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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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America Ranks Low in Air Service

Investigator Finds Lindbergh "Boom" a Colossal Flop

Since Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget there has been an extensive spread of newspaper talk about how he has "boomed" aviation throughout the United States, but J. Herbert Duckworth has thoroughly investigated the situation and writes his conclusions in the August issue of "Plain Talk."

"A Frenchman was in Washington last January," relates the writer in "Plain Talk," "and, desiring to go to New York in a hurry on important business, inquired, in his innocence, about air schedules at his hotel. He would have done the same thing under similar circumstances in any European capital. The hotel porter acted as though he had been asked for a time table of the subway to the moon. The puzzled Frenchman needed help. He took over to the office of the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics of the Dept. of Commerce. The men in the Air Information Division were obliged to admit that there was no air route operating out of Washington. 'C'est extraordinaire!' exclaimed the Frenchman."

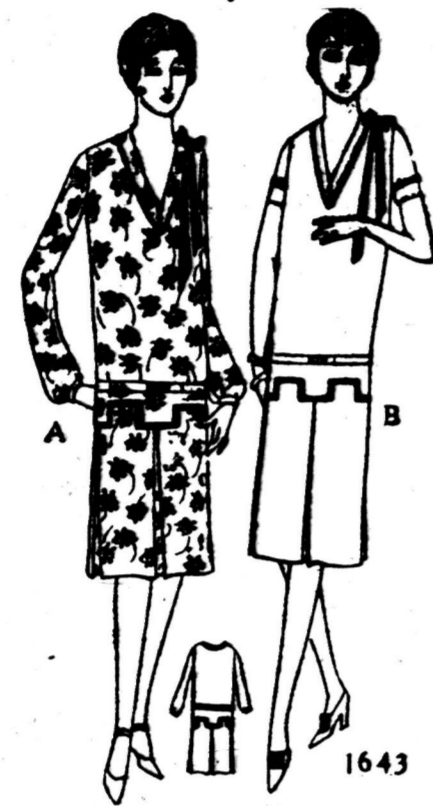
Mr. Duckworth reveals that there are no regular air lines carrying passengers from the principal cities of the United States not to mention the capital of the country. Utilizing statistics to good advantage he clearly shows that the United States is far behind the European countries in the matter of air transportation of passengers as well as of mail and baggage.

"Try to take an airplane from New York to Boston," says the "Plain Talk" writer, "and you will discover that there is no regular service between the world's largest city and the 'Hub of the Universe.' In fact, passengers are carried only by special arrangement." From December 1 to April 1, no passengers are carried under any circumstances.

Comparing various sections of this country with similar portions of Europe, the "Plain Talk" writer concludes that "when it comes to passenger-carrying airlines, the United States, considering her size, wealth and boasted genius, ranks with Persia, and until those really responsible for her sorry plight shake themselves out of their lethargy, it would be only decent of the professional shouters for aviation to soft-pedal a bit. Their babble about the United States leading the world in air transportation is ridiculous.

"There is not one passenger-carrying airline in the whole of New England," declares this air investigator in comparing that section of the United States with Old England. "Planes leave Croyden, a London suburb, daily for all parts of Europe, with connections to North Africa and the Far East. The rates offer competition to the railroads and the channel steamers. One can fly to Paris from the \$1,250,000 airport at Croyden (250 miles) for a little under twenty dollars. There is not a single passenger-

carrying airline running from any point on or near the Atlantic Sea-board to any point north, south, east or west, with the exception of the dinky little line between Key West and Havana. The only lines in this vast area that are comparable to Western Continental Europe are the Chicago-St. Paul, the Detroit-Cleveland and the Cleveland-Buffalo. Every American who has been abroad in the last few years knows that the whole of Europe is linked up with passenger-carrying airlines from Oslo in the north to Seville in the south, from London in the west to Constantinople in the east, and that one can travel by air between any of the European capitals and between many of the smaller cities just as easily as one can travel by the railroad.



A Smart New Frock

Exceedingly smart is this attractive one-piece frock having the modish two-piece effect. The skirt has an inverted plait at each side, front, and back, and is joined to the bodice having a V neck, long sleeves gathered to wrist-bands or short sleeves with cuffs. A chic bow is placed at the left shoulder and a buckle finishes the belt in front. No. 1643 is for Misses and Small Women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (34 bust) requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 1/2 yard 38-inch contrasting for binding. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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. Patterns sent by return mail.

Immigration

Manchester Guardian (Lib.): (The Archbishop of Melbourne, speaking at a Manchester Luncheon Club, said that on the question of immigration a great deal had been said that ought to be unsaid.) The three qualifications required of the immigrant were courage, wisdom and patience, and first of all he would put courage. No man should ever come to Australia if he thought he was going to a soft job because he wasn't. It meant hard work for the man, rather harder work for the woman, and men should not come too old, nor if they had the anxiety of a considerable family. He preferred to have immigrants quite young, so that, possibly from boyhood and girlhood, they might have the feeling that they really were Australian, and grow up in an atmosphere in which homesickness should not play too predominant a part. It was not the least good a man going out to grow apples and potatoes whose whole life had been spent at the loom. He should not go out unless he had something or someone to go to.

The Bolshevik Menace

J. Baker White in the National Review (London): The Bolshevik leaders regard the British Empire as the greatest barrier against the World Revolution, and believe that until that barrier is destroyed World Revolution will never become an accomplished fact. They recognize also that the Empire cannot be brought to the ground by an attack concentrated merely on the British Isles, but that our Colonies and Dominions must be attacked as well.

A witness told a magistrate that he never knew what happiness was until he married. It was then too late of course.

Minard's Liniment for Blistered Feet.

THE YELLOW SEVEN- CHINA TEA!

BY PENNINGTON SMALL.
REPRODUCED BY
EAST-WEST PUBLISHERS

This unusual series of stories deals with the exploits of "Chinese" Pennington, a detective sent by his government to British North Borneo to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits.

A Chinaman leant wearily on the rail of a bamboo bridge, gazing downward at an oozing sea of black mud. Beyond the narrow barrier of coconuts, an ocean of azure was receding, leaving an ever-widening stretch of glittering sand where a turbaned syce exercised a Bajou pony. The bridge that spanned the swamp served as a link between the shore and the mainland and from the inner extremity an ill-defined path wound through stunted forest-wastes, teeming with chattering monkeys.

To the student of character, here was the prosperous Chinese trader come to keep an appointment he had made with someone, possibly a stranger to the district. He had selected an unmistakable landmark for his rendezvous. He wore a white drill tunic, buttoned up to the neck; wide-legged trousers of rustling black silk, and boots with elastic sides. An umbrella of oiled paper—yellow inside and red without—was tucked under one arm, and a solar topee of surprising whiteness contrasted strangely with the swarthy skin beneath.

The thundering of a pony's hooves died away into the distance, a sudden, momentary silence fell upon the hidden monkey-colonies, and the figure of a white man appeared at an opening between the trees. He stood for a moment gazing round him. Presently his glance fell upon the still form on the bridge. It was perhaps strange that at the very moment the Englishman's eyes were turned in his direction, the Oriental should become aware of the piercing rays of a tropic sun—and open the umbrella for which he had hitherto found no use!

The newcomer started visibly and came forward with swift strides until he halted within a couple of feet of the Chinaman.

"Morning, Hewitt," said the Celestial in surprisingly good English. "Glad you managed to roll up."

The Commissioner of Police started. "Pennington! I didn't know you." "That's precisely as it should be," returned the other. "I'm delighted to see you, because, for one thing, I know you'd like to be in at the death and, for another, I've a hazy notion in the back of my mind that you don't altogether agree with my methods."

Captain John Hewitt raised his helmet and mopped his forehead.

"I don't say that," he returned, "but I venture to contend that you don't give yourself a fair chance. It's perfectly natural for you to want all the kudos for the capture of Chai-Hung, but you ought to begin to realize by this time that our murderous friend is not likely to be caught single-handed. Besides, this affair's gone on too long. I'm getting chafing every day from the Governor asking when the Yellow Seven gang is likely to be run to earth. You've had two chances already, you must remember."

The man with the Chinese eyes frowned.

"I've had the luck of the devil," he admitted, "but I'd like to impress on you that, but for me, nobody would have identified Chai-Hung with the gang at all. And," he added defiantly, "there have been a lot less gang murders on the island since I landed."

"There'd be fewer still—if we could bring Chai-Hung to justice."

