

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELEAW.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
Vivian Renton and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with Hubert Baxenter, a prosperous attorney, in his London apartments. After their departure late at night Renton returns to the house, murders Baxenter and hides the body on the roof. While waiting for night to come again in order to make his escape, he finds in a desk a curious old yellowed document telling of a mysterious chest left in the care of one of Baxenter's ancestors by a French nobleman, the Marquis de Dartygny, of the Chateau Chauville. The chest has been handed down from one generation of Baxenters to another and carefully guarded in the hope that some day its rightful owner will be found. Renton decides to pass as the missing heir and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some inquiries about the Dartygny family. The story of the troubled days of the French Revolution and the escape of the Marquis and little granddaughter to England, where the chest and document were given to the Baxenters for safe keeping. Now, more than one hundred years later, Hubert Baxenter's body is found, but the police find no clue. Meanwhile, Renton changes his name to Baptiste Dartin, and visits Canada; then he presents his fictitious claims to Robert Baxenter, new head of the firm, and receives the treasure chest. Robert calls on Stella Benham whose heart is set on making a great success on the stage. She tells him he must wait a year for her answer. Dartin is at first greatly disappointed to find only a paltry thousand pounds in the chest. He is relieved to discover later a large key and a parchment telling where the real treasure is hidden. Giving Baxenter a quaint locket and chain which he found in the chest, Dartin goes to France. By posing as an artist he gains admittance to the Chateau Chauville, and in a secret vault finds an immense fortune in gems, gold and rare pictures.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Seizing the scarf firmly in both hands Vivian raised himself until his toes rested upon the coffin lid. Then, with a little spring he started his climb. The sinister crack of splintering wood as he "took off" from the old casket caused a little thrill of horror to run through him, but he crept up, hand over hand, until at last his fingers gripped the edge of the flooring. With this hand-hold he helped by the scarf it was not difficult to clamber up and Vivian, exhausted but happy, sank down in one of the little pews of the chapel.

Through the window above the altar the rays of a young moon struggled thinly. A glance at his watch told Vivian that it was half-past ten, and he looked round for a means of completing his escape. To a man who understood lockwork as he did this was a simple matter, and by the time the clock in the tiny belfry was chiming eleven M. Baptiste Dartin was in the little plantation of firs which surrounded the sacred building.

Cautiously he made his way to the lodge and, scaling the gateway, crossed the bridge and reached the high road. Midway between the chateau and the "Three Lilies" he came upon old Henri, who was returning from the inn.

Vivian stopped him. He had been into Blois, he told the man, to order the frames for the pictures. By the way, would it be convenient for him to finish the dining-room sketch the next afternoon? In the meantime, would Henri honor him by returning to the "Three Lilies" as his guest, there to open a bottle of the really excellent claret that house provided? It took Vivian three days to finish the sketch, and when finally he departed from Massey he left old Henri in the seventh heaven of delight, for had not the gentleman taken his pictures into Blois and returned with them framed in gold? Perhaps the gentleman would come again and paint some more pictures, in fact, he had almost said as much.

Three days later the gentleman in question was seated with a jeweller of great wealth and indifferent morals in an office in a street behind the Hoogstraat in Rotterdam. For the first time in the merchant's life he was unable to deal single-handed with the collection which was set out before him. But there were other jewel merchants in Lolland, and by the united efforts of three of the principal ones in the trade the collection of diamonds, emeralds and rubies from the Chateau Chauville changed hands to the satisfaction of the gentleman who had called to dis-

pose of them and who bore on his card the name—

BAPTISTE DARTIN

CHAPTER XII. The Blackmailer.

Eighteen months had passed since the night when Hubert Baxenter met with his death in Mortimer Terrace, and still, with the exception of the murderer himself, there was but one man who suspected anything of the truth of that mysterious affair.

True, Eddie Haverton had no knowledge when he parted from Vivian Renton in the fog at Regent's Park Circle that his companion had any intention of returning to the house which they had left a moment before. Knowing what he did, however, of the desperate straits of young Renton's finances, coupled with the sudden disappearance of that gentleman from all his usual haunts, left Eddie but one conclusion—and upon him it had a far-reaching effect. Morally, Mr. Haverton was no whit better than he had ever been—it was not in his nature to be so; but his narrow escape from the remorse of what his life had been during those first few weeks following the discovery of the body on the roof. He remembered the feelings with which he had each morning opened his newspaper to watch the developments of the case in which at any moment he might be called upon to take a principal part.

