

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELEW.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters.  
Darting, in possession of Dartington fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday, Dartington gives her the Dartington locket. Stella, mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartington. Baxter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Dartington's invitation to Adderbury Towers. On the hall table ready for the post, Baxter notices an envelope in the same handwriting as the scrap of paper picked up in Mortimer Terrace. Haverton, unobserved, is watching Baxter, and the two soundless are on their guard. They drug Baxter and hide his body in the cellar.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Darting placed a hand over the heart and bent his ear to the still life. Then, with a reassuring nod to Eddie that all was right, the man made his prisoner fast with cords he had cut from the limbs of the billiard-room window, using skillful knots which allowed a certain amount of play to the limbs, but which Darting knew by experience allowed no loophole of escape.

And so they left him—Darting, in a little bedroom in Malis Vale, a girl smiling in her sleep as she dreamt of the morrow which would bring her lover back to her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Escape.

Robert Baxter's senses returned to him, slowly at first, then with a rush of memories to his throbbing head. Around him the earthy smell of a vault, and on the floor a candle in an old lantern was flickering to extinction.

With an effort he moved his cramped limbs that he could turn and raise himself upon his elbow. The movement, slight as it was, proved almost too much for him. Little points of fire danced and shot before his eyes, and he felt as though his brain were molten metal. But he gritted his teeth and waited motionless until, little by little, the pain passed from him.

He looked at his bonds, and marvelled at the ingenuity which allowed him the limited use of his hands and legs whilst making, as he saw at a glance, escape impossible. There was a canteen of water at his elbow, and he held on to his bound hands toward it. Then, before he reached it, he drew them back and, taking his eyes from the canteen, peered hard into the gloom around him. For the surface of the water was agitated, and Robert knew that the canteen must have been touched within the last few moments. He lay quite motionless, letting his eyes roam from side to side, searching the darkness between the stone pillars.

"Come out, whoever's there!" His voice, sounded harsh and strange to the young solicitor, and it echoed dimly through the arched roof of the doorway. He waited silently, but there was no reply.

"Is that you, Darting?" he waited. You needn't be frightened to come out."

The master of Adderbury Towers came slowly round the angle of the door and seated himself on a chair a few feet from his prisoner. He was putting a brave front on things and rather overdid the effort to appear at his ease. He was smoking a cigarette, and as he listened to Robert he kept his eyes fixed on the glowing end.

"So it is you—this seems a strange way to treat a guest. Let me see, I was your guest, wasn't I?"

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ISSUE No. 33-21.

lower and lower, and so at last fell asleep.

When he awoke again he was in a daze, and now the silence seemed the harder to bear, and was broken at long intervals by trivial sounds which Robert knew were rats. Doubtless the animals had been in check by the light and were now advancing on his stock of biscuits. He made a movement and heard their scurrying feet as they came across the cellar floor. Then they became bolder, and the man felt one great fellow as he ran across his ankles.

He called out at the horror of the thing, and the echoes took his cry and scattered it at him among the arches of the roof, and Robert bit down into his lip rather than that he should cry again to bring these mocking echoes into play.

And then his attention was taken by a small, vague patch of grey high up in the wall—olive at first, but gradually growing in brightness until he saw that it came from a small grating let into the wall and evidently on a level with the ground outside, for the man could make out, as the light increased, blades of grass edging their way through the bars.

At the sight raw life was born in Robert Baxter's heart. This poor flicker of daylight, this glimpse that told of the green earth, acted as nothing else could on the spirits of the prisoner. Came now the fear of darkness, the sense of grey, fog, the dread of the vermin. He lay and gazed at the grating as a beacon of hope. It was evident he was outside; he could see the blades of grass shiver as the breeze fell on them.

This, he told himself, must be Tuesday, and it passed at length. Robert watched with regret while the friendly grating faded into the darkness. Apparently it faced the west, for the rays of the late sun shone almost horizontally into the cellar and cut red devices on the opposite wall. These rose higher and higher, and then they were gone; and the patch of the grating changed to purple, to darker purple, until at last it lost its shape and eternal blackness seemed to fall on the man's soul.

Robert had purposely fought off all inclination to sleep during the hours of light, and was rewarded by falling into a dreamless sleep shortly after night fell. It was still dark, however, when he awoke, and as is often the case, his wits were preternaturally sharpened in those intense hours which precede the dawn, for he thought he saw a way of escape.

Darting had been clever indeed, but Robert smiled as he thought that there are none of us infallible. The man had moved the lantern out of Robert's reach, thinking, no doubt, that with the flame of the candle the prisoner could burn his cords. But he had not taken into account the canteen of water. What Robert asked himself, was to prevent his breaking this, and with a piece of the glass, between his teeth, he worked at the cords which bound his wrists.

Impatiently he waited for daylight, and when at last his friend the grating greeted him, he put his plan into effect. With the caution for which he was so famous, he was not, he never wilfully killed a man. Why didn't he kill you now if I am a murderer? Dead men's tales, you know!

"I expect Mr. Darting has some excellent reasons why he should not do so," he said to himself. "I presume, it suits your book, I presume, I wouldn't have thought that a murderer more or less would have worried you. After all, they can only hang a man once."

Darting looked at his watch. "You can believe me or not, as you will, but I have never ceased to regret your cousin's death, and I rather welcome this opportunity of explaining matters, having put the memory from me as far as I can, but I would give all I possess to call him back. That's God's truth, Baxter."

A step sounded beyond the doorway, and Baxter's voice called, and so, without another word, Darting lit a fresh candle in the lantern and left the cellar, locking the door on the outside.

Baxter lay still, ruminating on what he had heard. Thursday—that was about seventy hours of this torture. He thought of Stella and what she would suffer. Perhaps, not hearing from him, she would call at the office, she knew where he had spent the week-end—might he not then institute a search? He knew that the girl was leaving by an afternoon train to Cardiff to join the company, and he had promised to call on her before she left. She would hardly have time, after all, to visit the office.

Then he asked himself whether he was still at Adderbury Towers. Was it not just as likely that the two soundless had moved him during his insensibility to some other hiding place? All he could be certain of was that he was in a cellar, and that it was not intended he should leave it before Thursday.

He had listened to Darting's footsteps as they had died away on the stone floor, had heard whispering as he spoke to Haverton, then had fallen this dense silence. It was the silence that he saw was to be his greatest trial in the hours to come. Oppressive as it was, he felt powerless to break it himself, but could only lie there and listen, as one does when lying awake of a night, for the sounds which do not come.

The candle burnt steadily and threw out patches of ochre light through the panes of the lantern on to the flags of the floor. He estimated that it would take perhaps six hours for it to burn itself out, and he did not care to dwell on what his situation would be then. His bonds allowed him to reach the water and biscuits beside him, but any big movement was denied him, the cords, which bound his feet, being in some manner, which he could not see, made fast to the floor.

He refreshed himself with a few of the hard biscuits and a draught of water, then fell again to his strained listening. Hours followed hour—or were they minutes that were passing with such leaden feet? Steadily he watched the candle burn

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. The Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

## Bits of Canadian News.

An indication of the enormous tourist traffic which annually visits British Columbia from the Pacific coast states, is the announcement made by U.S. Consul-General Frederick M. Rider that over two hundred and fifty thousand visited the province in 1920.

The use of travelling vans equipped to render dental service in rural communities has been suggested by the Manitoba Dental Association to the provincial board of health. The use of such vans, which have proved very successful in Ontario, is urged by nurses engaged in public health work.

Claim is made by Norman Ross, superintendent of the Dominion Forestry Park at Indian Head, Sask., that all fruits can be successfully grown in the province of Saskatchewan. Mr. Ross has grown of the experimental farm apples, plums and hybrid cherries, to say nothing of strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries and other bush fruit. During the present season 3,000,000 or more trees have been distributed to farmers from Indian Head.

According to a directory census recently compiled the population of Greater Vancouver is estimated at 222,618, exclusive of Orientals, who are said to number at least 15,000. The estimated increase during the year past is slightly over 20,000. This ranks the Pacific city as the fourth of the Dominion.

A new flour mill, costing thirty thousand dollars, with a capacity of fifty barrels per day, is being erected at Mossbank, Sask. It is expected that the mill will be completed and in operation by the first of October.

The total area sown to wheat in Canada for the harvest of 1921 is placed at 18,654,000 acres, according to preliminary estimates issued recently by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Last year's final estimate was 18,232,000 acres, and the average of the five years 1915-1919 was 18,348,000 acres. The estimate for fall wheat is 7,090,000 acres and the area sown under spring wheat totals 17,945,000 acres.

Announcement has been made that the Italian government has withdrawn restrictions against the importation of Canadian motor cars to that country. As a result of the removal of the embargo Canada will be placed upon the same footing as Great Britain, and it will no longer be necessary to obtain licenses for the shipment of Canadian automobiles to that country.

The Prince of Wales is exhibiting his Shropshire sheep from his ranch at High River at the Calgary, Edmonton and other western Canada fairs this summer. Already they have won many Alberta ribbons.

## Thirty-Foot Thunder-Bolts.

Meteorites may be seen in almost every museum.

These are masses of stone which have fallen from the sky. They have nothing whatever to do with thunder or lightning. They are merely pieces of some smashed-up planet or comet which, whirling through space, have been caught in the net of the earth's atmosphere.

In some museums you will find curious objects which resemble fossilized tree branches. They seem to be made of a glassy substance, and usually are hollow. They often are hard enough to scratch glass.

These are called "fulgurites." "Fulgur" is the Latin word for lightning, and so they may be justly termed "thunder-bolts."

When a flash of lightning strikes a sandy soil, the heat liberated is so intense that it fuses the sand, converting it instantly into a sort of obsidian or glass. The size of the fulgurite depends upon the force of the lightning stroke and the quality of the soil. The largest ever discovered have been dug up in the Sahara Desert. Some are nearly 30 ft. long and 4 in. in diameter. But usually they do not exceed 10 ft. in length and 1 in. in thickness, while many are no thicker than a lead pencil.

## Radio Beacon Defies Fog

Fog has been since time immemorial the greatest peril of the mariner. It envelops his ship, he loses his bearings and goodness knows what may happen to him.

More lives and more ships have been lost at sea on account of fog than through any other cause.

But now this menace is to be done away with, thanks to a "radio beacon" system which has been developed by the United States Lighthouse Service in co-operation with the Bureau of Standards.

The system is to be installed in lighthouses along the coast and on board of light-ships to give aid to fog-bound vessels. Recently the Sea Girt Light station, the Ambrose Channel Lightship and the Fire Island Lightship were thus equipped; and only the other day the lighthouse tender Tulip was sent out to make a new kind of test. It was a great success.

The captain of the Tulip found that



### Woman's Interests



## After the Public School, What?

I spend much time thinking about you, little girl, of fourteen or sixteen; you have finished the public school with flying colors and your dearest girl friends have entered the local high school. But your parents do not see how they can spare you or the money with which to send you. You can not understand why they go on to school and have such "glorious times," while you must remain at home "doing the dishes" three times per day. Tears will fill your eyes at times in spite of your effort to be brave. You see, I know what you are thinking for I was a little girl just like you not so many years ago. As I was so dreadfully unhappy and made so many blunders before I finally became adjusted to my proper place in the scheme of life, I hope that I may help you ever so little.

After the first cruel disappointment, has worn off a little you begin to wonder if there is not something that you can do, since high school is out of the question. Mothers usually have a lot of sympathy for daughter's real or imaginary grief, so if you are willing to assist her all you can do morning and evening, she will gladly allow you to attend the country school this winter. The teacher will loan you her old algebra, English Literature or any text book she has. You will derive a lot of benefit from a careful study of these books with a little assistance from the teacher. The review of the grammar school subjects will require only a little of your time every day. When the next teachers' examination is held at the country town you go up and try that examination, even though you are too young to teach or have never cared about teaching. It will give you confidence in your ability to do things "for yourself."

During this time you are also helping mother in the home. Learning to cook a good meal and bake wholesome bread and pastry is no mean accomplishment and one which will serve you many times in whatever calling you choose to take up. And remember that most of us are finally destined to become wives and mothers whatever our attitude upon the subject may be at sixteen. When spring comes get your father to let you have a little garden of your very own, he will only be too glad to do so. There is a joy in growing things that soothes many a heartache. That garden will probably be your "hobby" for the summer and you will rise a bit earlier every morning to have a peep at the garden wet with the dew, before you begin the morning meal. Take what appeals to you most, flowers, vegetables or fruit, or a little of all of them. Mine was a raspberry and strawberry garden. Only one harvest did I reap from my cherished bit of earth. Before another season had come, it had opened up such new and, to me, glorious vistas that it was all but forgotten. It became a source of joy to those left behind.

We wish to consider a few of the occupations open to women with a limited education such as mine was, and I assume is yours. Nearly all of the openings for women in a small town are of the blind alley sort, i.e., no opportunity for advancement in your mental self or in economic consideration. But in teaching, nursing and to some extent in a business course, a broad field opens up. In one of these three a girl of ordinary ability can succeed if she is willing to work. A lot of hard work is always at the bottom of real success.

I shall take up teaching first, as it is the nearest the home surroundings in which you have always lived. Parents are usually more kindly disposed toward your ambitions if you can carry them out "at home." In the teaching profession you are doing a real service for humanity which I would not have you overlook. Mere salary may satisfy some but I would like to have you a positive factor for good in the work of the world. The hours that you spend in the school room are not so long but they do use up a lot of nervous energy. But after the restful hours have started for home at four o'clock you may relax and the papers are soon corrected and lessons prepared for the next day. The salary is fairly good when you consider that your expenses are not nearly so great as those of the teacher in towns and cities. There is almost no limit to the amount of ingenuity you will be called upon to use. Sometimes you will vainly wish there was a rat rule in which you could follow in the many problems that inevitably come up when dealing with twenty-five or thirty individuals of various ages.

However, if teaching is not to your liking perhaps a course in a nurses' training school would prove more attractive. Here you are taken absolutely out of the home for two or three years. You have only a week or two every year to be at home. Your health must be very good as the work is very hard and the surroundings not always to your liking. But the country-bred girl has always known what long hours were. Some over-careful friend will say you are walking right into danger. Let not this alarm you as you are a soldier in a good cause. There is a little danger, perhaps, but not enough to cause any alarm as you

## learn how to care for yourself. Then

the probation period of two or three months gives you a glimpse of what the work is like. During this time you get the most unpleasant part of the whole course. As soon as you put on the official uniform, life becomes more interesting.

Lastly, a business course is very popular with some girls. The salary varies a great deal, the hours are not too long, and you can always do a bit for humanity in general, outside of your working hours. In this calling you are taken entirely out of the home surroundings and must live your life in towns and cities.

## When It's Wet on Holiday.

Every holiday season finds many mothers at a loss to know how to occupy their children's minds when rain makes outdoor excursions impossible. Few are prepared to buy extra toys and games for the reason that the family's holiday fund usually does not permit of the expense. The following hints will be useful to parents who are faced with the prospect of keeping the children amused indoors.

An interesting occupation is the making of shell-boxes and photo-frames. Procure a number of empty match boxes, cover them with paper, and glue on to them shells which have been collected on fine days.

Photo frames can be cut out of cardboard, while, if cardboard boxes are available, glove-boxes, trinket-holders, and other useful articles can be made. A pleasing way of decorating a large box is to paste on the lid a picture postcard of a local view, arranging the shells round it in the form of a frame.

Many a dull hour can be whiled away by making dolls' furniture. All that is needed is a supply of well-soaked dried peas and some matchsticks, sharpened at the ends. For the seats of chairs, tops of tables, etc., matchbox wood can be used.

An instructive and entertaining pastime is the making of relief maps in sand, which the wise mother will persuade the children to collect on a fine day in anticipation of a wet one. Borrow an old tea-tray, spread the sand on it, and let the children make a map. Give them a specified country or county to model. With the aid of shells and small pebbles most children will amuse themselves in this way for hours at a time.

## Cuts That Meant Cash.

"The days of our age are threescore years and ten," said the Psalmist showing that our forefathers reckoned by scores, a system of keeping account of figures based probably in its original form upon the practice of counting upon the fingers and toes.

The word "score" itself comes from the Anglo-Saxon, being nothing more than the word "scoren," which is the past participle of "sceran"—meaning to cut. It indicated a notch or incision made upon a tally-stick for the purpose of keeping a record of financial transactions.

The "score-mark" was the twentieth notch upon these primitive "account books"—a cut which was longer and deeper than the others. Hence the expression, "to pay off old scores," means not only the repayment of old debts, but the revenging of grievances which have cut deep and left a lasting impression.

It is for the same reason, that of reckoning, that we speak of the "score" of a game—meaning the record of the points made—and the "score" or musical record of an opera.

## Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

## Telling the Time at Sea.

The sailor's day is divided into watches of four hours each. These begin at four, eight, and twelve o'clock, day and night, and every half-hour of the watch is signalled by the striking of the ship's bell.

By night or by day, four o'clock, eight o'clock, and twelve o'clock are known as "bell" times. Then, beginning at the next half-hour, one bell is struck; the following half-hour two bells are struck; at the next, three; and so on up to eight bells, when a new watch begins.

For instance, eight a.m. is recorded by eight bells, half-past eight by one bell, nine o'clock by two bells, half-past nine by three bells, ten o'clock by four bells, half-past ten by five bells, eleven o'clock by six bells, half-past eleven by seven bells, and twelve o'clock (noon) by eight bells.

During the next watch (from mid-day to four p.m.) this form is repeated, beginning with one bell at half-past twelve, and so on.

Length of life is desirable, but even more desirable are breadth, height and depth.

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## WHERE COMMERCIAL COLORS COME FROM

## WE GET LOVELY BLUE FROM HORSES' HOOFS.

## Both Sea and Land Contribute Their Share of Pigments—Vegetables, Minerals, Animals and Fish.

Every boy who has a box of paints wants as many colors in it as possible—ultra-marine, Chinese white, vermilion, crimson lake, and so on. Have you ever wondered where all these different colors come from? Both sea and land—animals, fish, vegetables, and minerals—contribute their share of pigments, as the foundation of the colors is called.

The tiny cochineal insects provide varying shades, from deepest crimson to palest pink. Turkey red is obtained from the madder plant, which grows in India.

Yellow gamboge is another vegetable product, being prepared from the sap of a tree growing in America and the East Indies. This sap has a bright yellow color, and is rather sticky.

## Discovered by Accident.

That lovely blue, Prussian blue, is made in quite an extraordinary way—by fusing horses' hoofs and other animal refuse matter with impure potassium carbonate. As may be imagined, its discovery was accidental; it would not have occurred to anyone to experiment with these substances.

Blue Black is made from the charred remains of vine-stalks.

Ultramarine is perhaps the most beautiful of all the many shades of blue; it is obtained by burning the lapis-lazuli stone, which comes principally from China, Tibet, and Chili.

Another blue is indigo, used chiefly as a dye; it is made from a plant which grows in Central America and the West Indies. As soon as the blossoms appear, the plant is cut to the ground and the stems dried. New shoots spring up quickly, so that two or three harvests are taken in a season.

Various kinds of earth and clay give colors. In the neighborhood of Siena, in Italy, is found the brown earth called Raw Siena. When burnt it becomes a darker shade, and is termed Burnt Siena.

Yellow and blue colors are also natural clays or earths; they are worked in the English counties of Devonshire and Anglesey. Some are fine enough in their natural state to need nothing but washing before use.

## Cuttle-Fish Camouflage.

Real Indian ink, strangely enough, is prepared from a recipe of which the Chinese possess the secret; its chief constituent is supposed to be burnt cuttlefish. Chinese white has nothing to do with China, being a preparation of zinc.

The blacks comprise ivory-black and bone-black, both made from chips of ivory.

Sepia has an interesting derivation, it is the fluid ejected by the cuttle-fish when it wishes to conceal itself from its enemies. As the fluid spreads in the water, it serves the same purpose as the smoke clouds with which Zepellins surrounded themselves during the war.

From minerals we get vermilion and scarlet. Cinnabar, the ore from which quicksilver (or mercury) is drawn, also provides vermilion; while a lovely shade of scarlet is given by iodide of mercury.

Beautiful greens can be obtained from copper.

## The Call.

I hear the voice of summer calling me  
To drop my burdens, bid my cares be still,  
And follow her o'er valley and o'er hill  
Unto the ways of gladness. Happily  
The daisies star the meadows and the free,  
Gay morning winds the forest paths  
ways fill  
With keen delight; and wild and silver-shill  
A thrush flings wide his joyful ecstasy.

The treecreps weave upon a magic loom  
Green mysteries to tempt the lyric birds,  
The gardens breathe a spell of fragrant words,  
The bees go buzzing to their honeyed doom;  
And Love cries all his promises once more  
When summer beckons at my open door!

## To Some He Wrote.

The church was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose. One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. The good man at once guessed the cause.

"Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see you in this state." "Ah, well, it's for the good of the cause," replied the delinquent, happily. "Ye see, meensister, it's a' through these subscriptions. I've been down the glen collectin' 'em, an' at every house they made me hae a wee drapple." "Every house?" But—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotalers?" "Aye, there are; but I wrote tae those."