

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

(Copyrighted)

Synopsis of Later Chapters.
Dartin, in possession of Dartigny fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxenter gives her the Dartigny locket. Stella's mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartigny. Baxenter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Dartin's invitation to Adderbury Towers.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

On the journey northward Robert leant back and gazed steadily out over the flying landscape, letting his mind run at random among the facts and suspicions he had accumulated, and steeling his heart to the task before him. It was well, perhaps, for his purpose that Stella had driven down to the station to see him off, for he told himself that it was for that dainty little figure in muslin, which had waved to him until the bend of the platform had hidden her from view, that he was working. If ever ends justified means, surely they did so now. All the same, the young solicitor wished that it had been any one but his host that he was acting against.

The journey was not a long one, a coach being attached to the mail and slipped at Barchester, and at half-past six Robert was standing on the platform of the station of the cathedral town. A sleepy station was that of Barchester, save at the arrival and departure of the London trains. It lay some half-mile outside of the town, the roofs of the houses of which Robert could see in the valley and straggling up the lower slopes of the downs.

Dartin was there to greet him, and Robert felt a curious catch at his heart as he received the handclasp and looked into the laughing eyes. Surely this man was not one to weave such a web of conspiracy, the outline of which were already taking shape in the solicitor's brain—a scheme even in which murder played a part!

And then he found himself in a comfortable "jingle" bowing merrily down the winding road that led to and became the High Street of Barchester. The little town looked very peaceful in the calm of the early evening. The High Street, with its irregular buildings and quaint bow-windows jutting out at unexpected angles, dipped steeply to the market-place in the centre of the town. Above the red roofs the square tower of the cathedral rose up, gray and sentinel-like. It was market day, and Dartin had to thread his little vehicle in and out among the carts of carriers and farmers as he crossed the cobbled square and drove through the tree-lined timbered gateway of the Crown Hotel.

"Mr. Haverton returned?" Dartin asked the hostler who came running out from the stable to attend the horse.

"Ain't seen 'im, sir. Going to shut out, sir?"

Dartin handed the reins to the man and alighted. "No—put her on the pillar reip. Come in, Baxenter, you'll be dry after the journey. Haverton had a little shopping to do. By-the-by, you'll like Haverton—he'll join us here."

Eddie came to them a few minutes later in the low-ceilinged apartment, panelled in mellow oak, which was the pride of the "Crown," and indeed of all Barchesters. There were many a visitor to the cathedral who, much against his principles, was persuaded within the precincts of a hotel for the first time in his life by that mellow oak panelling and the great cellars of the "Crown"—cellars built like the crypt of the cathedral itself and from which, rumor had it, secret passages

ran out under the market square to the old Priory opposite. A great asset to the owner of the "Crown" were its antiquities, for more often than not the visitors, being once inside, felt it incumbent upon them to partake of a glass of sherry wine—a very small one, please—and a biscuit.

In spite of Dartin's prophecy, Robert did not like Eddie Haverton. Perhaps, without knowing it, he placed him among the ranks of the enemy and approached him with something of a bias. But it was not part of his scheme to show his true feelings, and it was a merry party of three which sat behind the sturdy little mare as she took the road to Adderbury Towers.

In the art of entertaining Dartin possessed few equals. It had been his fond hope, when he engaged the chef of a high-class London restaurant, that the advent of a wealthy owner to the Towers would bring around him the elite of the countryside to eat his dinners and praise his wines that, in fact, Barchester society would take him up and make him and themselves very happy. It did not take him very long, however, to understand the social conditions which hem in the residents of a cathedral town, and beyond a few bachelors and a colonel of intemperate habits, men who washed down their pride with the excellent vintage of the cellar of the Towers, Dartin possessed no friends.

Perhaps there were a few half-pay officers with which Barchester abounded, who, could they have taken a peep at the dinner-table where Dartin sat with his two guests, would have regretted in secret the restrictions which prevented them showing more cordiality to the new-comer. The colonel of intemperate habits had been asked to meet Haverton and Baxenter, but his chair was vacant; doubtless, many members of the County Club came in from outlying districts, being accountable for the non-appearance.

The light from the candles in their scarlet shades shone on spotless damask and glittered in tiny points of ruby fire on the silver and cut glass. Beyond the oval table the room was shrouded in deep shadow, in which figures of the three men who had pushed back their chairs loomed indistinctly. Being alone, they had not bothered to dress, and their easy-fitting tweeds added a note of solid comfort to the luxurious whole.

