The Treasure of the Bucoleon

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Lord James, the Crusader, was given the secret to the Treasure of Bucoleon by the Emperor Andronicus. The secret has been lost, but the present Lord James discovers it. He is murdered by a band of thugs and dies without revealing it to his successor to the title, Hugh Crosby. Hugh then returns from New York to the family estate and begins a year's The thugs follow, and while all are at the funeral of Hugh's uncle, the house is ransacked. Nikka Saranko, a swarthy friend of Hugh's, and Jack Nash, who tells the story, are Hugh's chosen companions.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"And Watty and I?" questioned Hugh.

"You go to the Pera Palace Hotel. Meet this Miss Kingsley and her father, but don't let anybody suspect that you expected to meet them. Remember you will be watched all the time. Your rooms and your baggage will be searched. I think they will investigate the Kingsleys, too. You must have Miss Kingsley hide the copy of the Instructions you sent her. Let her place it in an envelope, addressed to herself, Poste restante. She can go to the Post Office and collect it whenever we need it.

"But how do we going to get in touch with you?" asked Hugh.

"Leave that to us," replied Nikka, with his quiet grin. "Make it a custom to lounge in front of the Pera Palace every morning after breakfast for half an hour; and keep a watch out for Gypsies. Some morning two especially disreputable fellows will come by, and one of them will contrive to get a word with you. Follow them."

"That's a rotting plan," Hugh approved warmly. "Well, lads, we'll be under wraps early in the morning."

We were followed in Marseilles I don't know it. We only left the station to get a breakfast and I telegraphed from Nikka to his [illegible] an address in [illegible] a lodging-house [illegible] of this particular [illegible] over-night [illegible].

[illegible] the train [illegible] we had a choice of several [illegible] for Constantinople upon a French [illegible] the wharf from a [illegible] plying to Salonika and the [illegible] of the Aegean. The [illegible] sailing at dawn the [illegible] the Salonika boat was [illegible] several hours later. [illegible] two cabins, on the [illegible] hired a clerk at the [illegible] to reserve a cabin [illegible] for two on the Salonika [illegible] were next to each other, [illegible] policy until long past [illegible] Then Nikka and I said [illegible] Hugh and Watty, and [illegible] into the companionway. [illegible] quartermaster on guard at the [illegible] was handed a Napoleon, telling [illegible] were obliged to land in [illegible] to disease of some forgotten [illegible]. The watchman on the pier [illegible] indicated in the same way. And [illegible] the dockguard of the Greek [illegible] his fingers were greased [illegible] tickets shown to him, offered no [illegible] in escorting us to our [illegible].

[illegible] we were awakened by the [illegible] of the Frenchman as he [illegible] from the pier, and from a [illegible] we watched him disappear in [illegible] of the harbor. At noon the [illegible] likewise cast off.

CHAPTER X.

WE MEET NIKKA'S UNCLE

As Salonika we entered a Europe which was new to me, if an old story to Nikka: a Europe which was blended with the life and color and form of the Orient. At the railroad station we bought places in a first-class compartment, which had room for six and must accommodate eight. The train lunged out of the station, shaking off superfluous passengers as it jolted over the switch on to the main line, and in the full tide of hours we crawled over a mountain-ridge and entered the town of Seres.

Nikka commandeered a fiacre in the station square.

"Do you know the house of Kostabidjan, the money-lender?" he asked the driver in Greek that sounded more than passable to me. "Very well, then, drive as there."

"Who is Kostabidjan?" I inquired as the driver whipped up his small horses.

"He is the agent of the tribe," he replied shortly. "It was through him I sent word to my uncle."

A wicket opened, and a dark, bewhiskered face was revealed. Nikka ejaculated a single sentence in the Gypsy dialect that Toutou's gang sometimes use, and the gate swung ajar.

The individual with the whiskers, a dried-up, elderly man, quickly fastened the gate again, with a sidewise look at Nikka, half respect, half fear. At the door, he stood aside and ushered us into a parlor furnished in the French style. A stout, smooth-faced, elderly man rose from a desk as we entered. He started to salaam, thought better of it, and offered his hand, which Nikka grasped perfunctorily. Then he commenced to speak in the Tziganê dialect, and Nikka cut him off.

