

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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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 Dardigny, 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 pose as the missing heir and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some useful inquiries about the Dardigny family. The story of the order to our chest goes back to 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 Dardigny, 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.

CHAPTER X.

The Secret of the Dardignys.
The same motives which had been responsible for Vivian Renton's residence in the cafe in the Latin Quarter now seemed to cause Baptiste Dardigny to fix upon a secluded boarding house in Camden Town as his London abode. The accommodation was not at all to his extravagant tastes, but it was only temporary—and in Mornington street he felt at least safe from any unwelcome recognition from his late friends.

It was to a room on the first floor that he carried the ancestral chest of the Dardignys. It looked curiously out of place there upon the faded flowered cloth of the crazy table. The boldly branded escutcheon, the time-blackened wood, with its heavy, rusted hinges and clappings, suggested with a silent eloquence a dignity strangely out of place among the tawdry furnishings of the room.

Dynasties had risen and fallen, wars and famines had ravaged France, and through it all the chest of the Dardignys had lain hidden from the very light of day, in the dusty cellars beneath the Strand. Above its head the life of a century had played its part, the tramp of crowds claiming Waterloo had shaken its very dust. Monarchs had been crowned and had reigned and been gathered to their rest. And through it all the secret of the Chateau Chauville had slept.

Vivian was not dead to the sense of romance, and these thoughts passed through his mind as, after trying in vain to fit any of the keys on his ring to the lock, he stood hesitatingly, a heavy poker he had picked up from the fireplace in his hand. The pause was but momentary, and the man laughed at himself for his fancies.

With his penknife he whittled away at the wood beside one of the hinges, and inserting the point of the poker he used it as a lever. The oak was stout and the workman in good luck, and perseverance won the battle and with a creak of protest the wood splintered and yielded up its secret.

A little cloud of dust rose as Vivian wrenched off the lid, and when this had settled a curious sight met his eyes. A few pieces of gold and silver plate, richly chased and of exquisite workmanship, gleamed through wrappings of decayed and threadbare cloth. There were cases of worn-out leather, too, containing quaint old brooches and necklaces, rings and bracelets—valuable enough, but dulled with age, as though the stones had despaired of ever seeing daylight again. The man who now regarded them felt a distinct disappointment creeping over him, as one by one he lifted out the treasures.

After all, a certain gentleman whom he knew in Aldgate would give him, perhaps a thousand pounds for the collection as it stood—"fences" are not generous where ancient jewel settings are concerned, and the melting-pot is no respecter of eretichisms and monograms, and curious workmanship.

Why, it had cost him the five hundred he had taken from Mortimer Terrace to prepare for this coup, apart from

the—yes, it was distinctly disappointing! He sat down in an old horsehair armchair and lit a pipe. It was a peculiar sight—the dull gleam of the vessels on the old tablecloth with the background of tawdry wallpaper and cheap oleographs. One of these, a portrait of the late Queen Victoria, seemed to be regarding the scene with marked disapproval. Dardigny wondered what Mrs. Bates, his landlady, would think if she were to come up. He broke off in his thoughts as his eye fell upon a small square of parchment partly hidden beneath one of the leather cases. He had not noticed it before and he took it up with interest. It was tied by a faded thin red ribbon to a large, heavy key of intricate workmanship. Vivian translated the words on it in wonderment:

"Key to the hidden closet in Chateau Chauville, fitting the keyhole behind the apple in the right-hand panel on the south side wall of the dining hall."

Vivian sat for some minutes deep in thought. The words on the scrap of parchment were amazingly vague, and he asked himself whether he had not already spent too much time and money in the affair of the de Dardigny. Better to see old Moseburg at once, clear the matter up and turn to other and more profitable game. The deft brushwork of his agreeable workman knew. Vivian's past associates were barred him by the happenings at No. 9 Mortimer Terrace. It would never do to tread upon the trail of that sleeping crime. By taking on this affair he had burnt his boats and brought his fate down on his table jangling the costly litter spread upon it.

"No; I'll see it through to the very end. I'll realize on some of these jewels and put the others in a safe deposit. Luckily, I know the old chateau; I can at least test the truth of this matter of the key-hole."

