

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

Vivian Renton had turned his face on the pillow so that it faced the altar. His eyes were still closed, but his lips moved ever so slightly. The tall, frock-coated doctor watched him anxiously.

Baxenter tiptoed from the place and rejoined Berwick and Haverton in the little wood, the three men following the master of Chauville as he led the way back to the house.

The scene in the chapel filled the doctor's mind and gave him pity for all rogues. He slackened his steps and touched Haverton on the arm.

"There doesn't seem much hope, Mr. Haverton; perhaps you would like to see him?"

But Eddie shook off his touch with an oath, and said that he was not a man of sentiment—especially where Vivian Renton was concerned. It would be more to the point if they would tell him what they intended doing with him.

Baxenter's eyes blazed and his knuckles stood out, patches of tight skin on his clenched hands.

"I think, Haverton, that you are the most despicable creature that God ever let live. The man back there," and he pointed to where the windows of the chapel shone wanly between the boles of the pines, "is a king to you. You want to know what we are going to do with you? Mr. Berwick and I have not yet decided. In the meantime you will go back and wait for us at the Three Lilies. You're quite safe there with no money and no French. March!"

They stood and watched until the figure of Eddie Haverton had slouched away in the direction of the inn, then hurried after Monsieur de Barron.

"There must be some connection—some passage between the tomb and this."

Monsieur de Barron held the candle well above his head and surveyed the chamber, which for over a century had had no visitor save only Vivian Renton.

"To think," the old gentleman went on, "that for all these long years I have sat and had my dinner and entertained my friends not ten feet from an Aladdin's cave! One would have almost thought that some voice out of the past would have whispered its secret. Miss Benham is a lucky girl."

The key, and the directions to the apple in the carving of the panel had been found in the chamois bag. With his last breath Martin had made what remained he could, and the secret of the Dartignys was a secret no longer.

That the man who had so successfully impersonated the last of a noble race had made good use of his visits was apparent from the opened and empty chests and caskets. In fact, there was comparatively little of value left that was portable. The larger plate and pictures were still in the chamber, and had Vivian got away with the heap of jewels and vessels found beside him in the vault it is not likely that he would have thought it worth his while ever again to visit his treasure house. It was evidently to be a final haul.

The two Englishmen dined at the chateau with Monsieur de Barron and the doctor from Blois. The latter was interested more in his late patient than in the mystery of the case, and talked learnedly about the spine and the lungs. There would be an inquiry,

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It was a merry little party that sat down to dinner that night. The French windows were thrown open to the perfumed twilight; in the darkening blue of the sky stars were here and there appearing, and a young moon was showing faintly.

Robert's departure was not mentioned until the table had been cleared and the decanters and fruit shone on the polished oak. Monsieur de Barron spoke of it first.

"And so, Mr. Baxenter, this is your last night with us?"

Robert looked up and smiled from Stella to his host.

"It is, sir, to my sorrow. I'm afraid I have neglected my work quite long enough."

The white-haired old man at the head of the table did not answer at once. He filled his glass and passed the decanter over to Robert.

"What cause is there for you to work?—no, don't interrupt me. I want you to listen. It's a delicate subject, perhaps, to touch upon; but you are all here together, you and Stella and Madame. I will tell you a little history."

Monsieur de Barron put a match to his cigar and smoked thoughtfully for a moment, then:

"Once upon a time—that is the way stories open, is it not?—a certain young merchant of Lille found himself, at the early age of thirty, a wealthy man. His money had been made mostly by the opening of the railways of Canada, and he married, on one of his visits to that country, the daughter of an official in Montreal. It was a love match, and when a little girl was born to them their happiness—"

"On, there is no need to speak in parables," he went on. "My wife was a very distant descendant of the family who, in former times, owned this place. Her cousin's grandfather had emigrated to Canada at the beginning of last century—and it was to

please Marcelle that I bought back the Chateau, and in those days I looked forward to a life of happiness. But it was a Dead Sea fruit.

"Two years after settling here the fever came to Blois. It did not spare, and I was left alone—embittered. I threw myself into the world of finance and, as is often the way, the luck was with me, and money, which I had ceased to care for, accumulated rapidly. And in the summer I would come here and people the lawns with the forms of those who were gone. In my mind's eye I would watch them until my soul rebelled at the self-torture. I shut up the house and went abroad—China, India, it was all the same to me—and at last I returned here cured as far as there is a cure for a broken heart."

The tears were standing in Stella's gray eyes as she listened.

Monsieur de Barron leant over the table and took the little hands between his.

"I know now why I came back. Do you know, Stella, that my little Pauline would have been about your age had she lived? I can trace—a fancy, maybe, but one I would not lose—a faint likeness. After all, you are all the same blood. Do you not see what I want? I am old, and I have not had much happiness. Is it too late? I want my dream child out there on the lawn to have a playmate, one who will chatter up and down these old oak stairs—I want laughter and singing to be heard again in these old rooms. Robert here must let another Baxenter have his business and come and help me in mine—no, I will not hear a word now, you must talk it over together."

The old man rose and, walking to the window, pointed to the little copse of pines.

"Come here, my children. There is an alleyway between the trees there; Marcelle used to say it was designed by Cupid himself. At times the nightingales sing there. They sang three years ago. There are ghosts in the shadows of that little alleyway—ghosts of the past." He drew back with a smile, holding aside the curtain and Robert gave him arm to Stella.

They passed out over the moonlit lawns to the alleyway, designed by Cupid himself, where the nightingales sing.

(The End.)



PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING

ticket for the table to which the accident of birth assigns him.

**Bread Like Mother Used to Make.**

The baker who uses the brand "home-made" on his bread appreciates the fact that it is very difficult to beat "the bread that Mother used to make." All bread made at home is not good, in fact, heavy, sour bread is common to many homes even though first rate flours are used. One of the many difficulties in making bread in the ordinary home is the lack of a warm place where the dough can be kept at a moderate suitable temperature without much variation throughout the whole period of fermentation. Dr. Charles Saunders, the Dominion Cerealist, in Bulletin 97, recommends the construction of a special fermenting box or cupboard to be placed in a warm situation or to be provided with some system of warming from inside.

Yeast works reasonably well only between moderate limits of temperature, approximately 75 to 95 degrees. As a result of his researches in regard to wheat, flour and bread, treated in this bulletin, dough ought to be kept between 80 and 90 degrees F. Moist, compressed yeast is said to work more quickly than dry yeast cakes.

Experiments have shown that almost any dough can be safely fermented until it has risen three times to double its height. Kneading, however, is not necessary, according to Dr. Saunders, who recommends that the dough should be knocked down each time with little or no handling and without removing it from the vessel until the last occasion when it is transferred to the baking tins. The longer the fermentation the lighter will be the bread and the finer its texture provided the limit be not passed. The addition of a little lard, butter or other fat, slightly reduces the toughness of bread without detracting noticeably from the flavor. Sugar, if used at all, should be added with great moderation.

The following methods are adaptable to home bread making.

**Rapid method with moist yeast.**—Soak a cake of moist yeast in half a cup of lukewarm (not hot) water a few minutes. Take one quart (40 ounces) of water quite hot to the hand, to this add two rounded tablespoons of lard (or other fat), one heaping tablespoonful of salt, and one heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Then mix in about three pounds of flour (equal to about eleven level cups).

As soon as this mixture is cool enough (that is, when it no longer feels hot to the hand) add the yeast, and then enough more flour (probably about two or three cups) to make a slack, easily worked dough.

The temperature of the dough, when the mixing is finished, should be about 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

Set in a warm place (about 80 to 85 degrees) to rise for about five hours or more, knocking the dough down and turning the surface under every time the dough reaches twice its initial volume. The dough should be knocked down from two to five times according to the kind of flour used and the kind of bread desired. Mould and put into pans, and allow to rise for about an hour until it has doubled its volume.

This makes approximately 5½ pounds of bread.

All night sponge with dry yeast.—Soak a cake of dry yeast in half a cup of lukewarm (not hot) water for about twenty minutes. Take one quart (40 ounces) of water quite hot to the hand. To this add two rounded tablespoons of lard or other fat, one heaping teaspoonful of salt and one heaping teaspoonful of sugar.

Then mix in four level cups of flour. When the mixture no longer feels hot to the hand, add the yeast, beat thoroughly and set in a warm place overnight. The temperature should be between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

The next morning (after about ten hours) mix in one level tablespoonful of salt, one level tablespoonful of sugar and sufficient flour to make a slack, easily worked dough (probably about 2½ or 3 pounds).

After kneading the mass sufficiently to secure uniformity, it should be set in a warm place (about 80 to 85 degrees) to rise for a few hours. If very light bread is desired, and if the flour employed be suitable for making such bread, the dough should be allowed to rise three or four times to double its volume, being knocked down and the surface turned under each time. It may then be moulded and put into the pans. Here it should be allowed to rise to double its volume (usually about one hour) before being placed in the oven. This makes approximately 5½ pounds of bread.

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## Human Hair Ropes.

