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## Strange Fish in Banff Pool

### Banff Mystery Fish Eat Mosquito Young and Likes Hot Water

That the present inhabitants of the hot sulphur pool at Banff are *Gambusia affinis*, the mosquito-larva-eating fish, is the statement of C. Hearle, Dominion Entomologist. Mr. Hearle visited Banff recently, and after closely examining the finny curiosities that have caused so much speculation and been dubbed the "Banff mystery fish," pronounced this verdict. The "mystery" lay in the fact that these fish live and breed in water whose temperature is 92 degrees Fahr. That a noted authority had stated that in his opinion they were Japanese guppy, particularly as they are similar to the guppy in that they breed like mammals; that Mr. Hearle had stated they were *Gambusia affinis*, and that he had planted them in the pool in 1918; that government records showed that small fish had been taken from the pool in 1914, sent to Ottawa, and labelled *Cousius Plumbeus*, and also that old-timers were willing to take oath that they had seen the fish there in as early a year as 1883. Thus arose the mystery. *Cousius Plumbeus*—and *Gambusia affinis*—or just plain guppy—which? Mr. Hearle states that he remembers seeing small native fish swimming around in the sulphur waters when he planted the mosquito destroyers, and gives a very plausible and natural explanation or solution of the mystery.

### GREAT CANNIBALS.

There is probably no fish with such cannibalistic propensities as the *Gambusia*; therefore what more natural than that these savages dined on the natives, and that the old-timers, not knowing about the planting of the newcomers, did not suspect that they were looking, since 1918, on a new species altogether.

The mystery is laid, everyone is satisfied, for there is no doubt that *Cousius Plumbeus* vanished by the *Gambusia affinis* route. According to Mr. Hearle, these fish will, in their native swamps, deposit from 20 to 50 fully developed young, yet, to his great astonishment, when he dissected one female taken from the sulphur pool, he found she was ready to deposit to less than 220 finny youngsters. That these fish should thus breed more prolifically in Banff waters than in their native habitat is something to wonder at, particularly when it is taken into consideration that Banff is the most

northerly point to which they have been shipped.

Three hundred was the number planted around Banff in 1918, and it is estimated that there are that many thousands there now. The project of shipping some from Banff to Kamloops and Fraser, B. C., is being considered. That they would in a very short time make their work on the mesquite nuisance apparent there is not to be doubted. They have enormous appetites for such small fry, and will devour a great number of mosquito larvae in a very short time. The ones in the hot sulphur pool are practically transparent, in fact, so much so that the color of a persons hand can be seen through them. This is probably due to the hot sulphur water.



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

By EDWARD SELLER  
Illustrations by  
GEOFFREY HENNING

### BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Capt. John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Peter Pennington is detailed by the government to capture the leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, is suspected by Pennington of being the leader of the gang. Pennington warns Brabazon, a rubber planter of Ketatan, to beware of The Yellow Seven. Brabazon is an admirer of beautiful women and falls an easy victim to their charms.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

He was still standing in the same position when the boy came in with the lamp. Brabazon, squaring his broad shoulders, uncorked the bottle. He poured himself out a stiff tot. He was gazing at an arrow, with a fine metal barb, its butt-end split to admit a long, narrow strip of paste-board. On the side toward Brabazon was a bright yellow surface, ornamented with a series of black circles. He crossed the verandah and plucked the thing from the woodwork. The boy was slipping past him but the planter's hand shot out and swung him round to face him. He held the symbol almost under the creature's nose.

"What do you know of the Yellow Seven?" he demanded roughly.

The Chinaman shivered.

"Nothing, tuan," he stammered fearfully.

Brabazon stuck his legs wide apart and nodded his head several times, a grim smile playing on his lips.

"Bi-la," he said presently. "Clear out!"

Mindful of Pennington's warning and with an uneasy feeling gripping his spine, he sent a watchman with an urgent note to Wallace—one of his juniors, requesting him to join him immediately—and he prepared to stop the night. While waiting for the return of the messenger, he scribbled a note to Pennington and enclosed with it the Yellow Seven.

"Dear Penn," he wrote. "I have just received the enclosed per aro-post. I'm not particularly scared at things I understand, but this has come as somewhat of a shock."

"Cheerio!" G. Brabazon.

Wallace—a genial youth with sandy hair and freckled face—arrived at the foot of the verandah steps at about nine, followed by a coolie carrying a long bamboo pole with a basket of clothes suspended at one end and a pair of field-boots at the other. He was accompanied, moreover, by a large hound, short-haired and boisterous.