They had been long over the meal, and now the smoke from their cigars hung in thin wreaths above the table, on which the tiny coffee cups and liqueur glasses showed among the lithe, become desultory. Conversation had been desultory, and Dartin, as he extinguished his cigar, and in the dregs of his coffee cup, stifled a yawn.

"I'm afraid you fellows will find it dead as a doornail here. It's in the evenings that things seem to hang a bit. We've been nearly three hours over dinner—that's all there is to do in the country after dusk. When the last post has come and gone at night I feel cut off from the world until the morning."

Haverton took a sip of his Benedictine.

"There's always billiards, Dartin." "True, Eddie, as you say, there's always billiards; that's not a bad idea. We'll get along now and knock up a few hundreds—a three-handed game." But Robert excused himself. He was no hand with the cue, he said; besides, he had had a hard day in town clearing up his work. If his host didn't mind, he would watch the play while he finished his cigar; after that he'd turn in.

When, half an hour later, the solicitor was shown to his room, he left Dartin and Haverton warming up to their game. He was feeling very sleepy; but, once in his room, he lit a fresh cigar and sat in the dark by the open window, thinking over and piecing together what he had seen and heard since Dartin met him at Barchester station. He had added nothing tangible to his stock of facts; but, now that he was watching for them, he noticed certain manners of speech, little idioms, which pointed to Dartin being rather a native of London than a Colonial. Robert called to mind the Canadian he had come in contact with, and decided that they had little in common with the master of Adderbury Towers. The Colonial manner he had noticed when Dartin first called upon him seemed now to be entirely absent. Truly, the master of Adderbury Towers had quickly adapted himself to his changed conditions.

If only Robert could find a scrap of evidence that would allow of his taking action! One little look through the drawers of that bureau in Dartin's study—one letter—one sentence from his lips.

The man by the window broke his meditations and leant suddenly forward in his chair, staring out into the night, listening. Below him, and a little to the left, a window was unhasped and there was a sound as though someone were leaning out to breathe in the fresh air.

"That's better," he heard Haverton say. "I had no idea it was shut." Then, to the man above, the click of the ivory balls came distinctly and the murmur of the laughter and talk of the players.

Robert felt his heart fail him as he came, at last, face to face with the thing he had set himself to do. The little stone coping which ran along outside his window called to him to avail himself of its friendly shelter and crawl along and listen to the conversation of the men in the billiard-room. It was absurdly easy and the risk of detection practically did not

exist. Here to his hand was the chance he had been hoping for. Eavesdropper—it was a hateful word, but Robert was not going to fight that battle with himself all over again. He stepped out on to the little balcony and leaned over the low stone parapet.

It had rained a little while they had been at dinner, and the scented air of the garden came up to him now delightfully fresh and cool. There was no moon; from the wood across the lawn, which loomed up dimly against the star-lit sky, an owl hooted dimly. In the distance he could make out the lights of the town. Directly beneath him, Robert could distinguish the wide gravel path which circled the house; on it the light from the billiard room windows cut three squares of radiance.

The solicitor slipped off his shoes, and, keeping well in the shadows of the eaves and gables, made his way alongside the little gutter to the spot below which he had heard the unhasped of other windows on his way, but these had their blinds closely drawn, and were in darkness; they belonged, doubtless, to rooms in the large house which were not used by the present owner.

And now he had reached the position he desired and could see the top of the frames of the wide-open French windows, and, leaning as far forward as he dared, he braced himself to listen.

At first he could make out nothing definite—the click of the balls, a word here and there evidently relating to the game that was in progress, sometimes a laugh. He could smell the smoke from the men's cigars, and now and again he heard the hiss of a siphon.

His ear became better attuned, however, he began to make out sentences, but it was not until he heard the cues being placed in the rack that he was rewarded with anything that helped the matter which was filling his mind.

Dartin and Haverton, their game ended, had evidently drawn their chairs near to the air of the open windows, and now that the sounds of the play had ceased, their voices rose to the ears of the listener on the little balcony. He heard one of the men step out on to the gravelled path, and enabling him to dip down behind the stone coping. The man—Robert did not know which of them it was—walked up and down for a moment, possibly to see that the solicitor was in bed. How fortunate it was that he had not switched on the light in his room.

"Gone off a lot, Vivian. You used to do those long cannon shots up the table every time. Do you remember that game at the 'Asiatie' with Lieutenant Fenton?"

The men laughed at the recollection. "I'm afraid, Eddie, that I don't take much interest in the game now—don't mean to. I'd rather have a hand at poker now, by the way, don't call me Vivian."

