through the window. A long bare arm reached over Fuller's shoulder and snatched the pistol.

"Yes, Mr. Burnham is with her," said Dennis quietly, as he stood in front of them, stripped to the waist, the water pouring off him in streams, and covered them with the revolver.

Hilderman and Fuller von Guernstein held up their hands as requested.

"This is very awkward," said Fuller. "We shall have to let that wretched Ewart go."

And then Dennis swayed, threw up his arms, and fell sideways, full length on the floor. Myra glanced at him, and threw herself on her knees beside the prostrate form.

"Dead!" she screamed. "Dead!"

Hilderman pushed her gently aside, and knelt down to examine Dennis.

"It's his heart," he announced. "Come, Hugo. We're safe now, and the girl's blind. Let's get away."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Truth Revealed.

I will here resume my own narrative.

When I came to myself I was dazed and aching, but so far as I could discover, there were no bones broken. The curious part about it was the rapidity with which I recalled my fall into the cavern. When I found I could move my limbs freely I sat up, and discovered that I was in a small cabin on board a steamer. I stood up and stretched myself. I was feeling weak and ill, but that would pass off, I thought. A minute's speculation decided me that I was on board the Fiona, in which case I was shanghaied.

I knew that if I valued my life I must act at once. I opened the door of the cabin, and was surprised to find that it was unlocked. Then I crept cautiously in the shadows of the dawn up the companion-ladder to the deck. Though I heard voices I could see no one close to me. I stole along the deck and listened. The voices were talking quite freely in German. Where could we be? And, more important still, where were we going?

I looked around me, and saw that we were steaming slowly down a narrow loch, surrounded by mountains which stretched right down to the shores. I looked across the deck and almost shouted out in my surprise. For there, moving gracefully alongside of us, was a submarine. There were two officers on the deck of the submarine chatting with Hilderman and Fuller, who were leaning over the rail of the Fiona. A submarine! A German submarine in a peaceful Scottish loch! Then this was the secret base we had discussed. I looked up at the wheel-house. In front of it was the very searchlight, with its curious condenser that I had seen in the cavern.

What could it mean? I decided to slip overboard unseen, if possible, swim to the shore, and get back over the rocks to the mouth of the loch, and give the alarm if I should be fortunate enough to attract the attention of any passing steamer.

But suddenly an idea struck me. I crept quickly up the ladder to the deckhouse, threw my arms round the man at the wheel, flung him down on to the deck, and swung the wheel round with all the strength I had in me. There was a dull, crunching sound as the yacht lurched round. A groaning shiver shook her, and, if I may be pardoned the illustration, it felt exactly as if the ship were going to be sick. There were hoarse cries from the men, and as the Fiona righted herself I looked astern. There was a frothy, many-colored effervescence of oil and water.

The submarine had disappeared! The yacht was nearing the head of the loch. It was now or never. I made a dash for the side, but Fuller was before me. He tripped me up, and I fell heavily to the deck, bruising myself badly and giving my head a terrible bump. I put up my arm in a last feeble attempt to defend myself. Fuller's hands closed on my throat and nearly choked the life out of me, and as I sank back, struggling for breath, a loud cry rang out from Hilderman.

"Guernstein! Guernstein!" he yelled.

Fuller let me go and ran to Hilderman. I lifted myself on my elbow. Somehow or other I would crawl to the side, and get away before he came back to finish me, but as I looked out over the stern I was rooted to the spot by the sight that met my eyes. Or was I deluding myself with the fantastic delirium of a dying man? Not four hundred yards away was a motor-boat. It was Hilderman's Baltimore fl., and in it were Myra, my poor Myra, and Garnesk and Angus, all wearing motor-goggles. But, strangest of all, a British destroyer was sailing serenly behind them. No, I must be dreaming. Garnesk had told me he was sending glasses for Myra. He had mentioned his connection with the naval authorities. This must be the nightmare of death-agony.

