

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters. Leaving Baxtoner bound in the cellar of Adderbury Towers, Dartin and Haverton make their escape. Two days later Baxtoner starts for Paris with a detective, Silas Barwick. They track Haverton to the Hotel d'Elclair.

## CHAPTER XXI. Haverton at Day.

At their knock a voice on the other side of the door suddenly ceased, then was resumed in an excited whisper. There was a delay of a few minutes, and the door was cautiously unlatched and Baxtoner's man looked out.

At sight of Robert and Berwick he drew the door wide open, and they stepped into the dimly lighted passage. On the second-floor landing, nodding brightly as the police officer shut the door.

"Ah, messieurs, you have come at the good hour—he is but newly arrived and has gone to bed. Only one, and the other is not—Madame and madame made an expressive gesture. "We know, madame, we have watched for his light to go out. We may go up?" queried Robert. "M. Edouard and I will accompany you."

Berwick thought for a moment, and said a few words to Robert in English. Then he turned to the woman. "If you will permit us, we would prefer to go alone. It is not a case of an arrest, and," looking toward M. Edouard, "it is not an official affair."

They received the pass-key from Madame Renier, and softly ascended the stairs. On the second-floor landing they stopped and listened at Haverton's door. From behind it came the unmistakable sounds of a sleeper. Either Mr. Eddie Haverton was remarkably conscience free or remarkably tired.

Berwick turned the key softly in the lock, and the men entered without disturbing the slumbers of the man on the bed, and it was not until a match was lighted that he started up—to find the steady hand of the man he had left in the cellar at Adderbury Towers holding a revolver a few inches from his head.

"Good evening, Mr. Haverton. Less than a week since we parted—heaven! it seems a year—keep those hands away from your pillow—there on the covert where I can see them—so!"

Then, as Robert drew a Derringer from beneath the pillow, "I don't think you would do much with this—you haven't the pluck; but it might go off—they do sometimes."

The man on the bed made no answer, but watched with sullen eyes while Berwick cut the man's candle-wick and tied the hands on the covert and tied together.

This done, Robert put up his revolver, and together the two men began to examine the luggage. Their request for the keys raised no fight in Haverton; he nodded in the direction of his trunks, and in the pockets they found them.

At first sight the bags contained nothing but wearing apparel, but beneath this the searchers unearthed a quantity of jewelry and a considerable amount of gold coin. Between the garments, too, reposed a small fortune in notes. It was hardly to be wondered at that they were so eager to get the keys raised no fight in Haverton; he nodded in the direction of his trunks, and in the pockets they found them.

"That, my dear Haverton, depends a great deal on the attitude you take up—what you tell us."

"As to that, Mr. Baxtoner, I'll tell you what you like. Can't you tell me knocked?"

"Well—where's the other one?"

"The other one?—I believe he's dead—oh! he's dead all right—I—"

Baxtoner turned on him sharply. "Don't drive me like that, man. What is it that's happened? Where have you been the last two days?"

"Chauville—he made me go—he said I could help him—I did wait—I swear I waited—"

Berwick seized a bottle containing brandy that stood on the crazy little table, and, pouring some into a glass, held it to the lips of the man on the bed. Its effect was immediate, and slowly they extracted the story from him.

He had been hurried off the morning before to Blois, and from there had walked out to an inn called the "Three Lilies"—Haverton remembered the name of the inn, although they had not stopped there. They had passed it and entered an avenue of trees at the end of which, and across a moat, stood a chateau. Dartin had sworn when he saw that the windows were lit up, and had cursed his luck. Eventually they had left the avenue, and skirting the moat, had reached a little wood of pines, in which stood a chateau which they had entered through a window.

The listeners attended breathlessly to the tale of how Renton had removed the slab from a tomb in the chapel floor and descended by means of a rope they had brought with them. He had instructed Haverton to replace the slab and wait patiently in the shadow of the pews for two hours, or until he heard a tapping, when he was to reopen the tomb and let Vivian out.

Haverton told them how he had waited until the dawn had entered the church before he heard a faint tapping, but he had been unable to work the mechanics that moved the great stone. Then he had heard the sound of a fall and there had been no more tapping after that, and at last Haverton had left his companion to his fate, and had slunk back to Paris.

To Robert and Berwick the story would have sounded like a fairy tale, but for the fact that the narrator's voice carried with it an unmistakable conviction. After all, what had Haverton to gain by lying? If, as he said, he had waited until all hope of releasing Renton was past, they could hardly blame him for saving his own skin. The man seemed indeed to welcome the telling of the tale—perhaps there was yet a way to save the man below the floor of the chapel. Then the crime of Hubert's death would be brought home to Dartin, and not to him.

The solicitor spoke. "Mr. Haverton," he said quietly, "listen carefully to what I say. It's in your power to right a wrong—not your wrong. I have no particular quarrel with you. I have Renton's own word for it that he alone killed my cousin"—the face of Haverton cleared at this—"I want you to take us, as soon as we can get a train, to this chateau you speak of. Renton mustn't die like a rat in a trap, even if he has waited for another kind of end. Good night, Mr. Haverton; we will call for you in time for the first train for Blois. And, by the way, there is a gentleman downstairs who will spend the rest of the night with you. I'll keep you from feeling lonely, after your vigil in the chapel. Besides, it's safer."

CHAPTER XXII. In the Chapel.

The tiny village of Massey was stirred to its very depths. Never within the memory of its oldest inhabitants had it been singled out as a stage for the world's happenings. Small wonder, then, that what little amount of work was usually done should be set aside on this sunny afternoon, and that two and three should congregate in the scented little cottage gardens, and that many an old man should forego his after-dinner siesta that he might take his place in the low-roofed parlor of the Three Lilies, there to discuss the facts—and when they failed, the fictions—of the strange happenings up at the chateau.

For old Henri there had never dawned such a day. The pride he had always felt at showing the glories of the mansion to visitors was nothing to this. For the time being the old man was the centre of the village, a position of which he was careful to make the most.

The sunlight pierced the little foliage-framed panes of the window and lit up the eager faces of the villagers as they leaned forward and listened to the story.

"And you yourself heard the groanings?"

It was the smith, who had left his forge to take care of itself for an hour, who put the question, and he put it with all reverence.

Henri took the pipe from his lips. "Have I not told you that I did, Jean? I only hope you will never hear the like. Strong nerves are necessary, and—with pardonable pride—I was equal to the occasion."

Honry applied himself to his glass, and for the fifth time plunged into the details of his story. In their rapt attention they had hardly noticed the entry of three strangers, who had ordered wine and taken their seats near the door.

At the first words of the old man's story Berwick was all attention. To Baxtoner, good French scholar though he was, the patois made the tale rather scrappy, but he could make out enough to tell that the subject was the same that had brought them to Chauville. To the cosmopolitan Silas, however, it was plain, and he related, in the patois of the narrative, its salient points to his companion. Haverton sat a little remote from the others and, understanding no French, took no interest in what was going on.

The three men had left Paris as arranged, by the earliest train, and after taking lunch at Blois, had walked over to Massey. The heat was oppressive and the way dusty, and the visit to the Three Lilies had been opportune.

Haverton had during the day maintained his sullen manner of the night before. He spoke but rarely, and, indeed, as he thought of the information—the king's evidence, as it were—that he had given to his captors, he felt a dull resentment at his treatment. It seemed to him that he was doomed to come off very badly in the affair altogether.

Of the mystery that evidently surrounded the Chateau Chauville and its chapel he knew nothing, and cared less; in the killing of Hubert Daxtoner he had had no hand; why, then, was he tramping dusty roads with two men who practically held him prisoner?

He wished with all his soul that when he had located Vivian Renton at Adderbury Towers he had let the sleeping dog lie. He should have taken warning by his last association with that gentleman. It seemed to him very unfair that he should be eternally called upon to pay the piper to the Vivian's lament. In fact, Mr. Eddie Haverton was filled with a very real pity for himself.

He sat with his head leaning back on the old cracked plaster of the wall, smoking a cigar and gazing out through the open doorway moodily, seeing nothing of the beauties of the sun-kissed countryside. His thoughts were of a cozy flat overlooking Hyde Park and of all the niceties and luxuries of a well-to-do man's London, glories which he told himself were no more to be his.

One by one the villagers, satisfied with news, departed to convey their knowledge to, and shine with a reflected glory among, their waiting families. As old Henri, his occupation gone, prepared to follow them, Berwick touched him on the shoulder. "A moment, monsieur. I have been listening to your graphic description. I think I would like to hear a little more. A bottle of wine, now. I am a journalist from Paris; your story would read well, I think, and would be paid for."

Nothing loth, the old man settled again into his chair. It was not the monetary aspect which influenced him so much as the thought of seeing his name, and perchance his name, in print. A few of the Parisian journals thrived through long winter months on Massey, to be read and re-read by the inhabitants, and Henri, in imagination, already saw the personal glory of the flaring headlines.

