

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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## CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

The man of the people did not take his eyes from his tormentor. On the gray face the perspiration stood out in little globules. He struggled with his bonds and made as though to cry out. But the wind took the grasping moan which fluttered from his white lips and sported with it and whirled it out over the fields. Remy drew a pistol from his pocket and cocked it.

He said no more after this, but sat and listened for a gust of wind of sufficient sound to deaden the coming shot. Jacquelin, divining his purpose, listened also. They could hear it away up the road, whistling through the little wood that lay on the hillside. Nearer it came, plowing through the fantastic shapes of the fruit trees and scattering the blossoms like snow. Then it was upon them—passed and went sobbing away over the plains.

The grass at the spot in the orchard where the execution took place grew high, and a heap of straw manure stood near by. As Remy returned to the inn the moon coming from behind a bank of cloud shone on an apple tree, peppered through the trunk from which the branches spread out their twisted arms with hoary with age and patched with gray green lichen. Near the ground there was a darker patch, showing with a sinister significance.

The hostess was in the kitchen when the young man pushed open the door. "Your guest, citizenship, has decided to go on to Lilleburne. The rain has ceased and the bar gone on foot. He wishes you to let the horse rest the night in the stable here and send it on to him in the morning at the 'Wolf'."

Left alone, Remy took out his pistol and on the stock of it he cut a notch, the ninth which showed there; then, taking the bottle and two glasses, went, whistling, up the little staircase to rejoin the Marquis de Dartigny.

The old man was standing at the window, but he faced round when his companion entered.

"What has happened, Remy? It was you, was it not, who went out just now? There were two—only one returned."

Remy Perancourt sat down on the edge of the bed and laughed shortly. "Yes, there were two," he said. "I left the bastian gone on foot in the orchard, Monsieur le Marquis." Remy looked at the nobleman keenly. "Perhaps you do not understand the work you and his followers have undertaken? Six of us there were who met at the perfumier's in the Rue des Canettes—there are four now. The Committee of Public Safety are not the only men in France who prepare lists; there are others whose lists are every bit as fatal. The 'patriot' who lies out there was on mine. I know him at once; Henri Jacquelin is notorious in the Marais section; it was he who sent the Comte de Massarey and his daughter to the guillotine. She was seventeen, monsieur—and as fair as a lily."

A sob came into the young man's voice and he paused a moment; then: "Can you wonder, Monsieur le Marquis that we little band of men kill these ruffians when we meet them? All of us have lost relatives or friends; and until we, too, follow them to the scaffold we are sworn to kill. Oh! you have not seen what we have seen—you have not heard the prayers of maidens in the tumbrell! It is not the people—the poor devils who swallow the lies of their leaders and are driven like a pack of silly sheep. They shout through fear of their masters, and believe me I have seen deeds of heroes among the canaille who surround the scaffold—have even seen a man smuggled but from among the condemned. Oh! I am anxious, monsieur, to get back to Paris and to my work. Perhaps my own time is short and there is so much to do first—so much—to do."

The Marquis laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"It is not for me to judge your actions, Remy, nor those of Caspard. I can only weep for my poor country. We move in troublous times, without hope, without faith, and I cannot judge things by the old standard. We will go to bed now, Remy; we will start early to-morrow. Sylvia should be at Fecamp by now. God grant they have met with no mishap."

The Marquis de Dartigny slept but little that night. The wind moaned dismally around the eaves of the old buildings and whistled through the orchard. He thought of the man he had seen in the room downstairs, and in his imagination he saw the white face gazing up from the sodden grass, staring with unseeing eyes through the blossoms and leaves of the apple trees.

But Remy de Perancourt had no such morbid fancies. His tale would be good to relate at the next meeting in the Rue des Canettes, and he slept like a child, his hand clasped loosely round the stock of the pistol with the nine notches.

Two days after the happenings at the "Croix d'Argent" a little party could have been seen leaving the back door of the "Tavern de la Lune" at Fecamp. The little Sylvia, barely awake, lay in the arms of the old Marquis. Susan, stolid as ever, carried the rugs and the small chest, which contained a portion of the wealth of the Dartignys, and which

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gible air of tragedy pervades the scene of murder. If this is so, then No. 9 Mortimer Terrace was curiously beneath some evil influence.

Even old Edward Cattle, prosaic as he was, felt it as he pushed open the little iron gate and made his way up the gravel path. It seemed to him that he stood on the threshold of some mystery and that discoveries and happenings were in the air. He looked at Jowett and saw that the valet's face was chalky and drawn into tense lines around the mouth and eyes.

The old man gave a little cough to steady his voice.

"Have you a key, Jowett?" "No, Mr. Cattle. Mr. Hubert was to have arrived at Charing Cross yesterday morning very early—about five, I think. He would come home here and I was to meet him at nine o'clock."

The old clerk regarded the house intently, rubbing a nervous hand over his shaven chin.

"There is a window, perhaps?"