He had been shown over the place once, and no doubt the old caretaker would be willing to show him over again.

He packed the valuable objects away in one of his portmanteaus, keeping back only a chain and locket and a small string of pearls. This latter he placed in a small box, and the same afternoon, the price lent upon it being such as to cause the spirit of Vivian Renton to rise considerably.

That evening as Monsieur Baptiste Dardigny, in company with Robert Baxenter, sat at the dinner table, the latter, leaning back in his chair, and looking at the Dardignys, he laughingly told the story of his fortunes. He made very light of the whole affair.

"About a thousand pounds' worth," he should say, Mr. Baxenter; nice old monogram stuff—rather too swanky for us Colonials, I'm afraid. By-the-by, I brought this for you—a sort of memento," and Vivian took from his pocket the locket and chain. "Rather quaint, eh? I expect there is some lady somewhere who—"

He had spoken facetiously, but there was a look in the young solicitor's eyes which caused the speaker to break off rather abruptly.

"Well, it'll be a memento of a romantic occasion, anyway. Come, the ball's beginning. I don't want to miss any of it. It's all new to me, you know."

Robert Baxenter, murmuring his thanks, dropped the locket into his vest pocket, and followed M. Dardigny back to the stalls. Neither seemed anxious to return to the subject of the treasure of the Dardignys.

CHAPTER XI.

The Carved Apple.

There is a little arbor adjoining the inn of the "Three Lilies," a sheltered vine-clad retreat from which the fair land of France spreads itself out, a radiant picture in the Summer sunshine—and fully appreciative of all this beauty was the man who sat before an easel within its pleasant shade one August afternoon.

Baptiste Dardigny had no great knowledge of the art of painting, but he was gifted with a superficial skill in color which a student of less virile brain might have studied years to acquire and never succeeded. He had been in Massey three weeks and the small population were beginning to like this stranger from Paris who depicted—made them presents of—such delightful little paintings of their countryside.

Monsieur Paul de Barron, the present owner of the property of Chauville, was in residence at the chateau, and Henri, the caretaker, who well remembered Vivian's last visit, had less time on his hands than formerly. He was able, however, to slip up to

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the "Lilies" of an afternoon, where, cigarette in mouth, he would watch the deft brushwork of this agreeable acquaintance. Vivian had given him a slight sketch of the chateau towers above the trees, and the old fellow, to whom Chauville and all pertaining to it were as sacred things, had become the painter's very slave for it.

Henri, seated beside him this Summer afternoon, watched the artist in a lazy content. Beside him there were a box of cigarettes and a bottle of claret. The sun beat down through the vines clustering overhead and scattered little golden discs of radiance upon the easel. A bee buzzed musically over the flowers in the garden. Framed between the supports of the trellis-work, clematis and vineyards shimmered in the heat; afar off the hills, patched with forest lands, spoke of distance and shadow.

Vivian, skilfully touching in the purple shade beneath a clump of poplars, was speaking carelessly. He did not take his eyes from his sketching-block.

"I'm glad you like the little drawing, Henri. I'm no artist, but—"

"Ah! monsieur—it is the chateau I love, not the art—that is—I mean, Henri stammered over his faux pas, "it is very beautifully done, Monsieur Dardigny."

For a moment Vivian painted on without speaking, then:

"I'm better at interiors, Henri—dim old rooms and all that. Look at that old panelling in the chateau, for instance—what a charming picture, Henri! I'll do it for you, if you like, when Monsieur de Barron goes away next month, didn't you say?"

And Henri, who had no wish that the treasures under his care should bluish unseen, rose to the bait with avidity—monsieur was too kind—he would have it framed like the other and they would go one on either side of his bed.

And so it was that on an afternoon when the September sun made glorious the old carvings of the Chauville dining-room, Monsieur Baptiste Dardigny stood for the second time in the ancestral home of the Dardignys. He had entered warily, even to the extent of looking anywhere save at the panelling by the fireplace. He remarked, instead, to old Henri, on the carved ceiling, the windows in which the de Barron schoolmaster resided of the Dardignys. It was the caretaker himself who drew attention to the fireplace—and to the defaced coat of arms in the stonework. Here the new resident, who was no Philistine, had respected the history, and broken and defaced shield of the Dardignys now remained to remind one of the days of the Revolution.

