

The Kingdom of The Blind

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters.

Captain Granet calls upon Monsieur Guillot at the Milan Hotel and gives him a document from the Kaiser offering France a separate peace. The plot is discovered. Conyers sinks two submarines. Granet is commissioned by his uncle, Sir Alfred Anselman, to destroy the new sub detector, made by Sir Meyville Worth of Norfolk. During a call upon Isabel Worth he makes little progress.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a very cheerful little party dining that night at the Dormy House Club. There was Granet; Geoffrey Anselman, his cousin, who played for Cambridge and rowed two; Major Harrison, whose leave had been extended another three weeks; and the secretary of the club, who made up the quartette.

"By-the-bye, where were you this afternoon, Captain Granet?" the latter asked. "You left Anselman to play our best ball. Jolly good hiding he gave us, too."

"Went out for a spin," Granet explained, "and afterwards fell fast asleep in my room. Wonderful air, yours, you know," he went on. "I slept like a top last night," Major Harrison declared. The first three nights I was home I never closed my eyes."

Granet leaned across the table to the secretary. "Dickens," he remarked, "that's a queer-looking fellow at the further end of the room. Who is he?"

The secretary glanced around and smiled.

"You mean that little fellow with the glasses and the stoop? He arrived last night and asked for a match this morning. You see what a miserable, wizened-up looking creature he is? I found him a twelve man and he wiped the floor with me. Guess what his handicap is?"

"No idea," Granet replied. "Forty, I should think."

"Scratch at St. Andrews," Dickens told them. "His name's Collins. I don't know anything else about him. He's paid for a week and we're jolly glad to get visitors at all these times."

"Bridge or billiards?" young Anselman asked, rising.

"Let's play billiards," Granet suggested. "The stretching across the table does me good."

"We'll have a snooker, then," Major Harrison decided.

They played for some time. The wizened-looking little man came and watched them benevolently, peering every now and then through his spectacles, and applauding mildly any particularly good stroke. At eleven o'clock they turned out the lights and made their way to their rooms. Shortly before midnight, Granet, in his dressing-gown, stole softly across the passage and opened, without knocking, the door of a room opposite to him. The wizened-looking little man was seated upon the edge of the bed, half-dressed. Granet turned the key in the lock, stood for a moment listening and swung slowly around.

"Well?" he exclaimed softly.

The tenant of the room nodded. He had taken off his glasses and their absence revealed a face of strong individuality. He spoke quietly but distinctly.

"You have explored the house?"

"As far as I could," Granet replied. "The place is almost in a state of siege."

"Proves that we are on the right track, any way. What's that building that seems to stand out in the water?"

"How do you know about it?" Granet demanded.

"I sailed out this evening, hired a boat at Brancaster Staithes. The fellow wouldn't go anywhere near Market Burnham, though, and I'm rather sorry I tried to make him. They've got the scares here, right enough, Granet. I asked him to let me the boat for a week and he wasn't even civil about it. Didn't want no strangers around these shores, he told me. When I paid him for the afternoon he was surly about it and kept looking at my field-glasses."

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take the trouble to climb up the ladder into the workshop."

"But you must know something about what is going on there?" Granet persisted.

"I really don't," she assured him. "It's some wonderful invention, I believe, but I can't help resenting anything that makes us live like hermits, suspect even the tradespeople, give up entertaining altogether, give up even seeing our friends. I hope you are not going to hurry away, Captain Granet. I haven't had a soul to speak to down here for months."

"I don't think I shall go just yet," he answered. "I want first to accomplish what I came here for."

She turned her head very slowly and looked at him. There was quite a becoming flush upon her cheeks.

"What did you come for?" she asked softly.

He was silent for a moment. Already his foot was on the brake of the car; they were drawing near the plain, five-barred gates.

"Perhaps I am not quite sure about that myself," he whispered.

They had come to a standstill. She descended reluctantly.

"I hate to send you away," she sighed, "it seems so inhospitable. Will you come in for a little time? The worst that can happen, if we meet dad, is that he might be rather rude."

"I'll risk it with pleasure," Granet replied.

"Can I see your collapsible boat?" she asked, peering in behind.

He shook his head.

"It isn't my secret," he said, "and besides, I don't think my friend has the patent for it yet."

The sentry stood by and allowed them to pass, although he looked searchingly at Granet. They walked slowly up the scrubby avenue to the house. Once Granet paused to look down at the long arm of the sea on his left.

"You have quite a river there," he remarked.

She nodded.

"That used to be the principal waterway from Burnham village. Quite a large boat can get down now at high tide."

They entered the house and Isabel gave a little gesture of dismay. She clutched for a moment at Granet's arm. An elderly man, dressed in sombre black clothes disgracefully dusty, collarless, with a mass of white hair blown all over his face, was walking up and down the hall with a great pair of horn-rimmed spectacles clutched in his hand. He stopped short at the sound of the opening door and hurried towards them. There was nothing about his appearance in the least terrifying. He seemed, in fact, bubbling over with excited good-humor.

"Isabel, my dear," he exclaimed, "it is wonderful! I have succeeded! I have changed the principles of a lifetime, made the most brilliant optical experiment which any man of science has ever ventured to essay, with the result—well, you shall see. I have wired to the Admiralty, wired for more work-people. Captain Chalmers, is it not?" he went on. "You must tell your men to double and redouble their energies. This place is worth watching now. Come, I will show you something amazing."

He turned and led them hastily towards the back door. Isabel gripped Granet's arm.

"He thinks you are the officer in command of the platoon here," she whispered. "Better let him go on thinking so."

Granet nodded.

"Is he going to take us to the workshop?"

"I believe so," she assented.

They had hard work to keep up with Sir Meyville as he led them hastily down the little stretch of shining shingle to where a man was sitting in a boat. They all jumped in. The man with the oars looked doubtfully for a moment at Granet, but pulled off at once when ordered to do so. They rowed round to the front of the queer little structure. A man from inside held out his hand and helped them up. Another young man, with books piled on the floor by his side, was making some calculations at a table. Almost the whole of the opening of the place was taken up by what seemed to be a queer medley of telescopes and lenses pointing different ways. Sir Meyville beamed upon them as he hastily turned a handle.

"Now," he promised, "you shall see what no one has ever seen before. See, I point the arrow at that spot, about fifty yards out. Now look through this one, Isabel."

The girl stooped forward, was silent for a moment, then she gave a little cry of wonder. She clutched Granet's arm and made him take her place. He, too, called out softly. He saw the sandy bottom covered with shells, a rock with tentacles of seaweeds floating from it, several huge crabs, a multitude of small fishes. Everything was clear and distinct. He looked away with a little gasp.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. Sir Meyville's smile was beatific. "That is my share," he said. "Down in the other workshop my partners are hard at it. They, too, have met with success. You must tell your men, Captain Chalmers, never to relax their vigil. This place must be watched by night and by day. My last invention was a great step forward, but this is absolute success. For the next few months this is the most precious spot in Europe."

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"Many Cargoes."

A Greek warship in the Sea of Marmora stopped a Turkish vessel coming from New York and searched it for munitions. Instead of the means of making war the searchers found nothing but food for the horde of refugees in the Levant.

The episode suggests how much better off this world would be if the common carriers could be employed in the transportation of bread instead of bullets.

As long as one part of the world has an abundance and another part suffers from an insufficiency there will be shiftings of the surplus in the direction of the deficit, and there will be work for boats and trains and planes and dirigibles to do. Camel caravans across the desert and laden files of porters in the jungle will have their occupation for many years after long air voyages with passengers and freight are the diurnal commonplace.

There is such an overwhelming task for every transportation system in feeding the hungry among mankind that the provision of mannon-fodder cannot too soon be relegated to the realm of "old, unhappy, far-off things." It is deplorable to think of armored ships filled with armed men and their accoutrement, sailing to distant places to kill other men, burn their houses and ravage their lands, when the white harvest fields of peace cry out for the ingathering. It is becoming more difficult to persuade men as public education grows in all the lands, that there is glory to be gained and honor to be won in spraying the soil with the bullets from machine guns where it should be sown with wheat.

New World and Old.

Map makers are having a busy time in these days of everchanging boundaries. Europe has re-grouped itself, and the old map of our schooldays is wrong from top to bottom.

But what tremendous changes have taken place in the Christian Era, a comparatively short time in the history of the world. The Roman's map of the world was the Middle Sea—the Mediterranean—and the lands washed by its waves. To sail out of the Straits of Gibraltar—the Pillars of Hercules—was as great an adventure as being shot in a rocket to Mars would be to-day!

For another thousand years, after the decline of Rome, very little progress was made. India was a sort of fairyland, China—or Cathay—might have been in the moon, Russia and Siberia were wholly out of bounds, America was not dreamed of, Australia had never been heard of, no European ship had ever sailed on the Pacific ocean.

