

"SALADA" TEA

In remote and distant parts of the world, fine teas are grown—wherever they grow these teas are procured for "SALADA" blends. The best the world produces is sold under the "SALADA" label. Millions know the satisfaction "SALADA" gives.



John Ainsley, Master Thief
Arthur Somers Roche

THE CLUB OF ONE-EYED MEN

BEGIN HERE TODAY

The war left John Ainsley, a man of education, a breeding, and a fine work. He becomes a master crook. To prey upon thieves; that shall be my career," he decides. "For if a thief is robbed, where may he look for redress?"

Ainsley visits the Jardin des Nymphes in Paris with two American acquaintances. A tall, white-haired man is pointed out to him as the White Eagle. The White Eagle, it appears, is a brilliant crook who never has fallen into the clutches of the law. The White Eagle is in the company of a gross, vulgar-looking man and woman. Ainsley suspects that the White Eagle is manipulating a swindle. He finds out the names of the man and woman—then leaves his friends and returns to his apartment.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"But yes, monsieur!" He almost capered with delight. As I have said, my French is feeble. Yet I managed to gather from his excited speech that all the applicants had been admitted to Club membership, that no only were they to dine, but that those members who were to be granted annuities, that the Club was to have an outing upon a river steamer next week, on which occasion detailed plans were to be submitted to the membership by its benefactor.

"Did you meet the patron himself?" I asked.

"M. Armand Cochet? But surely, monsieur. A noble gentleman, white of hair, and with a manner of a prince."

"I think I saw him after then," said I. "A man with a great nose?"

"Monsieur is correct," said the man. "And with an eye like an eagle, and the heart of a dove. Of a truth, a great man."

"But certainly," I agreed.

I congratulated my friend, parted from him with mutual expressions of esteem, and walked toward the river. And the farther I walked, the more incredible it seemed to me that the White Eagle, or M. Armand Cochet, could be engaged in such an astounding philanthropy as that in which I had discovered him this morning. And yet, having against my disbelief, was my knowledge of the impetuous kindnesses of those who live by their wits. Perhaps the White Eagle pacified his conscience by such a typically Gallic charity.

But criminals do not ordinarily invite public attention. Of course, though, I must not forget, that according to my fair conception of last night, the White Eagle had never yet been convicted of crime. Perhaps he did not fear public interest in him.

But it was among the ordinary probabilities that one or more of the applicants attracted by his bizarre advertisement should be of the criminal class. One would expect the White Eagle to be fearful of recognizing by such a one. Still, Higgins can be choosier, and I suppose the White Eagle felt that those in need of charity, for the Club was obviously a charitable affair, would not be inclined to question the source of the revenues which were to be applied to their wants.

But I had given altogether too much of my thought to the White Eagle and his affair. I confessed myself, finally, leader. I could neither understand what could be the relation between the supercrook and the millionaire, nor why the White Eagle should institute a philanthropy. I vowed that I would think no more of the matter. If in the dealings between Higgins and the white-haired man, there was any opportunity for me, I would forego it. I would not drive myself to distraction by futile speculation. Nor would I be ashamed of my inability to strip the disguise from the figure of Opportunity. I would await her



"Get the pearl?" he whispered.

next passing, hoping that she would be more easy to recognize than.

Even though one has lived a furnished apartment, and has rented in it only a few months, one finds that little by little one has acquired a considerable quantity of possessions. I was sailing in two days; I could not afford to be willfully extravagant; so I spent the rest of this day in dealings with secondhand merchants, reeking a few thousand francs. The next day I spent in packing and shipping my trunks and in purchasing some necessities for the trip. And the next morning, promptly at nine o'clock, I passed through the train gates at the Gare du Nord, and entered a first-class carriage.

Having seen to it that my bags were safely deposited in a corner of the carriage, I walked to the platform to watch the rest of the travelers. I strolled as far as the train gates, puffing at a cigaret. I was about to turn back when I saw, accompanied by a maid, a violet and an obese-looking young woman who was unquestionably the millionaire's secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins.

I had not examined the passenger list, and so was surprised at their arrival. But beyond a natural interest at the coincidence, I should have

age. Then, as Mr. and Mrs. Higgins passed through the wide doors, we all three gazed after them.

Higgins was worthy of note. His white waistcoat was fastened with emerald buttons; he wore a solitaire diamond on one hand that must have weighed a dozen carats and was worth a fortune. A solid rope of diamonds hung from his watch pocket, supporting a ruby fob.