It was old Henri, too, who suggested the subject of the painting, and the angle to the right of the great stone hearth, with its rich coloring of oak and the little grouping of dim family portraits. There was a beam of sunlight that came athwart the room, and Vivian caught his breath as he saw that this rested upon an exquisite carving of a cornucopia, and in the fruit that was tumbling from it an apple showed prominently.

He chose a position by the table, facing the fruit he was so eager to examine. Surely, the carving was a tawdry apple of Eden, had fruit such a fascination for a man. The painter could hardly hide his irritation when he saw that old Henri, taking a seat near him, produced his easel and settled down to enjoy the painting.

For an hour or two work went on steadily and silently, then the caretaker rose and stretched his limbs. He had work that he must attend to—the figures of the old man crossing the garden and watched him until he disappeared into one of the farm buildings which showed across a meadow of parched grass that was separated from the gardens by a grateful line of poplars.

It was some moments before Vivian's strong fingers could make any impression on the carved apple—mementos when he told himself that, after all, he had been chasing a shadow. Then, suddenly, a little creak and he imagined that the wood beneath his hand moved; beads of moisture prickled out on his forehead as he verified this, then the top of the apple unscrewed gratifyingly and came away in his hand. He gave a little cry of relief.

Hastily whipping open his shirt he drew out the key which he had found in the chest and which he had suspended round his neck by a ribbon. He was not surprised that it fitted the keyhole that came to light behind the carving—nothing would surprise him now—and he told himself that he had succeeded and that he was on the threshold of wondrous things. A hasty glance at the window showed him the old man still at work in and out of the barns across the meadow.

(To be continued.)

The largest motion picture theatre in the world is in New York City. This house has a seating capacity of 4,000.

ISSUE No. 23—21.



Woman's Interests

Stocking Repairing.

The woman who has a large family to keep in whole stockings is sure to be interested in ways of making foot-gear last the longest. Prevention is better than cure, and the thrifty woman avoids mending as long as she can by a few simple rules, and then goes at the task when it must be done, in a business-like way that gets the best results.

Prevention of stocking darning consists, primarily, in washing the hose more frequently than is usual. It may look like saving to some to let the family go with one pair of hose per member each week, but it is waste of the most extravagant order. Frequent washing allows the worn places to thicken up, changes the places where the rubbing comes and saves in many ways, besides being more sanitary.

A pair of fresh stockings daily in hot weather and two or three pairs per week in cold weather will make more washing, it is true, but the stockings wear longer and have to be mended less frequently. Many a case of foot trouble can be traced to unclean stockings.

Nails cut frequently and smoothly save stockings, as a ragged nail quickly goes through the toe of the stocking. Well-fitting shoes with good soles also save darning.

But when holes appear they must be darned—never mend with clumsy patches that invite foot trouble. A smooth, light-colored darning, to stretch the hole over, and cotton of the same weight as the stockings will result in a smooth, even darn that will not hurt even a baby's foot; while a patch will cause agony on account of the thick seams. Many a woman considers herself economical because she never buys darning cotton, but slaps on a clumsy patch from a wornout stocking; but she has failed to consider the importance of feet. A shoe expert who fits hundreds of people yearly with special—and therefore expensive—shoes, says that much of the trouble is caused by ill-fitting stockings, patched stockings, stockings too small and stockings too large. The woman who goes about the house in horrible old shoes and stockings patched and repatched and thinks herself economical will one day pay the penalty.

When a "thin" place appears in a stocking reinforce it strongly and smoothly with cotton woven in and out and it will last much longer than to wait for the break to come. Many darn the heels and toes of new stockings, and it certainly pays to do so for children. Knee protectors worn at home by small boys and girls save the stockings which are sure to be torn in the most conspicuous place. These protectors can be made from cloth, old stockings, soft pieces of leather, or can be purchased ready made.

Heel protectors are worn by some men for the same purpose, while others save the wornout socks and put on two pairs when darning or doing some dirty work, then throwing them away when the work is done.

