

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 Dargigny, 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 Dargigny family. The story of the mysterious chest goes back to the troubled days of the French Revolution and the escape of the Marquis and his 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 Dargigny, 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.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Robert took the slim little hands between his own.
"Because, darling, in my business I have seen so many straightened out so many matrimonial crises. The stage plays a part in a lot of marriages nowadays; they begin in show-rooms of rags and end in—No, Stella, a woman should find her applause in the lock of her husband, in the love-light in the eyes of her children; she should have no other life but that—she should be all that matters. What should you care—what do you care—for the strangers who gaze at you and clap their silly hands together—why should you please them?"

Stella Benham rose suddenly. Her head was again turned to the gardens and a flush had come over her white neck, and rebellion clouded the gray eyes.

"Now you're lecturing me, Robert. I won't stand it to-day of all days. I'm going to cry in a minute—and—"

"—I think you're horrid!"

It was all said in a breath, there was a switch of skirts and Robert Baxenter was alone.

He remained where he was, gazing moodily out over the gardens. It was now all but dark, and the last of the tiny revellers were being escorted homeward by their nurses. The block of flats facing him across the trees was a silhouette of purple shadow, in which little squares of soft radiance were twinkling out one by one. How long he sat there he did not know, but he was aroused from his reverie by a taxi drawing up at the door behind him. If any one had seen him, he would have thought he was going to the theatre, then swung across the road, backed, and with a warning note on the hooter, made off quickly in the direction of London.

Robert turned to find Mrs. Benham standing by his chair.

"What is wrong, Robert, between you and Stella? She has gone off to the theatre alone—and she has been crying—she said you would understand."

"Oh, yes, I think I understand—that is, so far as women were meant to be understood. Good night, Mrs. Benham; I've barely time to dress if I want to see Stella in the glory of her new part. Won't you come, too, for once?"

The little lady shook her head.
"My nerves, Robert. Suppose she failed. I really think I would get up and abuse the audience. The time will not pass so quickly here—but it will be more peaceful."

Robert walked part of the way to his room. He felt a little angry with himself at upsetting the girl on the day of her appearance. He hated the stage and all connected with it, but he was so sure that he had hidden his own thoughts—at any rate, until Stella had made her appearance in Ruby Foster's part.

By half-past nine the young solicitor was in a box at the "Odeon," watching rather sadly the person of Stella Benham, who, attired in the picturesque garb of a gypsy girl, was fascinating the impossible hero of the particular musical comedy which was

casting the spell of a moment over the metropolis. Robert's hands clenched hard upon the velvet arm of his stall as he watched her.

The scene in the hands of Ruby Foster had seemed to him insane and had never had any meaning, but now that the girl he loved was a principal in it it took on a new significance. A week before Stella's letter he had refused a very tempting invitation of a club acquaintance to join him on his yacht. This he now regretted, and a letter to the young Archie Wendover elicited the welcome news that his cabin on the Gazeka was still waiting his occupation. In fact, it was nearly three weeks before he called at the flat to say good-bye, although he had written pretty frequently.

He found Mrs. Benham alone. Stella, she told him, was at rehearsal, she had the name-part in a company that was going on tour immediately—a No. 1 company, oh, yes, she had left the "Odeon." It was really quite unbearable for her after Miss Foster had taken up her part again—of course, it was unfortunate that Mr. Baxenter was away—the girls were all so jealous that the old lady had rambled on, and Robert half turned his back so that she should not see that he was smiling. So, he thought, Stella was learning her lesson well.

The girl herself came in as he was leaving. She was hot and tired and a little disagreeable. She had had rather a stormy scene with the stage manager, the elderly woman who resented "the chief's" introduction of raw talent over the heads of the tried members of his company. It had needed Mr. Haverton's personal intervention to smooth out the ruffles, and, after all, the quarrel was only patched up.

Stella told Bobby all about it as she waited for some fresh tea to be brought in. She had not intended to talk, but then she was so full of the about the square face and gray eyes of Robert Baxenter which, however,

still addressed him as Bobby, but the question the answer to which Robert had been awaiting was a topic which, whatever was pressing in their minds, was spoken of by neither.

And then for two weeks the young man absented himself. The work at the Strand office was heavy, and Robert was making way through it in anticipation of his annual holiday. A week before Stella's letter he had refused a very tempting invitation of a club acquaintance to join him on his yacht. This he now regretted, and a letter to the young Archie Wendover elicited the welcome news that his cabin on the Gazeka was still waiting his occupation. In fact, it was nearly three weeks before he called at the flat to say good-bye, although he had written pretty frequently.

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(To be continued.)



Woman's Interests

"Apple Pie"
There can be no question about it, pie, particularly apple pie, is the great Canadian dessert. Making a pie is a household art in which every Canadian housewife wishes to be proficient. Quite naturally so, for any meal is ruined if the last part, the pie, is soggy or tough. In fact, a poor pie is a justification for copious tears in any kitchen, provided determination is accumulated during the weeping to overcome the obstacles the next baking day.