His vulgarities had formed the basis of his conversation during the trip, but this ostentation, in excessively bad taste, outdid anything else. But he was diffident as compared with his wife.

It was not alone that her gown was cut so low that one blushed with vicarious shame, wondering that so ill-formed a woman should care to expose her maddish flesh. It was not that her jewels were so expensive; even; it was that she wore such an unbelievable number of them. She seemed plastered with precious stones, until one forgot how low her dress was cut. I had read of her jewels, but had assumed that she was a millionaire's wife, and not a thief.

Writers had been guilty of the usual Sunday supplement exaggeration. Now I knew that they had been restrained.

And one jewel, a pearl hanging from a chain until it rested like a round white grape upon her bosom, held my fascinated eyes. It drew my concentrated attention, too, for one of them, broken by name, mentioned it.

"Get the pearl!" I whispered.

"Got any idea what that thing's worth?"

"I shirk my head. 'I know,' he said. 'I was in Mareta's on the Rue de la Paix the day they bought it. Me,' he chuckled, 'buying a thousand-franc brooch to take home to a Missus, and thinking what a hit I'd make with her! And in comes Higgins and his wife, and the top of his lungs old Josiah declares that he's come for the Ranees's Pearl, and that he's brought his check for a million francs with him. Believe me, friends, I almost died with shame to think I'd been haggling over my little brooch. I paid what they asked, and sneaked out. One million francs, and no matter what the exchange is, that's money!"

(To be continued.)

Like Fish in Pond, Cat on Land, Is Neither Eldorado, Kan.—A real curiosity is being displayed here in the business district. A queer creature about one foot long, which was found in a pond near here, appears to be half fish and half animal. The creature's body is that of a fish, having gills, head and tail like a channel cat. Large bunches of tentacles are back of each gill. It has four strong legs with feet similar to a frog's. It moves freely, like a lizard, when on the ground. When in the water occasionally it swims to the top, catching flies and snapping like a dog.

Manitoba's Natural Resources

Manitoba Free Press (14b.): (It is widely rumored in the West that certain interests have been delaying the return of Manitoba's natural resources in the hope that the settlement could be used for bargaining on matters having nothing to do with the return of lands, mines and fisheries.) To clear the air, it might as well be stated frankly that the people of Manitoba do not concede, nor are they likely to concede, that the return of the natural resources has anything to do with the educational affairs of Manitoba. These affairs the people of Manitoba are going to handle for themselves. That issue, so far as it has to do with the idea of any outside control or pressure, has been settled in Manitoba, and anyone who presses for the re-opening of this particular phase is likely to find more thorns than roses across the whole prairie country.



Gabby Gertie

"When one asks the maid to stir anything brisky, she is apt to beat it brusquely."

The Customs House officer sat in the parlor of his snug home, awaiting the important event that was denly a nurse burst into the room bearing in her arms a small bundle. "It's a boy," she said, "and everything has gone splendidly. 'Oh, how splendid!' replied the officer, absent-mindedly. Then in stern tones he addressed the bundle: "Have you any wines, spirits, perfumes, tobacco, silk, oranges, glasses, watches—?"

Little more aviation and we'll have to start zoning the ozone.

Man was sentenced to labor for life, that undisputed. The rich are those who have had their sentences commuted.

Of course we will know more about the virtues of this new marriage idea when we see how many golden wedding are celebrated on the companion basis.

The French Senate has rejected a plan to consent women in time of war. Anybody who has ever tried to conscript a woman will understand why.

AIR PLANES ARE TRICKY AND ACT AS IF "POSSESSED"

Odd Mishaps to Pilots in Which the Elements of Comedy and Tragedy, Mingled

Two recent airplane accidents, one in the South Atlantic, and one in the North Atlantic, have been the subject of a number of queer mishaps that have occurred in the short history of aviation, especially during the war period. Many of these have never been explained; some were tragic and others provided a comic relief from the monotony of training embryo aviators or from the nervous tension of flying in wartime.

When Lieutenant R. H. Hicken's plane took off on its own accord from Mitchell Field airport recently it was not the first time that such an event has taken place. Several years ago a pilot landed on a flying field in England to visit a friend. Taxing up to the hangars, he jumped out and left his engine running, intending to return almost immediately. This was a double infraction of the regulations. In the first place, he should not have left his engine running and, in the second instance, he should not have left the control lever unattended, which he did.

What happened, apparently, was that a sudden puff of wind got under the starboard ailerons, forcing the control stick over to one side, thus sharply striking the throttle lever, which was fixed to the side of the fuselage. The next instant the plane, engine full on, was careering madly down the field. Being stable, it rose from its own accord and was seen from a mile away, a complete crash.

The cause of a similar accident in much more mysterious. A line of seven or eight heavy bombers of the pusher type were being loaded on an aerodrome in France, preparatory to a raid. At one side of the line another machine was being wheeled out of the hangar. For some reason or other it was left facing the end of the line of planes, about 100 yards further along the field. A mechanic, so he said afterward, thought the switch was on and promptly threw it out. It appeared that the switch on this particular machine was upside down, and the mechanic, instead of moving it out, threw it in, but the moment he did so the engine started up in some mysterious way, carrying the plane straight for the line of bombers. With almost meticulous precision the bottom port plane caught each of the rudders of the waiting machines, causing them to fall heavily backward upon their tail booms.

PAINTS IN AIR

Lady Heath's recent experience in fainting in the air from an attack of sunstroke and yet landing safely but unconscious on the African veldt was one that had several parallels in wartime aviation. In the early part of the war some British pilots saw a British plane coming away from the lines in a long, steady glide. It passed low directly over an aerodrome, and yet the pilot made no attempt to circle and land. Suspicious that the German had got hold of a British machine and was attempting a landing on their side of the lines, the officers in question seized a tender that happened to be at hand and dove off at high speed in the direction in which the plane had disappeared.

Ten minutes later they came across the machine in the middle of a large field, its propeller stopped, and the pilot and observer still sitting in their respective cockpits. The officers, stopping the tender, shouted to them, but there was no response. Still thoroughly suspicious, they approached the silent machine—both pilot and observer were stone dead. Closer investigation showed that the observer had been shot and instantly killed, while the pilot, mortally wounded, had had presence of mind before he lost consciousness to head his plane home and switch off the engine. He probably had died on the way down.

Perhaps one of the queerest accidents that ever happened occurred

when a certain young pilot took off at night on a heavy bomber for a routine mission. The machine, instead of rising from the ground toward the end of the flare path, ran straight through it, off the flying field proper on to a soft field at the end, where it gradually slowed down and finally turned on its nose in an easy, gentle motion, at least so it appeared in the uncertain light of dusk. When the machine was reached a minute or so later it was found that the observer had been thrown head first into a mudhole, and was in the comical process of erasing the mud from his face when the rescuers arrived. The pilot, however, was dead with a broken neck, and yet the plane was not in the least damaged and was flown that very night across the lines.

FLEW IN KITS.

More humorous was the case of a pilot who was known as the "Mad Highlander," partly because he always flew in kilts and partly because he was intrepid to the point of idiocy. One day, having flown for about ten hours all told, he took up an Avro in a spin and spun down from that height straight into the ground. The engine was buried nearly three feet deep, while the fuselage and wings were reduced almost to splinters. The pilot, however, emerged, complaining loudly that he had cut his knee!

Still funnier was the case of a certain squadron commander who never flew except twice a year to qualify for his flying pay. No one, so far as is known, ever encouraged him to go up for when he did he invariably crashed. On one occasion he discovered that he must immediately or forfeit a not inconsiderable part of his income. A nominal owner wheeled out for him, the machine was being refueled. The wind was blowing across some greenhouses to one side of the field, and there was a man present who did not feel exactly what form the inevitable disaster would take—so much so, indeed, that the flight commander sent some mechanics to the edge of the field nearest the glass houses.

The gallant major walked brazenly out of his office, clad like an Eskimo, though it was a warm summer day. "Nominal Owner" shook his head sadly, threw a parting kiss to his cherishing friend and walked hastily away in the direction of the officers' mess. Before taking off the major instructed a mechanic to note his time in the air with a stop watch—it was only necessary for him to fly twice a year; the regulations were delightfully vague concerning the length of each flight.

Finally the chucks were taken away and the wheels and the major rushed out of the field, the plane swaying to port and starboard like an angry cat's tail. Up he went—straight into the greenhouses. The plane, as usual, was almost a complete write-off, but the major, cheerful as ever, was also a mechanic with the stop watch to yell at. "Did you get the time?" "Yes, sir," responded the mechanic, dryly, "forty-five seconds." "Good!" said the major. (N.Y. Times.)