It pays to save in every way possible, for darning will always be the bug-bear for busy women. Save all the old stockings and let the children play in them. Use new feet for the good stocking legs when low shoes are not worn, and encourage every member of the family to take off promptly any stocking that develops a hole, no matter whether clean or soiled. A stitch in time saves more than nine in darning, and the thrifty woman takes that stitch in time.

Making Over Your Face.

Does your face need making over? Have you ever thought of renovating it? How about taking a tuck in your eyebrows, ironing out your wrinkles, shrinking your chin, and, if your hair-line is not becoming, draping it at another angle? You wouldn't hesitate to make over your clothes, now would you? Well, why not make over your face?

There are your eyebrows: Perhaps you've never given them any attention. Perhaps you've never thought how much they have to do with the expression. Are they too broad and big for your face? If so, reshape them trim them down. Brush them as often as you do your hair. All the beauty experts sell special eyebrow brushes and little tweezers to pull out the unruly hairs. And I've just heard of a new kind of mullage which has a magic way of making the hairs lie flat—giving the penciled look.

Iron out your wrinkles. Do it with massage and ice. You know how you pad your coat to make it fit without a wrinkle. Well, pad the sunken tissues. It's these that make the wrinkles. Tone the tissues up. Keep them from being loose and flabby. It is when they lack strength or are tired that the wrinkles come. Be sure that you select a cream for the massage that will strengthen these tissues. There are creams that are special tissue builders, and there is a right and a wrong way to use them. Rub the cream into the forehead with a firm upward stroke. Wait a few minutes, and then, with the thumbs above the ears, rub with the fingers along the line of the temples. Finish with a rotary movement, which means rubbing round and round. An application of ice to increase the circulation is a good finishing touch.

Used Autos

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Classified Ad. Aids Curoid.

A war romance via the "personal" classified advertisement columns of a daily paper has just been consummated, says a London despatch.

It is the story of an Australian ex-sergeant, who, after having won the D.C.M. and the M.M. at the front, passed through Birmingham in 1918 en route to a demobilization camp. On a railroad station platform he talked with a pretty girl for fifteen minutes, and—the Australians being quick workers, received a gift of a lock of hair before he left. He did not learn the girl's name, however.

Returning to Australia, he moved to Tasmania, and from there wrote the chief constable at Birmingham, saying that he had fallen in love with the girl, and asking aid in finding her. An advertisement was inserted in The Daily Mail, of London, the girl saw the "agency column" notice, photographs were exchanged, and last week she called for Hobart, Tasmania.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Too Good to Be True.

Wife—"John, a man called this afternoon and said he would supply us with enough electricity to light our house, do all our cooking and run the washing machine for only \$1 a month. What do you think of that?"

Hub—"You should have told him that when we want current fiction we'll get it at a bookstore."

The Soul of the Advertisement

Granted an arresting headline, the art of writing a retail advertisement is just the ability to say one's ad intelligently, in logical order, and, above all, naturally.

No "literary gift"—no flowery language—is necessary. The best copy is the earnest, over-the-counter talk you would give to a customer.

In other words, put yourself—your soul—into your writing.

Grammar is useful, but not indispensable. It doesn't make or break the advertisement. It is your own earnestness and conviction that makes people believe and respond to what you say.

You will find, as you devote more attention to your advertising, that it will return you dividends of pleasure as well as of profit. As time passes, customers will notice an omission and speak to you about it. This experience is not imaginary. It is a fact—as many merchants and publishers will testify.

One of the most enjoyable things you can do is to spend an hour or so a few evenings a week thinking out a well-balanced weekly newspaper advertising campaign for your store and your merchandise. And, having thought it out, carry it through regardless of other people's opinions or whims.

You have three of the best trading months ahead. Do, then, as we suggest, and watch results.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT
Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
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Merchants

PHONE YOUR RUSH ORDERS
For anything in Food-Goods, Cut Glass, Toys, Smallwares, Sporting Goods, Wire Goods, Druggists' Sundries, Hardware Specialties, etc., to MAIN 6700

on a Reversed Charge.

Torcan Fancy Goods Co., Ltd.

TORONTO
Major Harry Cameron, Man. Dir.

