

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHYTELAW.

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## Synopsis of Later Chapters.

Dartign, in possession of Dartign fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxenter gives her the Dartign locket. Stella, mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartign. Baxenter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Dartign's invitation to Adderbury Towers. He overhears a conversation between his host and Haverton.

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Robert wished that he could, then and there, take notes of what he had heard and link them up with the facts in what he called the "Dartign dossier." But it would not do to put on the light in his room, and he must possess himself in what patience he might until the morning.

Tired as he was, he slept but little, and the first glimmer of dawn found him awake. He put on a few clothes and, taking his writing case to the window, began his task. He wrote for perhaps a quarter of an hour, pausing often and looking out over the countryside, rosy with the coming day, his brows crumpled with thought. And then he leant back at last and read what he had written:

"Item: That H. (who apparently has met D. but lately) shows an intimate knowledge of D.'s billiard playing, D. having shown ability in the past with long cannons."

"Item: That D. objects to being addressed as 'Vivian.'"

"Item: That for some reason it is a matter of significance that D. and H. should hesitate to play cards with a Baxenter."

"Item: That D.'s nerves are not what they were and that he is advised by H. to forget some unpleasant occurrence."

There was enough in all this to dispel any qualms that Robert might still have had as to his course of action. He took paper and envelope from his case and wrote a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Silas Berwick, at an address in Shaftesbury avenue, and requested Mr. Berwick to call upon the writer at his Strand office at twelve noon on the following Monday, as there was a matter toward, in which his knowledge of criminals and the ways of criminals would prove very useful.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Owner of the Towers Smells a Rat.

The time between tea and the dressing bell was usually spent by those staying at the Towers in attending to their correspondence, enabling them to avail themselves of the post basket on the table in the hall, with the contents of which John, the groom, cycled up mail from Birmingham, which passed through at nine o'clock.

The letter which Robert had written in the early morning he had posted with his own hands at the little High street office as they passed through the town on their way to the Mayfield golf links the day before. There was a small nine-hole course at Barchester, but Dartign had not considered it wise to risk the snub which might follow an application to enter the select membership of the Barchestrian club.

The links at Mayfield, after all, appealed far more to Mr. Baptiste Dartign and those who visited the Towers than, as he expressed it, the "potty" Barchester course, and the society to be met with in the clubhouse of the larger place, consisting as it did of well-to-do Mayfield residents, with a sprinkling of racing men, whose bank books carried infinitely more weight than Dartign's, suited his tastes admirably. And so, much to Robert's relief, the letter he had written to Mr. Silas Berwick had escaped the scrutiny of prying eyes that would probably have been its fate had it been placed with the other correspondence in the hall.

He had been in the library since six o'clock, engaged in writing one or two business letters of minor importance and a long screed to Stella. Now these were sealed and stamped and Robert crossed the hall to drop them among those already in the basket. As he stretched out his hand he gave a little gasp and stood as though carved in stone, his eyes fixed and staring down at an envelope on the top of the little heap. Behind him the drawing room door opened a little way, then shut to again softly, finally stopping a few inches ajar.

Robert turned slowly and gave a searching glance to right and left as he unbuttoned his coat and took out his pocketcase. His fingers trembled a little as he slipped off the elastic band and drew out the scrap of paper

which Cantle had picked up in the room in Mortimer Terrace.

He took out the envelope from the basket and walked with it to the light that came through the open doorway, comparing the handwriting of the superscription with that on the piece of paper from his pocketcase. A casual glance told him that the calligraphy was similar, and now, as he carefully compared the formation of the letters and numerals, conviction grew until it became a certainty.

Dartign's handwriting he knew well. He had been the only other person who had been writing in the library that afternoon, and Robert said that his quest was ended, that he asked for no further proof than this. He knew now, as sure as though it had been told him, that he was in the house with the man who had caused his cousin's death. The mystery of old Adam's document was a mystery no longer, and the whole conspiracy appeared clearly to the understanding.

He stood there in the hall, his hands clenched over the envelope and the scrap of evidence, and asked himself bitterly how he was to get through the remaining hours—how he was to sit at dinner, to take hospitality from the hands red with poor Hubert's blood.