Hour by hour, day and night, he had been pursued and tortured by the demons of anticipation. Not a knock on his door nor a friendly tap on the shoulder in the street but he told himself that his hour had come. The fact that he was innocent weighed little with him; the explanation, should it become known that he was with Baxenter on that night, was beyond even his fertile brain. Unlike Renton, he had had no particular reason for removing any trace that would point to his presence in Mortimer Terrace. He said that there were a hundred and one things that might incriminate him—a handkerchief, a scrap of paper, a cigar end, a thumb print.

It was this latter which held Eddie Haverton in the grip of deadly fear. He knew well that among the thumb impressions at Scotland Yard his had their place, and memories of three years he had passed in a tiny apartment overlooking the granite-strewn towers of Dartmoor, which had followed the taking of those impressions, came back to him in shuddering force.

But that time of terror was all over now. Hubert Baxenter lay unavenged in the family vault at Highgate and the affair of his death no longer claimed the public attention. The police had apparently dropped the case, and the most blatant of the "yellow" press had long been silent on a subject from which they had squeezed all sensation.

And Eddie Haverton, ever since that November night, had run straight to which he put his brain and hand he was careful to remain well on the right side of the hedge planted by the law around that particular business. He had been successful in the past and his good fortune seemed to hold good now that he had chosen a more reputable mode of life. Everything he touched turned out well—a dairy, which he ran for a few months, was disposed of to a company at a large profit; he assisted the fallen fortunes of a penny weekly and the circulation rose at once until it reached a quarter of a million.

But these were but speculations, side issues which Eddie's astute brain told him were good. It was in the theatrical field that his chief energies were expended. Always a keen player, he rapidly turned to financial account his experience of many years. He did not advertise his present connection with the stage more than need be, but the theatrical world were well aware that he was the power behind the throne in more than a few touring successes, and that London managers were beginning to speak of and fear this man who robbed them by his specious offers of some of the most promising members of their companies. For Eddie Haverton's scent for "talent" was keen, and many a chorus girl and two-line actor owed a big success to the man who had watched them from the stalls.

It had just been like his luck that Haverton should secure the services of Stella Benham. It was his rule, and he found it a paying one, to watch the performances of understudies with infinite care. His knowledge of human nature and of the life and jealousies of the world behind the scenes gave him an advantage that he was not slow to take.

Stella's reign in the name part of "The Slum Duchess" had been but brief. Miss Foster, who had hoped to stimulate the taste of the public by her absence and to return to them enhanced by comparison, rapidly recovered from her indisposition on hearing of the success of her understudy. She returned to her duties in three days and Stella was again rele-

MERCHANTS BANK OFFICIALS EXPRESS TEMPERED OPTIMISM REGARDING BUSINESS SITUATION

President and General Manager Review the Canadian Business Situation With Much Hope—Financial Position of the Bank an Exceptionally Strong One—Crop Outlook Encouraging.

At the annual meeting of the Merchants Bank of Canada the various reports which were presented showed that this institution occupies a commanding position in Canadian financial affairs. The addresses of the President, Sir Montagu Allan, and the General Manager, Mr. D. C. Macarow, were concise statements of present day conditions and contained an optimistic survey of the future.

The President's Address.

Sir Montagu Allan in part said: "The general depression in business, felt to a greater or lesser degree in every country in the world, has affected the business of the bank to some extent, but we hope the low point of depression has been passed, and that there will soon be a change for the better. The coal strike in England which will no doubt result in the loss of a great deal of trade, and the unrest and discontent which seems to prevail in nearly all the countries of Europe, give rise to serious financial problems to be reckoned with, but no man in this country who is strong and healthy can afford to be a pessimist for any length of time. The known and undeveloped resources are sufficient to ensure future prosperity."

New Issue of Stock.

"As mentioned in last year's report a further issue of \$2,100,000 of new stock was made, making the paid-up capital of the bank \$10,500,000, and by the transfer of the premium on the new stock to the reserve account, the rest now stands at \$9,450,000."

"The shareholders of the bank now number 2,997, as against 2,622 in 1920, being an increase of 375 during the year."

Current loans and discounts stand at \$109,183,000, as against \$113,198,000 last year. It will be seen, therefore, that this bank continues to extend its ample share of assistance to the industries of the country.

General Manager is Optimistic.

Following the president's concise yet comprehensive review of the situation, as reflected in the year's statements, said Mr. Macarow, there is little left for me to add beyond, perhaps, a word or two by way of amplification.

It will be observed that in comparison with last year's figures our total

assets show a shrinkage of about \$7,000,000, or, roughly, 3 1/2 per cent., which, in view of all the surrounding circumstances, must be regarded as a satisfactory showing, the liquid position being well maintained the while.

