

The colour and exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Green Tea are natural—Only the process of curing is different from Black Tea—Both are equally pure—"SALADA" Green Tea is sealed in airtight aluminum—fresh delicious—satisfying—38c per 1/2-lb. at all grocers. Ask for this tea.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA



TO CATCH A THIEF—
BEGIN HERE TODAY
John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master crook—preying upon other thieves. At Monte Carlo he learns that some clever thief has stolen a pearl necklace from the Baronne d'Estrelle. Ainsley offers the use of his hotel apartment to a young Englishman and his American bride who have just all their money at roulette. Later the prince brings hotel attendants to the apartment, claiming that the young Englishman has stolen his keys. The prince orders the Englishman to take the young bride on a motor trip. This brings on a fight. Later the prince dismisses the charge. Ainsley wonders what is the nature of the prince's game.

Now get on with the story.
For I had no desire to face a court, even in the role of witness. That, I suspected, the Prince had to stand before a judge as complainant. And if I offered testimony in support of young Beresford, such a plot was so far from my vision that not even the Monseigneur would think their eyes at almost any offence. It would be a sin to be convicted, could ignore this. The French, for all that is written about their morals have a respect for the law. They would insist that the Prince be brought to trial for conspiracy, and I would have to testify in court.

So, which I had no intention of permitting Beresford to be deported under circumstances that would ever stain his name, I waited. There might be only one way of skinning this particular polecat, but I suspected that there might be another.

And so, two hours later, when all the hotel staff, including young Beresford, were in the Prince's rooms. Like the cat which walks alone, I walked silently. Also my movements were quiet. I picked the lock without difficulty, and passed through the door. I found myself in a living-room at the far side of which was an open door, through which I heard snoring. I tiptoed to it, peered through, and entered the bedroom. A night light was burning, and by its rays I could see through the screen behind which I had heard the Prince tell Beresford. It was a trunk. Now that trunk had unquestionably contained a cash-box. But if it had contained anything else of value, would the Prince have rashly landed the Englishman his keys? If, for instance, the trunk had contained evidence which would indicate that its owner possessed unpriced habits, would the Prince have given up the keys?

This action of mine was based on the theory, long too logically acquired, that the Prince was a criminal. Unless I should find proof in support of my theory, my nocturnal visit would be not merely dangerous but useless. And it was silly to look for evidence in the trunk. If the Prince was what I thought him to be, proof in support of my belief would be found upon his person. And it is a difficult thing to search a sleeping man without awakening him. Nevertheless I did it. And having done so, I ragedly clipped from his great beard a tuft of his previous whiskers. Then I returned to my room.

Three minutes later I had broken two chairs, overturned a dressing-table, and smashed a pane of glass in the window. Also, I had shouted at the top of my lungs and had aroused the valet de chambre who slept in a cubbyhole at the end of the corridor. He had aroused the night-clerk, and to these latter and to the porters who

WRIGLEYS
Outdoors or indoors—whatever your task. Let WRIGLEYS refresh you—alleviate your tiredness and appetite and digestion. Helps keep teeth clean. After Every Meal.

He stared at me. "So? Some day, monsieur, we shall meet again." "I'm not at Monte Carlo," I told him. "I looked at my watch. It is now four o'clock. At four-thirty the de luxe from Rome stops here en route to Paris. If you take that train, after having confessed your vile plot, the matter is ended."

"Monsieur is a great detective," he sneered. "Set a thief to catch a thief." "I am waiting for your answer," I interrupted him sternly. "And there could only be one answer. He accepted. He withdrew his charge against Beresford, packed his things, and took the train de luxe.

I left an order to be called at seven. I wished to take no chances of missing the Beresfords. True, the young man was cleared of the charge of crime, but in his humiliation at being unable to pay his bill he might quietly slip away. And at eight I knocked upon his door. The management had already apologized for last night's contretemps, but it was a harassed-looking youth that admitted me to the apartment. "I am an older man than you," I told him, "and wish the privilege of age."

"His wife laughed. 'You're not a day over thirty,' she said. I frowned at her. "Nevertheless, that is old enough for my purpose, which is to extract from you youngsters a promise that you will never gamble again. In return for that promise I make you a present of ten thousand francs. Some day you will see some unfortunate who a few hundred dollars will save from misery. Give him the few hundred, and consider paid, your debt to me."

He was proud; but she—bless her heart!—had common sense. She bade him take the money, then looked at me. "We can't thank you. You've cleared Jack's reputation, and you are enabling us to return to England. I think, Mr. Ainsley, that you are the finest man we know." "And I think that those words of hers were a source of more gratification to me than even the sight of the pearl necklace of the Baronne d'Estrelle.