The thought came to him that he might make some excuse and catch the evening train to London, but he said that there was no time to do so without appearing strange and attracting attention to himself that wiser counsels told him was not advisable. As he stood there the groom entered, and, tipping the contents of the basket into a leather satchel, passed out to his bicycle. Robert had had no intention of retaining Haverton's letter, but as the man entered he had crushed it up, together with the other paper, and thrust it into his pocket; it was out of the question to replace it in the now empty basket. He turned and went slowly up to his room to dress.

The dinner that evening was to be of a more formal character than that of the previous night, and Robert was glad that they would not be alone; for the colonel of temperate habits had accepted, and one or two other men would be there. It would be something to have those others to talk to; the time would pass more rapidly and the horror of his ordeal be lightened.

He took his writing-case from his kit-bag and added the all-important item relating to the handwriting. He told himself that he would not look further than this—that he had accumulated ample facts to put before Mr. Berwick, the private investigator whose services had so often been used by the firm of Baxenter when their work had taken them into the fields of criminal activity.

Dinner would not be served until eight o'clock—the solicitor welcomed the short respite from the hateful presence of the scoundrel downstairs. He began to dress leisurely, hoping that, by the time he was ready, one or two of the others would have arrived. He felt a little annoyed that he had been forced to retain the letter addressed by Haverton. Its non-arrival at its destination might set the men on watch before his plans had arrived at fruition. He smoothed the envelope out and put it in the pocket of his dinner-jacket, together with the scrap that now had assumed such importance to his case. His window commanded a view of the entrance-gates, and when Robert was dressed, he pulled up a chair, and, lighting a cigarette, watched for the arrival of the guests.

Meanwhile, in Dartign's little study, a dramatic scene might have been witnessed. The master of the house, pale but composed, sat at his desk, his hands clasping the arms of his chair so that the knuckles stood out, little patches of white skin. Before him, and far less at his ease, Haverton paced up and down the square of carpet. Now and again he would pass his handkerchief with a nervous gesture across his forehead, and glance anxiously at the man in the chair.

Dartign ran his tongue over his dry lips.

"You saw him, you say, Eddie, deliberately steal your letter?"

"No, I don't say that, Vivian. I don't think for one moment that he meant to take it; he had it in his hand when John came in, and he was taken by surprise and slipped it into his pocket. Perhaps there's nothing in it, after all. But I don't like Baxenter; he has a way of looking at one that makes you want to ask him what he means—if one only dares."

The speaker crossed over to the sideboard and busied himself with a tantalus. "Have one, Vivian?" he asked.

"Not now. What could he want with your correspondence, anyway? Who was the letter to?"

"Only my tailor, Vivian; that's what makes it so strange. Heaven knows what interest it could have for him! He took it over to the light and compared it with a small square of paper he took out of his pocket—"; I was watching him from the drawing room door. It was the look on his face that frightened me. I wasn't near enough to see what was on the paper; it was nearly square—folded this size."

Eddie tore out a leaf from a magazine that lay on the desk and nervously folded it twice. As he held it out, it slipped from his trembling hands and fluttered to the floor, and Dartign, as his eyes followed it, stifled back a hoarse cry that rose to his lips. For the paper had fallen beneath a chair, and memories flooded in upon the man at the sight.

Through a mist he seemed to see the furnishings of that fatal room in

Mortimer Terrace. Just as he had dropped a square of paper, the ruse that was to lead poor Hubert to his death. Through the haze the little square of white seemed to stand out with amazing clearness. In Dartign's ears were the sounds that had risen to him as he stood on the gray roof beside the huddled body of his victim—the murmur of London life, awakening and the crying of the beasts in the zoological gardens. For the house in the terrace, the mental picture of it filled his vision. The little study seemed to grow darker, and the silver clock on his desk out the air solemnly with its tick-tack-murder-tick-tack! The sunlight that was flooding the lawns outside the window darkened, and Dartign breathed again the foul air of the shut-up house of death.

He pulled himself together with an effort and reached out his hand for the drink Eddie had mixed and was holding out for him, and which he had but a moment before refused. As he gulped down the liquor Haverton crossed over to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"And now, Vivian," he said, as he came back, "what is it all about? Is there anything wrong, really, or is it our nerves? What is it?"

