

# The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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

**CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)**  
"It was this morning, monsieur, when I paid my visit to the chapel. It is my custom to go there at ten o'clock each morning to see that all is as it should be; for, monsieur, there are many valuable articles on the little altar—a fourteenth-century cross studded with amethysts, and two candlesticks which were once in the possession of Plus the Sixth. You might say in your paper, monsieur, that I, Henri Biblot, have the entire care of these treasures—B-i-b-l-o-t; yes—one 't'."

"This morning everything seemed in its place, and I was about to leave the chapel when I heard a sound beneath my feet—a low, hollow groan, and coming from the ancient tomb of the Dartignys."

"The man paused for the effect of his words; then he tapped his chest impressively."

"I am not a coward, messieurs; I gained the cross at Sedan. But I confess, as I heard this I was afraid. You have not seen the tomb? No? Well, it is covered in with a movable slab, worked by means of a lever concealed in the ironwork of the railings. My fear was only momentary, and in a few minutes I had slid this stone back and peered down into the darkness."

"The floor of the vault, you must know, lies some ten or twelve feet beneath that of the chapel, and at first I was unable to make out anything in the gloom. I took a candle from the altar—the saints forgive me the sacrilege—and managed to lower it a few feet."

"The old man ceased speaking and took a long drink from his tumbler, then he went on:

"The last to be interred in the vault, messieurs, was Armand Raoul de Dartigny, who fell gloriously at the battle of Jemappes. As was the custom, the coffin lay on the raised bier directly beneath the opening, for each Dartigny 'lay there until a movable burial took place, when his remains were put in their niche to make room for the newcomer. To my horror I saw that his coffin was broken, and I could see bones, messieurs, among the splintered wood. Then I saw something else—the shapeless body of a gentleman huddled in a heap on the floor of the vault. Perhaps the light from my candle served to rouse him somewhat, for he moved a little and groaned."

Henri passed a shaking hand across his brow.

"They could do so; personally he had no desire to see, or even hear the name of his late companion now that he knew Baxenter was aware of the truth of his cousin's death. His acquaintance with the man found in the tomb had never benefited Eddie Haverton."

An hour later the three men were sitting in the paneled dining room of the Chateau Chauville. With them, and listening with eager ears to the romantic tale Baxenter was telling, was Monsieur de Barron. The eminent banker being conversant with the English tongue, Robert was better able to make his story clear, and the kindly old eyes of the courteous owner of the chateau glittered as he learned the romance which surrounded his home."

Robert told, as well as he could remember it, the story of the flight of the old aristocrat from the terrors of '93, and of the claims of Stella Benham to the chest he had delivered up to the impostor, to the man who now was lying unconscious in the little chapel."

For, on rescuing Dartin from the tomb, they had made up a deal of sorts for him in one of the old-fashioned spare pews while they sent for a doctor from Bleis, and the medical man had forbidden that the stranger's last hours should be rendered more painful by his removal. The injuries, he said, were caused by some fall, presumably from the coffin on the stone bier. Truly, it seemed that fate had ordained that the last hours of Vivian Benham should be spent in a better place than the rest of his life had been."

Monsieur de Barron had told them of how they had found the sufferer. He had evidently climbed upon the coffin of old Armand Raoul de Dartigny, and the time-worn wood, being unequal to the weight, had given way. It was not very far to fall, and Dartin had sustained injuries to his head which were slight enough. What was more serious, however, was a broken rib, the point of which, the doctor had told Monsieur de Barron, had entered the base of the lung."

In his pockets they had found a quantity of jewelry, and beside him a little heap of jeweled vessels, and a few choice pictures which had been cut from their frames and rolled together to make carrying easier."

The banker, who was by way of being a connoisseur, took the men to his study and showed them his spoils. Among them there was no article that could be less than a hundred and fifty years old, and the vases and some of the jewelry were marked with the Dartigny crest. The pictures, from lack of proper care, were in bad condition, and this, taking into account the great age of some of the canvases, made them unrecognizable. But there were some which were undoubtedly of great value."

Monsieur de Barron looked the treasures away and turned to Baxenter. "I suppose they are as well here as anywhere for the present, Mr. Baxenter, although I may say, here and now, that I lay no claim to what I consider does not belong to me. If, indeed, it seems probable, this poor fellow in the chapel has stumbled upon the Dartigny treasure, then it belongs to a Dartigny and not to me."

of the sacred building Robert felt intuitively that he stood in the presence of death, and in his heart was nothing but pity for the debonaire rogue who lay there, conquered at last."

His head, swathed in stained bandages, lay back on a pillow in the angle of the pew, and he rolled the eyes which looked so large in the white face, restlessly from side to side. There was something ghostly in all the whiteness against the black oak paneling."

The eyes came to a standstill at last, resting on the figure of the man whom fate had made his enemy, and a tired smile curved for a moment the pale lips. When he spoke it was slowly and with difficulty, so that the solicitor had to bend over to catch his words:

"So, my dear Robert, we meet a little sooner than I expected. I—I'm afraid I've made rather a mess of things."

He waited, but Robert did not raise his head.

"I—I'm glad you've come, Baxenter—what I told you of your cousin's death was truth—God's truth! I've been through and through, but I've never killed a man intentionally. I had only intended to take back my money. How differently we look at things now, don't you? When we are dying; what a hideous tangle it seems when we have come to the end and look back!"

Dartin's voice became weaker as the doctor moistened his lips from a tumbler. After a few moments he went on:

"I chanced upon the parchment in my search for the money—you can guess the rest. It was a good game while it lasted. Why?—that standing behind you—there, in the shadow?"

"That's Monsieur de Barron, Dartin, the owner of—"

"Oh!—yes—I know. I owe monsieur an apology. This is not the first time I have visited his chateau. Feel round my neck, Baxenter, will you—here, beneath the shirt. I—"

The sufferer closed his eyes, and Robert, as he felt, shuddered at the cold clamminess of his chest. The doctor bent forward to assist, and, by a silken ribbon, the man drew out a wash-leather bag. Robert put it in his pocket without a second glance and stood looking down at the pallid face. The eyes remained closed, and he turned to leave the chapel. Then he heard his name again whispered and he bent again over the pillow."

"You—believe—the accident?" Robert fumbled for the solicitor's hand. "Forgive me," Robert pressed the fingers that had found and tightened round his. It was better than words. At the door of the chapel he turned again. He never forgot the scene. Two candles had been lit, and in their tall candlesticks burnt steadily and tall a candlestick of light around the pew in which the dying man lay and touched into points of radiance the communion service on the altar. The fading light of day filled the chapel with an elusive sheen, through which the statues and carvings loomed in strange shapes."

(To be concluded.)

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## Woman's Interests

### College Girls' Clothes Requirements.

If the college girl is decked with the needie she can make very charming clothes for the same price that she would pay for ready-made ones, less distinctive and of poorer quality materials."

Many farm girls have to figure penies rather closely when in college, so as to make the best appearance possible with a minimum expenditure. In choosing clothes, the style should be conservative, never extreme, so that the garment will stay in style and save making over too soon. The material should be good, and such that it will remain good style, for instance, a blue serge would be a much better investment than a novelty material in a bright color. Needless to say, the material needs to be durable. In order to know that you are getting what you pay for, it is advisable to take a sample and make the household test to see if the material is cotton, wool or silk or mixtures. To see if a sample is all wool, boil five minutes in a rather strong solution of household lye. Wool dissolves, and if any of the sample is left the sample was not all wool."

First of all, the college girl needs school clothes, simple, easy to get into, and good looking. For early fall, a skirt and light weight sweater or jersey coat is good. If the skirt is to be pleated, the material may be hemmed at top and bottom, then sent away to be pleated, and when it comes back, the seam and the belt should be made. With this outfit, separate blouses are worn. These are made of linen, dimity or a thin material, or crepe de chine. They are of the tailored type, with tucks, tiny pleated ruffles, or a rolling large collar of pique."

A serge dress is, of course, a necessity for school wear. It may be worn early in the fall, then later with a heavy coat. It is advisable to have two serge dresses, one probably a made-over, and the other a new one. These must be easy to press, and perhaps even to wash out in wool soap or soap bark on Saturday. A little white collar adds a touch of light color and variety, but frills, tassels or anything elaborate would be foolishness."

A fall suit is needed, and this should be bought ready-made, unless one is proficient in tailoring. Blue tricotine or serge is the standard conservative suit which will be good for one year after another, but other colors or materials might be substituted for it. A semi-tailored suit is most generally preferred, and has the advantage of being suitable for best wear the first year, and class-room wear the second year. With this should be bought a close-fitting hat which will also do for wear with a winter coat later. A blouse of a rather dressy type should be made to wear with this suit. Since I am short I have found that a blouse the same color as the suit is most becoming. This would not be true of a tall person, yet I have always disliked

seeing a person cut in two with a tight waist and a dark skirt. Georgette is an appropriate material for the blouse, or else crepe de chine."

A girl needs a dark silk dress for informal afternoon occasions and for church. This may be of satin, crepe de chine or taffeta in a dark color, made rather simply. One might as well make this dress as to buy it, for it is easy to copy clever ideas from ready-mades. It may be that one needs an afternoon dress which is more elaborate, with lace and georgette. If you are not sure that you will have occasions demanding this dress, do not buy it, for it is foolish to spend money for anything unnecessary. When I was in college, I had a dress of navy blue georgette which answered this purpose."

An evening dress is easy to make at home. For instance, it might be made of peach colored satin (or any color which is becoming), with the waist of the same colored silk net, with pieces of the satin across the shoulders, drawn in slightly at the waist with tiny half circles of blue and pink French flowers, and with two little pieces of silver ribbon over the silk net, drawing in the waist line. For the college girl, the dress should be girlish, simple and charming, the charm lying in the pretty dainty materials made up in a becoming way. Extreme décollete is not good taste. Needless to say, a last summer's voile will not do for a dance unless the dance is unusually informal. To wear over the evening dress a coat might be made of a heavy jersey-like silk, so that this coat could be later made into a dress."

A heavy winter coat needs to be warm and serviceable, probably for wear every day and for "best," too, since a winter coat means quite an investment, and should be worn while it is in style, rather than having two coats at the same time."

For starting in to college in the fall, you will need a pair of black or brown oxfords, broad, with rubber-tipped heels, so as to insure comfortable feet while walking over the campus, a pair of boots of the same kind, a pair of dress shoes to wear with the silk dress for church wear, possibly a pair of black slippers to wear with the same dress, and a pair of slippers to wear with the evening dress, not to mention bedroom slippers and overshoes."

It is wise to have one's wardrobe rather complete, and in good repair to start in the season, since it is easy to make one's clothes during the summer at home. Underwear should be plain, easily laundered and plainly marked with the owner's name, with a name tag sewed on, if it is to go to the laundry."

Seasonable Recipes.  
Pear Honey—For this use hard pears which would not be so nice in preserves or canned. For every dozen pears allow three pounds of sugar and three cups of water. Pare and core fruit and put through meat grinder,

using coarse knife. Cover with water and cook for ten minutes, then add sugar and cook forty-five minutes longer. Seal in jars. Quince honey may be made the same way."

Ginger Pears—This is another way to use hard pears. For every eight pounds of fruit, before peeling, allow six pounds of sugar, three lemons, one pound of candied ginger, and one-fourth pound ginger root. Chop pears fine. Put one quart of water, juice of lemons, lemon peel cut fine, in preserving kettle, and bring to the boiling point. Then add pears, candied ginger chopped fine and ginger root, chopped fine and tied in bag. Cook slowly until pears are tender."

Apple Butter from Windfalls—Measure the apples, wash and slice into small pieces, add four gallons of water for each bushel of apples. Boil until fruit is soft; rub through screen or sieve. To the pulp from each bushel of apples add two gallons of boiled cider. Bring to a boil, add twelve pounds of sugar. Cook until proper consistency. Add spice to taste. When butter is as thick as desired pour it at once into hot jars and seal immediately."

### A Creed.

Say to yourself every day, and mean it with all your heart:

I will become more than I am. I will achieve more and more every day because I know that I can. I will recognize only that which is good in myself—only that which is good in others; only that in all things and places that I know should live and grow. When adversity threatens I will be more determined than ever in my life to prove that I can turn all things to good account. When those whom I have trusted seem to fail me, I will have a thousand times more faith in the honor and nobleness of man. I will think only of that which has virtue and worth. I will wish only for that which can give freedom and truth. I will expect only that which can add to the welfare of the race. I will live to live more. I will speak to give encouragement, inspiration and joy. I will work to be of service to an ever-increasing number. And in every thought, word and action may ruling desire shall be to enrich, ennoble and beautify existence for all who come my way."

### Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

### Sweetest Things of Earth.

What are the sweetest things of earth? Lips that can praise a rival's worth; A fragrant rose that hides a thorn; Riches of gold untouched by scorn; A happy little child asleep; Eyes that can smile, though they may weep; A brother's cheer, a father's praise; The minstrelsy of summer days; A heart where never anger burns; A gift that looks for no returns; Wrongs overthrown; paths swift release; Dark footsteps guided into peace; The light of love in lover's eyes; Age that is young as well as wise; An honest hand that needs no ward; A life with right in true accord; A hop-bud waxing into joy; A happiness without alloy; A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth— These are the sweetest things of earth. —Emma L. Dowd.

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### Bits of Canadian News.

A delegation representing the Canadian Land Owners' Association, of England, are touring British Columbia making a thorough survey of conditions both of the cities and of the vast area of unsettled land in Central British Columbia, and studying the colonizing organization which has been built up in the province to co-operate with their efforts in the old country towards inducing the best type of agricultural settlers to take up land there."

Final agreement has been reached between the Manitoba and Ontario provincial governments for the connecting of the two provinces by a national highway. Construction of the Ontario end of the road from Kenora to the Manitoba boundary is now in progress, and is expected to be completed this year. Approximately sixty miles of new highway will have to be constructed in Manitoba to connect with the Ontario end of the road."

Ninety-five dollars an acre was paid by a Saskatchewan man for a quarter-section of land in the Taber Irrigation district, Alberta. This district first received water for irrigation this spring and some remarkably good crops are being harvested on irrigated lands this season. The purchaser considers he has made a very satisfactory bargain in getting this quarter section at the price named. A feature of the farm is a fine melon patch."

Fall rye will be sown on 1,500,000 acres of land for the 1922 crop in the dry sections of Southern Alberta and South-west Saskatchewan, if plans under consideration by the Western Canada Colonization Association are carried out. It is estimated that the million and a half acres would produce at least 25,000,000 bushels of rye which should net the growers approximately \$25,000,000."

The commercial production of apples in Canada amounted to 3,404,340 barrels, valued at \$29,549,149, in 1920, as compared with 3,334,669 barrels, of the value of \$24,596,210 in 1919, according to a report issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The totals of 1920 include sales for export amounting to 1,127,400 barrels of the whole-sale value of par at exchange of \$12.470.444. The province of Nova Scotia exported almost two-thirds of its total crop of 1920 at an average wholesale price of \$10.50 a barrel."

Seventy thousand tons of ship plate, required for the construction of a battleship, and other work at a Nova Scotia port, is the equivalent of an order reported received by the Sydney steel mills. Official announcement is expected shortly from the management of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. At present the mills have about fifty completed a Government order for fifty thousand tons of steel rails."

Last season H. S. Osler, of Lake Seabrook, Ontario, trapped two hundred ducks and banded them. Most of them were black ducks, but in the bunch were a few blue-winged teal. Many of the birds were killed near him, but bands and reports have been received from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Kansas, Louisiana and Texas, while one of the blue-winged teal was killed near Port of Spain, in the island of Trinidad, more than 2,500 miles from the place where they were banded."

According to "The Canadian Manufacturer," a new Canadian industry in the form of cold drawn steel is now being manufactured by the Canadian Drawn Steel Company, Limited, at their plant at Hamilton, Ont. The company will manufacture large flats up to four inches wide and two inches thick. They are also able to make squares and hexagons up to three inches. Heretofore this business has gone to the United States."

### Portuguese Appreciation of Trees.

In many places where timber trees are to be found in Portugal, one sees the following inscription:

"Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken ere you harm me."

"I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on."

"I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie and the timber that builds your boat."

"I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin."

"I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty."

"Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer; harm me not."

**Crows That Sing.**  
The great crow of the North, a bird as large as a raven or a young buzzard, is a talented singer. Most crows have a raucous cry, but this black bird, who appears so often on the totem poles, is a singer. R. P. Bonham tells of his first experience with the great crow of Alaska. A party were ashore looking over an old Indian village when suddenly a golden voice broke forth in melody. The nearest bird to them was a great crow, and in a fastening way Bonham assured his companions that it was this crow that was singing, thinking to have some fun with the party. But to his surprise he was proved a truth-teller, for while they all watched the bird opened his spacious mouth. Instead of the expected "Caw, caw," a rippling flood of song burst forth.

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