

The Kingdom of The Blind

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Copyrighted)

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

Admiral Conyers paid his usual morning visit to the Admiralty, lunched at his club and returned home that evening in a state of suppressed excitement. He found his wife and Geraldine alone and at once took up his favorite position on the hearthrug.

"Among the other surprises of the last twenty-four hours," he announced, "I received one to-day which almost took my breath away. It had reference to a person whom you both know."

"Not poor Captain Granet?" Lady Conyers asked. "You read about him, of course?"

"Nothing to do with Granet, poor fellow," the Admiral continued. "Listen. I was walking, if you please, for a few yards with the man who is practically responsible to-day for the conduct of the war. At the corner of Pall Mall we came face to face with Thomson. I nodded and we were passing on, when to my astonishment my companion stopped and held out both his hands. 'Thomson, my dear fellow,' he said, 'I came round to your rooms to-day but you were engaged three or four deep. Not another word save this—thanks! When we write our history, the country will know what it owes you. At present, thanks!'"

"Major Thomson?" Lady Conyers gasped.

"Hugh?" Geraldine echoed. The Admiral smiled.

"We passed on," he continued, "and I said to his lordship—'Wasn't that Thomson, the Inspector of Field Hospitals?' He simply laughed at me. 'My dear Conyers,' he said, 'surely you knew that was only a blind? Thomson is head of the entire Military Intelligence Department. He has the rank of a Brigadier-General waiting for him when he likes to take it. He prefers to remain as far as possible unknown and unrecognized, because it helps him with his work. Now, listen! You've read in all the papers, of course, that he had warning of what was coming last night, that the reason we were so successful was because every light in London had been extinguished and every gun-station was doubly manned? Well, the warning we received was due to Thomson and no one else!"

"And to think," Lady Conyers exclaimed, "that we were half afraid to tell your father that Hugh was coming to dinner!"

Geraldine had slipped from the room. The Admiral blew his nose.

"I hope Geraldine's going to be sensible," he said. "I've always maintained that Thomson was a fine fellow, only Geraldine seemed rather carried away by that young Granet. Poor fellow! One can't say anything about him now, but he was just the ordinary type of showy young soldier, not fit to hold a candle to a man like Thomson."

Lady Conyers was a little startled. "You have such sound judgment, Seymour," she murmured.

Thomson was a few minutes late for dinner but even the Admiral forgave him.

"Just ourselves, Thomson," he said, as they made their way into the dining-room. "What a shock the Chief gave me to-day! You've kept things pretty dark. Inspector of Hospitals, indeed!"

Thomson smiled. "That was my excuse," he explained, "for running backwards and forwards between France and England at the beginning of the war. There's no particular secret about my position now. I've had a very hard fight to keep it, a very hard fight to make it a useful one. Until last night, at any rate, it hasn't seemed to me that Eng-

"Of course!" "Why were you so obstinately silent when father spoke of poor Captain Granet's death?"

"Because I couldn't agree with what he said," Thomson replied. "I think that Granet's death in exactly that fashion was the best thing that could possibly have happened for him and for all of us."

She shivered as she looked at him. "Aren't you a little cruel?" she murmured.

"I am not cruel at all," he assured her firmly. "Let me quote the words of a greater man—I have no enemies but the enemies of my country, and for them I have no mercy."

"You still believe that Captain Granet—"

"There is no longer any doubt as to his complete guilt. As you know yourself, the cipher letter warning certain people in London of the coming raid, passed through his hands. He even came here to warn you. There were other charges against him which could have been proved up to the hilt. While we are on this subject, Geraldine, let me finish with it absolutely. Only a short time ago I confronted him with his guilt, I gave him ten days during which it was my hope that he would embrace the only honorable course left to him. I took a risk leaving him free, but during the latter part of the time he was watched day and night. If he had lived until this morning, there isn't any power on earth could have kept him from the Tower, or any judge, however merciful, who could have saved him from being shot."

"It is too awful," she faltered, "and yet it makes me so ashamed, Hugh, to think that I could not have trusted you more absolutely."

