

# 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 French noblemen, the Marquis de Dartigny, 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 search for the missing heir and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some useful inquiries about the Dartigny family. The story of the mysterious 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 Dartin, 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 Dartignys.

The same motives which had been responsible for Vivian Renton's residence in the cafe in the Latin Quarter, now seemed to cause Baptiste Dartin 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 a 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 Dartignys. 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 Dartignys 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, 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 workmanship good, but 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 eaten 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 escutcheons 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. Dartin 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 chest 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 on the affair of the de Dartignys. 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 who knew. Vivian's past associates were barred to 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 fist down on the table, jingling 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 pledged with Attenborough 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 Dartin, in company with Robert Baxenter, sauntered among the promenaders in the "Empire," he laughingly told the story of his fortunes. He made very light of the whole affair.

"About a thousand pounds' worth, I 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 ballet'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. Dartin back to the stalls. Neither seemed anxious to return to the subject of the treasure of the Dartignys.

## 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 Dartin 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—and made them presents of—such delightful little paintings of their countryside.

Monsieur Paul de Barron, the present owner of the property of Chateau 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, so 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 boarded floor. A bed dined musically over the flowers in the garden. Flamed between the supports of the trellis-work, cornucopias and vineyards shimmered in the heat; afar off the hills, patched with forest lands, spoke of breeze and shadow.

Vivian, skilfully touching in a 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," Henry stammered over his faux pas, "it is very beautifully done, Monsieur Dartin."

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 paneling 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 Chateau dining-room, Monsieur Baptiste Dartin stood for the second time in the ancestral home of the Dartignys. He had entered warily, even to the extent of looking anywhere save at the paneling by the fireplace. He remarked, instead, to old Henri, on the carved ceiling, the windows in which the de Barron escutcheon had replaced that of the Dartignys. 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 history, and this broken and defaced shield of the Dartignys now remained to remind one of the days of the Revolution.

It was old Henri, too, who suggested the subject of the sketch 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 could hardly repress a start 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 posita by the table, facing the fruit he was so eager to examine. Surely never since the historic apple of Eden, had fruit such to the fascination of a man. The painter could hardly hide his irritation when he saw that old Henri, taking a seat near him, produced his cigarettes 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 to do, but he must attend to and finish the sketch. In the mind of the old servant no shadow of suspicion had place, but there was an unformed idea at the back of his head that it was hardly right to leave him there alone, but—he was such a gentleman, and if he offended him he would stand little chance of possessing the picture in the artist's sketch-book.

"Only another half-hour, Henri; the light of this setting sun is splendid—look at that golden ray on that old soldier's coat in the portrait—I can let myself out if I don't see you."

And it was said in such simplicity that the caretaker, entirely disarmed, hesitated no longer.

The door of the dining-room closed behind him, and the artist, waiting a moment, rose warily and tip-toed to the windows. He could make out the bent figure of the old man crossing the gardens 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 graceful line of poplars.

It was some moments before Vivian's strong fingers could make any impression on the carved apple—moments 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 gratingly 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.

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## 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 worn-out 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 worn-out socks and put on two pairs when ditching 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 and 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 is 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.

Refresh up your lifeless, sallow skin with a good face lotion. A purely vegetable lotion is best—one that will not dry the skin. Use it in place of soap and water, applying it with absorbent cotton. Wash your face this way in the morning, and at night use a cream. One with peroxide as its special ingredient will whiten your skin.

Then health, you know, is about the best beautifier I know. It freshens the skin and gives charm to the expression.

**Agassiz Wensleydale.**  
This is a small, mild flavored cheese weighing when ripe about two and a half pounds, made after the method used for the manufacture of Little Wensleydale cheese in the north of England.

To make 2 cheeses—50 lbs. fresh milk, 3 oz. starter, 7 c.c. rennet. The amount of starter may vary, the object is to have about .22 deg. acidity in the milk at the time of adding rennet. Room temperature about 68 deg. F.

Heat the milk containing starter to 82 deg. F. and add the rennet. Stir for three minutes and then stir the surface only at intervals of three minutes till coagulum forms; probably this will take ten minutes. Cover the vat and leave for one hour. When ready, cut the curd, using the vertical knife lengthwise and across vat and, after three minutes, the horizontal knife in the same way. Stir with the hand for ten minutes and if the curd seems firm enough it need not be scalded. If the acidity in whey at cutting is less than .14 deg. it is advisable to scald but an initial acidity of .22 will usually mean about .15 in the whey. Scalding temperature is 90 deg. F. for this cheese. Remove the curd from the whey on to cloths placed on racks in the cooler. The plug in the cooler is left in place so that the curd is partly immersed in whey. After thirty minutes draw off the whey and cut the curd into blocks six or ten inches square and later into smaller squares.

As the cheese is made here the curd is usually ready for grinding and salting in three hours from time of removal to cooler. Acidity at time of grinding .25, or not more than .3. The curd is broken up by hand (unless there is a very large quantity) and salt at the rate of 1 oz. to 5 lbs. curd added; the latter should be tender and free from visible whey. It is packed into tin moulds 5 ins. high by 4 1/2 ins. pierced and fitted with two tin followers, the lower one also pierced. A wooden follower is placed on top and weight five pounds or six pounds to each cheese put on at once.

Eighteen hours later a muslin bandage completely covering cheese is pasted on and cheese replaced under press. Six hours later cheeses are removed from the moulds and put in a draughty place in the curing room. They will be ready for market in about three weeks, but will improve up to four weeks if not allowed to dry too much.

Twenty-five pounds of milk testing 3.3 per cent. contains .825 pound butterfat. This makes one cheese weighing about 2 1/2 pounds when ready for sale.

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## Classified Ad Aids Cupid.

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 sailed 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.

## Purity. Quality. Economy

The combination of purity, quality and economy has made Magic Baking Powder the Standard baking powder of Canada. Positively contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. Its use insures perfect satisfaction.

"Costs no more than the ordinary kinds"



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