For answer the valet turned and led the way round to the back of the house, opening a little winding path half hidden by evergreens. He stopped at a square window which gave light to the kitchen—a room which, although scarcely a basement, had its floor a foot or so beneath the level of the garden.

Jowett gave a look at his companion and began to work at the hasp with a penknife. In a few minutes the hasp was raised and the two men stood together upon the floor of the little scullery which adjoined the kitchen.

If an air of horror had been manifest on the outside of the house, it was more apparent still in the musty interior. For some reason which he would have found difficulty in explaining, Edward Cattle walked on tip-toe, crossing to where the stairs showed dimly.

It was deadly silent, and as the men entered the dining room the scene of desolation and stillness was marked indeed. All was as it had been left a week ago. The cards lay scattered over the table, and a few had fallen on the carpet; the chairs seemed as though they might have just been pushed back when the players had risen from their game. The clock on the mantelpiece had stopped at twenty minutes to ten, and the air was foul with the stale odor of spirits and tobacco smoke. Over everything was a thin layer of dust.

(To be continued.)

## Ruins of Babylon.

The ruins of Babylon are the dearest of all dead things in the wastes of Mesopotamia. They are located about 100 miles south of Bagdad, and scattered over a wide stretch of territory. Incidentally, it might be remarked that German archaeologists were the last excavators here. They came with a force of about 200 workmen—engaged for several years—who remained until the summer of 1914, when apparently they went on strike and never returned.

The greater part of the city which has recently been brought to light belongs to the comparatively modern period of Nebuchadnezzar, about 600 B.C. But traces of the first Babylonian kings (2500 B.C.) are left in the ruins, and successive strata reveal the streets and houses built by succeeding dynasties of the Assyrian, Neo-Babylonian, Persian and Graeco-Parthian periods. Also there are relics to prove a prehistoric Babylon, but, as in the case of Nineveh, it is impossible to carry the excavations deep enough, owing to the rise of the water level.

The city, when built by Nebuchadnezzar, formed one of the greatest and most magnificent of the world has ever seen. Ancient historians can find no words to describe the grandeur of the palaces, the splendid edifices, large gardens and pleasure grounds, especially the hanging gardens, a sort of lofty terraced structure supporting earth enough to grow trees.

## Earliest Almanacs.

One of the earliest almanacs was the clog almanac, in use both in England and Denmark. This almanac was a square stick or box eight inches long and made either to be hung in the parlor or to be used as a cane.

Each corner and side represented three months. The holidays were marked with symbols of the saint or occasion which they were designated to celebrate. Christmas was indicated with a horn, and November 23 was pictured as a pot of ale because that day was St. Clement's Day, on which custom decreed that the poor should go about begging for ale to make merry with.

The first written calendars were made by the Greeks of Alexandria in 150 A.D. Perhaps the oldest almanacs known are those of Solomon Jarchus, published in 1150. A manuscript copy of the almanac of Petrus de Dacia, published in 1300, is preserved at Oxford. Almanacs became prevalent during the fifteenth century.

The first almanac to be printed in Europe was the *Kalendarium Novum*, the author being Rigomontanus. The almanac was issued three years, 1475, 1494 and 1513; was sold for ten crowns gold, and circulated throughout Hungary, Germany, Italy, France and England.

England's first calendar was the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which, translated from the French, was printed in 1497. Each month started with an appropriate poem.

Brazil is to have an irrigation reservoir 100 miles long with an average width of between five and six miles.

For the first time in history, not a single gold coin was struck at the French Mint in 1920.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



## Woman's Interests

### Each "Safety First" To Save the Children.

For several years past, the subject of health has been treated more and more extensively in our public schools. There have been daily health talks, understood by large and small pupils alike; and the importance of fresh air, pure water, wholesome food, and cleanliness of person has been thoroughly drilled into thousands of children. In a few instances, health charts are provided for each child, and on these, by means of colored squares, he can keep a record of the accomplishment of numerous and necessary "health chores" essential to good health.

Healthy children mean strong, healthy men and women. Any time spent in imparting health knowledge to our boys and girls is time well spent. No teacher is properly fulfilling her duties toward the little folks placed in her charge, unless she is doing all in her power to make them healthy individuals. A knowledge of the principles of right living and the ability to impart to children such knowledge should be as essential a qualification for the position of teacher, as a knowledge of the time-honored "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic."

But all the health instruction in the world amounts to little in the case of the child who thoughtlessly runs into the road in front of a speeding automobile. If health talks are important, talks on safety are equally so.

Automobile accidents are all too frequent. The news item, "child run down and killed by an automobile," might almost be stereotyped, so frequently do we see it in our daily papers. Cities are supposed to take the big toll of young lives through automobile accidents; yet the country is far from immune from the perils of the "death car."

A child who has been reared in the city is accustomed to dodging the cars and automobiles with which the streets are flooded. The country child, on the other hand, accustomed as he is to quiet, open spaces, easily forgets that there are perils in the road, and carelessly darts back and forth, without thinking to look up and down the road first. Without the city child's sixth sense of avoiding impending danger, the country child is more than likely to step out of the path of one car directly into the path of a car coming from the opposite direction.

Again, city children have only crossings to negotiate safely; country children must walk sometimes for miles along roads which boast of not so much as a footpath. In any crowd of boys there is sure to be some bully who thinks it a great joke to push a smaller youngster into the road just when a car is approaching, and dangerous results sometimes ensue.

A not infrequent form of accident is due to the habit of "catching a ride" or "hopping a wagon." A depression in the road, or the sudden starting of the vehicle, is responsible for loss of balance, which may or may not be attended with serious results.

Children are not given to considering danger of their own free will. The possibility of danger must be impressed upon them by some older individual. Obviously, the parents should teach children that it is dangerous to "hop rides," to play in the road, or to jostle little fellows into the pathway of oncoming cars. All parents should talk "safety first" to their children. Some do talk it, but many seem to think that the children can look out for themselves. Such being the case, it falls upon the teacher in the community to impart such instruction and issue such words of caution as are necessary to safeguard the lives of their pupils.

Automobiles alone are not responsible for the preventable accidents which cripple and maim and kill so many promising boys and girls each year. Guns reap an annual harvest of young lives. Thin ice claims its victims during the winter, and in summer overturned boats take their toll. The practice of running with open knives has accounted for many serious injuries; so, also, has fooling with powder and dynamite found lying on the ground or hidden in some cache where there has been blasting.

The lectures need not be given every day. Interspersed with health talks, one a week would be sufficient. But they should not be omitted. Carelessness breeds accidents. If children are impressed with the necessity of being careful, of looking before they leap, of not taking chances because they are dared, though there will still be occasional accidents, the number of fatalities from unnatural causes will be greatly diminished.

### Ugh!—Flies!

Don't have them! Keep your kitchen in spotless condition. Keep the garbage well covered. Don't allow food to lie around. See that your screens are in good shape. If you've an open fireplace see that the chimney is screened.

Kerosene in drains will prevent fly eggs from hatching. A strong solution of washing soda in boiling water, if poured down the sink at night, will keep it clean and pure.

You can disinfect drains—and should, regularly—with a solution of two ounces of chloride of lime to a gallon of water. And chloride of lime should be frequently shaken in the bathroom and first-floor toilet.

A dish of cream into which ground black pepper and sugar have been shaken will kill flies and have none of the danger of the usual poison solutions.

### The Backyard Ship.

The Backyard Ship has goodly masts, It's doubtless a clipper, And every week it braves the blasts With Mandy Jane for skipper.

With churning suds upon its trail 'Tis always booked for Monday; It spreads much canvas to the gale, Enough to drive to Fundy.

Yet while it starts its countless trips As every boat should hanker, More prudent than the other ships, It never weighs its anchor.

### Tested Recipes.

Popcorn and Nut Crisp—1 cup sugar, 1-3 cup corn syrup, ½ cup water, ¼ cup dark molasses, 2 teaspoons butter, 3 quarts popcorn, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup shelled peanuts. Cook the sugar, corn syrup, and water until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then add the butter and salt, stirring constantly. When the mixture becomes very brittle in cold water, pour it over the popped corn and peanuts, stirring constantly, so all the corn and nuts will be coated. Spread out on a buttered platter, so it can be broken apart when cool.

Tapioa Ice—1 cup instant tapioca, 2 cups cold water, 1 cup honey, 1 egg white, 2 cups shredded pineapple. Cook tapioca five minutes in cold water; then add honey, and cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Pour over the pineapple and stir well, adding the white of an egg, beaten stiffly. Pour into dessert glasses, and serve very cold.

Cookies Disguised—1 bar sweet chocolate (¾ lb.), ½ cup milk, 4 cups chocolate crumbs. Cut the chocolate into small pieces, add milk, and melt over the flame. When melted, let it stand until cool. Break any kind of cookies into small pieces, and pour over them the chocolate and milk mixture. Place in the refrigerator or any cool place, and let stand an hour or several hours. Serve as a pudding with plain or whipping cream. Vanilla wafers used in this way are delicious.

Honey Popcorn Balls—2 cups strained honey, 6 cups popped corn. Boil the honey until it becomes very thick;

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stir in the freshly popped corn, and mold into balls when cold.

Meringue—2 egg whites, 4 table-spoons sugar. Beat whites until stiff; add sugar. Pile roughly on top of the tapioca pudding, and brown in a very slow oven.

Uncooked Fruit Cake—½ pound nuts, ½ pound dates, ½ pound figs, ½ pound raisins, ½ cup shredded coconut, ¼ pound citron, 4 table-spoons lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon. Put the nuts, dates, figs, and raisins through the food chopper. Add the grated rind of the lemon. Then add the lemon juice, and blend with a wooden spoon. Pack closely into an oiled tin, alternating layers of the fruit and nuts with the coconut and citron, which is cut in long strings. Press down closely, weigh, and leave at least twenty-four hours. Keep in a closed cake box, and slice as needed.

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