"Speak French," said Nikka curtly. "I have no secrets from my friend, Mr. Nash." And to me, "This is Monsieur Kostabidjian."

Kostabidjan bowed to me.

"The telegram was forwarded at once to the Chief," he answered. "But Wasso Mikali sent back word yesterday that he would be delayed in waiting upon you in consequence of a caravan of cartridges which the band are running into Albania. It is an affair which has attracted his attention for the last month, and he dares not trust the work to another."

"Good," said Nikka. "When will he be here?"

"He spoke of tomorrow—"

"Then serve us food, and lead us to a room where we may rest."

When we reached our room Nikka soon dozed off. For a while I watched the afternoon sunlight outside the windows, then the weariness of our travels overcame me, and I, too, slept. I woke abruptly, feeling a light blazing in my eyes. My first thought was of Toutou and Helene de Cespedes, and I dived under the pillow for my automatic and sat up at the same time.

A man was standing in the doorway of the room, with a kerosene lamp in his hand, a tall man, with the proud face of an eagle. Wisps of silver-white hair escaped from the varicolored turban that wrapped his brows, as he held himself with the erect poise of youth.

As I prodded Nikka awake, he closed the door behind him and set the lamp on a table, calmly ignoring my pistol. Nikka, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, took one look at the apparition and jumped from the bed.

"Wasso!" he cried.

The stranger raised fingers to lips and breast in a graceful salaam, and replied in the Gypsy patois, a cadenced musical speech when used by those to whom it was a mother-tongue. Nikka grasped his hand, and exchanged a rapid-fire of question and answer, then called to me:

"This is my uncle. He arrived sooner than he expected. He guessed my need was great, and traveled without respite. Come and meet him."

Wasso Mikali rendered me a salaam and a handshake.

Nikka explained to him the circumstances of our trip to Constantinople, and the old mans' eyes glistened at the mention of the treasure. He interrupted with a liquid flow of polysyllables.

"He says," Nikka interpreted, when he had finished, "that he has heard about it."

"Will he help us?" I asked eagerly.

Nikka gave me an odd look.

"His tribe are mine. My wish is their wish. How can they refuse?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Wasso Mikali was a very wise man. He questioned Nikka closely concerning our situation, and this was his verdict:

"When you fight with thieves you must use thieves' tricks. You did right to come to me. Now I will secure fitting garments for you, my sister's son, and for your Amerikansky friend, Jakka. For him also I will brew a dye of walnut bark and chestnut leaves that will make him as dark as our people, so that men will not turn and stare at him on the road.

"After that I think we had best go away from this place as soon as possible. First, we must go across the Rhodopes to the place where the tribe have hidden some horses we got from a Roumanian boyar. We will collect the horses, together with some of my young men who can handle a knife, and go on to Constantinople."

"But it was not my thought that you should abandon the affairs of the tribe, and come and fight with me," remonstrated Nikka.

"Are you not the son of my sister?" rejoined the old Gypsy. "If you had not elected to go to Buda with your violin would you not be chief of the band? Do I not stand in your place? Well, then, light of my eyes, we will do for you all that we may."

"It's all right," I admitted with due humility. "And I was all wrong, but I didn't know the Middle Ages were still with us."

Nikka laughingly repeated my remark, and his uncle's twinkling eyes and mocking smile conveyed his retort before it was translated:

"Say to my young friend Jakka that if a tribe cannot stand by their own then these days are worse than the old times."

He left us, and Nikka and I secured another hour's sleep. When he returned he as accompanied by a younger edition of himself, who carried two bundles which were disclosed as complete suits of Tziganê dress. He, himself, carried a pot of warm, brown liquid, and he proceeded to apply the stain to me with a small paintbrush. Hair, mustache, face and body were darkened to a mellow brown. The stuff dried quickly, and I was soon able to pull on the strange garments, which Nikka showed me how to adjust and fasten.

(To be continued.)

WRIGLEY'S

Life—like good golf—is made up of many little things each one of which helps the score.

Better digestion—steadier nerves—clearer brain, are all factors that count and are gained from the use of Wrigley's.