Every woman, regardless of her experience in cooking, can make pies—good pies, the kind for which Canada is famed. There are but a few things to remember. And here they are:

1. Have the ingredients cold. 2. Handle the pastry carefully. 3. Avoid using too much water. 4. Bake in a hot oven.

Nine chances out of ten the pie crust will not be a success unless it is cold when placed in the oven. Cold air has a greater expansion than warm air, and therefore helps to make a flaky crust. It is almost as easy to keep it cool as not. I have a glass jar reserved for pastry mixture the year around in my home. This jar, with the butter and cream, always in the coolest place in the household for its home. In the summer this is the refrigerator; in the winter, a shelf on the back porch.

The pastry mixture consists of the flour, salt, and fat blended together ready for the addition of cold water. This water cannot be added any great length of time before the baking, because it invites mold, which ruins the mixture. When a pie is needed, all there is to do is to add the cold water, roll out, fill, and bake. Think what a saving of time and worry in preparing a meal to have the dry ingredients cold and ready for use!

And there's this much about it: If the shortening, flour, and other ingredients are combined and blended immediately before baking, it is extremely difficult to keep them from getting warm, particularly in summer time. Usually, after they have been blended, it is best to set the mixture aside in a cool place for at least two or three hours before adding the water and rolling out the crust. And the water should be as cold as possible.

In combining the ingredients and in rolling out the crust, care is needed to handle the dough lightly. You would not think of taking a bouquet of beautiful, fragile roses or the lovely organdie sash on your summer gown and treating them roughly. Consider the pastry mixture in the same way.

Combine the ingredients deftly, toss the mixture on a floured board, pat lightly with a rolling pin. The newest thing in rolling pins, by the way, are those made of glass in which the centre can be filled with ice to help keep the pastry cold.

In dividing the paste, more is allowed for the upper crust than the lower one. It is rolled about one-quarter inch in thickness, and made a little larger than the pie pan to allow for shrinkage. The upper crust is always perforated to allow the escape of steam. When panning two crusts together, the under one is brushed with cold water, and then the two are pushed together lightly. After the lower crust is in the tin, and before the filling is added, the pie pan containing the crust and the bowl with

was not very sympathetic as he listened to the angry girl's description of the stage manager.

"There are a lot like him," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if the leading lady you have supplanted is a member of his family—his sister, his—"

"Mother, I should say," said the girl as she bit her strong little teeth into a crisp piece of toast.

Robert smiled unperceived.

"Oh, hardly that, Stella—the stage hasn't much use for people who have grown-up sons. It's a short life—some say that it is a merry one."

Stella's eyes flashed defiance.

"So it is, Bobby—a splendid life."

There was a moment's silence; then Robert took up his hat and he'd out his hand to the girl.

"I was just going, Stella; I'm glad you came in. I was going round to the theatre if I hadn't heard the news from your mother that you had left the 'Odeon.'—I'm joining Archie in that trip to the Mediterranean. I don't expect I will be back before the end of September."

"Oh." The tone was non-committal.

"You'll write, Stella, won't you?"

Robert was sorry that what he had said had hurt the girl, but sharp medicine was necessary. "They'll forward on from the office. I'll keep track of you by the Era. He held out his hand. "Good-bye, Stella—and if ever you want—oh, hang it all! I'm your pal, Stella, always your pal."

She jumped up and went to the window as he hurried down the stairs. She felt she would have given her ambition, her life, to feed his lips on hers, to bury her nose in his shoulder and cry—just cry. She watched his broad shoulders as he crossed the garden, and when at last he was out of sight she turned, brushing hastily past her mother, flew to her bedroom.

And Mrs. Benham gathered up her scattered crochet-work and gave a little fluttering sigh, and wondered if she had been like that when she was young.

(To be continued.)

pastry is folded over. This is rolled, the pastry folded over, and rolled again. This process is repeated two times, then the pastry is ready for baking.

What to use in filling the pies depends largely on choice. Apples are always a favorite; the flavor of apple pie should depend on the fruit, not on spices. A pleasing addition to apple pie when it is served warm is a hard sauce made from brown sugar and butter.

Hard sauce—6 tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Cream the butter until very light, and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Then add flavoring. Chopped nuts or shredded coconut may be added if one wishes. Place this on top of warm apple pie just before serving, and let it melt.

Another way to vary the apple pie is to leave off the upper crust; when the apples and lower crust are baked, add chopped marshmallows, and brown lightly in the oven. A baked pastry shell may be filled with cooked and strained apple sauce and topped with whipped cream.

Gelatin pies are also favorites. A thick pastry shell is baked, and when cold, filled with chilled fruit gelatin. This is topped with whipped cream.

Individual pastry shells, made from bits of pastry left from making pie, make welcome desserts. They are placed over inverted muffin tins, pricked several times with a fork, and baked in a hot oven. Then they are filled with combinations of fruit and topped with whipped cream.

What Baby Sees.
The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But mother's love.

His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's, full of grace.

(To be continued.)

Study Canada.

A knowledge of one's country is one of the first essentials of an education, even of those who are unable to proceed to the higher courses. With the amount of literature available on Canada and its natural resources, there is little reason for Canadians not being fully conversant with the many advantages Canada possesses.