Then Fuller rushed up the wheel-house ladder and jumped on to the searchlight platform. Suddenly there flashed out on the grey light of the dawn a vivid green ray. So, then, the mystery was solved—but, alas! too late. The green ray was produced by a searchlight, and every man on the destroyer would be blind. I looked back, and as I did so I remembered, with an uncanny distinctness, old General McLeod's words: "The rock came to me." The [illegible] ship seemed suddenly to grow double its size, and then, double that again, and so on, growing bigger and bigger, until it appeared to fill the entire [illegible]ch, and spread out the whole length of the horizon. I could even [illegible] old signet-ring on the finger [illegible] officer on the bridge.

I looked round at the details of the boat; it stood out in amazing clearness. If one man on that ship, hundreds of yards away, had opened his mouth, I could have counted his teeth. Suddenly I gasped with astonishment as I awoke to the fact that every man on board the destroyer was wearing motor-goggles! I had no time to speculate about this new surprise, for then the Fiona, left to her own devices, suddenly crashed ashore. The ship shook and shivered, and Fuller was thrown on his face beside the searchlight, and as I looked again the destroyer had resumed its normal proportions.

Then the crew of the Fiona rushed about the deck in mad terror, until, evidently at the wise suggestion of one of their number, they decided to wait calmly and give themselves up. Hilderman, closely followed by Fuller, sprang ashore, and made for the mountains. Half a dozen shots rang out from the destroyer, and a rifle bullet checked Fuller's progress before he had gone more than a few yards.

Hilderman, however, managed to reach the shelter of a ridge of rock, and I watched him as he scuttled up the mountain side, and made straight for a long grey rock which protruded from the foot of a steep crag. And as I looked, and saw him go to the rock and open a door in it, I realized that it was really a great, grey, lean-to shed, cunningly concealed. Hilderman had scarcely opened the door when a huge, dark shadow seemed to fall out of the shed and envelop him. It was Sholto. Blind, and half-mad with fury, he sprang at Hilderman's throat with the unerring aim of his breed. The wretched man staggered and fell, and Sholto——

I turned away from the sickening sight, and looked over the side, and saw Myra standing up, waving to me, as they drew alongside the wrecked Fiona.

And then I'm afraid I must have fainted.

I lay on the sofa in Myra's den, and Myra—God bless her!—was kneeling beside me. Sholto was with us, too, looking incredibly wise in a pair of motor-goggles.

"So you see, darling," said Myra, "the glasses cured me completely, and I can see just as well as ever." And I shall not repeat what I said in reply to such glorious news.

"Tell me, dear," I asked shortly, "what exactly happened with Dennis? I haven't quite got that."

"Well, he saw me on my way to Glasnabinnie," she explained, "and was determined to follow. He couldn't find a boat of any kind, so he swam! Angus saw him in the water and ran and told daddy. When they found there was no boat they went and fetched the one on the loch, carried it down to the sea, and called Hamish. Then they pulled across. Then, you see, when Dennis has his heart attack, I thought he was only pretending. I thought he saw that we should never be able to get away again, and that if he pretended to be dead they would leave us alone. So I followed his lead. I was terribly frightened when I couldn't make him answer me after they had gone, but before I could do anything daddy and his men arrived. Angus stopped with me, and told me where the Fiona had gone. We took the Baltimore because she is much faster than our boat. He must have been a duffer to lose that race we had. And then daddy and Hamish took Dennis—I refuse to call him Mr. Burnham after this—and brought him here and sent for Dr. Whitehouse."

"I'm thankful he's out of danger," I said fervently.

"But the doctor says he must take it very, very gently for a long time, and he won't be able to walk much for months. Did he know he had this heart trouble?"

I had scarcely finished explaining the extent of Dennis's heroism when Garnesk arrived.