After every meal

Dominion's Appeal To Visitors Wide

Inquiries from Many Lands Received — Phenomenal Motoring Growth

Canada's recreational resources are a national asset of the first order. They compose the lodestone which each year draws millions of visitors to the Dominion and they form a source of wealth which annually adds a large and rapidly growing item to the national income. There are, in fact, few records in the annals of Canadian development more interesting or more remarkable than that of the rise to importance of the Dominion's recreational features.

Some idea of the extraordinary growth of holiday traffic may be gained from the records of touring automobiles entering Canada in recent years. In 1919 the number of cars entering Canada for touring purposes was 228,000 and during the 10 years up to 1929 this figure had increased to 4,509,000. Aside from the phenomenal increase of motor tourists, railway and steamship lines each years add large numbers to the thousands who holiday in Canada. Tapping an even wider field than the automobile, these organizations have spread the Dominion's fame as a holiday land literally throughout the world.

Diversity Unequalled

The most casual traveller crossing the Dominion from east to west, cannot but be struck by the sheer diversity of Canada's natural features. First there is the rugged Atlantic shore; then the great system of inland lakes, seas in depth and size; next a thousand miles of rolling prairie; followed by the great barrier of the Rockies, rivalling the Alps in grandeur; and finally the sea, bathing with its warm waters the far flung Pacific coast. All these contribute to the glorious panorama of a transcontinental trip across Canadian territory.

In the Maritimes

The charm of the Maritime Provinces is not easily depicted. These provinces—Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick—are toned with the mellowness of age. Pictures the eye from many regions. The sea, white light, crowning the hills that overlook the sea, the white sail of the fishing craft seeking its sheltering cove, the quaint fishermen's cottages that straggle up the hillsides, the shaded inland roads and winding forest streams, the spring-time mantle of blossom that clothes miles upon miles of orchard valleys—all these suggest the elements that blend to give the Maritimes a picture quaintness peculiarly their own.

Baby Gets Sixteen Baptismal Names

Americans are never happier than when they are claiming a world record of one sort or another and one proud parent in the United States recently had sixteen baptismal names given to a defenceless baby, in the hope that this would make the child the bearer of the longest name on record.

Probably he considered that no private individuals were likely to beat the number of baptismal names bestowed on Royal personages, and as the Prince of Wales has only seven, sixteen might seem to give a pretty good margin.

Unfortunately for this calculation, some years ago the daughter of a Liverpool man was given a Christian name for every letter of the alphabet, starting with Anna and ending with Zuleika.

Nowadays long lists of baptismal names aren't popular. "There are too many forms for everybody to fill up—and all of them call for "name in full."

CURRENT EVENTS

It's June,
And soon
Vacation schedules will be passed,
And coats of sunburn boasted,
And roller coasters boasted,
And hot dogs roasted.

New Television wonders thrill;
But do we need their help to see
The distant fairway on the hill,
The tumbling turf, etcetery?

When mighty world affairs are stewin',
These thoughts are hardly opportune;
Yet who can be immune
From such in June?

Rat and Snake in Death Battle

London—A woodman was the only spectator of a duel to the death in Piper's Wood, Amersham, Bucks, recently.

The duelists were a rat and a snake. Both were killed.

The snake had twisted its body round that of the rat, and when it saw the woodsman it tried to escape. The infuriated rat pursued it and gave it a fatal bite. Then the rat collapsed and died.

"What! Asking for another handout. My good fellow, why don't you try to be a man? Can't you stand alone?"

"Well, I should say I could stand a loan. Anything from a nickel up, an' you kin have my hat as security."

"Nearly all rich men recognize the obligation to prove that they are rich by spending money."—Arnold Bennett.

Retirement of Veterans Brings Changes in Canadian National Financial Staff

Upon the retirement, June 1, of J. M. Rosevear, General Comptroller of the Canadian National system, and of C. E. Friend, Assistant General Comptroller, each of whom has given 34 years' service, the appointment is announced of J. B. McLaren, hitherto Comptroller of the Central Region, Toronto, to the position of Comptroller of the system. In the photographs, from left to right, are: top row: C. E. Friend, J. M. Rosevear, and J. B. McLaren; bottom row: T. H. Cooper, who has been appointed Assistant Comptroller, General Accounts; A. C. Egan, appointed Assistant Comptroller, Disbursements; W. S. Harrison, appointed Assistant Comptroller, Revenues; and Fred Horton, appointed Assistant Comptroller, Subsidiary Companies, all at Montreal. Other appointments are: J. A. Atchison, Regional Auditor, Toronto; T. J. Gracey, Regional Auditor, Winnipeg; C. H. Palmer, Regional Auditor, Moncton, and G. B. Bird, Auditor, Detroit.