"All right, old man, I didn't think of playing cards, somehow." Dartin laughed shortly. "I did, Eddie," he said; "but it seemed too weird altogether—you and I—and a Baxenter!" the speaker seemed to shudder as he spoke.

There was silence for a few moments before Haverton answered. "I told you your nerve had got rusty," he said at last. "Why can't you forget unpleasant things? Ugh—a little shiver—it's me for my downy couch—what?"

Robert remained motionless till he heard the windows being closed and saw the patches on the path disappear as the lights were switched off; then he heard the other come up the stairs and separate with mutual wishes for good repose, then quietude settled down over the big house. (To be continued.)

Harvest of the Sea.

North Sea fishermen handle ten thousand million fishes of all sorts and sizes, from the giant ray to the tiny whiting, every year. The twin ports of Yarmouth and Lowestoft have alone received nine hundred million herrings in one season.

One acre of the North Sea or the English Channel is capable of yielding as great a weight of food as a hundred acres of the best grass land in Sussex.

There has been quite a run on fowl farms lately, but when we consider that the cod produces eight million eggs, the domestic fowl has to take a back seat. It is estimated, however, that only one egg in ten millions lives to "grow up."

Salmon produce a thousand eggs for every pound of their weight, and though the canning factories of Western Canada and the United States are working hard all the time to supply the world's demands, the fish still run up the rivers in hundreds of thousands.

Fountain Brush Has Safety Fuse.

A feature of a fountain brush having a reservoir containing inflammable liquids, such as gasoline, benzine, and turpentine, for cleaning purposes, is the fusible cap which melts in case of fire, and so prevents explosion and spread of flaming fluid. A valve plunger pressed down by the forefinger admits the liquid to the bristles. The reservoir serves also as a handle. The brush is for the purpose of cleaning a variety of objects—type forms, half-tones, and utensils found in the rubber-die and electrotyping industries.

AUTO USED PARTS

We carry a full line of used parts for all makes of cars, cleaned and free from grease and dirt. Magneto, gears, springs, complete engines, tires, etc. Highest prices paid for old cars. Write, wire or phone.

AUTOMOBILE USED PARTS CO., 1530 Dundas St. West, Toronto



Woman's Interests

Home "Lessons."

By "home lessons" I do not mean the doing of sums, the drawing of maps, and the like. There are lessons of another sort, and these have to do with the saving of life.

A fire breaks out. The loss of life by fire—of child-life especially—is great. If the little one has been taught what to do many lives would have been saved. So let mothers give, now, "home lessons" to their children on the subject.

It will be observed that the lessons aim at cultivating the all-important quality of "presence of mind." With some that quality is a natural gift. Most, however, acquire it by being taught exactly what to do in an emergency.

Knowing what should be done gives one "presence of mind." A well-taught lesson is at once remembered. The mind is, literally, "present," the head is cool, the emergency is faced without flurry or panic.

If a room is filled with smoke, teach the lesson that the first thing to do is to keep, by kneeling or lying down, as close to the floor as possible. Explain that fresh air may be found there and breathed until rescue comes. Many children, suffocated to death, would be alive now if they had been taught that simple lesson, and made to practice it.

Many children—adults, too—have been found suffocated close to a shut window. As likely as not, they had fumbled in a panic at the window-catch, failed to undo it, and so fell back, overcome. The lesson here is to show (1) how a catch is opened. Many children have no notion. Then (2) show them how a pane of glass in the window should be smashed. This, as being a quicker method of getting air, is important.

Tell them that if the room is full of smoke, they should crawl along the floor, get the poker—one should be kept in every bedroom—and hit the pane hard with a stal motion. Show them how to do it, stopping, of course, just short of an actual smash.

Then explain that the smash would probably leave jagged pieces of glass at the sides, and that these must be quickly knocked out. They must not be left in, because—make this clear—a child putting its head through the window might get a fatal gash in the neck.

In case there should be no poker, or it could not be reached, teach the alternative method. That consists in taking anything in the way of clothing—make the "anything" clear—wrapping it round the right fist, and then banging the pane out. It will be a bottom pane, of course.

Reiterate as to the danger of jagged pieces, and then teach the children that with their head through the window they must scream loudly, so that the firemen and spectators may know where they are.

Older children, trying to do their best when something catches on fire when mother is out, seize it, hold it before them, and rush to take it to the garden or yard. Teach them that this makes a draught, and that the flames would blow back on them. Then show them that burning material should be held at arm's length behind them. Sacrifice an old duster to make this lesson clear.