"Only—Dartign was speaking slowly and with meaning, and that we must go to-night what is in Baxenter's pocketbook, must find out just how much he knows. Then we will decide how to deal with him."

"Deal with him—you mean—I'll have no more killing, I—"

Dartign turned fiercely upon the trembling man.

"Who spoke of killing, you fool? Leave him to me. Whose nerves are rusty now, eh? Get upstairs and dress; let him see nothing; he must not guess that we are onto his game. I'll come and see you in your room before we go down. I'll be all right."

But when Eddie had left the room Dartign sank back in his chair and stared out over the sunlit garden, a prey to the gloomiest thoughts. Like all men who live by their wits, he was a mass of superstition, and he told himself that it was no accident that the scrap of paper had fallen as it had. That it conveyed a warning he did not for a moment question, and he knew that at last a net was closing round him. He had let the paper rest where it had fallen, and now he reached down and picked it up, tearing it savagely into minute pieces, as though the innocent page of magazine advertisements were in itself a menace.

For the first few months after the crime in Mortimer Terrace he had been worried by his failure to locate the paper he had used as a decoy. It contained, as he knew, only a few words and figures, notes of a game he and Haverton had played with a youth whom they had enticed into a Soho gambling hell—was in fact, part of a record of their division of the spoil they had taken from their pigeon. He did not for a moment think that there was any identifying importance to it, but it haunted him.

(To be continued.)

## She Knew a "Windfall."

Mrs. Youngbridge thought the apples the farmer had brought her were rather dirty, but he explained that this was because they had fallen off the tree onto the ground—in short, they were windfalls—so she bought them.

A week later she called the farmer's wife up on the telephone. "I ordered the best cucumbers for pickling," she said sharply, "and you've sent me windfalls."

"Sent what?" gasped the farmer's wife.

"Windfall cucumbers! I can tell; you needn't think I can't. There's dirt on them."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

## A Crewless Battleship Operated by Radio

A battleship operated without a man aboard is a hitherto unprecedented realization of the United States Navy Department. The U. S. S. "Iowa" has been equipped with wireless apparatus adequate to its complete control from another vessel at a considerable distance. The bombing tests of the Army and Navy air forces afforded the incentive for the operation of a crewless battleship, the "Iowa" manoeuvring as an enemy boat—a target for dummy bombs from the air.

Radical modifications have been made in the power plant of the "Iowa" to insure its functioning without a man aboard. The boilers have been equipped to consume oil instead of coal as fuel. The propelling machinery will function for a considerable length of time without the care of a machinist. Automatic devices are capable of dispensing fuel to the burners and supplying water to the boilers. The main engines may be started at a slow pace, and the ship forthwith abandoned. Meanwhile an officer, aboard the controlling vessel, has assumed direction of the proverbial "ship without a rudder."

The apparatus for guiding the boat adrift comprises: a standard radio transmitter aboard the controlling ship, a receiving aerial on the "Iowa" with special wireless receivers, amplifiers, relays, etc. These, in turn, convert radio signals into such a form as to insure the operation of electrical equipment which controls the steering gear and throttle of the main engine.

The initial wireless signal flashed from the controlling boat is intercepted by the aerial on the "Iowa," its reception being acknowledged by the radio receiver situated well below the deck. The signal is amplified by vacuum-tube amplifiers which operate an extremely sensitive relay or switch which in turn gives impetus to a larger relay. The latter closes an electrical circuit which operates an electrically controlled pneumatic valve. When

## 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.

## Progress in Western Canada.

The "Made in British Columbia" campaign is gaining in popularity and according to the secretary three thousand families in the province have already pledged themselves to use only British Columbia made goods, with the expectation of two thousand additional pledges this week.

The renewal of the development of the mica deposits at Tite Jaune Cache, B.C., is announced by a Calgary organization. These deposits have long been known and shipments were made from them in 1898 and 1899, the dressed mica being taken down by pack train to Kamloops. The ore is muskowitzite of a high quality.

Hand picked settlers are to be brought out to British Columbia in large numbers to fill up the vacant lands in the northern and central parts of the province, according to plans just completed by owners of large areas, most of whom are in England. Some of the choicest lands in the province will be offered settlers, including the Bulkley and Nechako valleys.

