

Send for Recipe Book, FREE!

Sold in sanitary, air-tight tins, the maker's package—that guarantees purity. Packed at the factory, the contents keep indefinitely. Economical.

The ideal sweetener for table use and cooking

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Crown Brand Syrup
"The Great Sweetener"



The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

(Copyright.)

How the Story Began.

Vivian Renton and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with Hubert Baxenter, a prosperous attorney in his London apartments. The two lose heavily. After their departure in the early morning hours, Renton returns to the house with the idea of recovering the lost money. He chloroforms Baxenter and makes a vain search for the money which is lying in an envelope on the desk, addressed to a hospital. Finally Renton starts to search the inert body lying on the hearth-rug and discovers to his horror that Baxenter is dead. He hides the body on the roof. A second search reveals the money in the envelope, and in the desk he finds a curious old yellowed document which he copies and hides again in its secret drawer. At nightfall he makes good his escape.

CHAPTER III. The Parchment.

For some time Vivian, having made sure that he had been unobserved, walked on, his brain teeming with the scheme which had suggested itself to him as he read the parchment. Carefully he weighed the pros and cons, oblivious to the direction in which his steps were taking him—so that they took him away from the house in Mortimer Terrace. It was only when the fog-chilled air ate its way into his very bones that he remembered that he had not had a decent meal for twenty-four hours.

Looking up, he saw that he was at the foot of Haverstock Hill. He hailed a cab that was descending the slope from Chalk Farm Station and was driven to the boarding house in St. John's Wood where he had been living for the last few weeks. His landlady, he told himself, would not think it strange that he had not returned the night before; her patrons were for the most part men recruited from the ranks of that Bohemia in which hours appear to have no meaning and whose goings and comings were only regular in their irregularity.

There was little likelihood of his crime being known for some considerable time, but Vivian was far too well versed in the ways of criminals to take any chances. He allowed himself time only to make a necessary change in his toilet, buy his few belongings into a kit-bag, pay his bill and shake the mud of the metropolis from his feet.

The fog still hung thickly over London as he made his way to Charing Cross and took his seat in a corner of a first-class smoker in the boat-train. This inclemency of the weather, together with the fact that a Dover mail boat had been forced to put back into port the night before, after being in collision with a barque, was no doubt responsible for him having the carriage to himself. He took a paper from his pocket when the train was well under way, and commenced to read what he had copied from the parchment that was now lying hidden in the bureau drawer in Mortimer Terrace.

"Statement of Adam Baxenter, Solicitor, of the Strand, London, pertaining to the trust of the Marquis de Dartigny of the Chateau Chauville—made this 15th day of August in the year of our Lord, 1812.

"I, Adam Baxenter, having by God's grace now reached my advanced age of eighty-two years, and feeling that my bodily strength is waning, think it but right that I should place on record the strange circumstances which relate to the small chest which reposes in the corner of the strong room of my Strand offices.

"For, in future ages, should no one lay claim to this, a son of my house might be tempted to look into, and which God forbid—even dispose of its contents. I have given my word to the nobleman who entrusted the chest to me that I will hold it intact and, moreover, make provision that, if he should die, the chest shall not be broken until

Used Autos

KEY SELLS THEM; USED of all types; all cars sold every up to 300 miles, or test if you wish, in as purchased, or purchase your own choice or ask us to on

the change the Revolution had made in Maximilien Robespierre! "I put the chest in my strongroom. It was to be there until he claimed it, or, failing him, he would leave word as to its whereabouts, and he instructed that the chest should be given up, and the trust come to an end, only when anyone giving the motto of the family as a password should appear and lay claim to it.

"The last I saw of the poor Marquis de Dartigny was that evening when we parted at Charing Cross, I to go to my home in Regent Park, he to return by the coach to London.