"Evening, Brabazon! Don't mind me bringing my dog, I hope? What's in the wind?"

He dropped into a chair and deposited his hat and stick on the floor.

"Help yourself to a drink," invited Brabazon. "To tell you the truth, I'm glad you've trotted that nameless beast along. Some hungry Chinaman or other purloined my fox-terrier a week ago." He released the glass stopper of a bottle of soda-water and handed it across to Wallace. "You remember the Allison affair, of course. It appears that his assassination was by no means an ordinary act of highway robbery, but the deliberately connived portion of an extensive campaign manoeuvred by a secret society. I have very good reason to believe that an attempt is about to be made against myself, and that is precisely why I thought it advisable to send for you."

Wallace drew his chair closer and for more than an hour they sat talking.

Almost a week dragged on.

Wallace—who was blessed with considerable inventive genius—suspended an ingenious burglar-alarm from the bushes that encircled the bungalow, a network of cotton and home-made bells that the dog succeeded in agitating so often that they were compelled to tie him up!

On the seventh day Brabazon woke to find himself becoming sceptical with regard to the whole affair.

That afternoon, he sent Wallace back to his bungalow, dog and luggage and everything, and gave the watchman instructions to cease his nocturnal perambulations and hand in his rifle. He would have destroyed Wallace's burglar-alarm if he had noticed it, but he didn't, and at a few minutes after midnight, it rang!

Swearing softly to himself, he took the hurricane lamp and the revolver that recent occurrences had brought to light, and went out.

The line of tinkling bells rang for a second time and he held the lamp well above his head, peering into the night. Suddenly he started back in amazement and quickened his steps in the direction of a crouching, trembling figure that shrank back from him as he approached. The hard lines of

his face softened as he went, and presently he stooped and lifted the slim form of a girl to her feet. She was simply clad, in a long-sleeved jacket of light-blue silk, bordered with black, and quaint trousers of the same material. It dawned upon Brabazon, as he surveyed her in wonderment, that she was of a class superior to that to which he was accustomed, that her skin was rather white than olive, and that she was possessed of a beauty he had never imagined possible in a Chinese girl. Her hands were small and well-formed.

"Who are you?" he demanded in Malay.

She replied to him softly.

"Su-ey-Koo," he thought she said.

"Where do you come from?"

"I am the daughter of Chai-Hung."

She uttered a little nervous laugh.

"I am the daughter of Chai-Hung. The police have driven my father from his home. They came and searched the house—and I ran away. In the darkness, I saw the lights of your windows."

He took her cold, trembling fingers between his own and forced her, half-unwillingly, up the steps to a comfortable chair. She sat on the extreme edge, staring with childlike surprise at the unaccustomed surroundings.

"You must have something to eat, Su-ey-Koo," he said.

She shook her head.

"I am not hungry. I only want to go home."

He remembered that he was clad only in the sarong and singlet in which he was accustomed to sleep.

"Wait just a little while," he told her, "and I will take you."

As he changed with feverish energy into the suit of khaki drill he had so recently discarded, the wave of feeling that her coming had provoked swept like an ever-swelling stream through his whole being, overwhelming the voice of Reason. Forgotten—in his timid eagerness for conquest of this lotus-flower—were the immutable laws of east and west, the warning of Pennington, her very connection, in fact, with the bandit who controlled the dread movements of the Yellow Seven.

Su-ey-Koo had stumbled into the burglar-alarm that Wallace had made, and yet it never occurred to Brabazon—secure in the fool's paradise that his own frailty had built up—that the unerring finger of the great Chai-Hung was behind all this, and that this seemingly helpless girl was but

another of the subtle Oriental's cunning instruments, instructed to decoy the planter to her father's lair!

A girl in Kuala Lumpur had told Pennington that Brabazon was irresistible! Whatever the significance of Su-ey-Koo's midnight mission may have been, with the homeward journey barely half completed, she found herself settling contentedly within the Englishman's encircling arms, for all the world as if that number had every right to be where it was.

Brabazon!

From somewhere behind him, the planter heard himself called by name. He released the girl and swung round. Standing in the open space between the hutments that he had just left, he saw Wallace and the Pathan watchman. Brabazon waited until they had caught him up.

"What is it, Wallace?" he demanded.

"Look here, Brabazon, I'm sorry to butt in and all that, but isn't this a trifle unwise? The area beyond our wire's simply swarming with Chai-Hung's men."

Brabazon started.

"Who told you that?"

"Pennington," returned the assistant. "I've just seen him. He told me to advise you to send the watchman with Miss Chai-Hung."

"Pennington!" Brabazon's brain reeled. "How the devil did he know?"

He bit his lip. "I suppose he's hanging around on one of his stunts. Of course Chai-Hung's men are about. They're looking for the girl. She's lost."

He faced Wallace defiantly. The assistant dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't go any farther—tonight. It's too risky."

Brabazon felt for his pipe.

He strode back to where the girl waited.

"My watchman will see you home," he said.

Her face fell. Her hands stole to his sleeves. The look she bestowed on him stirred the fires within. Trembling with an emotion that was utterly beyond his power to suppress, he pressed her fingers to his lips. In all this monotonous existence of which he was fast growing tired, Su-ey-Koo was the brightest thing he had encountered.

"You will come and see me?" she whispered presently.

"Where can I find you—and when?"

When Brabazon again joined Wallace, the latter noticed that the cheeks of the manager were flushed beneath the tan of yares. Until they parted at the spot where two paths met, neither spoke a word.

The residence of Chai-Hung was surrounded by a high palisade. There were three gates, set close together—a large portal with narrower entrances on either side. The tall China-

man in grasy black who leant against this effective screen was rolling a cigarette with practiced skill, using tobacco which he fished from the inner recesses of a rubber pouch. He clipped off the stray ends with a pair of folding scissors, shielded the match with his hands, then reached up and swung himself over on to the other side, dropping on to the soft earth within a bare twenty feet of a bamboo joss-house with an open front. There were tiled steps leading up to a long altar, illuminated with paper lanterns, and on the altar itself rested two bronze urns in which charcoal was burning.

(To be continued.)

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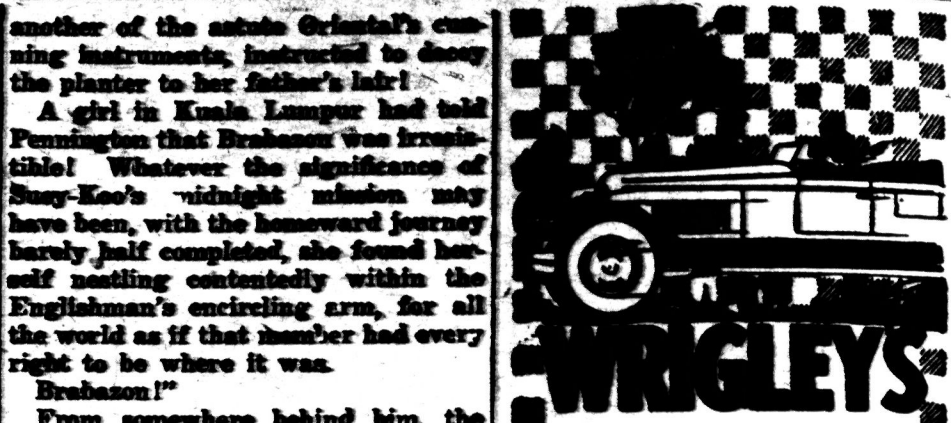
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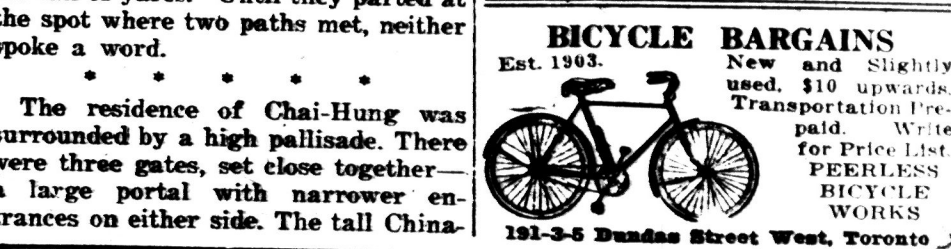
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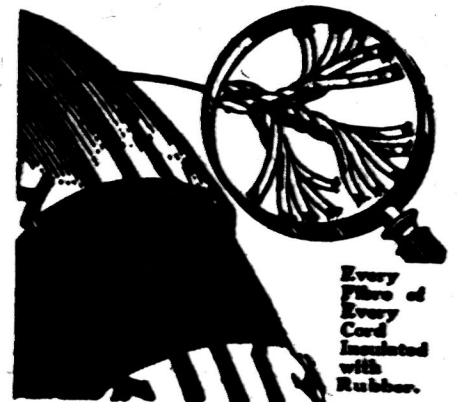


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