Finally, teach the children how to wrap a wet towel over their mouth and nose, and so pass through thick smoke to safety. In all bed-rooms, even if the children wash in the bathroom, there should be towels and water. A mother's duty, that.

It will be found that children will learn the above lessons with zest, and just as "fire-drill" is frequently practiced, so should the lessons be often rehearsed.

Seasonable Recipes.

Blackberry jam that is different from that usually made requires two quarts of blackberry juice to six pounds of apples (pared and sliced) and one pound of crushed loaf sugar. Cook slowly until the apples are soft and the mixture thickens, then pour into sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin. This is wholesome, economical and has a flavor resembling jam made of damson plums.

Grape-juice punch requires two quarts of grape-juice, one quart of water, one quart of ginger ale, juice of six lemons, juice of six oranges, sugar to taste. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and the water. Add the orange and lemon peel (sliced), and chill. When about to serve remove the fruit peel, add the other ingredients and pour over cracked ice.

Delicious fruit lemonade: To two gallons of lemonade add the juice of six large oranges, or twelve small ones, and the juice from a can of sliced pineapple. Run the sliced pineapple through a food-chopper and add it to the lemonade. Strawberries, cherries and small pieces of orange, pineapple and muskmelon can be added if desired. Pour into glasses partly filled with cracked ice and stick a sprig of mint in each glass.

Raspberry vinegar makes a refreshing drink for a hot day. To make it, put two quarts of fresh ripe berries into a porcelain vessel and pour over them a quart of vinegar. After twenty-four hours strain the berries and pour the juice over two quarts of fresh raspberries. Allow these to

stand another twenty-four hours, then strain and allow one pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put the juice in a stone jar, cover, set the jar in a kettle of boiling water and allow to boil for one hour. Skim the juice, then bottle and seal with paraffin. To serve the vinegar, pour it over cracked ice, and dilute with water, if necessary.

To preserve butter: Place the butter in a granite or aluminum saucepan and place over a slow fire. The butter should melt slowly, allowing impurities to fall to the bottom and the scum which rises to the surface must be carefully removed. As soon as the butter has melted, the heat of the fire is increased until the butter begins to boil, the scum being continually removed and the butter stirred to prevent the impurities at the bottom from burning. When no more scum rises to the top, the boiling must be stopped, salt to taste is added and the melted butter is allowed to cool until it no longer burns the finger. The clear butter is then poured off into jars which are carefully closed, sealed with paraffin, then stored in a cool, dry place.

Juices obtained from raspberries and blackberries can be used to eke out a meagre supply of fruit, and if put up now can be combined with apples later.

To prepare the juice, weigh the berries and add one-half as much cold water by weight. Boil in a covered kettle for ten minutes. Let stand ten minutes and strain. Bottle the juice for future use by filling fruit-jars with the juice, partly sealing the jars, and sterilizing them for sixteen minutes. Seal tightly and put to one side until apple juice is available, then combine the bottled juice with from one-third to one-half as much apple juice and follow the general directions for making jelly. The apple pulp can be combined with quince parings and cores, or with berries and made into jam. Rub the cooked quince through a sieve in order to remove seeds and hulls.

For the Picnic Basket.

Do not put anything with a strong odor into a picnic basket.

Do not include fried foods. They are difficult to digest.

Avoid putting in any food when there is the least doubt as to freshness.

Wrap each food article in waxed paper. This is hygienic and dainty.

Use fresh paper napkins—they are attractive and cheap.

Be sure to sun and air the basket, or box, when not in use.

Thoroughly wash, and dry by heat, figs and dates, before using.

Skin, separate and wrap in waxed paper oranges for the picnic basket.

Nut meats, salted, take the place of meat—most children like them.

Bananas must be thoroughly ripe, eaten slowly and well chewed.

Always allow a small amount of sweets for the lunch.

Sweets may be in the form of home-made candy, cakes or cookies.

A small bottle of milk is an ideal luncheon food.

Puzzling Letters.

People are often puzzled by the strings of letters which some men have after their names.

One of the most important classes consists of the various grades of the Orders of Knighthood. In these K stands for Knight, C for Companion or Commander, M for Member, and O for Officer. Thus K.C.B. is Knight Commander of the Bath; C.M.G. is Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

Next we have the degrees given by Universities: Here D. means Doctor; M. Master; and B. Bachelor. D.C.L. stands for Doctor of Civil Law; M.A. for Master of Arts; and B.Sc. for Bachelor of Science.