No Cake Wasted
In 2, 5, and 10-lb. tins

Gives a wonderfully fresh flavor to every kind of cake, pie and pudding—the last morsel is as moist and digestible as the first. It does lower the cost of baking.

By far the most popular table syrup, for cooking, baking and candy-making.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Crown Brand Syrup
"The Great Sweetener"

THE EYE THAT SEES EVERYTHING

WHAT WORLD OWES TO X-RAY WONDERS.

Thousands of Ways in Which This Marvellous Discovery Can be Utilized.

When, a quarter of a century ago, Professor Rontgen discovered, after years of patient study, that light could pierce certain substances through which light had never passed before, he little dreamt of the way in which his feeble apparatus would be developed in a comparatively short time.

His small vacuum tubes gave out rays which, though capable of penetrating a few substances, could not pierce any kind of metal.

Doctors hailed the new discovery, for it enabled them to find, for example, the exact position of a broken needle in a patient's foot by means of an X-ray photograph. Such a photograph then required an exposure of many minutes; now it can be taken almost instantaneously.

The medical side of X-rays has made enormous advances. The exact position of the broken bones in a fracture can now be seen by the doctor, who formerly had to rely upon his sense of touch. Deformities and displacements of the internal organs of the body can be photographed. If a patient is suffering from indigestion he is given a meal containing some metallic substance such as bismuth. As the metal will not allow comparatively weak X-rays to pass, the process of digestion may be watched and the seat of the trouble discovered.

Wonderful Curative Effect.

It has been found, too, that X-rays have a wonderful curative effect in certain skin diseases.

But there has been another development of the use of these marvellous penetrating rays. The invention of the Coolidge tube a year or two ago made it possible to produce X-rays of unrealized power: it was soon possible to see through three inches of even such an opaque substance as hard steel. Today a new form of tube is being made by means of which it is hoped to penetrate a thickness twice as great.

This opened up an entirely new field. The most careful tests by hand or unaided eye cannot disclose the presence of flaws in a bar of steel, and if a flawed bar is used for the making of an axle of an express engine an appalling accident may result. By means of the Coolidge tube we can now examine not only the outside but also the inside of steel bars. Internal flaws escape detection no longer.

Another great difficulty in the past was to test a welded joint. It's a perfect weld the two pieces of metal are combined so closely that they seem to become one. A joint may look perfect though really it is a very bad one. In this case its two halves, though joined well enough on the surface, are quite separate within. Such a joint in a great girder may cause the collapse of a bridge with terrible loss of life. X-rays enable us to examine every part of it, and the fault is detected.

Trapping Criminals.

It is important that the wood used for building aeroplanes should contain no knots, for their presence may mean that one of the struts will give way under the enormous strains it is called upon to withstand. Here again we call in the aid of the "eye that sees through everything."

There are a thousand other uses for X-rays in everyday life. They will tell real diamonds from false; the former let them pass easily whilst the latter obstruct them. They are used for detecting faked pictures. For when a canvas is X-rayed old and new paint show up quite differently.

The custom-house man makes use of X-rays to detect smuggling. Precious stones hidden in the heel of a boot show up as clearly as if the heel were made of glass. The rays are the greatest use to those who deal with criminals, for an X-ray fingerprint is clearer than one taken with ink-pad and paper. Even now they are the doctor's best friend, and in the world of business unerring detectors of dangerous faults, bad work and fraud. What they may do for us tomorrow no man can say.

Applied Science.

Miss Perkins, the Sunday-School teacher, besides having little Willie Dunn among her pupils, is also a friend of his mother. One day, while talking on the mother, Miss Perkins asked why William had not attended Sunday School for several weeks.

Much to her astonishment, the mother replied coldly: "I have kept him away from your class, Miss Perkins, because he learns wicked things there."

"Wicked!" gasped Miss Perkins. "Why whatever do you mean?"

"Well," explained Mrs. Dunn. "The last time Willie went to Sunday school you taught him that we are made of dust. When he came home he nearly frightened the life out of his father and myself by trying to draw his baby sister into the vacuum cleaner!"

Women of the Moslem faith are forbidden to appear on the stage. The excessive use of tobacco will often lead to color-blindness.

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