He opened his pocket-book and a little flush of color came suddenly into her cheeks. He drew out the ring silently.

"Will you trust yourself now and finally, Geraldine?" he asked.

She held out her finger.

"I shall be so proud and so happy to have it again," she whispered. "I do really feel as though I had behaved like a foolish child, and I don't like the feeling at all, because in these days one should be more than ordinarily serious, shouldn't one? Shall I be able to make it up to you, Hugh, do you think?"

He stooped to meet her lips.

"There is an atonement you might make, dear," he ventured. "Do you remember a suggestion of mine at one of those historic luncheons of Lady Anselman's?"

She laughed into his eyes for a moment and then looked away.

"I was wondering whether you had forgotten that," she confessed.

(The End.)

Why Hair Turns Grey.

The color of our hair is due to the secretion of a varying amount of pigment or coloring matter, which, in turn, depends largely upon the percentage of various chemical constituents in our systems.

For example, a person with a large amount of iron in his blood usually manifests this by dark hair and eyes, while there are other characteristics of blondes, brunettes, and red-faced persons which have been worked out to a varying degree of precision by students of human nature.

As we grow older, this pigment loses some of its intensity. The highly-colored cheeks of childhood and youth are replaced by the sallow, ashen complexion of advancing age, and the hair reflects this decrease by turning a silvery white. Prolonged worry, fright, or lack of sufficient light also have a marked effect upon the pigment cells which supply the hair.

On account of the fact that hair needs a large supply of pigments, brunettes turn grey much sooner than blondes, while persons with extremely light hair frequently go through life without any alteration in color, though usually their hair loses most of its life and lustre.

Towns Built on Lakes.

One of the remarkable results of the recent drought was that it lowered the Swiss lakes to levels that have not been reached for centuries. It brought to light some of the earliest houses built in Europe.

When our early forefathers began to construct homes they were worried by fear of the gigantic beasts of prey Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.



Use Baby's Own Soap. It's delightful.

1840-1

which wandered over the land at that time.

Some of them built rude shelters in lofty trees. Others drove posts into the bed of a lake, constructed a platform on top of the posts, and built their wooden huts on the platforms. The huts were single-storeyed, with sloping gabled roofs and around each was a wide verandah.

Each platform was joined to that of its next-door neighbor by a small bridge. In many cases the bungalows were so numerous that they formed a little town, which was connected with the land by a long narrow bridge, either end of which could be raised in a moment.

Work and Weather.

It has been found that there is a distinct relation between one's capacity for work and the intensity of the light in which that work is performed.

After the sun turns northward, for instance, at the close of the year, the gradual increase of the natural light leads to a rise in the average man's working powers. This rise continues throughout the spring, and is arrested only when the summer heat begins to have its effect.

During the hot months the favorable influence of the light is a good deal counteracted by the enervating temperature; but when, in the late summer and early autumn, the temperature has fallen, the capacity for work again increases.

Then, when the dark days return, the effect is seen in the diminished output of the worker. This apparently becomes more noticeable if the weather is unusually cold with the darkness.

A dark, cold winter, therefore, is much more likely to affect one's working capacity adversely than a dark, warm one.

There is an additional advantage with the latter, it seems to the writer, namely, that a dark, warm winter would mean a lower air pressure than if the winter were cold.

This lower air pressure would most probably be good for the health of both the manual and brain worker.

Finding Ships in Fog.

Although the use of the hydrophone, the sound-conveying instrument by means of which ships detected the presence of submarines during the war is in its infancy, steps are being taken to apply it to commercial uses.

It is suggested that it would be of great use in determining a ship's position at sea in a fog. Four or five hydrophones would be placed under water about five miles apart, each being connected by a cable to a recording station ashore.

A second recording or receiving station would be established at a suitable distance, the two stations forming the extremities of a base of known length and bearing. Any ship within the working limits of these two stations could have her position determined by dropping a depth charge.

The position could be obtained by photographically recording and measuring at each station the differences in time of the receipt of the sound of the explosion. From these differences of time a line of direction or bearing of the source of the explosion and the position of the ship could be ascertained.