Cost Much Money To Replace Barn

Destruction of Building by Fire is Big Loss to Owner To-day

"I went around to inspect some of our risks the other day and found a barn which would cost \$4,000 to replace with an old shingle roof in very bad shape," Harry Cooper, secretary of the National Association of Mutual Fire Companies in Indiana, said at the annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Fire Underwriters Association in Toronto the other day. "I asked this man what insurance he carried and he said \$1,500. He did not seem very keen on putting on a new fire proof roof until I told him that the insurance company could better be able to afford paying him the \$1,500 in case of fire than he could put up the other \$2,500 which would be necessary to replace the building. He saw the point then and ordered a new roof."

Mr. Hooper urged that all farmers should keep their buildings in a good state of repair with non-combustible roofs and lightning rods installed. "It costs money to replace buildings nowadays," he stated. "More money by a good deal than most farmers can afford." A delegate pointed out that many farms valued at \$15,000 had buildings which could not be replaced at modern construction costs for less than two-thirds of the value of the whole farm. He also urged more care in protecting these structures and advocated frequent inspection on the part of the insurance companies by experts who would point out excessive risks and suggest remedies.

Witticisms are the last things one expects to find in dictionaries. But there is a decided levity about a modern standard work's definition of a serpent as "an enormous marine animal of serpent-like form, frequently seen and described by credulous sailors, imaginative landmen, and common liars."

In these days a murderer is crazy if he doesn't plead insanity.

Many Changes In Advertising

Club Hears of Conditions Which Prevailed 150 Years Ago

Printed used in newspaper advertising 150 years ago was much smaller than is generally used to-day, said Louis Carrier, French-Canadian writer and publisher, in describing newspaper advertising of former days to the members of the Advertising Club of Montreal.

Advertising of the 18th century, the small amount that was carried in the newspapers, had no display lines and no large type. Advertisers contented themselves with stating the facts with little ostentation to catch the eye. As space in newspapers became more plentiful advertisers accustomed themselves to using more and more of it. At one time notices cost so much for each one regardless of the amount of the space they used, unless they were considered quite large, when the advertiser was asked to pay double the amount.

The scarcity of space in the early newspapers was mentioned by the speaker who said that it was often for this reason that news from Europe was at times printed 13 months late. If an event in Europe of ordinary importance was printed five months after it happened, it was then considered to be speedy work in chronicling.

During his talk, Mr. Carrier traced the beginnings of newspapers on this continent. The first newspaper was established in Boston, and it was really from that city that journalism spread to Canada. The speaker made special reference to Benjamin Franklin, whom he styled as the patron saint of printing in North America. Dr. Franklin did much to influence public opinion in North America, and Mr. Carrier considered that Dr. Franklin rather than Washington, should have been called the "Father of his country."

The speaker gave a short history of newspapers in Canada, mentioning the Halifax Gazette as the first to be established in 1762. The Quebec Gazette was begun in 1763, followed by the Montreal Gazette in 1778.

Smuts and Status

John Hertzog recently asserted the right of British dominion to remain neutral if Britain were involved in war. General Smuts asked: "How can the same King be at war and at peace at the same time in the same Empire?" The King cannot be at war and at peace at the same time in the same Empire. The British family is the world's leading force for peace. It has no aggressive designs. It is the chief pillar of the League of Nations. It will never engage in unjust war. But its defence should the necessity arise, is and must always be, a matter of common responsibility. General Smuts' question dissipates the fog in which some people seek to envelop an issue about which there should be no manner of doubt. It is to be avoided in the discussion of Imperial relations is too much talk about rights and too little about duties and obligations.

Strange Friends



YOU CAN'T GET THIS DOG'S GOAT

This spaniel has appointed himself official guardian of this kid on Catalina Island, the spot made famous by George Young, and takes the best care of his little playmate.

ROYAL YACHT CAKES
MADE BETTER
READ
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
ROYAL YACHT CAKES
STANDARD OF QUALITY
FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Tatvoo

SCHOOL SMARTS FOR THE YOUNG GIRL

ASPIRIN

Canadian Racing Dates List
Fort Erie and Hamilton Tracks

Sully Brass Foundry

PHILLIPS' MILK

RED TEA
The Orange Peel

Old Almanacs

Advertisement for a book or publication.

Advertisement for a book or publication.

Advertisement for a book or publication.

Advertisement for a book or publication.

Advertisement for a book or publication.

Advertisement for a book or publication.

WRIGLEY'S
Add to the joy of the open road—this pleasure-giving refreshment.
A sugar-coated gum that affords double value. Peppermint flavor in the sugar coating and peppermint flavored gum inside.
Between Smokes

PURITY FLOUR
BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST