

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 Darigny, 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 inquiries about the Darigny 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 life is found, but the police find no clue. Meanwhile, Renton changes his name to Baptiste Darigny, 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. Darigny is at first greatly disappointed to find only a paltry thousand pounds in the chest. He is relieved to discover later a large key and a parchment telling where the real treasure is hidden. Giving Baxenter a quaint locket and chain which he found in the chest, Darigny goes to France. By posing as an artist he gains admittance to the Chateau Chauville.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Vivian carefully oiled the wards of the key from a tiny oil can he took from his pocket, and, after a few attempts, the heavy key turned—grated—there was a rattle of locks. The man stared in wonderment—nothing had happened. Then his eyes travelled to the fireplace. The large slab that comprised the back of the deep grate had rolled aside, displaying a cavity through which he could, with stooping, crawl. It seemed to yawn invitingly. He thought rapidly and decided that what was to be done had better be done at once. It would take old Henri at least ten minutes to return, even if he started back at that moment, and Vivian could see that the old man had settled down to his wood-chopping and was hardly likely to leave the job he had put off to watch the sketching. Vivian tip-toed across the hearth and, bending nearly double, passed through the aperture. A circular chamber, choked with the accumulated dust of ages, perhaps ten feet in diameter and with stone walls which narrowed up, meeting in a small dome about a dozen feet above his head. Vivian told himself that he was in one of the round towers which formed the corners of the chateau. The air was hardly breathable, and it was so cold after the sunshine of the room that Vivian shivered slightly. He came out again almost immediately into the dining-room and passed out through the French windows into the garden. He called to Henri and waved a farewell, then turned the corner of the tower. There he waited out of sight, watching until the old manservant entered one of the barns, when Vivian returned to the dining-room un-

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perceived. He screwed the apple again into its place and slipped back into the little chamber. There would be nothing now to make Henri return to the chateau, imagining, as he would, that the painter had gone, and Vivian could work in peace.

In his varied career many jewels had passed through the hands of Vivian Renton, but never such priceless gems as these which he was unearthing from their hiding places every minute. Diamonds of a size which pointed to being historical, pearls matched into strings, emeralds and rubies which threw out their hidden glories to meet the rays of Vivian's tiny electric torch, as though overjoyed at their release. There were vessels, too, of gold and silver, richly carved and curiously designed, counterparts of those he had found in the chest; jewelled rosaries and devotional objects of the richest workmanship. Pictures, too, the value of which Vivian could only guess at, were stacked against the walls, and books and jewel-encrusted daggers were heaped together with other objects in heaps which glittered dully under the thick layer of dust which covered everything like a pall.

Vivian sat on an old oaken chest, spellbound. Here were riches that would make Monte Cristo blush in envy. With this wealth at his disposal the freedom of the world was his, friendships, pleasures, titles, were at his bidding. The man could hardly believe that within a few feet of him the sun was setting over a fair garden in which an unsuspecting old man was chopping wood, and that even in this little chamber he was still in the twentieth century.

How long he sat there he could not tell, and it was the sight of a grating in the stone floor which called Vivian down from the airy turrets of his imagination. This grating was, perhaps, some twenty inches square, and as the man bent down and threw the rays of his pocket electric torch upon it he could make out, beyond the rusty bars, the shadowy form of the topmost step of a flight that led down into obscurity. He took a franc-piece from his pocket and dropped it through the iron net-work and listened. From the reverberations before the coin came to rest the man judged the well-lighted opening to be of some considerable depth.

Vivian seized one of the bars, and leaning back, exerted all his strength. For a moment the cement held; then, with a sudden rending, came away, and the man was thrown violently backward. He staggered in a vain attempt to gain his balance; then, as he fell, he slipped into sharp contact with the sliding door of the entrance. Vivian all but cried out at the pain, and, too late, he saw the solid mass of masonry and iron, set in motion, descend by his fall, swing back into place. There was a dull clang as it stopped.

Even then it did not occur to Vivian that he was a prisoner, and it was only after a fruitless search that he came to the conclusion that his treasure-house bid fair to become a tomb. As the significance of this came home to him little beads of cold perspiration broke out over his body and he tottered weakly to one of the iron-clamped chests.

It seemed to him that he had succeeded only to fail; that there was nothing for it but to attract the attention of old Henri. Even then it might be impossible for the old man to release him without the key, which Vivian felt pressing cold against his breast.

He thought that even if he escaped the hideous death which faced him he would lose the riches which he had risked so much to gain. He imagined himself dying by inches, ravaged by hunger and thirst and mocked by the gleaming jewels around him. For a few moments despair seized the soul of Vivian Renton, and he sat dazed, his head buried in his hands.