"Hilderman's dead!" he said. "He made a full confession. It seems he is a German, and his name's von Hilder. He has lived most of his life in America. He is a brilliant physicist, and has done some big things with electricity and light. He was here to prepare the submarine base you found, and he also got on with a new invention—The Green Ray. Of course he didn't give the secret of that away, but we have the searchlight, and I have already tumbled to it partly. It is practically a new form of light.

"It is formed by passing violet and orange rays through tourmaline and quartz respectively. The accident to Miss McLeod was their first intimation of its blinding properties, and to the end he knew nothing about the suffocation part of it. I find by experiment that when the two rays are switched on simultaneously the air does not become de-oxygenized, but when you put the violet ray first it does, and it remains so until the orange ray is applied. The effect that Hilderman imagined, and succeeded in producing, was a ray of light which should so alter the relative density of the air as to act as a telescope. He's done it, and it's one of the finest achievements of science. However, I have a piece of wonderful news for you."

"What is it?" we both demanded at once.

"The Secret of the Green Ray is ours and ours alone. Hilderman has admitted that the reason why they did not clear it out at the first sign of suspicion was that, in their final calculations, they were unsure of their figures. That means, put popularly, that though he knew what he was trying to do, and how he meant to do it, the actual result was something of a fluke. It very often is with inventors. They had no drawings that they could rely on to make another searchlight by, so they were bound to take the whole thing back with them. They could send no figures, because the relative distances and other quantities baffled them. They could not take the searchlight back in pieces, because if any piece had been broken they might not have been able to reconstruct the proportions with critical accuracy, as we say. So what was to have been Germany's hideous weapon of war is now ours. We have a searchlight which acts as a telescope, which will pierce the deepest fog, and which will dispel the most ungodly poisonous gases ever invented. You can see for yourself that no gas could make headway against the atmosphere you encountered the other day. Armies and navies will be absolutely powerless to advance against it. The green ray is the fourth arm of military power. So you see what you've done for your country, you lucky dog!"

"If I cried. "I like that! I've had less to do with it than anyone. What about you, eh?—coming running up with a gunboat at the critical moment. How did you manage that?"

"Well," he replied, "as soon as I was in the train on my way back I solved the problem of the fateful hour—with your help, of course. You pointed out that only then was the whole of the gorge flooded with sunshine. Now, it struck me that, if it were not electricity, it would be heat or some other form of light. Then it flashed into my mind that if it were done from a searchlight possessed of some devilish properties the light would not be visible, but the properties would continue to act. Voila! Then I had already—also with your help—had some doubt of von Hilder; and the hut was the place from which a searchlight would operate on the river. As soon as I got out of the train I taxied to my naval chief, under whom I am working throughout the war, and simply paralyzed him with the whole yarn. I pitched him such a tale that he got through to the gunboat to stand by at Mallaig. They were at Portree, nice and handy. I rushed and got the glasses done for the men, picked up the destroyer at Mallaig, and made round here to find out what was happening. Then we sighted Miss McLeod and Angus, and you know the rest. Miss McLeod refused to take the shelter the warship offered, and Angus refused to leave her, So I stayed with them. We acted as pilot-boat, and there you are. That's the lot! Are you satisfied?"

"I'm satisfied, old man," I said, holding out my hand. "Some day I'll try and tell you how satisfied."

"Oh, that's all right," he laughed, and left us in great spirits to return to the searchlight.

And so I was left alone with Myra, who a month ago became my wife. For my services rendered in connection with the remarkable affair I received an appointment in the Naval Intelligence Department, while many of our recent successes on land and on sea have, though the truth has been withheld from the public, been due to the employment of The Green Ray.

(The End.)

## Animals That Build Islands.

The substance which we call coral is the home built for itself by a tiny sea creature called the polype. This little animal looks very like the sea anemone, except that it is much smaller.

Thousands of them construct their houses side by side upon a rock, and in course of time the colony may grow until it is miles in length.

In the warm southern seas there are countless islands made entirely of coral. They stand for the most part in water of vast depth. There is no shelving beach; from the shores of the islands you can throw a stone into hundreds of fathoms of water.

How the coral islands were built is a problem that has perplexed scientists for centuries. The coral polype cannot live in deep water; therefore the islands cannot have been built up from the bottom of the enormous depths in which they are found.

Darwin believed that when the polype colony first came the top of the rock was only a few feet below the surface. As it sank the creatures below died because they could not endure the pressure of deep water. But their homes remained, and succeeding generations built upwards, keeping pace with the downward movement of the rock.

The smallest coral island is the work of a colony of the creatures outnumbering many times the human population of the world.

## Habit Was Too Strong.

The force of old associations, as Edward Fort learned one Sunday morning, is something against which to be on guard. After thirty years of service as a railroad man, chiefly in the capacity of conductor, Fort had retired, and was spending his days quietly in his native town.

Just after he had taken his accustomed seat one morning in church, he was requested to perform the duty of an absent deacon, by assisting in taking up the collection. He was proceeding decorously along the aisle with the plate, when, half-way down the aisle, he came to the Doolittle pew. On this morning Mrs. Doolittle's Uncle Henry, who happened to sit next the aisle, had dropped off into a pleasant little nap.

When Fort espied the old man he unconsciously doffed the demeanor suited to the place and became official. He tapped the sleeping man on the shoulder. "Ticket, please!" he demanded sharply and audibly.


## Dye Dress, Skirt or Faded Curtains in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.


"Active, energetic races have, in the main, small and shapely feet," says a scientist; "indolent ones have clumsy, flat, or otherwise ill-shapen ones."

The maximum weight which a soldier should be able to carry without breaking down is about one-third of his own—i.e., a man weighing 10 stone should be able to carry 47 pounds.

NEW SERIAL.

Our new serial, beginning next week, tells of the ranch country of the Canadian foothills, the life story of David Elden, cowboy. Mr. Robert J. C. Stead introduces us to the various characters of Western town and country life and by the witchery of his pen makes of them real flesh and blood. No lover of romance and adventure can read "The Cow Puncher" without keen appreciation and pleasure. Its humor, its fine philosophy, its charming love theme and its stirring adventure make it a story of exceptional interest.

## ——and the worst is yet to come

# HONEY PRODUCTION IN WESTERN CANADA

## PROGRESS IN MANITOBA PHENOMENAL.

## But There is Still Ample Room for Development in the Other Western Provinces.

A noticeable feature of Western Canadian agriculture in recent years has been the progress recorded in the adoption of beekeeping and the production of honey as a commercial venture, a line of farming hitherto not commonly associated with the Canadian West because not practiced there to any extent. In the earlier days of Western Canadian settlement, farming was largely conceived in terms of extensive grain fields and giant herds of cattle, and the impression was created, when farmers gave their almost exclusive attention to these branches, that the land was unsuited to other phases of farming which subsequent developments have disproved. As the farmers of the West have become more settled, however, and discovered by experience and experimentation the actual virtues and properties of the soil and climate, the more general pursuit of diversified farming has become the rule. It has incidentally been discovered that the Western provinces, particularly their irrigated sections, are admirably adapted to the production of alfalfa and other clovers, and this has administered a pronounced stimulus to beekeeping which has made remarkable progress, particularly in Manitoba and British Columbia.

Canadian honey is unsurpassed in quality, and owing mainly to the warmer summer and abundance of nectar-producing flowers until frost, the average yield per colony is greater than, for instance, in the British Isles. Whilst Eastern Canada has had a large annual honey production for years, a general disbelief prevailed that honey could not be produced successfully in British Columbia, and only comparatively recently has it been proven conclusively that bees thrive as well and honey to as large extent and of the same high quality can be raised in the West as in the East.

### The Irrigated Districts Great Producers.

The natural bloom of Alberta throughout the season affords abundant food for bees, and the alfalfa fields of the irrigated districts, fast arriving at the premier place in this respect on the continent, and the clover beds of the northerly and central districts, give adequate supplies of nectar and pollen for countless hives. There is no question of the excellency of conditions in British Columbia, particularly in the renowned fruit districts. Manitoba's successes stand as proof af adaptability, whilst the similarity of conditions in Saskatchewan indicate all that might be done in the province of beekeeping.