The wine was brought, and, under its more indulgent influence, he opened up; if the story was to appear in print then it should be a good one and lack no gruesome detail. (To be continued.)

The Latest Inventions. For cooking small amounts of food a coal stove has been invented that is just large enough to stand in a hole of a regular stove.

Hawaiian planters have found that sugar cane tops, formerly regarded as waste material, make good stock food when properly dried.

Improvements in the United States navy's radio station at Cavite enable the transmission of messages to San Francisco without delay.

Of European invention are glass beads so formed that they fit closely together to insulate wire no matter in what form it may be bent.

For household use, colored glass covers have been invented that can be placed over electric lamps to change the lighting effects of rooms.

An electric street car in Halifax, England, has been fitted up as a travelling kitchen, selling meals to persons who live along its route.

After years of experimenting a Frenchman has invented a carding machine with which kapok fibres can be prepared for weaving into textiles.

The blade of a new safety razor is a circular disk which is revolved by a spring inside the handle, controlled by a thumb piece on one side.

Porcelain money is being made in Saxony for Guatemala, which plans to experiment with it in place of the hard rubber currency now in use there.

Electric fire drawn from a light socket presses trousers after they are clamped in a new device.

A new heater of the crank-operated type can heat a single egg in a cup or whip cream in the bottle in which it is sold.

Experiments with motor snow plows have been so successful in Norway that several municipalities expect to use them to keep the roads open next winter.

His inventor has patented a combination engagement and wedding ring, the latter part being added at the proper time to form a single piece of jewelry.

The Brazilian Government is erecting an experiment station for combustibles and mine products and will extensively test coal produced in that country.

Rapid Tree Growth in Southern Ontario. At the meeting of the Council of Norfolk County, Ontario, at which it was decided to purchase a block of 500 acres for reforestation, one of the councillors gave an instance of a 25-acre lot in North Walsingham township owned by a man who lives five miles away. Seven years ago it was a sand plain, decorated only with the dry stumps of a primeval pine forest. To-day it is entirely reforested in growths ranging from fourteen feet downward. It was first fenced and each year a portion was planted to pine. The planting was done by plowing a furrow straight as might be and planting the seedlings along the furrow. The entire plot is thriving, and the first year's planting is now beginning to undergo thinning out.

Mineard's Liniment used by Physicians. ISSUE No. 37-21.



## Woman's Interests

Caring for the Complexion.

Said a girl to me once, "How I wish I could be just as beautiful in the cold, pitiless sunlight, as I can in a softly lighted room at night."

We all wish we could! And we know we could but for our complexions which the ruthless sunshine shows up most cruelly. Some of us just cannot have the marvelous, fresh, pink-and-white skin of others. But we can keep our complexions free from blemishes; we can keep them as clear as Nature and right living will let us; and, as for freckles and healthy tan, well, we must reconcile ourselves to that by thinking of the favors Nature has bestowed upon us.

To have a clear skin, we must begin at the very root of things, namely, proper living and diet. The girl who stuffs herself with candy and rich, greasy foods, who is lazy and inert, cannot hope for the clear, healthy skin of the girl who eats fruit, vegetables, drinks lots of water, sleeps with her windows open every night, bathes often and gets in plenty of vigorous exercise. And as we need not lack for the wholesome exercise, let us concentrate on diet.

In their seasons there is nothing better to eat than lettuce, spinach, carrots, tomatoes, radishes, beets, turnips, asparagus, greens. Prunes every morning for breakfast and bran bread instead of white, will help the sluggish bowels which cause dull and sallow complexions.

Are there any harmless artificial aids for the complexion? Yes, there are. I have a little list of things I think we could keep with profit on our private shelf in the medicine cabinet and the next time you go to town, you might buy these things if you do not possess them. The cost is trifling.

1/2 ounce medicated alcohol, 1 comedone extractor, 1 roll absorbent cotton, 1/2 ounce pure almond oil, 1/2 ounce tincture benzoin, 1 jar of good make cold cream.

First about washing our faces. If one is not engaged in work that leaves much genuine dirt on the face, one thorough scrubbing a day will do, preferably at night. First, rub the cold cream in thoroughly; wipe off with soft cloth; then with a pure, bland soap and soft water, wash the face. Close the pores with cold water and rub over with a piece of ice if possible. A few drops of benzoin added to the cold water will improve an oily skin. Complexion brushes are not necessary.