It was not long before the reaction came. There was time before him and the grating promised more than a ray of hope. Fortunately, the sketch in the dining-room was unfinished, and old Henri would see nothing suspicious in the paint-box and book left open awaiting its completion, taking it for granted that the painter would return the next day.

The prisoner did not wait to ask himself what he would find at the foot of the dark stairs behind the iron bars. It had ever been his motto that troubles anticipated were twice borne, and that bridges were made to be crossed—as one came to them—not before he had the leverage of the loose bar to assist him. In half an hour Vivian was ready to descend. It was part of the man's character that he should take the pick of the stones before he left the chamber. He handled them carelessly, thrusting them into the big pockets of his painting-coat. Then he stood on the top step.

Then, and not till then, did he pause, his face showing drawn and anxious in the thin blue light. What was he fated to find below? His indecision was but momentary, and shrugging his shoulders with an action that bespoke of the fatalist, continued his way. There were eighteen steps in all, but they were high and narrow and the descent was sharp. At the foot an opening led apparently beneath the body of the chateau. With torch extended before him Vivian proceeded. After a few moments the air grew colder and the walls, where he touched them, were clammy and moss-grown. The man told himself that he was beneath the old moat. At intervals he passed other dark entries which ran in all directions—narrow little tortuous alleys, many of which he ex-

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plored for a few feet, only to return to the main way. More than once, too, a pit yawned suddenly at his feet, and it had not been for his inborn caution the Chateau Chauville would have added yet another secret to its dark history. It was evident to Vivian that the builders of the hiding-place, deeming it necessary that an emergency exit should be at hand, had made it so that while egress was difficult ingress was well-nigh impossible for those not knowing the pitfalls and the way of it.

It must have been after an hour's walking that the walls on either hand seemed to recede from Vivian, and at last they were lost in the gloom beyond the reach of the rays of the little torch. Apparently the tunnel had widened out to use with the ice.

The man hesitated, somewhat mystified by the loss of the friendly walls, and at the same moment his feet came sharply into contact with some obstruction. He stumbled, the torch fell from his hands, a thousand stars danced before him.

He came to himself in bewilderment. The darkness closing in upon him seemed in the silence to be pressing on him. His head ached abominably and there was a wound in the centre of his forehead that was warm and sticky to his touch. Slowly it all came back to him and he knew he must have struck his head as he fell. He reached out, groping in the darkness in the hope of finding the torch unharmed. In this he was disappointed, but he made the discovery that he was lying beside a perpendicular structure of masonry, which on reaching his hand, he found to be the support of what felt to be a table of stone, low and heavily built.

Painfully he drew himself up on to his knees and so to his feet. Again his hands did duty for his eyes and a little cry of horror broke from the man's dry lips.

Beneath the touch of his sensitive hands a form was taking shape—the unmistakable shape of a coffin. It seemed to him that in the darkness he could make out the dim outlines of the sinister bulge of the sides. Feverishly, he dropped to his knees and felt for the friendly torch. Light to him had suddenly become as necessary as food to a starving man. The walls of darkness hemmed him in so that he felt that he, too, was in a coffin; then he saw the light of the torch, and a few wax vestas. He stuck one upon the stone slab and gazed round him as he held the flickering wax above his head.

The distance, he judged, was not more than ten feet, the stone table reduced to eight, and Vivian himself was but two inches short of six feet. He unwrapped from his waist the cash of red silk, which to sustain his role as a Bohemian artist, he wore swathed around him in place of a belt. This sash he now twisted rope-wise and, mounting upon the stone table, peered up through the cavity. He remembered the little iron railings surrounding the tomb above, but his efforts to lasso a spoke of these with the scarf proved beyond his powers.

Then his eye fell upon the lid of the coffin and, reaching down, he picked up the sword that lay upon it. At his touch the scabbard and hilt fell away, but the blade itself, notched and red with rust as it was, still was strong enough to serve his purpose. He made a slip-knot in the twisted silk and, upon the point of the weapon, raised it carefully and hooked it over one of the corners of the tomb rails. Vivian tested this fully with his weight and found that it held. He asked himself whether he should return to the treasure, but the thought of the tortuous trap he had been forced to traverse to get to the treasure terrified him. Besides, in the pockets of his painting-coat was a considerable fortune, and he had his key. The next time, however, that he entered he would make sure that his line of retreat was open to him.

(To be continued.)
Minard's Liniment used by Physicians



Woman's Interests

Summer Drinks.

Strawberry Shrub.—Place twelve pounds of strawberries in a large crock and pour over them two quarts of water; let stand forty-eight hours, covered with a plate. Strain through a flannel bag, add one pint of sugar to every pint of juice and let boil twenty minutes. Seal in hot sterilized cans or bottles, being sure to make airtight. This may be diluted half or three-quarters water when served.

Raspberry Shrub with Vinegar.—Pour one quart of pure vinegar over six quarts of red raspberries. Let it stand for forty-eight hours, then strain through a flannel bag, pressing out all juice. Allow one pint, or pound, of sugar for every quart of juice, and boil twenty minutes. Seal as the strawberry shrub. These shrubs may be used for ices as well as for drinks.

Ice milk to which fruit juices or chocolate sauce has been added makes a refreshing summer drink, especially if you can keep on hand carbonated water and add a dash of that. To prepare the drink use two-thirds of a cup of milk and one-third juice. A good chocolate sauce to use with the ice milk is made as follows: Melt one ounce of chocolate over hot water and add one cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and gradually, a cup and a half of boiling water. Cook, stirring five minutes after it begins to boil and then add a level teaspoonful of cornstarch, dissolved in cold water and boil ten minutes longer. Flavor with vanilla and chill before adding to milk.

Strawberryade and currantade are refreshing drinks. To make either, first prepare one quart of simple syrup by boiling two pounds of sugar—four cups and two quarts of water—eight cups—thirty-five minutes.

Strawberryade.—Add one pint of strawberry juice, obtained by crushing fresh berries and straining through a jelly bag, the juice of two lemons, and two quarts of ice water, to the quart of syrup.

Currantade.—Crush one quart of currants and one pint of raspberries and strain through the jelly bag. Add this juice and two quarts of water to the quart of simple syrup.

For a party French punch is delicious. Grate one pineapple and boil with three cups of water twenty minutes. Strain through a jelly bag, pressing well. Let cool and add the juice of six lemons, and a dozen oranges, one cup of freshly-made, strong black tea, one quart of any fruit juice you may have bottled, as grape, berry, cherry, currant, and one quart of syrup made as above. Make this early so that it can stand on ice several hours before serving. To serve pour over a cube of ice in the punch bowl, garnish with bits of

orange, candied cherries, slices of banana, or mint leaves, and just before serving add one bottle of charged water.

Dental Hygiene in Childhood.

The relation between sound teeth and sound health is close. Consequently a child's teeth should be looked after most carefully. The old way, common both to parents and to dentists, of ignoring the first teeth of a child because they are temporary, has many unfortunate results.

The child whose first teeth become infected or who loses them prematurely is to be pitied. If he loses them, he may spoil the arch of the mouth, a thing that is most important to facial symmetry. If they become infected, the nerve pulp cannot be kept in perfect condition; and if it is not, irregular permanent teeth may follow.

Young children should be protected from toothache; yet how often it is regarded as something they must expect to bear now and then! Moreover, a child with a septic mouth invites all sorts of communicable disorders. The parent who does not take his young children to the dentist for regular treatment falls in a plain duty. So does the community that does not establish dental clinics for the poorer classes. Bad teeth cause suffering that can and should be prevented, injure health, delay not only physical but mental growth and sow the seeds of troubles that may result in lifelong invalidism. The time to care for a tooth is the moment the first break in the enamel occurs, and only the dentist can know that moment.

Mislead.

As Lynn Mason came swinging down the road under the June maples she seemed the very spirit of summer joy. But she was feeling most unlike the spirit of any joy; she was thoroughly angry. If Lois Grantley could not even send her a post card in seven weeks—after all the letters she had written her—Lynn was through; that was all. She was so angry that she did not want to speak to anyone and pretended not to hear Miss Minty Brook's eager tap on the window. But Miss Minty ran to the door, and her voice made Lynn swing round in spite of herself.

"What is it, Miss Minty?" she asked. "Is Miss Vera worse?"

Miss Minty's faded eyes filled with tears. "Sister's been suffering all night. I telephoned to the doctor, and he sent some medicine up, but when I tried to read the directions I couldn't

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find my glasses. I've been hunting ever since the medicine came. Vera tried to read it, but she couldn't either; and there hasn't a soul passed since the mail carrier."

Lynn patted one of the small bent shoulders with her strong young hand. "Don't you worry, Miss Minty. I'll read you the directions, and then we'll find those glasses."

This time, however, it did seem as if Lynn were going to fail. She looked in all the old places and in every new one that her imagination could suggest. She even hunted in the chicken house. Miss Minty was sure that she had not been out of the house since the carrier came, but then Miss Minty always was sure. Finally, just as she was ready to give up in despair, Lynn had an inspiration. She ran down to the mail box and opened it. And there she found the glasses.

"Well, that's a new place!" Miss Minty exclaimed. "I wonder what I'll do with them next. Seems queer to think that they're always just the same, that it's only me that's mislaid them and upset everything. I surely am obliged to you, Lynn."