"I was about to depart for my home when a hackney coach rumbled up to my door. I answered the summons myself (my clerks having already departed), and saw on the step a tall, aristocratic figure, which a moment later I learned was the Marquis de Dartigny. I drew aside to allow him to enter, and I saw that he was followed in by the driver of the coach, who carried a small oak chest, about a foot square and clamped at the corners with iron.

"My visitor, having ascertained that I was at liberty to receive him, paid the driver, who mounted his box and drove off into the fog.

"I am, of course, unable here to set down the exact words which passed between the Marquis and myself. I can only tell the story in a general way, and it was a story which held me spellbound. I can see now the figure of my visitor leaning forward in his chair, his face pale, lined with sorrow and yet possessing an unbending dignity beneath his misfortune. He was dressed simply but elegantly, and he spoke English with difficulty. It was this, no doubt, that made his story long in the telling, and candles had been lit before he left my office.

"Marie Brissac de Dartigny, seigneur of Chauville-sur-Blois, was, as I suspected on first seeing him, an emigre from the furies of the Revolution. The storm had left him untouched, and he had remained quietly in his chateau, hoping for the reaction that was so long in coming. With the execution of Louis, the old aristocrat's hopes died, and rather than leave his country he decided to await what he now saw was inevitable and to die, if need be, in the home of his ancestors.

"It was only when his son—an officer in the Petit Peres, who, after taking part in the defence of the Tuilleries, was proscribed—sent, under the care of her English nurse, his little daughter, a maid of four, to her grandfather, that the nobleman began to reconsider his decision. Still, he delayed the evil day of departure. Gaspard de Dartigny, the son, had put himself at the head of a band of desperate young men, mostly like himself, officers in hiding, who became in their turn the terror of the Terrorists. Deputies on their way home from the sittings of the Convention, officers of the Public Safety, all came under the notice of this band of revenge. They were less merciful in their methods than the Tribunal itself. They neither gave nor expected quarter.

"He had, at last, insisted on his father taking the little girl into safety, and had himself furnished them with forged passports, and detailed one of his band to escort them to the coast. They were fortunate in evading the revolutionaries and reached Fecamp, where a boat was in readiness to take them over the Channel. They avoided the main ports, and were landed under cover of night at the little hamlet of Rottingdean, a few miles east of Brightelmstone. Here they had taken a cottage and had so far been unmolested.

"Gradually my visitor led up to the matter that had brought him to my office, having been recommended to me by a friend of his in Paris whom, however, he omitted to name. He wished to leave in my care the small chest he had brought with him. The gallant old gentleman, having heard that his son had at last been laid by the heels, had decided to return to France. The chest, which contained many valuables and the key to the hiding place of the rest of his wealth, he did not think wise to leave in the care of a woman and a child. Personally, he had no fear for his safety; he had known Robespierre when the Tiger of the Revolution was a lawyer in Arce, and had on more than one occasion befriended him, though that he had but to interfere with the strongest and most

France, to bring

NEW IDEAS THAT ARE APPRECIATED

DAINTY COMBINATIONS FOR SPRING WEAR



STYLE 1664

like every other deadly thing, it been furnished a set of warnings nature. Read your signals, bad, bad odor, bad taste, and you run danger.

little Horace, three, was taking a into the country and was very interested in the birds which he On being informed that the red-tailed bird was a woodpecker, he said if it pecked wood. His father him it did. In a short time he was that the bird flying overhead was a woodpecker. He looked puzzled, said, confidently and to himself: I suppose it eats barns."

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" gives easy directions for dyeing article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, mixed goods. Beware! Poor dyes, spots, fades and ruins made by giving it a "dye-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Card.

The British census will be taken on day, April 24th, at an estimated of \$2,500,000.

ard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT
Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
D. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

MARTIN-SENOUR
PAINTS & VARNISHES
ONE

"100% Pure" Paint For buildings, outside and in. SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT It wears and wears and wears. "Varnoleum" beautifies and preserves Oil Cloth and Linoleum. "Marble-ite" Floor Finish The one perfect floor finish. "Wood-Lac" Stain Improves the new—renews the old.