Seeing Our Breath.

We "see our breath" on a cold winter's day because the warm air which we exhale is condensed in the much colder air surrounding us, and remains visible until the surrounding air can absorb it.

One day in the Antarctic, when there were seventy-two degrees of frost, Captain Scott found that by standing still, bareheaded, and exhaling a deep breath he could actually hear his breath freezing a moment or two after it had left his mouth.

The sound, it seemed to him, was produced by the forming of the ice-crystals. It was he admitted, a sound not easy to describe, but "rather like that produced by the movement of sand on a beach when a wave washes up."

We do not "see our breath" in summer, generally speaking, because the warm surrounding air has such a large capacity for holding moisture—water vapor—that the warm moist air we give out is absorbed immediately, and therefore remains invisible.

A very cold, wet day at almost any season of the year makes the breath visible because the atmosphere at such times has enough moisture of its own, and rejects, on the ground of non-necessity, the moisture contained in the exhaled breath.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

Royal Ontario Museum

253 Bloor St. West, Near Avenue Road. Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Palaeontology, Zoology. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m. Bloor, Belt Line, Dupont and Avenue Rd. cars.

\$30 a Week Mechanic Jumps to \$750 a Month

Out in Chehalls, Washington, U.S.A., lives W. E. Pence, "Electrical Expert." Chelalis isn't very much of a town, somewhere between 3,000 and 5,000 people—and Pence doesn't pretend to be a whirlwind "Master of Finance" by any means. But his income is the "talk of the town." With great pride he exhibits the books of his Electrical Business, which show a net profit of \$750 a month.

Pence himself says that two years ago he never dreamed of earning so much money. At that time he was making \$30 a week and wondering if the time would ever come when he could buy anything he wanted, like he now is able to do.

Owes Success to Electricity.

Pence doesn't talk much about his success. He isn't that kind. But when he does talk about Electricity and the great future which it holds for men and boys—he hits "right from the shoulder." Without any reservation he gives all credit for his amazing success to the thorough Electrical training which he has received in spare time during the past months.

But let Pence tell his own story. Read his letter dated October 9, 1921, to L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works:

"Dear Mr. Cooke: Less than 2 years ago I was an ordinary mechanic earning \$25 to \$30 a week. To-day, thanks to you, I am an 'Electrical Expert,' in business for myself, and making over \$750 a month.

My success, Mr. Cooke, is entirely due to the invaluable help you have given me. The thorough, practical training I secured through your Easily-learned, Spare-Time, Home-Study Course in Electricity, has made me financially independent, and a highly respected business man in this community.

Sincerely yours, W. E. Pence."

For 15 years Mr. Cooke has been training men at home during their spare time, for Big Electrical Positions, and he has received thousands of letters like the above. His system offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time an "Electrical Expert," able to earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year.

Electrically-Trained Men Scarce.

Because of its prominent position in the Electrical Field, The Chicago Engineering Works frequently is called upon, by industries in the larger cities in the United States and Canada, to supply trained men for electrical work.

To meet these demands Mr. Cooke is now enrolling a Special Class for quick training. He expects to develop from this class "Electrical Experts" who can go out and take over the big Electrical jobs that are now open.

Complete particulars and actual proof of the great demand for "Electrical Experts" is contained in a booklet entitled "How To Become An Electrical Expert," which may be had without cost by writing to Chief Engineer Cooke, Chicago Engineering Works, 2148 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A.

PRATTS ROUP

Can be cured. Don't lose your valuable birds. Act quickly with sick birds and prevent spread of disease by this proven remedy.

PRATTS ROUP REMEDY

ADVICE FREE. Our poultry experts will help you. Write Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Ltd. Toronto

Vaseline
Trade Mark
WHITE
PETROLEUM JELLY

An application of "Vaseline" White Jelly brings grateful relief when applied to cuts, burns, chafed skin, etc.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1889 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

In tubes and jars at all druggists.

ISSUE No. 50—21.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

MAKES THE WHITEST BREAD

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL