

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

P. DAVID WHITELAW.

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CHAPTER V.—(Contd.)  
The man of the people did not take his eyes from his tormentor. On the gray face the perspiration stood out in little globules. He struggled with his bonds and made as though to cry out. But the wind took the grasping man who flattered from his white lips and forced with it and whirled it out over the fields. Remy drew a pistol from his pocket and cocked it.

He said no more after this, but sat and listened for a gust of wind of sufficient sound to deafen the coming feet. Jacques in his turn listened also. They could hear it away up the road, whistling through the little wood that lay on the hillside. Nearer it came, flowing through the fantastic shapes of the fruit trees and scattering the blossoms like snow.

Then it was upon them—passed and went sobbing away over the plains. The grass at the spot in the orchard where the execution took place grew high, and a heap of straw manure stood near by. As Remy returned to the inn the moon coming from behind a bank of cloud shone on an apple tree, ripened with red apples. The trunk from which the branches sprang out their twisted arms was hoary with age and riddled with gray green lichens. Near the ground there was a darker patch, showing with a sinister egg-like figure.

The clerk, who stood by Robert Baxenter's desk in the green-curtained private office, gave a little cough behind the sheet of papers he held in his hand.

"Mr. Hubert, sir, likes to feel free when he goes away—wanderlust, I think, they call it."

"Wanderlust—grandmother! I know all about that. But this time I can't understand it at all. That affair of the Mackintosh Trust must be decided this week, and here's a letter from Captain Freemantle, saying he is calling today about the mortgage on Pricely Manor. To tell the truth, I've never looked closely into that Mackintosh affair, and it's not like Mr. Hubert to leave things to the junior partner in this way. It rather puts me in a hole."

Robert Baxenter paused a moment, his brows puckered in annoyance, then:

"What hotel are you sending his letters to, Cantle?"

"As usual, Mr. Baxenter, the 'Maurice.' If he leaves Paris he always tells the manager where to send on to."

"Then I think it would be as well if you were to send a reply-paid wire to the manager. Just ask if Mr. Baxenter arrived on the 15th, as he intended. I don't know what it is, Cantle, but I have the feeling as though something were wrong. Send the wire now, will you? We can go through the letters afterward."

The old clerk placed his sheaf of papers on the edge of the solicitor's desk and went back to the main office. Edward Cantle had entered the firm of Baxenter in the late sixties and was now as much part and parcel of the establishment as the brass plate on the door, the keeping bright of which had been his early care. Slightly bent and with white hair and small side-whiskers, he looked all of the sixty-one years to which he laid claim.

The principals of the firm had time and time again thought of pensioning off the old fellow, but at the least suggestion of such a calamity the keen brown eyes, which seemed so strange out of place between the shaggy white brows, would flash in defiance, and so it was more than probable that Edward Cantle would live to his last day among the dusty ledgers and japanned deed-boxes of the solicitor's office.

He took a sheaf of forms from his desk and sent out the telegram to the hotel in Paris; then, ascertaining from Mr. Robert that there was nothing among the letters to need his immediate attention, he took down his overcoat, then his silk hat, from the peg beside the door, brushed it tenderly upon his sleeve, and passed out into the teeming life of the Strand. He dispatched the message himself from the office at the top of Arundel street and turned his steps again toward the Baxenter premises.

He had gone but a few steps when he pulled up short and turned to a little man who had touched him on the arm. The man was respectfully dressed, and his keen, intelligent face showed signs of nervous excitement and strain.

"Why—Jowett?"

"Oh, Mr. Cantle, I'm so glad I met you. Mr. Baxenter—Mr. Hubert, I mean—he is in—can I see him—has he been here—had—"

Cantle took the man's arm and led him slowly down one of the quiet streets that run steep down to the Embankment.

"Now, Jowett—one question at a time. What is this mystery about Mr. Hubert—what do you know?"

"I only know, Mr. Cantle, that I was to return to meet my master at Mortimer Terrace yesterday. I went there—and again to-day. Perhaps you'll laugh at me, sir, but the house somehow looked—oh, I can't say how—only it looked deadly."

Cantle turned on him sharply.

"Don't be a fool, Jowett; how can bricks and mortar look deadly? Come, we won't worry Mr. Robert yet; we'll go to Mortimer Terrace together."