The trend of our interest-bearing deposits for the same period has been steadily upward, an increase in that department of about \$7,000,000 being shown, but this gain has been more than offset by the decline in the total ordinary deposits. A year ago, however, under the heading of demand deposits, a sum of about \$3,000,000 stood to the credit of the Government in connection with Victory Loan payments. This amount, which, of course, was of a purely temporary nature, was withdrawn during the year so that, after making allowance for it, the total deposits and total assets about held their own, a satisfactory achievement we have no doubt you will agree.

Crop Reports are Promising.

Crop conditions throughout the country are at the present moment exceptionally promising. If I may say a word as to general conditions it will be one of tempered optimism, having a due comprehension of the many difficulties which require to be met but having, at the same time, a proper appreciation of the actual and potential riches of this country.

There are indications that the monetary position, broadly speaking, is less stringent and that the general liquidity of credit now in evidence is continuing to develop further.

Altogether, and in a word, it is not difficult to be an optimist as to the future of "Canada Unlimited," to borrow the apt expression recently used by an eminent Canadian.

The Board of Directors was re-elected, with Sir H. Montagu Allan as President and F. Howard Wilson as Vice-President.

upon the appearance of that gentleman.

His mirror, as he turned from the window to it, showed him a well-set-up man, broad and full-chested without being stout. His hair, taken straight back from the brows, successfully disguised a partial baldness, and his mustache, small and trim, was brushed up at the ends and gave something of a military aspect to his face. He did not need the monocle which was inseparable from his right eye, but he wore it as an ornament, and it suited and gave a certain dignity to his rather large face.

He took from his pocket a tiny red memorandum book and consulted it. The company in which Stella was "starring" had finished the night before at Barchester and were opening to-morrow at the neighboring town of Maystone. Perhaps Stella and some of the company would spend the Sunday in Barchester, preferring the old county town to the smoke and grime of Maystone, in which case—well, his new "Sidley" would take him down in no time—it would be a pity to stay in town on a day like this.

Eddie Haverton pressed the little electric button by the fireplace and ordered the car to be ready in half an hour.

(To be continued.)

Prince is Chancellor of University of Wales.

The Prince of Wales was installed on June 8, at Cardiff, as Chancellor of the University of Wales. Among those who afterwards received degrees from the Prince were Arthur J. Balfour, Lord Haldane and George E. McClean, London director of the American University Union, in recognition of the work of the union in promoting Anglo-American university relations.

In his speech to the Assembly the Prince introduced a few sentences of Welsh. When later he handed the degree to Mr. Balfour the Prince remarked that last week Mr. Balfour had presented him with a degree at Cambridge and had addressed him in Latin, with which he was not very familiar.

He had the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Balfour knew considerably less of his remarks in Welsh than he did of what Mr. Balfour said in Latin.

What He Objected To.

Two small boys were quarreling over the possession of a toy bank when a noted local financier, who was passing, stopped and said to the younger: "Shame on you, my boy. Don't you want him to save his money?" "I don't care what he does with his money," replied the youth. "But he wants to save mine along with it."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

It is a good thing to have what is called an education; but as between the man with Greek alone and the man without it but with brains and determination it would be easy to say which would go farther, as many able men have shown. Don't waste time bewailing your lack of education.



Woman's Interests

These are Picnic Days.

A picnic lunch to be worth the name, is tasty, wholesome, satisfying and simple. Plain, simple food well prepared, neatly and attractively packed, always tastes good in the big outdoors.

A picnic lunch that was enjoyed and appreciated by all who partook of it consisted of beef hash, lettuce sandwiches, pickles, sponge cake, milk, coffee and fruit. Two pantries contributed to the feast and not more than one-half hour was spent in preparation. The hash was prepared, seasoned, put in a spider, covered, wrapped and packed. Lettuce was washed and wrapped in damp cloth; bread, put in jelly glass with cover; butter and cake, were each wrapped in oil paper and all packed in the lunch basket; cold milk was put into a thermos bottle, ground coffee in a small cheesecloth bag in the pail in which it was to be made.

Over a camp fire by the roadside, the hash and coffee were cooked while the remainder of the lunch was spread in a grove nearby.

Another picnic lunch eaten on the shore of a lake might have taken a prize for little work and real enjoyment. Raw fried potatoes, fried white fish, bread and butter, jelly sandwiches, pickles, ginger bread, milk and coffee made up the menu. Those proficient in fire building and camp cooking prepared the fish, potatoes and coffee while others attended to laying the cloth and placing the food. Everyone enjoyed the eating and no one objected to necessary dishwashing with the lake for a dishpan.

Hot picnic dish—6 cups sliced raw potatoes, 2 1/2 cups ground raw ham, 3 cups sweet whole milk, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls flour. Put the potatoes and ham in a buttered and crumbled baking dish in alternate layers beginning with potatoes and finishing with ham, sprinkle the flour over the different layers, add the salt (not too much as ham is salt) and milk and bake in a slow oven for one-half to two hours. When done, wrap in a clean cloth, then in several thicknesses of paper and it will keep hot for an hour or more.