There are several learned societies whose membership is gained by examination, or awarded for exceptional attainments. The greatest of these is the Royal Society, and the man who can add F.R.S. (Fellow of the Royal Society) to his name has received the highest honor of the scientific world. Others are the Royal College of Physicians (F.R.C.P. is Fellow; M.R.C.P. member) and the Royal College of Surgeons, which has Fellows (F.) Members (M.), and Licentiates (L.).

Milk as Glue.

Fancy using milk as glue. The milk does not come from the cow, but from a wonderful tree called the cow-tree. But, for all that, it is quite as pleasant to drink as the milk we get from the dairy.

The tree is one of the largest to be found in the dense forests of Brazil. Its bark is deeply scored, reddish, and ragged.

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.

Noses As Chest Protectors.

How many people know that the nose is a natural filter?

Its passages are furnished with numbers of minute hairs against which air must brush as it is breathed in. These hairs catch the tiny particles of dust and dirt which all air contains, preventing them from being carried into the delicate tissues of the throat and lungs.

When a quantity of small particles has been filtered by the nose, they set up an irritation, which causes you to sneeze and get rid of them.

The nose has another important function: it serves to warm cold air before it reaches the lungs. The air, as it is taken in through the nostrils, passes along narrow passages which are often the same temperature as the body, and as it goes its chill is taken off. The nose, then, is also a very effective chest protector.

That is why people who breathe through the nose are less liable to diseases of the chest and throat than those who breathe through the mouth. The latter take dirty, unfiltered air straight into the lungs, where its particles of dust, soot, or grit set up irritation, which paves the way for the microbes of disease. On cold days they pass quantities of unwarmed air direct to the lungs.

Meteors Blamed for Extreme Heat.

The extraordinary warm weather of the present summer is caused by an unusual downpour of meteors on the sun, increasing its radiation and effective surface temperature, in the belief of Prof. T. J. See, U.S. Government astronomer at the Mare Island Navy Yard, California.

Citing the fact that unusually warm summers occur every ten or eleven years, he said that "now, for the first time, by profound researches, astronomers are able to throw some light" upon this great mystery.

"Since a mass of meteoric matter greater than our moon is falling into the sun every century," he said, "it is very improbable that the downpour proceeds at a uniform rate. If it comes down in gusts under the actions of the chief planets, Jupiter and Saturn, which are now near conjunction and are seen together in our evening sky, then we should have sudden increases of the sun's radiation just such as we now witness all over the world. This is a sufficient explanation of the unprecedentedly hot summer."

The Blow That Told.

One didn't have to be told that he was a cheery man with a happy disposition, an optimist from the jolly two hairs on his head to his dancing size eleven feet. His name was Nathaniel Smudge.

The proprietress of the boarding-house was showing him round.

"I think this room will do very well indeed, Mrs. Grabb; but there is just one thing," said Mr. Smudge. "What sort of a neighborhood is it?" "Crossed to the window—'For instance, what is that large building across the street?"

"Oh, that is an orphanage; but the children only play outdoors in the afternoon—they are fairly quiet," explained Mrs. Grabb.

"Very well. Now, the institution over there. What is that?"

"Oh, that is a prison; but we seldom see the convicts, only when they are at work or playing racket."

"I don't mind that either. Now, what is that structure up the street?"

"Why, that is a lunatic asylum; but the lunatics are quite harmless. The violent ones only occasionally escape."

"Ahem! That is, I suppose, to be expected. Even so, I will take the room." And he smiled good-humoredly as he paid the first week's rent in advance.

"Thank you!" said Mr. Grabb, and on to please. "We try to make things pleasant. My little girl plays the piano, and—"

Without a word, Mr. Smudge snatched back the rent money and dashed from the house.

Popular Keyhole.

Peter was no different from other boys. Sometimes when his father's friend would call he would entertain him in the drawing-room until Dolly came downstairs.

One night the young man asked the youngster if he ever peered through the keyhole while he and the boy's sister were in the drawing room.

With a sudden burst of candor, Peter answered: "Oh, rather—when mother isn't there!"

Used Autos

BREAKEY SELLS THEM: USED cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 300 miles, or test run of same distance if you wish in as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

Bring mechanics of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.

Breakey's Used Car Market 608 Yonge Street, Toronto

ISSUE No. 29-31

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

RICH IN VITAMINES

MADE IN CANADA

The Importance of Vitamines in food is being recognized at the present time to a greater extent than ever before. It has been conclusively demonstrated that yeast is rich in this all important element. Many people have received great benefit physically simply by taking one, two or three Royal Yeast Cakes a day. Send name and address for free copy "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

ISSUE No. 30-32.