The old man, without waiting for an answer, hailed a cab that was crawling up toward the Strand, and within half an hour they drove up at the residence of Mr. Hubert Baxenter. Truly the house looked strangely desolate, with its shrouded windows and the accumulated litter of bills and circulars on the dusty steps.

There are some who suggest that a crime brings in its wake an atmosphere of its own, and that an intan-

gible air of tragedy pervades the scene of murder. If this is so, then No. 9 Mortimer Terrace was surely beneath some evil influence.

Even old Edward Cantle, prosaic as he was, felt it as he pushed open the little iron gate and made his way up the gravel path. It seemed to him that he stood on the threshold of some mystery and that discoveries and happenings were in the air. He looked at Jowett and saw that the valet's face was chalky and drawn into tense lines around the mouth and eyes.

The old man gave a little cough to steady his voice.

"Have you a key, Jowett?"

"No, Mr. Cantle. Mr. Hubert was to have arrived at Charing Cross yesterday morning very early—about five, I think. He would come home here and I was to meet him at nine o'clock."

The old clerk regarded the house intently, rubbing a nervous hand over his shaven chin.

"There is a window, perhaps?"

For answer the valet turned and led the way round to the back of the house, taking a little winding path half hidden by evergreens. He stopped at a square window which gave light to the kitchen—a room which, although scarcely a basement, had its floor a foot or so beneath the level of the garden.

Jowett gave a look at his companion and began to work at the latch with a penknife. In a few minutes the sash was raised and the two men stood together upon the floor of the little scullery which adjoined the kitchen.

If an air of horror had been manifest on the outside of the house, it was more apparent still in the interior. For some reason which he would have found difficulty in explaining, Edward Cantle walked on tiptoe, crossing to where the stairs showed dimly.

It was deadly silent, and as the men entered the dining room the scene of desolation and stillness was marked indeed. All was as it had been left a week ago. The cards lay scattered over the table, and a few had fallen on the carpet; the chairs seemed as though they might have just been pushed back when the players had risen from their game. The clock on the mantelpiece had stopped at twenty minutes to ten, and the air was foul with the stale odor of spirits and tobacco smoke. Over everything was a thin layer of dust.

(To be continued.)

**Ruins of Babylon.**

The ruins of Babylon are the dearest of all dead things in the wastes of Mesopotamia. They are located about 100 miles south of Baghdad, and scattered over a wide stretch of territory. Incidentally, it might be remarked that German archaeologists were the last excavators here. They came with a force of about 200 workmen—engaged for several years—who remained until the summer of 1914, when apparently they went on strike and never returned.

The greater part of the city which has recently been brought to light belongs to the comparatively modern period of Nebuchadnezzar, about 600 B.C. But traces of the first Babylonian kings (2500 B.C.) are left in the ruins, and a few of about 200 workmen—engaged for several years—who remained until the summer of 1914, when apparently they went on strike and never returned.

The city, when built by Nebuchadnezzar, formed one of the greatest and most magnificent of the world has ever seen. Ancient historians can find no words to describe the grandeur of the palaces, the splendid edifices, large gardens and pleasure grounds, especially the hanging gardens, a sort of lofty terraced structure supporting earth enough to grow trees.

**Earliest Almanacs.**

One of the earliest almanacs was the egiptian, in use both in England and Denmark. This almanac was a square stick or box eight inches long and made either to be hung in the parlor or to be used as a cane.

Each corner and side represented three months. The holidays were marked with symbols of the saint or occasion which they were designated to celebrate. Christmas was indicated with a horn, and November 23 was pictured as a pot of ale because that day was St. Clement's Day, on which custom decreed that the poor should go about begging for ale to make merry with.

The first written calendars were made by the Greeks of Alexandria in 150 A.D. Perhaps the oldest almanacs known are those of Solomon Jarchus, published in 1150. A manuscript copy of the almanac of Petrus de Dacia, published in 1300, is preserved at Oxford. Almanacs became prevalent during the fifteenth century.

The first almanac to be printed in Europe was the *Kalendarium Noyum*, the author being Rigomontanus. The almanac was issued three years, 1476, 1484 and 1513; was sold for ten crowns gold, and circulated throughout Hungary, Germany, Italy, France and England.

England's first calendar was the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, which, translated from the French, was printed in 1497. Each month started with an appropriate poem.

Brazil is to have an irrigation reservoir 100 miles long with an average width of between five and six miles.