Blackheads trouble many of us. To banish them we have purchased the comedone extractor ("comedone" is another name for blackhead), the almond oil, alcohol and benzoin. They cannot be removed all at once; it may take weeks but if we persist faithfully, we will be rewarded. Wash the nose and parts of face affected, then rub in some of the almond oil with a piece of absorbent cotton. It is better to do this three days at least before beginning the extracting process, to soften the skin. Then when you can devote plenty of time to the process, washing your hands so they are immaculately clean, take a mirror and sit in a good light. With the comedone extractor (a small inexpensive instrument which every drug store keeps) press the black head with the end with the small hole, the larger one being for pimples. A whitish, worm-like substance will emerge. Do only two or three at a time or your face will have a bruised appearance. Rub over with almond oil again; then rub on a little of the medicated alcohol to close the pores. Witch hazel is just as effective, and is even better as an astringent. Never touch or pick at these spots with your fingers, before or after treatment.

Freckles are a problem but we must remember that once we remove them or even bleach them, we are forever left with every season, nor can they ever finally get rid of them. Here are some simple preventive measures: always cold-cream your face after coming in from exposure to the hot sun, before washing it; before going out in the sun, rub on a little cold cream and dust over lightly with powder to take the oily look away. And if we must try to bleach out the freckles, try fresh buttermilk every night. It is wonderfully softening and bleaching.

Heart Disease in Children. Rheumatism is the most frequent cause of heart disease in children, principally because rheumatism, in children is often so disguised or is present in so mild a form that the heart is damaged before the parent knows that the child is ill.

The first symptom of heart disease in a child is likely to be shortness of breath and when rheumatism is the cause is likely to be noticeable in the early stages of the disease. In that respect the child differs from the adult, who is more likely to have trouble in breathing only in the later stages of the disease. The reason is that in children rheumatism usually damages the heart muscle as well as the lining, whereas in adults it mainly affects the lining. So long as the muscle itself is not damaged breathing remains easy.

If the membrane lining the heart is affected, either the mitral or the aortic valve or both are crippled. The mitral is the valve between the two cavities on the left side, and the aortic is the valve that guards the opening into the aorta, the large artery that leads from the heart. The mitral is crippled more often than the aortic. Aortic valvular disease is usually more serious than mitral.

In children valvular disease of the heart is usually not serious until the child begins vigorous growth; then the parent must take great care to keep the child from being too active. The chief danger is that the heart will not be able to stand the added strain of ordinary fevers. The gravest form of heart disease in a child is that in which the heart muscle is diseased; that seriously interferes with the child's nutrition, and he wastes away.

The child in the acute stage of heart disease must rest in bed; after that stage is past he must have judicious exercise. He must never take part in such vigorous sports as football or basketball, surf bathing, swimming, running or rowing races. He should be warmly clad and kept in the house on cold and especially on windy days. He must avoid all indigestible food.

The Pleasantest Room in the House. "I must have a large, sunny kitchen," said a woman. "I do my own housework and spend most of my time there."

She spent most of her days washing dishes, cooking, preserving fruit, or washing and ironing. Her meals were the boast of the family.

But the children were in the way, even in the large kitchen. "Don't disturb mother when she's cooking," was a frequent injunction. When the children had gone to bed, the father and the mother sat in the "den," cozy enough in the evening with its drawn curtains and lighted fire.

"I must have a sewing room that is large and sunny," said another woman, "because I do all my own sewing, and I spend most of my time there. The children can play in the corner."

Her children were well dressed, and the mending was promptly done. If the sewing room was the centre of the household, no one offered complaint or criticism.

"We have a living room that is the largest, sunniest room in the house," said still another woman, "so we all love to be there. It is the place where we live. I want the pictures and books and flowers to be the background that the children will remember. That room is the heart of the home."

It was, the kitchen, the sewing room, the husband's den, all were accessories and contributed in a measure to the health and happiness of the household, but they were not ends in themselves.

"We shall be sure to gather in the pleasantest room," the mother reasoned, "and the home that keeps the best balance lays only enough stress on the kitchen to provide wholesome food, only enough on the bathroom to attain cleanliness, only enough on the sewing room to furnish the things that must be made at home. But the living room, with its fireplace, its books, its lights, and its easy-chairs, holds the best of the home life."



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## 300 MILE BREAKEY

The used car-dealer who shows you how they run instead of talking about what they are like.

USED AUTOS  
100 Actually in stock  
Percy Breakey 402-YONGE ST.  
TORONTO  
Mention this paper.

## Battles of the Eye's Rays.

When you look straight at someone else's eyes and then find it necessary to blink or turn away you are being attacked, according to Dr. Charles Russ, by a force or ray that emerges from the human eye.

He claims to have shown by experiments that this force is actually capable of setting an instrument in motion.

"The fact," he explains in the "Lancet," "that the direct gaze or vision of one person soon becomes intolerable to another person suggested to me that there might be a ray issuing from the human eye."

"If there is such a ray it may produce an uncomfortable effect on the other person's retina or by collision with the other person's ray."

In order to give his theory the support of some experimental evidence, he decided to try to evolve some instrument which should be set in motion by nothing more than the impact of human vision.

"Within a metal box," he writes, "I suspended a delicate solenoid (that is, magnetized wire), made of fine copper wire, his solenoid was wound up on a cylinder of celluloid and suspended by a silk fibre (unspun silk) 14 in. long.

"The box was 3 ft. by 8 1/2 in. by 7 in., and lined with sheet aluminium. The far end of the box was closed by a sheet of window glass, and the near observer's end was furnished with a thin glass or celluloid window which was screened by a sheet of aluminium with a slot 3 in. long and 1 in. wide.

"A conducting wire connected the silk fibre with the aluminium of the box, which was earthed. The solenoid was held steady by the magnet which naturally came to rest in the magnetic meridian."

The human eye was then brought to bear through the slot in the observing window on the suspended solenoid, and it was found that if a steady gaze were maintained on one end of the solenoid it was seen to start into motion, usually away from the observing eye. When the gaze was transferred to the true centre of the solenoid it stopped, and when the vision was applied to the opposite end of the solenoid it moved in a reverse direction.

Hedges and Gardens on the Prairies.

Because I have seen on the prairies, and especially around Winnipeg and at such places as Indian Head, some of the finest gardens that could possibly be seen anywhere in Canada, I say the time will come when these prairies will be widely and dotted with gardens of blooming flowers, of ripening fruits, and of delicious vegetables. They exist to-day, I may mention, especially the Dominion Forestry Branch Nursery Station at Indian Head, because that does not come under my own department; nothing could be more exquisite, more perfect than is that magnificent garden. But before the prairies can have gardens they must have hedges for their wind-breaks. Set your hedge and you may look for your garden. The hedges are coming. The Dominion Experimental Farms have far more than paid for themselves by the wide distribution which has been given to the caragana hedge which the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, introduced from Russia—Prof. W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, Ottawa.

Why the Prairies Are Treeless.

It is impossible to say what the exact causes are which, operating for centuries, have produced this result (lack of trees on the prairie), but it is generally thought by those who have given some attention to the subject, that a large part of what is now prairie was not originally so; in fact there is direct evidence to show that at least some districts which are now treeless were originally well timbered. Undoubtedly the chief agency which little by little, has caused the prairies to encroach on the timbered area is the frequently recurring prairie fire. It is well known to those familiar with the country that, if fires are kept out of a district for a number of years, small bluffs of poplar spring up all around the sloughs and low places, which if not disturbed gradually encroach all eventually a formerly treeless district becomes well timbered. From this it would seem that had fires not been so prevalent in the past, the timbered areas would be much more extensive than they are at present. The fact still remains, however, that there are immense tracts of land absolutely treeless which can only be utilized to their fullest advantage after a certain measure of protection is afforded by the presence of belts or plantations of trees.—Norman M. Ross, Dominion Forestry Nursery Station, Indian Head, Sask.

Fish Aid Forest Protection.

The policy of restricting methods of fishing on Dominion Forestry Reserves to those of angling and trolling to produce results in the improved fishing to be found in the lakes in the vicinity of the summer resorts. There is no doubt that good fishing doubles the attractions of any summer resort, and the fact that the development of recreational use of the forest reserves is a means of securing public sympathy and support for forest protection is not overlooked in the administration of these resorts.—Annual Report, Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

Odd and Interesting.

Whist, played as long ago as 1590, was originally called "Trump."

Running upstairs instead of walking will increase the work of the heart by one-fourth.

The official robes worn by an English Judge, including a full-dress State gown of ermine, cost him upwards of \$3,500.

The Eating Test.

I suppose—and venture to hope—that one day France and Germany will forget their differences, but at the moment not a great deal of love is lost between them, and Lord Montagu of Baulieu relates an incident which is alleged to have taken place at the dinner-table of an hotel in Switzerland—that meeting-place of the nations.

A Frenchman and a German sat opposite each other.

"You are a Frenchman, I suppose," said the German.

"Yes," replied the Frenchman. "How did you find that out?"

"Because