Then, quite suddenly, came the age of exploration. The Spanish and Portuguese navigators, followed by the great English adventurers, doubled the world's land area for the map-makers. But even then the maps were fearful and wonderful. America was a piece of guess work. Even Europe part of Africa the same. Even Europe looked like nothing on earth, and where they were at a loss they drew fabulous beasts and birds to fill up the spaces.

A Toothless Race in India.

Toothless babies are familiar. We make allowance for their edentate appearance because we know that they really do possess teeth, almost ready to sprout.

If a child were never to develop any teeth at all, and to remain through life what scientists would call an "anodont," how unpleasant it would be!

That is exactly what happens in the case of a type of men native to a town called Hyderabad Sind, in India. They are Hindus, always have remarkably bald heads and are toothless through life.

These men are known as Bhudas, which means "toothless." Their women, oddly enough, always have a normal equipment of teeth. Toothlessness is exclusively a male trait among them.

When a Bhuda man marries a girl whose parents are both free from the defect, all of the children resulting from the mating are properly provided with teeth. But when the daughter of a Bhuda marries a normal man their female children are normal, while the sons are toothless.

It is through such marriages that the toothless characteristic is perpetuated from generation to generation. It is evidently an inheritance trait that remains lacking in the female offspring of a Bhuda.

His Only Error.

The long-suffering professor smothered his wrath and went down into the cellar. "Are you the plumber?" he inquired of a grimy-looking person who was tinkering with the pipes. "Yes, gov'nor," he answered. "Been in the trade long?" "Bout a year, gov'nor." "Ever make any mistakes?" "Bless yer, no, gov'nor." "Oh, then, I suppose it is quite all right. I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandeller in the drawing-room is spraying like a fountain and the bathroom tap is on fire."

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.

Bits of Canadian News.

It has been intimated that the census returns for the city of St. John, N.B., will show an increase of about 5,000 in population, making the total about 47,000. Most of the city's growth since the previous census has been outside the city limits.

Authority has been granted to the Minister of Agriculture to purchase a piece of land at Rimouski, Que., for the sum of \$5,700, on which will be erected a medium-grade agricultural school, which will be opened next spring. Construction will start immediately.

An aerial week-end fire prevention patrol has been instituted by the British Columbia government to protect valuable timber on Vancouver Island and along the coast. The patrol will cover an area on the mainland for the province and Vancouver Island between three hundred and four hundred miles long.

Oil claims have been staked along the Mackenzie River right up to the Arctic Circle. The staking extends from a point several miles south of Fort Norman, which is 1,500 miles north of Edmonton, to another point within some fifty miles of Good Hope, a post just sixteen miles south of the Arctic Circle. The total distance of the oil staking along the Mackenzie River in this territory is now approximately 150 miles, though not continued this entire length.

Saskatchewan co-operative marketing societies had an increase of \$1,125,103 in the amount of business handled last year, compared with the turnover in 1919. The membership was increased by 646, making the total at the end of the year of 18,894. The paid-up capital invested increased from \$362,251 to \$466,009. Fifty-four societies marketing livestock shipped 912 carloads and received therefor \$1,529,309. The value of supplies sold was \$5,885,385. The total business handled amounted to \$7,314,695.

Paying for an irrigation system in one year is the unique experience of the Taber project, comprising 17,000 acres, in Alberta, just east of the irrigated area operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It cost sixteen dollars an acre to build the ditches and laterals and conservative estimates of the average yield on the 13,000 acres under crop are twenty bushels to the acre, as against eight bushels on the dry land adjoining. This is the first year that the Taber project has been in operation.

The Financial Times, Winnipeg, in its latest survey of Western Canadian crop conditions, states that the wheat yield this year should be the most valuable the West has ever produced, worth at least half a billion dollars.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A Dutiful Son.

A settlement worker was speaking of the relaxed moral standards that she found among the people in her district in New York—owing, she thought to the upsetting conditions of the war period.

"One boy I knew," she said, "was recently sent to the reform school, and a neighbor was trying to console the lad's mother.

"Yes," said the mother, "it is a shame. He was such a good boy, too. Everything he stole he used to bring right home to me."

That Settled It.

"No, George," she said, "I can only be a sister to you."

"Very well," he replied, reaching for his hat, "of that's your decision there is no more to be said, but I expected a different answer. Good night."

"George," she breathed, tremulously, "George, er—"

"Well" (crossly), "what is it?"

"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?"

He did not go.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Oxford University Press will publish shortly a collection of verse written by women from the sixteenth century to the present day.

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