British Columbia's honey crop in 1921 amounted to 309,074 pounds, according to the provincial apiarist, which sold at an average price of 29 cents per pound realized a revenue of $86,631. During the year the number of apiaries in the province increased from 1,896 to 2,072 and the number of hives from 9,539 to 10,329. The Okanagan Valley, famous the world over for its fruit, has taken enthusiastically and seriously to apiculture, to which the valley with its thousands of fruit trees is so admirably adapted. During the year an important consignment of Dutch bees, celebrated for their honey-producing qualities, was introduced to improve the strain of bees in the Kelowna (British Columbia) district.

In Manitoba, the first settled of the Prairie Provinces and the West's most eminent wheat era, the progress made in beekeeping has been little less than phenomenal, and it has assumed a long lead over the other provinces of the West in the matter of honey production. Its crop in 1921 amounted to 903,000 pounds derived from 14,721 colonies of bees. As far back as 1903, the Manitoba Beekeepers Association was formed and it has now well over one thousand members. In certain settlements, notably Beausejour, Ladywood, and Brokenhead, beekeeping has become one of the leading industries. Instances of success in this cult are reported from the Swan River Valley in Northern Manitoba, where a farmer secured a return of $1,500 in one season from thirty-three hives, and at Dominion City where from, a stray swarm settling on his farm six years ago, a farmer now has seventy-six colonies and last year sold more than two tons of honey at 35 cents per pound.

### 1,000 Pounds from 13 Hives.

Production figures of the province of Saskatchewan are not available; the output is substantially less than that of the sister province, though it possesses the same opportunities and similar advantages. The settling process to the same extent among farmers, has not yet taken place nor the lighter sides of farming been adopted to the same extent. The posibilities of the province in apiculture are, however, ably illustrated by the single experience of a farmer in the Grenfell district who obtained one thousand pounds of first-class honey last year from thirteen two-frame hives, in addition to which his bees increased to seventeen colonies. He only started beekeeping as an experiment and hobby in 1917 but is now an enthusiastic advocate of its general adoption in the province on a commercial scale.

Alberta also lags behind as yet in the matter of beekeeping, though its advantages are yet greater than either two of the other prairie provinces. The experience of an Edmonton beekeeper illustrates what can be done in honey production even away from the alfalfa districts. Starting out with a foundation swarm of mixed bees he managed, by importing high-bred queens, to so improve it that in a few years he had a purebred strain of Italian bees. He keeps from ten to fifteen hives and disposes of the increase in the spring or fall. He has secured one hundred pounds per hive, each of which returns him $40.

### Honey Imports Greatly Exceed Exports.

Experimentation in beekeeping in the Western Canadian provinces has been extensively carried on by the government experimental farms with the result the following figures were obtained as to the net value of production per colony of bees in the different provinces: Brandon, Manitoba, $3.27; Indian Head, Saskatchewan, $11.83; Lethbridge, Alberta, $16.49; Lacombe, Alberta, $12.79; Invermere, British Columbia, $13.26; Summerland, British Columbia, $11.81.

Though the production of honey in the Western Canadian provinces is not as yet very great, sufficient has been effected to prove that this is not due to unsuitability of location but to the fact that apiculture has never been extensively followed in these areas. Experts are satisfied that the West can produce as good honey as the East, and the prairies are coming in an ever increasing extent to be less dependant on Ontario and the Eastern provinces as well as the United States for their supplies of this succulent edible.