A recent hemp "breaking" demonstration proved conclusively that hemp can be successfully grown in Western Canada and that a machine has been invented capable of converting the hemp stalks into marketable hemp fibre which can be manufactured into practically anything from the coarsest rope to the finest linen. The demonstration was conducted by Col. Wm. Grassie, D.S.O., president of the Canada Fibre Product Company, and the hemp was grown at the Manitoba Agricultural College and lay under the snow all winter.

An option has been taken on nineteen acres of land with water frontage at Victoria, B.C., for the purpose of establishing a woollen factory. The interest behind the scheme is a Lancashire, England, woollen establishment of high standing.

A new method of calcining Hydro-Magnesite has been discovered by C. D. Oliver of Vancouver. The first deposit of this product, of which British Columbia has a monopoly, is at Watson Lake, near Vancouver. Other parts of central and northern British Columbia are rich with the same and similar deposits—soda, epsom salts, etc. The new method of calcining has been found to be an undoubted success and this will obviate the necessity of importing improved magnesite from California and elsewhere.

There is still plenty of employment for experienced farm help or for Old Country farmers who are emigrating to Western Canada, according to officials of Regina employment offices. The market for trade and industrial classes is congested, but many agriculturalists can be absorbed.

Japanese soldiers have increased two inches in height on an average since meat was included in their rations.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



## Woman's Interests

### Jelly Making.

It is not uncommon for householders to find difficulty in their jelly making. Even the most careful and experienced householders will fail sometimes when they undertake the making of their annual supply of jelly.

Fruit juice, in order to make good jelly, must contain both pectin and acid. Pectin is a substance soluble in hot water, which, when cooked in the presence of sugar and acid and cooled, gives the right consistency to jelly.

Fruit for jelly making should be just ripe or slightly under-ripe. Wash and cut the larger fruit into pieces. Put in a saucepan, adding a small quantity of water according to the amount of juice in the fruit. To the very juicy fruits, such as grapes and currants, add only enough water to prevent burning. Boil slowly until well cooked.

Drain through a jelly bag made of double thickness of cheesecloth, unbleached cotton, or flannel.

Measure and find out how much sugar it is necessary to use for the particular fruit juice.

To determine amount of sugar needed mix 1 tablespoon of juice with 1 tablespoon of grain alcohol. If a firm jelly forms, use equal measures of sugar and juice; if a loose jelly,  $\frac{1}{2}$  sugar, 1 of juice; and if a very loose jelly,  $\frac{1}{2}$  sugar and 1 of juice.

The juice is allowed to come to a boil before the heated sugar is added. The jelling point is reached when the juice drops as one mass from the side of a spoon, or when two drops run together and fall from the spoon as one. Pour immediately into jelly glasses. When the jelly is cold, pour over it a thin layer of hot paraffin wax.

Ideal fruits for jelly making include the following: Currants, sour apples, crab-apples, and grapes. Raspberries, blackberries, and blueberries may be used in combination with apples.

### What Other Women Have Learned About Traveling.

Some of the most enjoyable and broadening experiences come when you are exploring cities and towns with which you are unfamiliar. Long trips can often be so arranged as to enable you to see the interesting things in the cities and the parts of the country through which you pass, with little or no extra expense. Sometimes you do it merely by staying over, even while you are waiting for a train. Almost every large community has something distinctive about it—an institution, an industry, a building, a thoroughfare, a place of public recreation, a colony or quarter, a work of art or a natural wonder. By planning trips with the idea of observing in mind you can travel through beautiful scenery by day and spend the evenings sightseeing in a city through which you may never pass again. Not only is it intensely interesting and instructive, but it is decidedly more restful than sitting or sleeping right through until you reach your destination.

Tired feet have always been the bane of tourists. How many good things travelers miss just because their feet forbid further walking! None but a novice will wear new shoes on a trip; an experienced traveler knows well the value in dollars and cents and pleasure of well-broken shoes with very low heels, broad toes, and arch supports if they are necessary. And no matter how tired a traveler may be, it pays to give the feet a salt bath just before going to bed. Chafe them well afterwards to stimulate circulation, then rub them with cold cream and dust them lightly with talcum powder. Foot powder shaken into the shoes is another great help; but even if you can do nothing else, change the shoes and stockings once or twice a day.

