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ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

No one dreamed 50 years ago that such a fragrant beverage as "SALADA" Orange Pekoe could be produced—pure as science can make it—fresh, superb in flavour—43c per half-pound—and all black tea. A treat indeed for tea lovers.

## London Lays Down New Rubber Road as an Experiment

Cost More Than Double That of Concrete or Wood, but Material More Durable

London—Near South Kensington Station in Thurloe Place has been laid about 100 yards of quite a new type of rubber roadway. The Cowper rubber blocks, the invention of J. S. Cowper, are laid differently from any other system tried so far.

Each block is in the form of two rectangles side by side and joined together for one-half of the length. The edges are tongued and grooved so that they fit snugly and closely into each other, thus excluding wet but requiring no binding solution. The area of which each block measures nine inches by 4 1/2 inches by 2 1/2 inches in depth. The depth is divided into three equal portions, the upper third being of resilient toughened rubber to act as a shock and vibration absorber; the center third is of a hard rubber composition which is designed to prevent the too great compression or spread of the blocks under load; the lowest third is harder than the top but soft enough to sit well down into the slight roughness of the concrete road bed. The center portion of the surface of the blocks is striated to offer an anti-skid surface.

The laying of this rubber "carpet" on the concrete bed is wonderfully simple and rapid as the blocks fit into each other perfectly, requiring only a light hammer tap. Smaller-size blocks are used to bring the margin to a straight edge.

In an interview the contractor pointed out that the roadway under test had been chosen as it is over a very troublesome stretch which never lasts without repair for more than a few months. Asked as to how the cost compared with the ordinary concrete and wood, Mr. Cowper said that at present (the price of rubber being in a very uncertain state) it worked out at about £2 per square yard, or about double. Against this must be put the greatly increased wear, more than double, and the ease of repair. Great advantage must accrue, too, he said, owing to the minimizing of vibration and the absence of noise. In order to simplify repair work Mr. Cowper has designed a system of "locking strips" bolted down to the roadway and removable when the nuts are taken off. Some such provision is necessary in the case of tram rails.

This new rubber roadway has been very favorably commented on in the technical press. It has already undergone a very searching test under expert supervision when a stretch of blocks in Borough High Street, Southwark, was under a pressure of 240 tons per square yard for a year and a half and showed practically no signs of wear.

One swallow doesn't make a spring, but several of them are sometimes good for a fall.

Applicant (to magistrate): "I want some advice about my husband, sir. He left me twenty-five years ago and I ain't seen him since." Magistrate: "Well?" "What about me 'aving a separation?"



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Always have the magic WRIGLEY package in your pocket.  
Soothes nerves, allays thirst, aids digestion.  
After Every Meal

## THE YELLOW SEVEN: THE DAUGHTER OF CHAI-HUNG

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.

Pennington met Brabazon standing outside the Rest House at Jesselton, his hands stuck in his pockets, following with evident admiration the easy, elegant gait of a Malay girl who was making her way toward the harbor.

"Pennington, by all that's wonderful!" The taller man extended a hand. "I've been here three solid months—and I didn't know you were on the island. How are you?"

"Fit as a fiddle! Come in and have a sling."

"Chinese" Pennington looked at his watch.

"I can give you half an hour, old son," he told him. "I'm due at the Commissioner's at four."

He followed Brabazon up rickety stairs to the veranda that overlooked the road. He dropped into a chair and his companion perched himself on the arm of it, beaming all over his broad, handsome face.

"Still at the same game?" he inquired, pushing forward his case.

Pennington nodded.

"Still hunting down the world's worst criminals? No thanks, I roll my own."

He produced a rubber pouch and began manipulating the flimsy paper. Brabazon tapped his cigaret on his thumb.

"Three months!" he ejaculated presently. "That's a spell of time for you to stop in one locality, isn't it?"

The tall man with the Chinese eyes smiled grimly.

"It is," he admitted. "It means that I'm up against about the toughest proposition I've ever struck. How're things up your way?"

"Rotten! I'm thinking of chucking rubber—and turning my attention to oil. At present I'm at Ketatan. Know it?"

"Ketatan! That's where Allison was murdered by the Yellow Seven Gang!" Pennington was staring at a cluster of flies on the ceiling.

"You've had no trouble since. No threatening communications?"

"Nothing at all. Dawson rounded up the assassins, they tell me."

"Yes," said the other without enthusiasm. "Dawson did his job and the Commissioner was pleased about it. There were five of the swine, and we caught, tried and executed them all but one, and he's still at large."

"You'll pardon my ignorance on the subject, I know; but what is this Yellow Seven?"

The boy came in with the drinks Brabazon had ordered, and Pennington smoked until he had disappeared.

"The Yellow Seven is a card—like an ordinary Chinese playing-card," he said. "You know the things; as long as my forefinger, with rounded ends, black on one side—and a series of dots on the other—some red, some black."

"And this one—?"

"This particular card has a bright yellow face, with seven dots on it, in all—four above a faint line—and three below it. It dropped up some time back, when Lady Stornaway's diamond pendant disappeared from Hewitt's bungalow."

"I remember it," broke in Brabazon. "But the Commissioner got that back in a couple of days."

"I got it back," continued Pennington. "I'll tell you all about it some day. There was another card connected with the Allison case, and a knife, bearing the same grim symbol on its handle, preceded an attempt to assassinate the Commissioner of Police himself. Now the whole island's seething with the cursed thing and Hewitt won't hear of my leaving until I've secured the body of the ring-leader—dead or alive!"

"Know who he is?"

"The most respected Chinese gentleman in Borneo," declared the other. Brabazon dropped into a chair. "Not Chai-Hung?" he whispered. "Why not?" demanded Pennington. "Good Lord! He hangs out within a stone's-throw of us! I'd have staked my last dollar on Mr. Chai-Hung."

mind at the last moment and dropped in at the Dutch padre's.

"I'm more than glad you changed your route, old son," Pennington assured him. "Because, if you hadn't, you wouldn't be here now!—and, for all your faults, you're one of the few men I shouldn't care to lose sight of."

Brabazon's broad face bore an expression of surprise and amusement. "What's that? My faults?"

Pennington came across the floor and dropped a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I refer to the women, God bless 'em," he told him. "Oh—that!"

"You were positively ogling one when I met you."

Brabazon crimsoned.

"When you came up? You don't mean that Malay girl? My dear old idiot, surely a fellow can admire a certain regularity of feature without

being called to account for it!" Pennington laughed.

"You're a terrible man, Brabazon," he said. "I remember a girl in Kuala Lumpur telling me that you were irresistible. How long are you stopping in town?"

"Going back by the morning train."

"I was only going to warn you that, if you do happen to meet the Commissioner's sister, just try and restrain that abnormal flow of personal magnetism—for my sake."

"Oh-ho!" remarked the planter, raising his eyebrows. "What's her name?"

"Viney," said Pennington. "Monica Viney. She's a widow."

Brabazon winked.

"I thought you said it was Chai-Hung who kept you in Jesselton?"

"It is," Pennington assured him earnestly, "but I'm not sorry about it, all the same!"

"I bet you're not! When's it coming off?"

Pennington gazed dreamily over the rail.

Possibly not at all. I haven't asked her opinion on the subject yet."

"Good heavens, man! What on earth are you waiting for?"

Pennington turned.

"I'm waiting until I've nailed Chai-Hung," he declared.

Brabazon scrambled to his feet and joined him.

"Want any help?"

"Possibly."

"Then call on me for it. I'm just about fed up with the life I'm leading. A thundering good row'd about clear my head!"

"Thanks," returned Pennington warmly. "I fancy you'll be in one before long."

"Good enough!" Brabazon rubbed his hands together in anticipation.

"In the meantime, keep your weather-eye open for Chai-Hung."

He paused and looked to where the waters of the bay glistened in the light of a sun that was low in the western heavens. "It's a weary world, Braazon," he continued. "I used to delight in these nocturnal wanderings, these wild up-country treks. I suppose it was because I had nobody to worry about but myself. I fancy that if I manage to pull this through I shall hand in my resignation. I wonder if you'll understand me. They kidnaped Hewitt and his sister came with me to look for him. A subtle change has crept over me ever since. I find myself a great deal too solicitous about my own welfare. Queer, isn't it? Cheerio!"

Brabazon went back to Ketatan

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by the morning train. He had not seen Pennington since their meeting at the Rest House, but he had run into a lively crowd of brother-planters and Government men, and the climax of the "celebration" that followed had been something in the nature of a disaster. A dull throbbing at his temples reminded him of this.

Brabazon was a planter of experience. He knew just how much a coolie could be expected to do in a day. As he went the rounds on his Bajau pony he encountered nothing but veiled insolence, and tasks half done.

It was close on sun-down when he regained his bungalow. He stumbled up the steps and dropped into a cane chair. He was wondering who it was had sown the seeds of rebellion in the minds of his men.

By sheer force of habit, he reached for his glass and, as he did so, something passed his cheek so closely that he felt the wind of it, and stuck, quivering, in the wooden wall behind him.

(To be continued.)

## Lily of the Valley

Here in this quiet place Where white snows drift Over dried leaves and brown, Spring will lift Sharp spears of tender green, And folded safe between Two leaves so closely furled, Bring beauty to the world.

Small bells that never ring! Is there some finer ear That, if it came this way, Would understand and hear Exquisite melody, Scented and white, set free; Too fine for our sense, Asking no audience?

So still! this winter place! Yet I am confident Safe in the frozen earth Lie color and the scent. God's gift I cannot see Is safely kept for me, Joy—green and white and gold— More than my heart can hold! Louise Driscoll.

## Artificial Hatching Eggs by Egyptians Old as Pyramids

Hen Has Given Over Hope of Being Clucking Mother, Is Old Saying of Country

Cairo.—Egg-hatching has been accomplished by artificial means in Egypt since the days of the Pyramids. Egypt's egg-hatchers' union is one of the oldest trade organizations in the world. There are but few apprentices, and these come from families which have been in the business from time immemorial.

An old saying in Egypt is that artificial incubation has been practiced so long that the Egyptian hen has about given up all hopes of ever becoming a clucking mother.

The incubator used here is practically the same as that used thousands of years ago. It is a dome-shaped affair, about five yards in diameter, built of mud brick. There is a hole at the top, the hut being divided into six compartments, with a small passage in the centre. Each compartment has two platforms which hold about 500 eggs. In all the incubator has space for approximately 6,000 eggs.

The fire for heating is in a trough which encircles the hut, chaff being used for fuel. With the top closed, the fires are allowed to smoulder five days. The top is then opened, and the fires damped down to smouldering until the fourteenth day. From that time on the heat from the incubating eggs is sufficient to keep the eggs at the right temperature, and on the twenty-first day the little animated balls of fluff begin popping out and start looking for something to eat.

The egg-hatchers all come from the village of Birma in the Delta.

## Monthly Flight to Java Is in Prospect

Contract Signed for Carrying Mails from Holland to Batavia Next Year

The Hague.—For 1923, the K. L. M.—Royal Dutch Air Service Company—has contracted with the Postmaster-General to make each month a flight from Amsterdam to Batavia, Java, a distance of 9,000 miles, and vice-versa. Apart from mail, a limited number of passengers will be carried. One may say that a regular air connection between Holland and her East Indian colonies will thus be established.

This summer, at intervals of about a fortnight, the K.L.M. is sending four Fokker planes to Java, to be used by the newly founded East Indian Air Service.

These planes will carry letters and passengers. The demand for places available, although the price for a single ticket is \$1,250.

Dr. Donaldson of Wistar says the brains of dead men reveal nothing. Which is also true of the brains of quite a few who live and breathe.

Probably the world's greatest humorist was the man who named them "easy payments."

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## Bring Summer Inside

Too many housekeepers think that when the lawn is nicely cropped, the garden planted, the trees sprayed, the porch fixed up and perhaps the house painted everything is all ready for the summer, points out a writer in "Your Home Magazine". But they have forgotten the most important thing of all, he says, the interior of their houses.

"Shabbiness that has a certain charm by firelight," he writes in "Your Home", "is hopeless when the sun shines brightly, so if we are to hold our own with Nature we too must take heed and wipe away all dullness and dreariness and make every nook and corner of our own little kingdom as bright and cheerful as possible. There is not a room in the house that cannot be made beautiful and sumptuous. Here is a partial list of materials that may be used. Glazed chintz, chintz, cretonne, heavy dimities, flowered French ticking, cotton damask, French percale, sateen, gingham and unbleached muslin.

"In decorating a room it seems to be the main thing to have a clear picture in your own mind of just how you want it to appear when finished. After you have formed this mental picture, make a rough sketch of the details and if you possibly can, color this, even if you do it crudely. Right here you can catch any unharmonious details. You may find your wall paper will not harmonize with the chosen materials—the furniture that is not to be covered may not be set off advantageously by the pieces that are to be glorified with slip covers. Look well to the lamp shades, ornaments and pictures; that they harmonize with the lighter touch of the summer furnishings. The few hours' time you spend on planning the whole will be well spent."

## Adventures

(Eleanor Hammond in Child Life Magazine)  
Where are you off to, little Road, Running away from me? Down to the ocean, over a hill Where winds blow clean and free? Let me take your hand, little Road, Let me go with you and see!

Girl's Mother: "If you married my daughter, it would kill me." Suitor: "Could I count on that?"

Borrower (loftily): "I hope you got my cheque?" His Creditor (bitterly): "Yes, twice—once from you and once from the bank."



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