Both Mr. Rosevear and Mr. Friend are very highly respected by railway accounting officers on the continent. The Rosevear family has played an important part in railroad service in Canada, the story having begun in 1854, when Matthew Rosevear came to Canada from England to work for the Grand Trunk, and the family has given the National System four generations of men and more than two hundred years' of service in the aggregate.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Smart tailleur for street in cravat silk in flattering violet blue shade. It is decidedly slimming. The back of the skirt is in panel effect. It merges into a hip yoke. Tab extensions brought around on the front bodice give it a tailored aspect and detract from breadth.

Style No. 3494 can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Flat silk crepe, lightweight tweed, jersey, shantung and men's silk shirting fabric lend themselves splendidly to this jaunty sports type.

You'll find it unbelievably easy to make.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Darby and Joan Tour Continent

Brighton, Eng.—England's real Darby and Joan have started a tour of the Continent on tricycle and afoot.

Mrs. Worrall, 69, wife of a retired ironworker, sits astride the tricycle that was built for her 30 years ago. Beside her walks her 81-year-old husband, an enthusiast of the open air and the sea.

When the pedaling becomes a bit strenuous, especially on the up-grades, Worrall pushes the tricycle. His wife never alights except for meals and sleep.

LITTLE AMY JOHNSON

"Take a letter—take a letter"—
Every day the same demand made!
Was there nothing any better
For a stenographic handmaid?

Yes! she bought a little Moth
(Not the kind you get in cloth)
And a tin of chicken broth
And an aeronaut's regalia,
And, by Jo! she took a letter
Clear from London to Australia!

First Typist. "What on earth's the matter with the boss this morning? He acts like a wild man." Second: "He's crazy. Lost his lease and can't find another place." "Out of site, out of mind, ah?"—Answers.

Queen Mary's Table Linen

By command of Queen Mary, the able linen at Buckingham Palace, England, was evaluated recently. Comprising hundreds of tablecloths, some of them heirlooms of great historical interest, literally thousands of napkins of the finest quality and other napery, it was pronounced by an expert appraiser to be worth upward of $10,000.

One of the most remarkable items in this collection of royal linen is the "mother cloth" of the palace. This huge linen tablecloth is big enough to cover a table on which 250 pieces can be land. It was specially woven for the wedding breakfast of Queen Victoria and is used only on rare occasions.

A legend that had at least one dramatic sequel is connected with this tablecloth. It is said that ill luck will come to the person who chances to spill any liquid on it during a meal. At a State banquet Kaiser William of Germany was the principal guest. With him were the most important members of his suite, and during he meal one of these German dignitaries accidentally spilled some wine on the cloth.

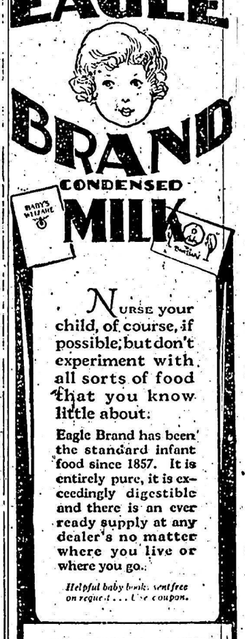
It was the first time since the tablecloth was made that anything of the kind had happened and superstitious members of the palace staff have often recalled the incident.

Another "treasure cloth" that is never used now, but is kept as an heirloom, is the famous cloth made for the coronation dinner of Queen Anne. This piece is carefully preserved and stored away and is brought forth only for the inspection of favored guests and connoisseurs. The expert declared that at least $2,500 could be obtained for it if offered for sale.

All the royal linen is stored in presses in the linen room of the palace. There are special presses for tablecloths, sheets, table napkins, etc. It is the sole duty of two maids to look after this department.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—One of the largest grape crops produced in Canada is predicted by members of the Niagara Grape Growers' Association, comprising growers from Hamilton to Queenston. All vineyards have wintered well and crops are in good condition.

EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK



NURSE your child, of course, if possible; but don't experiment with all sorts of food that you know little about.

Eagle Brand has been the standard infant food since 1857. It is entirely pure, it is exceedingly digestible and there is an ever ready supply at any dealer's no matter where you live or where you go.

Helpful baby book sent free on request . . . Use coupon.

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Salada Orange Pekoe has by far the finest flavour

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

Out of Doors

I'm sick of walls of stone and brick,
They seem so cramping and so thick!
Let's pack a bag and get away,
And leave the walls and ceilings grey.

We'll have, instead, the trunks of trees,
What better walls indeed, than these?
The bushes and the heather hills,
The little glens and laughing rills.

We'll have a carpet 'neath our feet
Of giving turf or bracken sweet,
Or crunching sand beside the sea—
These are the floors for you and me!

We'll make a ceiling of the sky—
What matters if the clouds are nigh?
I like them more than plaster white,
If you, my dear, share my delight.

So let us go, and let's be quick!
I don't like walls of stone and brick,
I don't like ceilings no, nor floors,
I want to be with you, out-of-doors!
—A. M. F. in "Answers".

Carrots Bring Beauty

The girl who is too pale should test raw carrots for producing rosy cheeks. Choose very young carrots, scrape them, then cut in very thin slices of brown bread-and-butter.

For toning up the skin a slice of raw carrot gently rubbed over the face, neck, and arms is excellent, and it will gradually dispose of freckles and sunburn.

OPINIONS

"Man must project himself at least 25 years into the future. No generation can live to itself alone."—Benito Mussolini.

"New convictions call for new features."—Florence Ziegfeld.

Swamp Land

There are from 60,000,000 to 80,000,000 acres of swamp land in the United States, the largest areas lying in the lower Mississippi valley, the Everglades of Florida, the swamp tidelands of the Atlantic coast and the low lands bordering the Great Lakes.

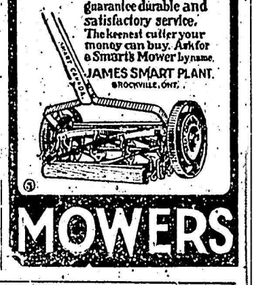
It takes about a year for the Bishop of the Upper Nile, the Rt. Rev. Arthur L. Kitching, to "visit" his diocese, which covers an area of 261,000 square miles and has a population of 4,500,000.

SMART'S

The Mower that's Guaranteed

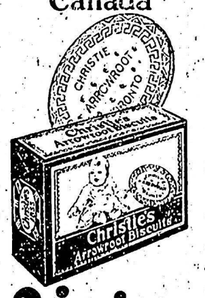
The materials from which Smart's Mowers are made & the way they are made guarantee durable and satisfactory service. The keenest cutter your money can buy. Ask for a Smart's Mower by name.

JAMES SMART PLANT. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



MOWERS

For 77 Years approved by the mothers of Canada



Your mother's mother gave her children Christie's Arrowroots, Canada's original Arrowroot Biscuits baked in Canada by Christie's since 1853. There's nothing better for your children.

Christie's Arrowroots

The Cruisabouts Are Unequalled Boat Value!

JUST IMAGINE—a floating summer home 29' long, 8' 10" wide and 2' 4" draft fully equipped with berths for five and deck space or more than twice at it, the usually low price of $3,535 at the factory.

Because of standardization Richardson Cruisabouts are low in price. Built of Clear Cedar, White Oak and Mahogany beautifully finished. 6-cylinder 60 H.P. Gray Marine Motor gives a speed of 13 miles per hour.

Write for booklet telling all the facts on the three Richardson 29' Cruisabouts

Richardson 1930 Cruisabouts

Sales and Service by
T. B. F. BENSON, N.A.
371 Bay Street Toronto, Ont.

WHO would let their hair go this way?

Your pride prompts you to keep your hair well groomed . . . then for the same reason smarten your dull, unpolished shoes regularly with a glossy "Nugget" shine—waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!