There is ample room for a substantial development of the industry in Western Canada, and those contemplating the adoption of beekeeping need have no apprehension of difficulty in disposing of the output. Canadian trade figures show that in the fiscal year 1921, whilst Canada exported to the United Kingdom, United States, France and other countries honey only to the extent of 36,929 pounds, valued at $9,195, she imported from the United States, Australia, Jamaica, Hawaii, and other countries the same product to the extent of 683,149 pounds valued at $128,751. The Western provinces should not only wipe out this necessity of importing but widen the scope of Canada's honey exports.

## Carelessness and Forest Fires.

Hunters, fishermen and woodworkers of all kinds smoke in the forests, while the automobilists toss bits of fire from their cars and speed thoughtlessly on, unaware that they have left an incipient conflagration behind them. A single glowing cigarette stub may cost thousands of dollars for fire fighting, to say nothing of the value of the timber destroyed, the desolation of scenic beauty and the harm done to stream flow.

"If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man [illegible] must begin before he is a man. The change of masters [illegible] in certain settlements, notably Beausejour, Ladywood, and Brokenhead, has become one of the leading

# Woman's Interests

### The Breakfast Room.

The breakfast room is fast coming into popularity. The atmosphere of such a room is very informal, and when located in some sunny corner of the house it makes a splendid place for the morning meal and family "tete-a-tetes."

No doubt many of our housewives have discarded tables, chairs and baby buggies that, with the help of a little sandpaper and a few coats of paint, set off by a dainty transfer, would make a breakfast suite pleasing from both the artistic and economical standpoint. These transfers are similar to the ones you used to put on your hands and in your school books, but of much better material, and can be washed and varnished without affecting the color or finish.

Any small table set upon the wheels of an old dilapidated baby buggy would make an excellent serving cart, and mostly any medium-sized table may be used for the breakfast table, although the drop-leaf ones seem to be preferable. Real old-fashioned chairs that belonged to grandmother when mother was small can be made attractive if sandpapered well before painting. The increasingly popular rag rug will be just the thing for the floor.

Now what could be prettier than a blue and white breakfast room—the walls blue, the woodwork and furniture ivory? Blue forget-me-nots transferred on the ivory furniture and a blue rug softened with a little cream color would harmonize beautifully. Inexpensive curtains may be made from unbleached muslin by hemstitching or hemming the muslin with a fancy stitch in blue, and would match the room perfectly.

### Don't Punish By Sending To Bed.

Some parents have the habit of punishing their children for wrong doing by requiring them to go to bed during the daytime. There is danger in such punishment. Children who lie in bed unoccupied are likely to develop bad habits. A child should not lie in bed at any time while he is awake unless he is kept busy in some wholesome way. When he is sent to bed for punishment the chances are that he will not be occupied and the consequences are apt to be harmful.

Some parents encourage their children to remain in bed and rest after they awaken in the morning. It would be better for them to arise at once. If they really need more rest than they can get from a night's sleep, they should form the habit of taking a nap at a regular time when they are tired and sleepy.

Parents who discover that their children have already acquired bad habits from lying in bed unoccupied, should explain in a frank but kind way the dangers arising therefrom; such parents should follow this explanation with redoubled efforts to keep the attention of their little ones filled constantly with wholesome thoughts and occupations.

Evil habits are probably acquired more largely through the practice of lying in bed awake or being sent to bed for punishment than from any other one cause.

### Food Affinities.

Perhaps we feel less bound by the old rules of food affinities than housewives did a generation ago. Perhaps we feel as if it was less of a social error to serve the wrong vegetable with the meat, or the wrong dressing with the salad. Still you will find that most of those traditional rules of food accompaniments are founded on pretty good common sense.

If you are endowed with an abundant supply of common sense, and if you apply that common sense to the subject of menu making and add to it some knowledge of food ingredients and the principles of dietetics, then you need not concern yourself much about the cut-and-dried rules for food combinations. But for most of us not so liberally endowed, then the rules come in very conveniently.

From time out of mind some form of apples has been used with pork dishes, and there is good reason for this. The sharpness of the apples combines well with the fatness of the pork. However, if you like, you will find that cranberries, also sharp and acid, combine excellently with pork. The things to avoid are vegetables that give an effect of heaviness, vegetables made with cream sauce or rich dressings.

Creamed vegetables and creamed potatoes combine well with a juicy beefsteak. Creamed vegetables also go well with fish providing the fish is not prepared with a white sauce.

### Abdominal Pain in Children.

Pain in the abdomen, or stomach ache, is one of the most common complaints of childhood, and usually it is one of the most significant. So many things, from green apples and cherry stones to mince pies and plum pudding, find temporary lodgment in the child's stomach that the wonder is that the stomach does not give trouble more often than it does. Parents, aware of the usual unimportance of stomach ache, as a rule pay no more attention to it than their own parents did to earache; and the result is that sometimes irreparable damage is done before the child comes under the doctor's eye.

The causes of abdominal pain are numerous. Some are of no consequence; others are grave enough perhaps to take the child's life. It is impossible always to judge how serious a complaint is by the severity of the symptoms. A child may have not only agonizing pain but also high fever with a simple stomach ache that a drink of hot water, an emetic of ipecac or a soapsuds injection will promptly cure; on the other hand a child may complain of only slight pain when it is suffering from a serious inflammation of the appendix. Besides appendicitis, obstruction of the bowels by a twist or kink in the tube is not an uncommon condition in children, and it may cause pain of varying degrees of severity. An occasional cause of pain is the kinking of one of the ureters,—the tubes that lead from the kidneys to the bladder,—or the passing of a stone through it.

All those forms of colic are acute, but abdominal pains may be chronic, or recurrent. Ordinary stomach ache from indigestion may be sharp, or owing to spasmodic contraction of the large intestine there may be a similar pain round the central part of the abdomen. The pain may be rheumatic and seated in the muscular walls of the abdomen, or it may indicate disease outside the abdomen, as, for example, Pott's disease of the spine. It is not necessary to catalogue all the other conditions that may excite abdominal pain in children; we have given enough to show that a stomach ache is not always to be neglected and that whenever it is severe or long continued the best thing to do is to call the doctor.

### Snakes as Watch-Dogs.

What would you think of keeping a snake instead of a watch-dog? If you lived in some parts of South America you would probably find one necessary, for poisonous snakes are so common in Brazil that every year more than a thousand persons die from snake-bites.

In India a little creature called the mongoose keeps snakes away from houses; but it does not thrive in South America, where its place is taken by a harmless snake known as the mursurans. The latter is thick and muscular, and about four feet in length. One of its favorite articles of diet is poisonous snake.

Having scented a poisonous snake, it pretends to be asleep, thus luring the other reptile to an attack. No sooner has this happened than the mursurana seizes its prey at the base of the brain. Then it gives it a bite which proves fatal. If this dodge does not succeed, the mursurana catches hold of its enemy's lower jaw and breaks it back.

Special breeding farms have been established in South America in order that large numbers of mursurans may be available for distribution to the owners of snake-ridden houses.

No farm is better than the man who runs it.


Make it an every morning habit to shine with

2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

# DYEING

YOU will be astonished at the results we get by our modern system of dyeing and cleaning. Fabrics that are shabby, dirty, or spotted are made like new. We can restore the most delicate articles.

Send one article or a parcel of goods by post or express. We will pay carriage one way, and our charges are most reasonable.

When you think of cleaning and dyeing, think of PARKER'S.

**Parker's Dye Works**
Limited
Cleaners and Dyers
791 Yonge St.
Toronto

92

SPRYWHEEL

A Single Wheel Tractor and Cultivator Combined.

Sprywheel does any work for which a wheel or hand hoe can be used

—Does Five Times As Much.

Small enough for the half acre home gardener a labor saver and money maker for every market gardener, nurseryman and farmer, insuring Uniformly Thorough and Economical Cultivation.

For full information and Descriptive Literature

Agents Write Now

SPRYWHEEL 52 COLBORNE ST., Dept. "C" TORONTO