What? But of course! In the Prince's money belt. That was why he cried that he had been robbed. And I planned down upon the floor. Something caught my eye. "Look!" I cried. A porter picked up the golden object. It was a pencil, richly chased, bent over and from the floor picked up.

"Monsieur states it is he who has been robbed." "On a visiting card, torn and crushed. Dramatically I smoothed it, and read the name, 'Prince Meerkovst.' "The thief's name," I exclaimed.

"Prince Meerkovst" cried one of the clerks. The others echoed his name. The second clerk assumed an air of great seriousness. "That is why, a thief himself, he said, 'Ah, the criminal! We shall go to him.'"

We did, opening up his door with a pass-key. He sat up in bed, amazed at the intrusion, and at first disclaimed any charges. But when I found underneath his pillow, where I had planted it a quarter of an hour earlier, my purse, his scornful disdain gave way to sudden fear. And when the clerk bade him look in the mirror and note the gap in his by-stiffing whiskers, and also asked him to observe the sapphire trophy which I was supposed to have torn from his face, fear began to show its way to panic. And the gold pendent with the watch-chain, and his visiting card, were final proofs calculated, he was well aware, to convince any court in the world.

For a moment he must have believed that he had been walking in his sleep; but suddenly his hands felt at his waist, where, I had reason to know, I am an innocent," he cried. "I am the victim of a plot. It is I who have been robbed!" He was standing beside his bed, pajama-clad. I shouldered my way in front of the others, and stared him in the eye. "Monsieur states that it is he who has been robbed," I said softly. "May I ask monsieur what?" His mouth opened; but words did not come from it for a moment. For nearly half a minute, wide-mouthed, he stared at me. And if he had looked venomously at Beresford earlier, tonight, his regard of the young Englishman had been friendly as compared with the glance he gave me. Then he replied: "Of nothing, monsieur."

"We shall take him at once to the jail," cried the clerk. "Two robberies in the same night in this hotel! But this thief shall not go free!" "Wait," I told them, raising my hand in protest. "I turned to the Prince. "One forgives a repentant sinner," I told him. I spoke in English: "You are a thief caught practically in the act. Nothing can save your name. But you can save your skin. If you will state to these gentlemen the truth about Monsieur Beresford's entrance into your room, I, who have recovered the property which you stole from me, will forget the matter."

The Importance of Swarm Control

At one time the skill of a keeper was measured by the number of swarms he obtained from his apiary, but at the present time honey production is the index of success. Natural swarming is the bees' method of making increase, but coming, as it does, just prior to or during the main honey flow, it greatly lessens the storing capacity of the apiary. Furthermore, there is always the danger of losing bees through absconding swarms. After a colony has made its first preparations for swarming, there is usually a slowing-up of field work, and when the swarm issues this work may cease altogether, for it is the field force of the colony that goes to make up the swarm. Should nectar be coming in at the rate of ten to twenty pounds per day at the time of swarming it will readily be seen that this loss of time on the part of the bees will have an adverse effect on the crop stored. As the colony from which the swarm issues is deprived of its field force, it can no longer be expected to gather a crop of honey. Should the beekeeper be lucky enough to capture the swarm and return it to the colony from which it came, the loss in honey will not be so great as where the swarm is hived on a new stand, the time lost by the bees in preparing for the swarming, however, means lost honey. Fortunately the bees give ample warning when they are preparing to swarm. A thorough examination once every nine or ten days will enable the beekeeper to forestall natural swarming. The bees will, in the majority of cases, abandon their preparations if sufficient room is given them to store surplus nectar or the queen given more room in the brood nest. Shade and ventilation during the hottest part of the summer also aid in reducing the tendency. For those colonies that insist on swarming, deepening or separation of queen and brood, will stop them. For further particulars, send to the Bee Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, for Bulletin No. 33.

United States and Canada—
London Daily Chronicle (Lib.): It would be folly to ignore the fact that in many respects Canada feels that her material interests as well as her geographical situation bring her closer to the United States than to us. But pride in her own institutions and her separate culture divide her from the United States just as the strong tie of kinship draws her to Britain. But this last is a bond which should be cemented, no less, we believe, to the benefit of the Dominion than the home country, by new bond ties, and the material ties of a flow of population, an augmented trade, and the best possible communications by steamship, telephone, wireless and perhaps, in the near future, airships.

Rising Fast.
"How is your son getting along in the Ford factory?" "He—he's been promoted." "Promoted? You don't say?" "Yes. He used to put on chassis number 34, and they jumped him right up to chassis number 37."

The Right Place For It.
Teacher—"What is the difference between a rhinoceros and a hippopotamus?" Johnnie (who had recently been to the circus—"I know, teacher, the rhinoceros has a radiator cap!"

No Wonder.
"What caused that traffic tangle?" "Well, the driver of that yellow car signaled for a left turn, and then she turned left."