Date and nut bread—3 cups bread sponge, 1 cup ground peanuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 3 cups flour or enough to make a stiff dough. The sponge may be taken from the regular setting of bread and the other ingredients added. Let the dough rise until double in size, knead, shape into a loaf, let rise and bake. Butter only is needed when making sandwiches from this loaf.

Filling for sandwich—1/2 lb. strong cream cheese, 1/4 lb. butter, 1 medium-sized sweet green pepper. Grind the cheese and mix butter and cheese together until smooth and creamy, add the peppers which have been chopped, and mix well. Pimentos may be used in place of green peppers or both may be left out. Thin slices of rye bread spread generously with this filling make an excellent sandwich.

Peanut sandwich filling—1 cup shelled peanuts, 1-3 to 1-2 cup sweet cream, 1/2 teaspoonful salt. Remove the brown skin from the peanuts, put them through the food chopper using the pulverizing plate, add the salt and cream. With a fork, mix until smooth. Cooked mayonnaise may be used in place of cream if desired.

Sandwich glorious—Cut day-old slices a little less than one-half inch in thickness. Spread one slice thinly with butter then with blackberry jam. Spread another slice with cottage cheese seasoned with cream and salt, place the two slices together, cut in any shape desired and serve.

Ginger snaps—1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup fat, 6 cups flour, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 1 tablespoonful

ginger, 1 tablespoonful soda. Mix the sugar, fat, molasses and vinegar thoroughly. Add the soda and egg and beat well. Sift the ginger with three cups of flour, beat well. Add remainder of flour, knead into shape, set in cold place for an hour or until chilled. Roll thin and bake on inverted tins in not too hot an oven. The dough is very stiff after adding last flour. No flour is needed when rolling preparatory to cutting the cookies.

Preserving Eggs for Winter.

Spring and early summer are the best times for preserving eggs for winter use. Then the eggs are not only better in quality but are more plentiful and therefore cheaper.

One of the most satisfactory methods is to put them in water glass. The solution should be in the proportion of one part water glass to nine parts of water which first has been boiled and cooled. Place eggs in a stone jar and pour liquid over them. Ten quarts will be a sufficient quantity for 15 dozen eggs.

Powdered water glass is on the market, and if prepared according to directions on the package, is more satisfactory than the liquid. Either one, though, is excellent.

If water glass is not available, an equally effective preservative may be made by slacking 2 pounds of quick lime in a small quantity of hot water and mixing with 2 gallons of water and 1 pound of salt. Allow this mixture to settle and use the clear liquid on top. It will suffice for about 12 dozen eggs.

It should be remembered in putting eggs away that all those having thin shells, or cracks should be discarded. These are as good as any for immediate use.

Never wash the eggs that are to be "put down" for winter eggs. Use only perfectly clean eggs.

Fifty dozen eggs will be enough for a family of five during the months of October, November, December and January when the price is highest.

Candling does away with the danger of putting down unfit eggs. If more people knew how simple the process is, the practice would be more general. An effective apparatus may be made as follows: take a cardboard box large enough to contain a lantern and punch a few holes in the top for ventilation; level with the height of the flame cut a hole about the size of a half dollar and the apparatus is complete. To use it, darken the room, light the lantern, and hold the egg large end up, close up to and before the circular opening. A good egg will appear clear with the yolk seen dimly in the centre. The air space will be about the size of a dime. If the egg looks dark and has a freely moving yolk it is unfit for use.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

A Chinese play 600 years old was recently performed in English in London.

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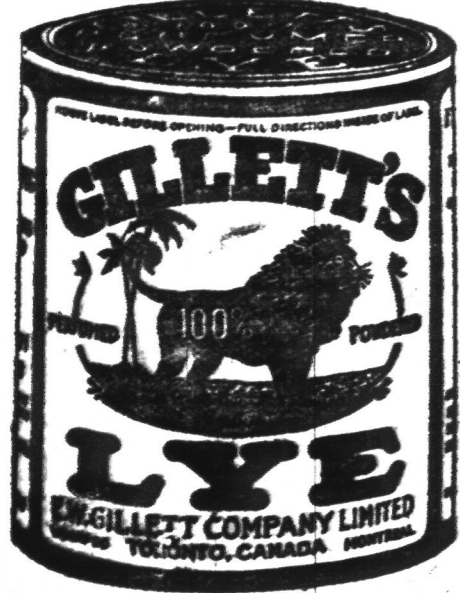
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