In the great Hongwanji Temple, at Kioto, Japan, are preserved twenty-nine immense ropes made of human hair. They represent voluntary offerings of tens of thousands of Japanese women.

The temple is as large as a European cathedral. Ninety-six massive pillars support the roof at a height of 126 feet.

The timbers for the great structure were all dragged from the mountain forests and lifted into their places by the above-mentioned ropes, for which no material other than human hair was considered sufficiently honorable.

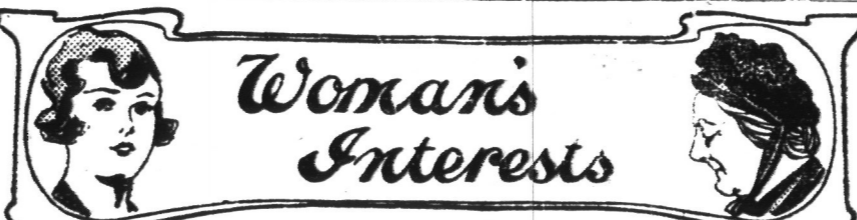
France is estimated to have mined 13,871,187 metric tons of iron ore last year, a gain of more than 4,400,000 metric tons from the previous year.

Fruit growing on the intensive principle has developed to such an extent in the Channel Islands that the wide stretches of glass in some districts quite tend to spoil the scenery.

## Halloween Novelties

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## A Community Birthday Party.

A contributor writes of a new kind of community entertainment that is suitable to any season, and that may be given out of doors as well as indoors. It originated with a woman's community club that had seventy-five members. They tried it out on "visitors' night" and established beyond doubt the fact that the idea is as practicable as it is attractive.

Every member was allowed to invite one guest. With the invitation the member sent a correspondence card on which she had written the date of the affair and the request that the recipient signify that he meant to attend by returning the card with his name and the name of the month in which he was born written on it. A stamped, self-addressed envelope was inclosed with each invitation.

As soon as the club women knew how many to expect they planned twelve tables—one for each month in the year—and decorated each table in a fashion that was symbolic of the month that it represented. The January table, for example, was set with white china, glass and silver; over it, suspended from the ceiling, hung clusters of imitation icicles and snowballs. The May table was decorated with artificial tulips, daffodils and greenery. Red and gold paper hearts and St. Valentine's Day place cards marked the table given over to February. Above the June table hung strips of silver paper wedding bells and festoons of white ribbon and of white paper roses. The October table was gay with autumn foliage—sumac, maple and oak,—and there were favors made from nuts and fruit.

In the centre of each table was a birthday cake, iced in yellow, pink, green or white, and with the name of the month lettered on it in melted chocolate—a device to enable the guests to find their respective tables readily.

A place card—a design done in water colors by an artistic member of the club—was laid at each place, the cards of each table being decorated differently. For example, for April there were crocuses; for July, Canadian flags; for August, butterflies; for November, chrysanthemums; for December, holly.

The waitresses—two at each table—wore costumes in keeping with the tables at which they served. For the spring tables the costumes were green—a pale shade for March, a darker shade for April and a deep green trimmed with white for May. The summer waitresses wore blue and white. Those who had charge of the autumn tables were dressed in shades of yellow and russet—anything from pale buff to golden brown. The winter staff wore white, and those at the December table wore boutonnières of red and green crepe paper, as Christmas colors.

When the waitresses had served a supper of chicken pie, scalloped potatoes, buttered rolls, fruit salad, cake and coffee, the entertainment committee divided the guests into four groups, according to the season—spring, summer, autumn or winter—in which they were born. Each group was asked to

do some stunt to entertain the company, the waitresses for the different seasons acting as group leaders.

The stunts proved a veritable fund of fun. One group acted out a difficult charade that required considerable ingenuity on the part of the actors and some clever thinking on the part of the spectators. Another carried through an impromptu programme of music and recitations. The winter group gave presentations of the holidays that occur in the winter months; for example, Santa Claus appeared and distributed Christmas gifts in the guise of forfeits. Father Time offered a bundle of amusing resolutions for New Year's Day, and St. Valentine offered to tell romantic "fortunes."

At the end of the evening the hostesses shook up birthday gifts—inexpensive toys, favors and jokes—in a hat, and requested every guest to draw out a present.

The idea of a community birthday party might well be used in a campaign to raise funds for a church, or for some other community purpose. In that case the tables should be numbered—January, one; February, two; and so on throughout the twelve months; and a sufficient number of tickets should be marked with numbers to correspond. As soon as a guest enters the dining hall he announces his birth month, and buys a

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