Police Traps
London Daily News and Westminster (Lib.): Police traps are really as unmechanical as trace-horses. They are survivals from an age when a mechanically propelled vehicle was likely to create a panic in streets still swarming with horse carriages of every kind. Now the development of internal combustion engines has made it physically impossible for a motorist to obey the ten-mile-an-hour speed limit in certain towns. Not if it is desirable. Motorists today should be punished, not for exceeding speed limits, but for exceeding safety limits. Police might then be released for seeing that motorists' goods are safe as well.

It's just as easy to figure in millions as it is in thousands. Just forget some of the ciphers—Benjamin Winter.

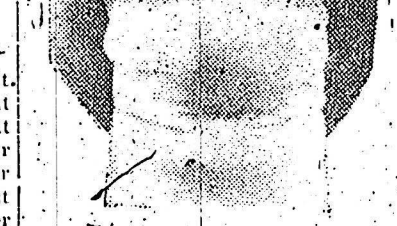
Two Big Swims at C.N.E. This Year

Visitors to Exhibition Will Be Thrilled by Aquatic Events. Surpassing Anything Anywhere
TWO SEPARATE DAYS

The second Wrigley Marathon, emblematic of the world's long-distance swimming championship, held as a feature of the Canadian National Exhibition last year, proved to be the greatest sporting event that was ever staged anywhere. The third Wrigley Marathon will be greater. A bigger entry list—more thrills—more people. Profiting by the experiences of last year, the C.N.E. are now organizing the details of this gigantic athletic effort, and a special department has been created to deal with the arrangements for the swim exclusively.

Two distinct races are on the card for this year. A 10-mile event for women, to be swum off on Wednesday, August 29th, and a 15-mile race for men, which will take place over the same course on Wednesday, September 6th.

It is stated by authorities that these are ideal distances for the different sexes; entailing no grueling results on the performers if they are properly conditioned, and it is felt that such an arrangement will transform the endurance contests of last year and



GEORGE YOUNG
The very latest photograph of Canada's victor, who will make a strong bid for the return of the crown he has lost.

Both of these races will be swum over a new course that will permit a practically unobstructed view of the entire race to the tens of thousands who will throng the lawns and waterfront of the spacious Exhibition Grounds. It will parallel the water front for almost its entire distance, and a new system of identification will allow the interested spectator to distinguish the leaders from almost any distance at a glance.

Local interest again centres round George Young, who is reported to be going again in a very strong effort to stage a comeback. His training camp at Port Credit is replete

Dukedom Revived for Prince Henry

King George on Son's Birthday Makes Him the Duke of Gloucester.
Dates From The Year 1385

The announcement of a unique gift to Prince Henry was made known recently by King George on the eve of the Prince's twenty-eighth birthday. Three dignities were conferred upon the Prince, directly connecting him with England, Scotland and Ireland. The following announcement appeared in The London Gazette:

"The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal of the realm granting to his Majesty's son, his Royal Highness Prince Henry William Frederick Albert, K.G., C.G.V.O., Captain of the Tenth Royal Hussars and the heir male of his body lawfully begotten, the dignities of Baron Culloden, Earl of Ulster and Duke of Gloucester."

It is generally believed that Prince Henry will be known in the future as the Duke of Gloucester. Baron Culloden is a new title. Culloden, Inverness-shire, is celebrated in history as the place of the battle in 1746, which settled the fate of the house of Stuart. The last Earl of Ulster, who died in 1825, was a member of the great Montagu family. He was looked upon by partisans of Richard III. as their future king, but the Lancastrian revolution upset his claim.

He later became a staunch and spirited supporter of Henry VI, fighting by his side in the French wars. His kindly character earned for him the name of "Edmund the Good."

The other title just granted to Prince Henry, the Dukedom of Gloucester, is one of extensive national traditions and has a wide historical interest. The title has been revived for the seventh time during the course of five and a half centuries. The dukedom dates from the year 1385, when it was conferred upon a younger son of Edward III. When he was found guilty of treason his title was forfeited. In the year 1414 a son of Henry IV. took the title, but as he had no son the title again lapsed.

It was recreated for Richard III. brother of Edward IV., who later came King Richard III. With his death on Bosworth Field it lapsed again. In 1659 the title was revived for a brother of Charles II., who died without ever having married. William III. made his nephew, William, the Duke of Gloucester, but on his death it again became extinct.

George III. created the title a sixth time for his brother, William Henry. He passed it along to his son, William Frederick, who was permitted to use the title of Prince William of Gloucester. The dukedom, however, lapsed again when he died without issue in 1884.

Prince Henry, the present Duke of Gloucester, has actively followed an army career. He was appointed aide de camp to Earl Cavan, Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot in 1921, and he acted as Counselor of State during his Majesty's absence abroad in 1925. That year also he was introduced to the Privy Council.