Lynn went on down the hill, smiling over Miss Minty. Suddenly she stopped short. "I wonder!" she said aloud. She sat down on a stone wall to think it out. Was that the way it was with real things sometimes, intangible things like ideas and ambitions and friendships? Was her friendship with Lois Grantley only—mislaid? Down in her heart Lynn knew that Lois was not the one to change. What kind of friend was she to "get mad" even if her letters had been unanswered for weeks? There must be some reason. She would write again and keep on writing until she found the old Lois "in the mail box."

A radio station has been proposed for Greenland which would bring it into contact with the outside world during the winter months. It is estimated that such a station for direct communication with Copenhagen, Denmark, would cost about \$2,000,000, and for intercommunication with Iceland and Canada, about \$250,000.

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On a Bamboo Bridge.

An American tells of crossing the Teesta River, in the Himalayan region, on a rickety bamboo bridge.

The bridge, always dangerous, was at that time a more ragged skeleton of itself, and to make matters worse was slippery with green slime. Such bridges are usually rebuilt once in two years, but this one had evidently not been touched for much longer than that. On this narrow, tottering structure, open at the sides, the American had to cross over the turbulent, rapid river, 300 feet wide and seventy feet below the bridge.

The instant one steps on such bridges they recoil from him and swing and shake in an alarming way, rolling from side to side and pitching like a ship in a storm. They swoop with a sudden jerk every time one lifts his foot; not only sideways and lengthwise, but downward and forward, as one's weight depresses the bridge. This goes on until one passes the middle of the bridge, after which the swiftest of runners kicks up behind one as he ascends.

Now, this American got on fairly well as long as he could see the bamboo rod on which he had to walk, although the open sides heightened the sense of insecurity. But away from the bank, if one looks down to see where to place his foot, the rush of leaping water in the torrent below gives him the dizzy sensation that both he and the bridge are running swiftly up stream.

Yet one must keep his eye upon the single bamboo overhanging the abyss and find a shaky footing upon it, since to miss it means certain death.

The American was a quarter of the way over, perhaps, when he stepped from one bamboo to the next it tilted up and he could see most of those in front were lying loose and disjointed in their valleys. They had been broken away by the passing of persons who had preceded him. He could not swing round to go back; forward was his only course.

He went on with long strides to get a foothold on this shivering, swinging line of "bamboo bridges." After each step he had to half close his eyes to counteract the dizzy feeling of the upward rush of the bridge. It was a creepy, ghastly process. A false step meant death in the raging gulf below. After what seemed an age he reached the opposite bank.

A Spool of Warp.

When I was a child I went one day to the weaver's house with rugs that my mother had saved for a carpet. Once there I lingered a while to watch the weaver at his work.

On a shelf at one side of the room were spools of colored string, which he told me were spools of warp. One spool I especially admired. It was a deep red, and the last thing I saw as I turned from the door was that spool standing there on the shelf.

A week later, when the carpet was done, I went back to the weaver's house. Mindful of the pretty spool of warp, I glanced toward the shelf. The spool was gone. When I asked the weaver about it he smiled and pointed to the end of a red cord in the fringe of the carpet.

After I had reached home with the carpet, we spread it out on the door. "Look at that deep red thread running through it!" exclaimed mother. "It is just the touch needed to set it off. I should never have imagined that a little bit of red could make such a difference."

When I told mother of the spool of red warp at the weaver's and assured her that the thread in the carpet came from the spool she traced the thread as it twined in and out, and said, "Do you remember the thought I was trying to impress on you children last Sunday? The value of a life depends not on what it is by itself, but on its filling its proper place in God's plan. The spool of warp, beautiful in color though it was, would never have amounted to anything so long as it stood on the shelf. But here the carpet made it a wonderful difference it makes."

Our lives will never amount to anything if we live them selfishly. But if we give ourselves to God, who is the great Weaver in the world, He will fit us into a place in the universe, and we shall serve a noble purpose, even though our lives are but cords running through the pattern of the Kingdom.

Who Stole the Pig?

The prisoner was charged with pig stealing. There was only one witness for the prosecution, to whom the prisoner had admitted the offence.

The witness was Paddy Murphy. He was called to the witness-box to give his evidence.

"What I want you to tell is the exact words used by the prisoner when you saw him," said the Judge, addressing the witness.

Paddy—"He said, my lord, that he stole the pig."

Judge—"No, no, he would not have used the third person."

Paddy—"But, my lord, there was no third person."

Judge—"Then he must have said, I stole the pig."

Paddy—"Begorra, and maybe you did, but he didn't split on you!"

Very Good Reason.

"This isn't a very good picture of your little baby brother, is it?" said the visitor.

"No, ma'am," replied little five-year-old Alice. "But, then, he ain't a very good baby."