Solution is Seen In Empire Trade

London Journalist Discusses British Politics and Industries

Montreal. The solution to Britain's present difficulties lies in Empire trade, according to A. Ralph Cooper, news editor of the Daily Telegraph, London, who is one of the lucky newspapermen assigned to go back on the R100. Mr. Cooper was somewhat disarmed on arrival to know that he must wait for almost a month for the Dirigible.

Mr. Cooper spoke knowingly of British politics, from the viewpoint of Fleet Street, and gave his opinion that Lord Beaverbrook had the right idea when he proposed to make the Empire one vast trading unit with free trade within and outside competition.

Lord Beaverbrook's idea was to open British markets through free trade to all the dominions and crown colonies overseas, and at the same time keep out foreign goods. This would mean that the shrunken markets of England, Ireland and Scotland would once more expand, because the whole Empire would thus be made economically accessible. At the same time, the Empire would put a tariff against all non-British goods, and the now surplus population of Britain would be no longer a surplus. As long as Britain's markets were restricted as at present, it is Mr. Cooper's opinion that unemployment would never be solved.

With regard to the R-100, Mr. Cooper said he was sent out, not as an aeronautical expert, but as a writer. The people did not want technical talk but a real news story. The arrangement with Press and Air Ministry was that there was to be no "scoop," that the news would be handled by a select few who would syndicate all the stuff, and that he happened to be among the chosen few.

The R-100 was half as big as the Graf Zeppelin, Mr. Cooper declared, and although supposed to make 70 miles an hour, it actually did 55.

Answering criticism that it had been a long time in getting under way, as compared with the Graf Zeppelin, he pointed out that this was an experiment and the Air Ministry wanted to be sure before launching this 5,000,000 cubic feet of airship into space on a long flight.

While many had thought a mooring mast to Except should be erected at Montreal, Mr. Cooper believed that in future toward linking the Empire together, the experiment was worth the risk, and there was no doubt, a great moral effect would be achieved by such a trip.

Rice Dainties

Nikka's Rice—Well wash and dry a heaped tablespoonful of rice, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and fry in a pan over the fire. Add a cupful of boiling water, and cook until all the moisture is absorbed. Peel four large tomatoes in boiling water, remove the skins, and cook to a pulp in a separate pan. Add to the rice with a generous pinch each of salt, pepper, and sugar, and cook slowly until the rice is soft.

Rice Muffins—Place one cupful of cooked rice in a large bowl, drop two eggs into it, and mix well. Sift one cupful of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a generous pinch of salt; add slowly to the rice mixture, beating all the time. Place in greased pans, and bake in a hot oven for forty minutes.

Cheese Rice—Well wash one cupful of rice and steam in water to which a generous pinch of salt has been added. When quite soft cover the bottom of a buttered pudding dish with a little of the rice, dot here and there with small lumps of butter, and sprinkle with grated cheese and a pinch of cayenne. Fill the dish with alternate layers of rice and cheese, finishing with butter. Pour over a little milk, and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

Towering Masts

What is the highest mast ever carried by a ship? The question has arisen because Shamrock V's mast, 162 feet high, is the tallest on record for a racing yacht.

As a matter of fact, it is quite a tall mast for any ship. A record height for the mainmast of a big sailer was about 150 feet from deck to truck. The truck is the wooden disc at the top of the mast.

Perhaps the highest mast ever known was that of the Harbinger, which was about 200 feet from deck to truck. It was one of the British clippers. An American ship, the May Flint, has also been described as the loftiest ship, but it is doubtful if it was really any taller than the Harbinger.

The Match Word

With twenty matches it is possible to spell the word I N I T I A T I V E, without bending or breaking the matches.

Did you do it?

Schools For Bridesmaids

"Schools" for training the brides, bridegrooms, and bridemaids who are to figure in fashionable weddings are to be found in London. Every movement is taught, from handling the bride's train to which of the bridegroom's arms she takes after the ceremony.

Hezekiah (seeing the sights with his father)—"I say, why do they call this 'ere building the Exchange?" Old Hubbs (a lamb who has been shorn)—"Because, Hezekiah, that's where you exchange your cash for experience."

Teacher—"Are there any more questions you would like to ask about whales?" Small Girl—"Please, miss, what's the prince got to do with them?"