They left the bridge and, threading their way through the trees, came presently to a solitary hut, raised high on poles, a bamboo ladder giving access to a hole in the woodwork. It stood in a wide clearing, waist-high with lalang, and both men held their hands above their heads to avoid cutting them on the leaves of the treacherous weeds.

Hewitt followed Pennington up the ladder into the single apartment of which the edifice boasted. The latter pushed forward a box and, squatting contentedly on the rough flooring, felt behind him in some mysterious recess for beer.

"And so," said the Commissioner, withdrawing his lips from the mouth of the bottle with a resounding smack, "I'm to be in at the death, am I?" Chinese Pennington nodded.

"I'll admit I've been a long time over the job," he said, "but Chai-Hung's a genius. He had every Chinaman on the island under his thumb—"

"Once?" Hewitt echoed blankly.

"Before I drove him into the backwoods, hounded him to Island N., and cut off his source of supplies effectively. No sort of organization can thrive on air!"

He shifted his position on the bare boards and felt for his pouch.

"How's Monica?" he inquired presently, screwing up his eyes until they disappeared altogether behind those strange diagonal slits that had been directly responsible for the adjective that invariably preceded his name. The Commissioner smiled.

"Pretty fit. I've got a note for you in one of my pockets." The lines of his handsome face hardened suddenly

and he began stroking his black hair with the flat of his hand. "Look here, Penn. When are you two going to get married? Monica's fretting her soul out because you're still prowling about, carrying your life in your hand. If you were actually the confounded idiot you appear to be sometimes, I wouldn't tell you all this. I'd be the last man to tell any ordinary fellow that a sister of mine was missing meals on his account. But I'm counting on you to understand my motives. Monica's had a deuce of a hard time up to now, and—I want to see her happy."

Pennington's long fingers closed suddenly over the Commissioner's and held them tightly.

"Thanks," he whispered huskily. "It's uncommon good of you—and I appreciate it. It won't be long now. I swore I'd wait until I'd got Chai-Hung by the heels—and, by heaven! I mean to have him this time. You understand the most of me, Jack, but you've missed a certain side of my character that even I wasn't aware of until I met her. The white men—that the cursed Chinaman has murdered in cold blood lie heavily on my soul. In a queer sort of way, I feel directly responsible for everything Chai-Hung has done since I first came here. The feeling has grown upon me until it's become an obsession. I'm no longer the instrument of a European and knowledge of dialects to wipe out a Chinese faction. It's Pennington against Chai-Hung, his life or mine." He paused for a moment, the muscles of his face twitching, the points of his fingers pressed together. "I've worked damned hard since I came here. I've had a score of identities. I've posed as a coolie, a Dusun



There were a dozen or so of Chai-Hung's followers in the room.

trader, a mandarin, a rickshaw-boy—anything—everything. . . I've been in the hands of Chai-Hung's mercenaries—and wriggled out of them again. I've held the bandit twice—and lost him because I was alone and the odds against me were too great." His eyes blazed with a strange light. "But I've got him this time, Jack, because the luck is on my side at last."

He broke off, trembling with emotion, and the Commissioner, observing him curiously, saw that great beads of perspiration stood out on his temples.

"Where is he?" he asked quietly.

Pennington was clipping the strands of tobacco from a freshly rolled cigar.

"In a lone hunt in a gully with a wall of solid rock behind him and as many of your agents as I could muster watching every possible approach."

Hewitt shook his head.

"Still the persistent optimist," he said grimly. "How many times have you drawn in your net—only to find that Chai-Hung has escaped it?"

"True, oh king! And yet, old son, I've got Chai-Hung! He's down with rever and none of the followers who still stand by him dare shift him—if they could. A queer thing that, Jack! He who has successfully defied every effort of a white civilization to entrap him, has all but succumbed to the common enemy of us all!"

The Commissioner bent forward until the box on which he sat tilted dangerously.

"How do you know all this?" "I've seen him!"

Chinese Pennington blew out a thin wreath of blue smoke and watched it as it ascended roofward.

"I scouted round until I bribed one of Chai-Hung's men to take me to his lair. It was a mighty tough proposition, and if the fellow had guessed for a moment who I was—he'd have thrown in his hand. I pitched a yarn that I had heard of the great bandit and had come all the way from Singapore to settle a dispute that had arisen as to whether such a man as Chai-

Hung existed at all. He took me to be a Chinese sanguine with more money than sense, and consented—on the condition that I went alone and unarmed. I wormed my way to the hut—and peered through a convenient crack where the timbers had worked apart. Chai-Hung lay on a sort of stretcher. I saw enough to satisfy me that there could be no possible deception. There were a dozen or so of his followers in the room and a pack of Chinese playing-cards spread face-downward on the table."

"I know," broke in Hewitt grimly. "They were drawing for the Yellow Seven. I'm not likely to forget the time when you pulled me out of a tight corner, when they'd got me and were drawing lots for the pleasure of assassinating me. Go on."

The Woods Appeal to the Primitive

Primitive are all the elements of woods lure. Mystery is one element. There's a beckoning of the unknown, a summons in hidden places. Mystery accounts somewhat for the hushed voice, the muffled step and the legato walk with which men commonly enter the woods.

One great factor of woods lure in the calm but ceaseless change in which the realm of Nature evolves. The turning of the seasons, the prismatic pattern of the leaves, the scattering and the forming of the clouds, the very process of erosion; these and like manifestations of Omnipotence and Eternity call for the spirit of man to respond. Nowhere else is there equal sublimity or greater devotion than in the woods. But I do not think that all men—certainly not all young men—partake sensibly of such high communion. There's a blood-lust or a craving for the vigor and the shout of pursuit, that cries loudly for the smoking rifle and the wearied limb. There's the strong physique to be hurled into the lunt, the untried cunning that must answer itself whether or no man or beast is the master.

Trade With the West Indies

Kingston, Jamaica, Mail: (The Canadian Government are placing five passenger and cargo vessels on the West Indian trade.) We are inclined to the belief that the five ships will not only serve to encourage greater trade between Canada and the West Indies; but to pave the way towards the holding of another Trade Conference at Ottawa to discuss the advisability of Free Trade between the Dominion on the one hand and the British West Indies on the other—an arrangement that would not only go to strengthen the British chain which passes through the Caribbean Sea, but would certainly offset the aspirations of the United States to convert this portion of the globe into an American lake.

Canadian-New Zealand Trade

Auckland (N.Z.) Star: New Zealand is Canada's second best customer in the Empire. We spend on the average more than three million pounds a year on Canadian goods, which is more than Canada draws from Australia with four times our population. But though New Zealand stands eighth in order of importance among Canada's customers, the Canadian market is not very valuable to us. The president of our Chamber of Commerce recently pointed out that while the average value of our Canadian imports for three years has been £3,350,000 the average of our sales to Canada has been less than a million pounds—about £984,000.

Gloria Swanson: "Won't you have some tea? Lon Chaney: Oolong will it take? Gloria Swanson: I don't know, but I'll Ceylon.—Judge.

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Folding Boats Useful to Campers

The knock-down, take-down, folding or collapsible boat—whatever you please to call it—is not a sure-fire contraption for getting an unexpected bath as the old-time campers contend, but, according to the Camping Editor of "Forest and Stream Magazine," a valuable addition to any woodsman's pack.

"It is strange to relate and yet a fact nevertheless," points out this expert, "that the great worth of these take-down boats has yet to be universally recognized, and it is even more a little-known fact that most of these boats are made staunch enough, unshakably so as to permit an outboard motor being used in combination with them.

"Last summer," continues the editor, "I was trying out for the first time a collapsible canvas boat. A party looking over our outfit and inquiring about what sort of boat we were going to use was shown the same in its take-down state. I was promptly told that I was crazy for trusting a watercraft of the sort. One gentleman said it would be the last thing he would venture into and that a thousand-dollar bill would not get him out on a lake in one of them. To back him up there were vigorous head-shakings all around and figuratively, I was already numbered with yesterday's ten thousand years so far as my earthly presence was concerned. And yet we came down one of the fast rivers of the north in this outfit (one hundred and fifty miles by the way) and completed the trip unscathed, in fact did not ship water once while going down twelve miles of as treacherous rapids as you can find anywhere. The same is true of most take-down or collapsible boats. Were people to really have confidence in them there would be hundreds of vacations that would be successes instead of certain failures."

Minard's Liniment—A reliable first aid

"Twenty-five years ago," says Lady Astor, "I was taught better geography than my sons are to-day." Geography, of course, was very much better in those days.

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