For the first time in history, not a single gold coin was struck at the French Mint in 1920.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

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## Woman's Interests

Teach "Safety First" To Save the Children.

For several years past, the subject of health has been treated more and more extensively in our public schools. There have been daily health talks; understood by large and small pupils alike; and the importance of fresh air, pure water, wholesome food, and cleanliness of person has been thoroughly drilled into thousands of children. In a few instances, health charts are provided for each child, and on these, by means of colored squares, he can keep a record of the accomplishment of numerous and necessary "health chores" essential to good health.

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Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

You can disinfect drains and should, regularly—with a solution of two ounces of chloride of lime to a gallon of water. And chloride of lime should be frequently shaken in the bathroom and first-floor toilet.

A dish of cream into which ground black pepper and sugar have been shaken will kill flies and have none of the danger of the usual poison solutions.

**The Backyard Ship.**  
The Backyard Ship has goodly masts. It doubtless is a clipper. And every wave it braves the blasts With Mandy Jane for skipper.

With churning sails upon its trail 'Tis always booked for Monday; It spreads much canvas to the gale, Enough to drive to Funday.

Yet while it starts its countless trips As every boat should hanker, More prudent than the other ships, It never weighs its anchor.

**Tested Recipes.**  
Popcorn and Nut Crisp—1 cup sugar, 1-3 cup corn syrup, 1/2 cup water, 1/4 cup dark molasses, 2 teaspoons butter, 3 quarts popcorn, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup shelled peanuts. Cook the sugar, corn syrup, and water until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then add the butter and salt, stirring constantly. When the mixture becomes very brittle in cold water, pour it over the popcorn and peanuts, stirring constantly, so all the corn and nuts will be coated. Spread out on a buttered platter, so it can be broken apart when cool.

Tapica Ice—1 cup instant tapioca, 2 cups cold water, 1 cup honey, 1 egg white, 2 cups shredded pineapple. Cook tapioca five minutes in cold water; then add honey, and cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Pour over the pineapple and stir well, adding the white of an egg, beaten stiffly. Pour into dessert glasses, and serve very cold.

Cookies Disguised—1 bar sweet chocolate (1/2 lb.), 1/4 cup milk, 1 cup cookie crumbs. Cut the chocolate into small pieces, add milk, and melt over the flame. When melted, let it stand until cool. Break any kind of cookies into small pieces, and pour over them the chocolate and milk mixture. Place in the refrigerator or any cool place, and let stand an hour or several hours. Serve as a pudding with plain or whipped cream. Vanilla wafers used in this way are delicious.

Honey Popcorn Balls—2 cups strained honey, 6 cups popped corn. Boil the honey until it becomes very thick;

## Used Autos

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402 Centre Street, Toronto

stir in the freshly popped corn, and mold into balls when cold.

Meringue—2 egg-whites, 4 table-spoons sugar. Beat whites until stiff; add sugar. Pile roughly on top of the tapioca pudding, and brown in a very slow oven.

Uncooked Fruit Cake—1/2 pound nuts, 1/2 pound dates, 1/2 pound figs, 1/2 pound raisins, 1/2 cup shredded coconut, 1/2 pound citron, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon. Put the nuts, dates, figs, and raisins through the food chopper. Add the grated rind of the lemon. Then add the lemon juice, and blend with a wooden spoon. Pack closely into an oiled tin, alternating layers of the fruit and nuts with the coconut and citron, which is cut in long strings. Press down closely, weigh, and leave at least twenty-four hours. Keep in a closed cake box, and slice as needed.

**Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.**  
A leading New York shop has installed an ingenious X-ray outfit which permits its customers to see how their feet fit any pair of shoes.

Ceese's eggs are stated to be the best, from the point of view of nourishment. Hen's eggs come fourth on the list.

The bronze propeller screws first fitted to the *Mauretania* were out, through the action of salt water, in three months.

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To Principals and Teachers,  
Scholars and Parents:—

We will send "Home Inspection Blanks" to the teaching staff throughout Ontario for distribution among their pupils.

As patriotic Canadians your sympathetic co-operation is sought in the important work of conserving the lives and property of our people from destruction by fire.

The inspection is planned to take place throughout the Province during the week of May 2nd. The primary object of this inspection is to draw attention to hazardous conditions in the homes and have the fire menace removed or corrected by the house-holders.

The housing problem makes the protection of dwellings of paramount importance.

**CLEAN UP**  
Prevent fires by removing the cause.

Information and text-books, "Conservation of Life and Property from Fire," "Lightning, its Origin and Control," free on request.

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Toronto

## PUBLISHING THE DAY'S NEWS IN 1950

MOVING PICTURES DESCRIBE LATEST EVENTS.

"All the Winners" and Other Items of Interest Will be on the Screen—Perhaps!

"Jones, you'll have a busy day today. We've got to get in first again. It will mean speeding up a bit, but it's worth it. Here are some specials for the live-theatre real!—without fail, mind you!"

The general manager of the United Film Press hastily pushed a sheaf of papers toward his assistant manager, who pounced upon them, and withdrew after a brief "Good-morning! Very good, sir!"

His trained eye scanned the weird hieroglyphics which, to the uninitiated, were absolutely unintelligible. They were gleanings of the world's news and happenings during the previous twenty-four hours, wirelessly to London from agents at the ends of the earth.

We'll decide a few and read them. The first one runs thus: "Obtained night aerial pictures of volcanic eruption near Honolulu. Prepare to receive same 12 noon, Wednesday, March 15th." The next one: "Sending 1,000 feet of big riot near Peru. 'Vital interest on political question.' And another: "Despatching 2,000 feet of new rush for gold in Alaska."

**Reserved for Special Uses.**  
We have taken but three from many others. These messages were at the same time the bane and the blessing of Jones' life.

First of all, he had to decide where these pictures should be shown. Some were of particular interest to scientists, others had, first, to be shown at the private halls of the "House," and others at those of the Stock Exchange. Again, others were perfectly O.K. for public consumption.

It was a stupendous task, calling for judgment, tact, and speedy decisions. But Jones never faltered; he knew his job. By 10.15 he had ordered the bundle of messages into their rightful compartments, such as "5.30 reel, Public," "5.30 reel, Stock Exchange and Banks," "Late Extra, Parliament," and so on and so forth. This done, he put on his hat and coat, jumped into his waiting car, and was whirled away to the United Film Aerodrome.

Just as he left the car and into the beautiful interior of his car, the limousine, seated "Receiving Station, Falmouth," into the pilot's car, and barred himself in the cushions of an easy-chair.

Half an hour brought him to the receiving station of the Film Press. Scores of tall wireless towers, a network of wires, and a miniature city of clean, low buildings, breathing an atmosphere of orderly activity.

Sent by Wireless.  
Jones proceeded to a long, low building, which possessed no windows, and was carefully screened against rain and wind and noise. Inside was total darkness.

"Are they coming through O.K.?" demanded Jones. The person asked merely nodded his head, and bent to his task. Only a quick, uneven ticking broke the stillness as the pictures slowly slipped from off the wires after their long, long journey. At each tick delicate mechanism, traced weird shapes on a sheet of some highly sensitive substance. Behind this a huge reflector threw the figures on to a wide-sheet which stretched across the dark funnel. In which the operation was taking place.

Many feet away at the end of the funnel a powerful camera transferred the figures on to film. Jones always felt a thrill of pride when he peered into that funnel. He did so then, and quietly withdrew to the next building.

Here the scene was different. Everything was whirling and twisting. It was the duplicating-room. Jones did not stop long, but inspected the packing and despatching buildings.

After a hasty lunch Jones returned by air to London, to look after any stuff which might have arrived from nearby places, such as Paris or Ireland.

**Beaten After All!**  
By five o'clock the situation was tense. Carriages of film arrived by air from everywhere, and cars shipped and whirled away. Jones was cursing Falmouth because they had not managed to include some news from Port Said.

The general manager was swearing that he would cut out all the local agents if they couldn't get a certain item in the stop press reel, and two of the directors were telling each other that they had never met in all their lives such a slow-moving crowd as their staff.

Outside, the home-going crowds loitered to see the news of the day thrown up on to the various licensed boards of the film presses, a truly interesting sight which greatly relieved much of the drabness of the streets, and brought charm and color and excitement to many.

In a group watching the pictures of the United Film Press two small boys were chatting in friendly criticism.

"That's a good 'un, Bert! First aht this evening! I bet, too!"

"Garn! Saw it on the Speedlight Spectuh' art-our ago! Was the other youngster's cousin criticism."

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