A review of current literature on such subjects as the water-powers on our rivers, the protection and development of our forests, and our mineral deposits only whets the appetite for more detailed information. To those desirous of knowing more fully what Canada's heritage really represents, the Commission of Conservation can supply a number of reports on water-powers, on forests and on mines and minerals. These have been produced in a form to give them permanent value, and are generously illustrated.

The school teacher, with limited library and often limited means, will find in the Commission's reports much information that will be of assistance in teaching, apart from providing the opportunity of acquiring knowledge of Canada and her resources at a minimum of expense.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

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He Lost the Bet.

Stephen Girard was a very close man, and every penny was treated with respect. He seldom bet, and when he did it was as near a sure thing as he could make it. He had a young cashier in his employ that had lost various small sums to Girard from time to time, and who was anxious for revenge. One day the two got into an argument as to how long it would take to count a million dollars.

"You couldn't make a million dots of ink in the time it would take me to drive to my farm, spend two hours there and back back," exclaimed Girard.

"Bet \$50 I can," retorted the cashier. The money was posted, and Girard drove away. When he returned, instead of finding the cashier humped up over a pile of blank paper with his pen jabbing hopelessly away, the rich man discovered the cashier, calmly smoking a cigar. He waved his hand at the walls of the counting house.

Girard looked closely and saw they were literally covered with ink dots.

"Is that a million?" he gasped.

"Count 'em," said the cashier.

"You didn't do them with a pen."

"Oh, no, I did them with a tooth brush," grinned the employe, pocketing the money. "Nothing was said about a pen."

Sixty-nine per cent. of the world's petroleum production in 1919 came from the United States.

"If everybody gives a thread, the naked will have a shirt," is a Russian proverb illustrating their belief in co-operation.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

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CAMERA MARVELS OF MOVIE-LAND

DOUBLE EXPOSURES ARE REVEALED.

Apparent Miracles in Film-land by Scientific Means—Ghosts of the Screen.

Wouldn't you think you had wandered into the Wonderland known to Lewis Carroll's "Alice" if you could do these remarkable things—open a door in the flashy clothes of a crook and find yourself on the other side of it in the redemptive art of the high society, and over your own sleeping form or imprint a kiss upon your own lips?

These apparent miracles are wrought in Film-land by scientific means. Any good movie photographer could present you on the screen as two individuals, in such a realistic manner that you would have the uncanny thrill in watching the double life your shadow was living!

How would he do it? By a trick of photography called double exposure—a trick necessitating more delicate adjustment and calculation than can be imagined by one who has been within sound of the camera's grind whilst a player worked out a dual role.

The principle of double exposure is, as its name indicates, to photograph twice on the same length of film. The movements of the two characters are pre-arranged to a nicety, and when one character is being "shot," the space on the celluloid to be occupied by the other is shielded by a shutter.

Blacking His Own Eye.

For instance, when Elsie Ferguson appeared as both mother and daughter in "The Avalanche," she went through all the scenes twice, first as the mother, in a dark wig and a middle-aged make-up, and then as the fair, delicately-featured daughter. When the mother was being photographed, one half of the camera lens was obscured, and the actress talked and smiled to an imaginary person. Then the reverse portion was eclipsed, and the daughter's movements were registered similarly on the hitherto protected film.

Imagine the delicacy of the operation when the scenes arrived in which the mother and daughter had to touch hands. The hand of another artist, resembling that of the daughter was wearing the same jewelry, was photographed in the mother's grasp; and when the daughter was photographed she had to take up exactly the same position as her dummy.

One of the most difficult feats of cinematography ever accomplished will be seen in Wallace Reid's coming comedy-drama, "Always Audacious," in which the star plays two roles.

In the course of the story these two characters have a hand-to-hand fight, during which Reid gives himself several hard punches, and finally lands himself such a blow in the eye that it turns black. Every second's action in these scenes had to be pre-arranged, provided for, and faked, according to its particular requirements.

Photographing Film Ghosts.

Sometimes it is necessary to make one character taller or shorter than the other in a dual role story. In these cases the ordinary difficulties of photographing twice on the same length of film are supplemented by the necessity of having a different-sized setting for each character. Large furniture will cause an artist to appear smaller than when photographed against things of a reduced size. Occasionally double exposure is resorted to without masking the camera lens. In that remarkable film, "Earth-bound," the ethereal figure of a ghost was obtained among solid bodies by photographing twice on the same film.

First the scenes were taken with the solid characters only. Careful notes were made of the exact time and the exact place at which the ghost would appear. Then the film was rolled back, and against a sombrely curtained background the ghost performed his part.

Even Trade.

A country storekeeper was standing in front of his place when a man came along leading a couple of old and weary-looking nags.

"Want a horse?" he inquired.

"Guess not."

"I'll trade you one for goods," said the stranger. "I'll take it out in tobacco, in fact."

"Might make a dicker along those lines," said the storekeeper, "provided we kin agree on a basis."

"What's your basis?"

"Well, I'll trade you plug for plug."

A Way Out.

First English Bricklayer—"I says 'ere the Prince o' Wales is asked to lay ten foundation stones a week."

Second Ditto—"Why don't 'e join