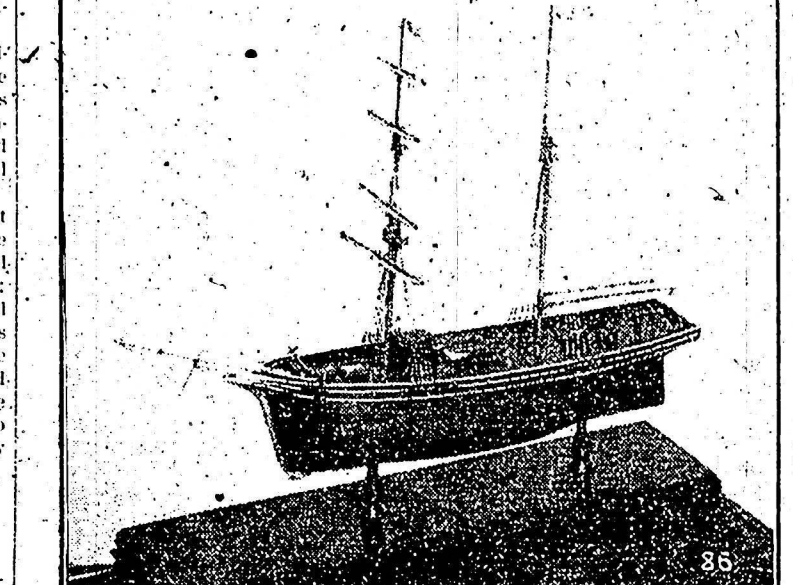
Over 1,000 Buffalo Northern Reserve
Further Movement from Wainwright, Alberta, to Wood Buffalo Park Early in June
A further movement of between 1,000 and 1,100 yearling and two-year-old buffalo will be made from the Buffalo national park at Wainwright, Alberta, to Wood Buffalo park near Fort Smith, Northwest Territories, beginning the first week in June. An officer of the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior is at present in the West completing arrangements for the first train load of the 1928 shipment. The animals, which were segregated in corrals during the winter, will be placed in specially equipped cars at the siding at Wainwright. They will be shipped by rail to Waterways and then loaded on scows for the water journey to a point 11 miles south of Fitzgerald, where they will be released into the park. Weekly shipments will be made until this year's quota has been transported, which will be some time early in July. This year's movement will bring the total shipped to Wood Buffalo park to over 6,000 and the number of buffalo in the park to an estimated grand total of over 9,000. Wardens report that the buffalo placed in the park since the first movement in 1925 are making satisfactory progress.

Reason Enough
He is a man of means and spends quite a lot of his time planning around at his factories. He lives, however, in the smallest town in which he owns a factory. Recently while he was visiting a friend of his the friend remarked: "But why do you stay in such a one-horse town?" "Perhaps because I happen to be the horse," he replied modestly.

The Ideal Golf Ball.
Most any golfer, poor or rich. Would never count the cost. Could he buy a golf ball which Would bark when it was lost.

WOOD
Now
as serviceable as less than
or you to try
two days. If
you send it
expense.
delivery from
our 20 Cent
it for \$5 cash
month for ten
cash price is
one cost \$155
COUPON
for Co. Ltd.,
street,
forward for me
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Size 36 requires
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return mail.
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on account of the
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lights
You wife or your
down in box or
and you may arrive in
Suff-Brice Anti-Share
Trustee while
DRIVE MFG.
410 Manning
ambers, Toronto, Ont.

Pioneer of Great Shipping Line



THE BRIG JEAN
The brig JEAN was the pioneer vessel of the Allan Line fleet, which later became incorporated in the Canadian Pacific. In 1819—the year the Allan Line was formed—a Glasgow newspaper contained a "Notice to shippers and passengers to Canada, that the brig JEAN, Alexander Allan, Master, will clear from Greenock for Quebec on the 1st June and proceed to sea at the first favorable opportunity thereafter." The actual entry of her sailing was contained in the issue of June 11th; "Sailed June 5th, JEAN, Allan master, for Quebec." She was then a brand new boat of 169 tons, having been launched at Irvine in the Spring, with dimensions 76 ft. 8 ins. long, a beam of 22 ft. 6 ins. and 13 ft. 4 ins. depth of hold. She had the square stern usual with vessels of her type at that date and was carved built. Although the advertisements and all the history books describe her as a brig, students of naval architecture will recognize her rigging as that of a brigantine—a very handy and economical rig.

An illustration of the change in the size of shipping in a hundred years is offered by the interesting fact that the DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, new Canadian Pacific cabin steamship, could carry the JEAN crosswise and only nine inches of the pioneer's bow and stern would project.

PURITY FLOUR

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