

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELOW.

(Copyrighted)

Synopsis of Later Chapters.
Leaving Baxenter bound in the cellar of Adderbury Towers, Dartin and Haverton make their escape. Two days later Baxenter starts for Paris with a detective, Silas Berwick. They track Haverton to the Hotel d'Elclair.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)
"It was this morning, monsieur, when I paid my visit to the chapel. It is my custom to go there at ten o'clock each morning to see that all is as it should be; for, messieurs, there are many valuable articles on the little altar—a fourteenth-century cross studded with amethysts, and two candlesticks which were once in the possession of Pius the Sixth. You might say in your paper, monsieur, that I, Henri Biblot, have the entire care of these treasures—B-I-B-L-O-T; yes—one 't'."

"This morning everything seemed in its place, and I was about to leave the chapel when I heard a sound beneath my feet—a low, hollow groan, and coming from the ancient tomb of the Dartinys."

"The man paused for the effect of his words; then he tapped his chest impressively."

"I am not a coward, messieurs; I gained the cross at Sedan. But I confess, as I heard this I was afraid. You have not seen the tomb? No? Well, it is covered in with a movable slab, worked by means of a lever concealed in the ironwork of the railings. My fear was only momentary, and in a few minutes I had slid this stone back and peered down into the darkness."

"The floor of the vault, you must know, lies some ten or twelve feet beneath that of the chapel, and at first I was unable to make out anything in the gloom. I took a candle from the altar—the saints forgive me the sacrilege—and managed to lower it a few feet."

"The old man ceased speaking and took a long drink from his tumbler, then he went on:

"The last to be interred in the vault, messieurs, was Armand Raoul de Dartin, who fell gloriously at the battle of Jemappes. As was the custom, the coffin lay on the raised bier directly beneath the opening, for each Dartin lay there until another burial took place, when his remains were put in their niche to make room for the newcomer. To my horror I saw that his coffin was broken; and I could see bones, messieurs, among the splintered wood. Then I saw something else—the shapeless body of a gentleman huddled in a heap on the floor of the vault. Perhaps the light from my candle served to rouse him somewhat, for he moved a little and groaned."

"Henri passed a shaking hand across his brow.

"That groan, messieurs—I can hear it now, moaning among the echoes of the tomb. For the second time I am not ashamed to say it, I was unnerved. I made all haste to my master, and, by means of a ladder and ropes, we were able to raise the poor fellow and bring him—"

"And he was a stranger to you?" Berwick's interruption was abrupt.

"For a moment a curious look came into the old man's eyes, and he remembered a certain charming artist to whom he had been rather obliging in the matter of entrance to the chateau. What if he had already said too much to this journalist from Paris. Perhaps he thought that he was on dangerous ground, for, as he answered, he rose and took up his hat and stick from the table.

"A stranger, monsieur, yes."

"Berwick laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"One minute—who is the present owner of the chateau?"

"Monsieur de Barron—the banker."

"Of the Rue Lafayette?"

Henri nodded.

"Then tell your master, if you please, that friends of Monsieur Lemercier, his neighbor in the Rue Lafayette, will do themselves the honor of calling upon him within the hour. They will have something of importance to say to him with reference to the man in the tomb."

"I will, monsieur, Lemercier, I will remember all the names—and you will understand, will you not, that the man is a perfect stranger to me—"

Silas Berwick patted the old bent back.

"A perfect stranger, Henri—I understand."

Left to themselves, Berwick ran over the story again in English for the benefit of Haverton, who, however, seemed to have made up his mind to show no further interest in a matter which, to his thinking, was none of his business. If those men liked to interest themselves in Vivian Renton

they could do so; personally he had no desire to see, or even hear the name of his late companion now that he knew Baxenter was aware of the truth of his cousin's death. His acquaintance with the man found in the tomb had never benefited Eddie Haverton.

An hour later the three men were sitting in the panelled dining room of the Chateau Chauville. With them, and listening with eager ears to the romantic tale Baxenter was telling, was Monsieur de Barron. The eminent banker being conversant with the English tongue, Robert was better able to make his story clear, and the kindly old eyes of the courteous owner of the chateau glittered as he learned the romance which surrounded his home.

Robert told, as well as he could remember it, the story of the flight of the old aristocrat from the terrors of '93, and of the claims of Stella Benham to the chest he had delivered up to the impostor, to the man who now was lying unconscious in the little chapel.

For, on rescuing Dartin from the tomb, they had made up a bed of sorts for him in one of the old-fashioned spare pews while they sent for a doctor from Blois, and the medical man had forbidden that the stranger's last hours should be rendered more painful by his removal. The injuries, he said, were caused by some fall, presumably from the coffin on the stone bier. Truly, it seemed that fate had ordained that the last hours of Vivian Renton should be spent in a better place than the rest of his life had been.

Monsieur de Barron had told them of how they had found the sufferer. He had evidently climbed upon the coffin of old Armand Raoul de Dartin, and the time-worn wood, being unequal to the weight, had given way. It was not very far to fall, and Dartin had sustained injuries to his head which were slight enough. What was more serious, however, was a broken rib, the point of which, the doctor had told Monsieur de Barron, had entered the base of the lung.

In his pockets they had found a quantity of jewelry, and beside him a little heap of jeweled vessels, and a few choice pictures which had been cut from their frames and rolled together to make carrying easier.

The banker, who was by way of being a connoisseur, took the men to his study and showed them his spoils. Among them there was no article that could be less than a hundred and fifty years old, and the vases and some of the jewelry were marked with the Dartinys' name. The pictures, from lack of proper care, were in bad condition, and this, taking into account the great age of some of the canvasses, made them unrecognizable. But there were some which were undoubtedly of great value.

Monsieur de Barron locked the treasures away and turned to Baxenter. "I suppose they are as well here as anywhere for the present, Mr. Baxenter, although I may say, here and now, that I lay no claim to what I consider does not belong to me. If, and indeed, it seems probable, this poor fellow in the chapel has stumbled upon the Dartinys' treasure, then it belongs to a Dartin and not to me."

"But, monsieur, I feel sure that Miss Benham would not wish to—"

The financier held up a restraining hand.

"Perhaps you, as a solicitor, will tell me that I have a legal claim; but I am not that sort of man. Besides, suppose it were so, what is to prevent a childless old man from making a present? No, Mr. Baxenter, I have quite enough for my few remaining years without taking what belongs to others."

They had shut the door upon the treasures and were on their way to the dining room when they came upon old Henri looking for them. The man in the chapel had regained consciousness, but the doctor did not give him very long to live. Perhaps Monsieur de Barron would come and see him?

The old caretaker led the way out through the French windows and across the level carpet of the lawn to where the little towers of the chapel appeared above the dark feathery tops of the pines, which stood out somberly against the saffron western sky and looked like funeral plumes in the half light of the evening.

Henri drew back at the little Gothic doorway to allow his master to precede him. The latter looked over his shoulder and spoke to Robert.

"Come with me, Mr. Baxenter; the others, perhaps, will wait here. It will be kinder not to excite the man over much."

As they entered the cool quietude

of the sacred building Robert felt intuitively that he stood in the presence of death, and in his heart was nothing but pity for the debonaire rogue who lay there, conquered at last.

His head, swathed in stained bandages, lay back on a pillow in the angle of the pew, and he rolled the eyes which looked so large in the white face, restlessly from side to side. There was something ghostly in all the whiteness against the black oak panelling.

The eyes came to a standstill at last, resting on the figure of the man whom fate had made his enemy, and a tired smile curved for a moment the pale lips. When he spoke it was slowly and with difficulty, so that the solicitor had to bend over to catch his words:

"See, my dear Robert, we meet a little sooner than I expected. I—I'm afraid I've made rather a mess of things."

He waited, but Robert did not raise his head.

"—glad you've come, Baxenter—what I told you of your cousin's death was truth—God's truth! I've been bad through and through, but I've never killed a man intentionally. I had lost heavily that night and only intended to take back my money. How differently we look upon the web of our life when we are dying; what a hideous tangle it seems when we have come to the end and look back!"

Dartin's voice became weaker and the doctor moistened his lips from a tumbler. After a few moments he went on:

"I chanced upon the parchment in my search for the money—you can guess the rest. It was a good game while it lasted. Who's that standing behind you—there, in the shadow?"

"That's Monsieur de Barron, Dartin, the owner of—"

"Oh!—yes—I know. I owe monsieur an apology. This is not the first time I have visited his chateau. Feel round my neck, Baxenter, will you—here, beneath the shirt."

The sufferer closed his eyes, and Robert, as he felt, shuddered at the cold clamminess of his chest. The doctor bent forward to assist, and, by a silken ribbon, the man drew out a wash-leather bag. Robert put it in his pocket without a second glance and stood looking down at the pallid face. The eyes remained closed and he turned to leave the chapel. Then he heard his name again whispered and he bent again over the pillow.

"You believe the accident?" Renton fumbled for the solicitor's hand. "Forgive—" Robert pressed the fingers that had found and tightened round his. It was better than words.

At the door of the chapel he turned again. He never forgot the scene. Two candles had been lit, and in their tall candlesticks burnt steadily and made a little oasis of light around the pew in which the dying man lay and touched into points of radiance the communion service on the altar. The fading light of day filled the chapel with an elusive sheen, through which the statues and carvings loomed in strange shapes.

(To be concluded.)

The Use of Dough in Watch-Making.

Two barrels of flour, or almost four hundred pounds are used every week in making watches at a well-known factory in New England, which turns out from two to three thousand watches a week. Since a baker uses about three pounds of flour to five loaves of bread, it follows that for every watch the maker uses the equivalent of almost a third of a loaf. The flour is made into dough, and the dough is used to handle the screws, rivets and other small parts. Each man in that part of the business has a lump of dough always at hand; and when he wants to examine a screw he jabs the piece of dough on it. Then, turning it over, he has a good chance to look at it with his watchmaker's microscopic eyeglass. Many of the screws are too minute to pick up easily with the fingers, and many more, though large enough to be picked up, would be so covered by the fingers or the forceps as to be almost hidden from sight.

Seeing Without Eyes.

It has been stated by a French scientist that it is possible for us to see without eyes!

Professor Farigoule observed that certain subjects in a state of somnambulism, when blindfolded, behaved as if they were able to see. He therefore hypnotized a subject, and, having blindfolded him, suggested that he could still see the title of a newspaper. The result was successful.

Experiments were tried on five other subjects, and the result obtained in the first case was confirmed.

Professor Farigoule explained that there are many different varieties of nerve-endings in the skin. The argument advanced is that it is unlikely that all these various forms of nerve-endings have to do with the sense of touch, and that it is just as likely that some of them are connected with the sense of vision.

Measuring the Moon.

It is difficult to realize how comparatively small is the moon. In the sky it looks as big as the sun, which we know is very far away and immensely big. But compared with the earth, the moon is a tiny body.

Its diameter is just about 2,160 miles. Now, if you take an atlas and on the map of Australia or Africa draw a circle of the radius of the moon to scale, you will find that it would fit comfortably within the length of Australia, the smallest continent, and just about fill the north-western bulge of Africa.

In the great circle of the Pacific, from which, according to an old idea, it was born, the moon would make a solitary island.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

STANFIELDS

Unshrinkable

UNDERWEAR

If you are out all day in the cold, keep warm by wearing

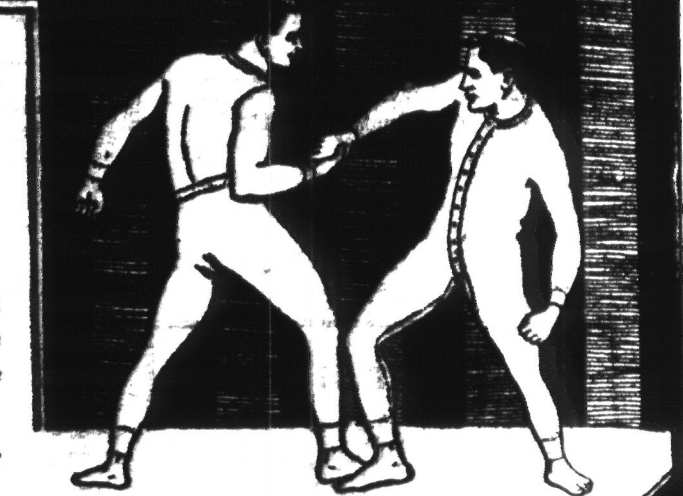
STANFIELD'S "Red Label" Underwear

It is heavy wool underwear—thick enough to protect you against the piercing cold—easy and comfortable because so carefully made.

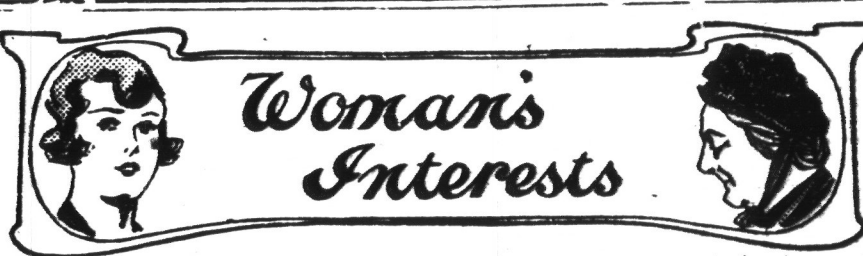
We make all weights suitable for men, women and children.

Send for free sample book.

STANFIELD'S LIMITED
Toronto, N. S.



"Stands Strenuous Wear"



Woman's Interests

College Girls' Clothes Requirements.

If the college girl is deft with the needle she can make very charming clothes for the same price that she would pay for ready-made ones, less distinctive and of poorer quality materials.

Many farm girls have to figure pennies rather closely when in college, so as to make the best appearance possible with a minimum expenditure. In choosing clothes, the style should be conservative, never extreme, so that the garment will stay in style and save making over too soon. The material should be good, and such that it will remain good style, for instance, a blue serge would be a much better investment than a novelty material in a bright color. Needless to say, the material needs to be durable. In order to know that you are getting what you pay for, it is advisable to take a sample and make the household test to see if the material is cotton, wool or silk or mixtures. To see if a sample is all wool, boil five minutes in a rather strong solution of household lye. Wool dissolves, and if any of the sample is left the sample was not all wool.

First of all, the college girl needs school clothes, simple, easy to get into, and good looking. For early fall, a skirt and light weight sweater or jersey coat is good. If the skirt is to be pleated, the material may be hemmed at top and bottom, then sent away to be pleated, and when it comes back, the seam and the belt should be made. With this outfit, separate blouses are worn. These are made of linen, dimity or a thin material, or crepe de chine. They are of the tailored type, with tucks, tiny pleated ruffles, or a rolling large collar of pique.

A serge dress is, of course, a necessity for school wear. It may be worn early in the fall, then later with a heavy coat. It is advisable to have two serge dresses, one probably a made-over, and the other a new one. These must be easy to press, and perhaps even to wash out in wool soap or soap bark on Saturday. A little white collar adds a touch of light color and variety, but frills, tassels or anything elaborate would be foolishness.

A fall suit is needed, and this should be bought ready-made, unless one is proficient in tailoring. Blue tricotine or serge is the standard conservative suit which will be good for one year after another, but other colors or materials might be substituted for it. A semi-tailored suit is most generally becoming, and has the advantage of being suitable for best wear the first year, and class-room wear the second year. With this should be bought a close-fitting hat which will also do for wear with a winter coat later. A blouse of a rather dressy type should be made to wear with this suit. Since I am short I have found that a blouse the same color as the suit is most becoming. This would not be true of a tall person, yet I have always disliked

seeing a person cut in two with a light waist and a dark skirt. Georgette is an appropriate material for the blouse, or else crepe de chine.

A girl needs a dark silk dress for informal afternoon occasions and for church. This may be of satin, crepe de chine or taffeta in a dark color, made rather simply. One might as well make this dress as to buy it, for it is easy to copy clever ideas from ready-mades. It may be that one needs an afternoon dress which is more elaborate, with lace and georgette. If you are not sure that you will have occasions demanding this dress, do not buy it, for it is foolish to spend money for anything unnecessary. When I was in college, I had a dress of navy blue georgette which answered this purpose.

An evening dress is easy to make at home. For instance, it might be made of peach colored satin (or any color which is becoming), with the waist of the same colored silk net, with pieces of the satin across the shoulders, drawn in slightly at the waist with tiny half circles of blue and pink French flowers, and with two little pieces of silver ribbon over the silk net, drawing in the waist line. For the college girl, the dress should be girlish, simple and charming, the charm lying in the pretty dainty materials made up in a becoming way. Extreme decolette is not good taste. Needless to say, a last summer's voile will not do for a dance unless the dance is unusually informal. To wear over the evening dress a coat might be made of a heavy jersey-like silk, so that this coat could be later made into a dress.

A heavy winter coat needs to be warm and serviceable, probably for wear every day and for "best," too, since a winter coat means quite an investment, and should be worn while it is in style, rather than having two coats at the same time.

For starting in to college in the fall, you will need a pair of black or brown oxfords, broad, with rubber-tipped heels, so as to insure comfortable feet while walking over the campus, a pair of boots of the same kind, a pair of dress shoes of the same kind, a pair of dress slippers to wear with the same dress, and a pair of slippers to wear with the evening dress, not to mention bedroom slippers and overshoes.

It is wise to have one's wardrobe rather complete, and in good repair to start in the session, since it is easy to make one's clothes during the summer at home. Underwear should be plain, easily laundered and plainly marked with the owner's name, with a name tag sewed on, if it is to go to the laundry.

It is wise to have a fewer number of garments, but be sure that they are durable, carefully selected and made, and appropriate. I have found that the most expensive garment is the one that is seldom worn, or is not "just right" so that it gives complete satisfaction; while the cheapest garment is the one which is worn a long time with satisfaction, even though the original cost was more. Clothes really do express individuality, so they should be chosen with the utmost care.

Seasonable Recipes.

Pear Honey.—For this use hard pears which would not be so nice in preserves or canned. For every dozen pears allow three pounds of sugar and three cups of water. Pare and core fruit and put through meat grinder,

using coarse knife. Cover with water and cook for ten minutes, then add sugar and cook forty-five minutes longer. Seal in jars. Quantities may be made the same way.

Ginger Pears.—This is another way to use hard pears. For every eight pounds of fruit, before peeling, allow six pounds of sugar, three pounds one pound of candied ginger, and one-fourth pound ginger root. Chop pears fine. Put one quart of water, juice of lemons, lemon peel cut fine, in preserving kettle, and bring to the boiling point. Then add pears, candied ginger chopped fine and ginger root chopped fine and tied in muslin. Cook slowly until pears are tender. Pack in jars.

Apple Butter. from *Woman's Interests*. Measure the apples, wash and core into small pieces, add four quarts of water for each bushel of apples. Boil until fruit is soft; rub through sieve or sieve. To the pulp from one bushel of apples add two gallons of cider. Bring to a boil and add five pounds of sugar. Cook until proper consistency. Add spices to taste. When butter is as thick as jam pour it at once into hot jars and seal immediately.

A Creed.

Say to yourself every day, and mean it with all your heart:

I will become more and more of a man; I will achieve more and more every day because I know that I can; I will recognize only that which is good in others; only that which is good in places that I know should be good; when adversity threatens I will be more determined than ever; my life to prove that I can do things to good account; I will do for whom I have trusted seem to me; I will have a thousand times the faith in the honor and integrity of a man. I will think only of the good that has virtue and worth. I will do for that which can give the most truth. I will expect only the best; I can add to the welfare of the world; I will live to live more. I will give encouragement, inspiration and joy. I will work to be a better man; ever-increasing number of people; thought, word and action; my life shall be to enrich the beauty of existence for all in my way.

Sweetest Things of Earth.

What are the sweetest things of Earth? Lips that can praise a man's name. A fragrant rose that has no thorns. Riches of gold untended by a man. A happy little child as sweet as a nut. Eyes that can smile, that can weep.

A brother's cheer, a father's love. The ministry of sunshine. A heart where never a shadow. A gift that locks for a man's life. Wrongs overturned, peace.

Dark footsteps guided by a light. The light of love in lover's eyes. Age that is young as well as life. An honest hand that never fails. A life with right in true aim. A hop-bud waxing into joy. A happiness without alloy. A mother's kiss, a baby's smile. These are the sweetest things of Earth. —Emma L.

300 MILE BRAKEY

The used car dealer who shows you how they run instead of talking about what they are like.

USED AUTOS
100 Actually In Stock
402 YONGE ST.
Percy Brakey TORONTO

Mention this paper.

There are more than 150 brands of baking powder in Canada; and the fact that there is more MAGIC BAKING POWDER used than all the other brands combined shows why Magic Baking Powder is known as Canada's best baking powder.

CONTAINS NO ALUM

Halloween Novelties

Don't overlook these in buying. Our Travellers have the Samples. We have the Stock.

Torcan Fancy Goods Co., Ltd.
Wholesale Only.
7 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

STATEM
DeValera's
cede to
London, Se
World, the L
Lord Riddell,
Lloyd George
Stoy Fern
Irish plenip
the Cabinet
three fundin
of an Angli
(1) Romani
claim to leg
giving full
dentally, thi
she was in 17
(2) An ang
in a nation
British syste
(3) An ang
cede to Nati
Rule. Angli
power to the
COL. COO
LT.-GOV
Brantford
Farmer, A
Tamer, A
Harry C. G
new book
succeeding
The appen
Princess M
day after th
calculated
By the way
Lloyd Geo
of the Chie
for the
27th of Oct
Dartnys' t
Gowling
C. G. G.
time of the
Munich
1900, and
in 1870, a
factories
The
Lloyd G
you are
and E. G.
stead of
in his
a serious
home, th
there fr
directio
speaks in
which he
about 30 ho
in a wide d
ticular her
of high p
In 1890
Mrs. G.
and at
the Jara
rom, wh
have two
C. G. G.
ope, and
attor, G.
Her per
music, a
ford, G.
Cousin of t
Lloyd G.
Alexand
of Milfor
He was
The Mar
many yo
to the Ke
trial, in
ander of
H. G. G.
was ma
Vivian, a
Dartnys
Queen V
The Mar
natural
summed
Bart, a
navy as
was
grate to
Admini
signed in
request, f
titles, an
the same