Most persons travel so little that it is well worth their while to make the most of the trips that they do take. A little notebook may help, in years to come, to recall memories that would otherwise have faded. It may be a common memorandum pad or it may be a more elaborate affair. Divide it into sections with plenty of space for each topic, such as "Funny things I heard and saw," "People I met," "The sights we saw," and other things that appeal to you. But do not be in too great a hurry to enter the items. Some things that seem interesting at the moment do not seem so well worth while the next morning.

If you have to travel with a baby, have a harness and bells for it. The harness is a support to the child as well as a help to you, and the bells not only amuse the child but acquaint others of its presence. Often the jingle of the bells in a crowded street car or elevator will cause other occupants to move a bit and give the baby more breathing space.

Opera glasses are a help to adults as well as a source of amusement to children when traveling. With them you can learn many interesting things about insects, birds and plants, and the price tags on articles for sale, and the architectural details of places that without them would be obscure. In picture galleries they enable you while sitting at ease to read artists' names, the numbers and titles of pic-

tures, and to study the pictures as a whole.

A candle is a convenience when you are traveling, especially if you carry bottles with you. When you pack, light the candle and let the tallow drip round the corks. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that the bottles will not leak. It is a good plan to pack the bottles in shoes; the soles protect the glass, and in case of accident the shoes may retain most of the contents of the bottles. Moreover, it is easy to find the bottles when you want them.

Before you start on a short journey, find out whether it will be better to check your trunk or to send it by express. From the point of view of economy of expense as well as of nervous strain and delay, it is sometimes quite as cheap to send baggage by express as it is to check it and pay the high cartage rates at both ends of the trip.

### A Boy in the House.

A racket, a rattle, a rolling shout Above and below an I round and about. A-whistling, a pounding, a hammering of nails,

A-building of houses, the shaping of sails,

Entreaties for paper, for scissors, for string,

For every unfindable, bothersome thing.

A bang at the door, and a dash up the stairs,

In the interest of burdensome business affairs;

An elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse

Makes it easy to hear there's a boy in the house.

But, oh! if the tops were not scattered about,

And the house never echoed to racket and rout;

If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat

And one need not brush after wee muddy feet,

If one laughed out when the morning was red,

And with kisses went tumbling all tired to bed,

What a wearisome, workaday world don't you see,

For all who love wild little laddies—toddies to be;

And I'm happy to say, though I shrink like a mouse,

From disorder and din—there's a boy in the house.

### The Leopard's Adopted Son.

Captured by a leopard, reared in a jungle and at the age of five years rescued and returned to civilized life—such is the story of a native boy that comes from Bombay, India. Mr. Stewart Baker, fellow of the British Zoological Society, who saw the boy after he had been rescued from his wild foster mother, vouches for the truth of the tale.

When the boy was caught he could run on all fours almost as fast as an adult man can run on two legs, and in dodging in and out of bushes he was a miracle of swiftness. When Mr. Baker saw him his knees had hard callouses on them, and his toes were upright and almost at right angles to his instep. The palms of his hands and the pads of his toes and of his fingers were covered with very tough, horny skin. He bit and fought with everyone who came within reach; and any village fowl that came near him he seized, tore to pieces and ate with extraordinary rapidity.

When he was brought before Mr. Baker he had become more or less tamed. Although generally assuming a crouching attitude, he walked almost upright, but when suddenly startled he would run off rapidly on all fours.

For a long time the boy would not sleep in his father's hut; they tied him with a rope and let him make his bed in the grass. Now, however, he has been trained to sleep indoors. At first he did not know how to speak, but growled and grunted like an animal; now he is gradually learning his native tongue. He has an exceptional development of muscle for a child of his years; his strength was such that it took two men to handle him.

It is useless to grasp an opportunity if you don't intend to do anything but stand around and hold on to it.

The sun, if it were a hollow sphere, would hold a million globes as large as the earth.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Champion egg-layer of the world, a hen known as Lady Walnut Hill, recently died in Kentucky, U.S.A., after laying her 876th egg; she was six years old.

## Used Autos

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