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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

THE YELLOW SEVEN THE BOX TRICK

BY EDWARD SNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
CLARA SWARTZ WILD

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, asks help from Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, in the recovery of jewels stolen from Lady Stornaway while she is a guest at the commissioner's home. Peter Pennington, known as "Chinese" Pennington, because of his slant eyes, is hired by the government to run to earth the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Monica Viney, beautiful widow, is living with her brother, Captain Hewitt.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
Monica gasped.
"The well of Oriental cunning knows no bottom," continued Pennington, "and yet I flatter myself I've learnt to probe into it deeply."
"I have been working quietly but steadily on this rather unusual jewel robbery."
"I found no difficulty in running the original thief to earth. I was on the point of closing with him when a singular complication occurred: As I lay on my 'tummy' in the undergrowth he was knifed—completely and effectively—before my eyes!"
Hewitt bent forward suddenly.
"Good Lord!"
"I captured the assassin low and we fought like wild cats. He had the strength of a bison and, if he hadn't left his knife in the back of his victim, I shouldn't be here now. Anyhow he broke away and got clear, leaving me with this."

He held the torn half of a yellow strip of pasteboard before the commissioner's astonished eyes.
For a second Hewitt seemed deprived of the power of speech, and it was Monica's voice that launched the question.
"But, Mr. Pennington, if he was a confederate—why did he kill his friend?"
"Because," suggested her brother, "once having got the pendant, he decided to keep it."
"No," said Pennington with conviction, "I fancy you're wrong there. The assassin didn't trouble to search the dead man, but I went over him thoroughly. The booty had passed from his hands long before I overtook him."
Monica drew in a deep breath.
"I still don't see—"
"I believe our friend was guilty of a serious indiscretion in leaving behind the token that had been entrusted to him—the yellow seven."
"I don't see that we're much forwarder," declared Hewitt moodily. "What do you suggest doing?"
"Turning in for a spell," said Pennington. "In the meantime watch every port, search everyone who tries to embark—everyone, you understand. Cheerio!"

He made his way toward the back of the house, leaving Monica bubbling over with curiosity.
Hewitt anticipated the question that was forming itself on her lips.
"That's about the most remarkable feller in eastern waters," he told her. "Chinese Pennington they call him. You saw his eyes? His pedigree's faultless, but his extraordinary freak of fortune—or birth, if you like,

decreed he should go through life—looking like that. I fancy locality has a big effect on appearance. Pennington's people have been merchants in Shanghai for generations. Anyhow, there it is! To all intents and purposes he's as white as you or me, but there's no getting away from the fact that he has the eyes of an Oriental. He knows Chinese character inside out. He can talk like them. He can get himself up to look like 'em. He holds a sort of roving commission. He's streets ahead of the ordinary native detective. The queer thing is that the natives know of Pennington, but they've never managed to nail him. They regard him as something almost superhuman. They call him 'he who sees in the dark.'"
"How delightfully thrilling!" commented Monica. "He must be frightfully brave."
The commissioner smiled grimly.
"Pennington'd tackle the devil incarnate."

The presence of a young, beautiful and undeniably attractive widow is bound to cause something more than a mild sensation in any quarter of the globe where there happens to be a preponderance of unattached males. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that Monica Viney, at such times when her brother was occupied with his affairs, was rarely at a loss for a cavalier to accompany her on her habitual excursions in search of knowledge, after the sun was down. At these times, however, Pennington was never avail-



He only fired once.

able. He came and went and yet she had never witnessed either his arrival or departure.
It was during one of those evening walks that she persuaded Dawson—a local district officer—to take her to a gambling-den.
They had been strolling leisurely through the native quarter, stopping at innumerable stores and purchasing an inordinate quantity of perfectly useless articles. They halted presently before a long building from which, at intervals, came bursts of guttural chattering. At one end a door stood half-open, a patch of yellow light falling on the roadway.
She caught his arm impulsively and tried to drag him toward the entrance, but Dawson, cautious and immovable as granite, waited until there was a lull in the stream of devotees. He guided her through the doorway and into a narrow cubicle screened from the entrance-hall by a heavy curtain. An elderly Chinaman, hump-backed and wizened, left the stool on which he had been seated, nodded to Dawson and went out. Her escort placed the stool in front of a narrow slit cut in the woodwork.
Monica peered cautiously through. There was a long table running the whole length of the hall, a round dozen of smaller ones, and the entire walls seemed to be covered with

crudely-colored pictures without frames. The whole atmosphere throbbled with feverish activity, the rattling of dice, and spasmodic, inarticulate grunts that she could not decide whether intended for signs of pleasure or despair. There were clerks in white duck, native overcoats in greasy suits, coolies with broad-brimmed hats of platted cane and wearing only loin-cloths.

A Chinaman, wearing enormous horn-rimmed spectacles, sat at the far end of a big table before what appeared to be the inverted halves of cocoanut shells. Whenever these were lifted, there arose a repetition of the discordant babel she had heard as they approached. All along both sides Orientals of every class and distinction thronged the rocking forms. Every now and then a man rose, seemingly emotionless, and left the table.

Monica, the novelty of this strange scene holding her enthralled, allowed her gaze to wander round the room. Presently it fell upon the form of an Oriental in a suit of greasy blue whose face seemed peculiarly familiar. Every time a player from the top vacated a seat, this enthusiastic gambler moved into it, in this manner getting gradually nearer to the man with the horn-rimmed spectacles who manipulated the shells. Presently he looked up at the swinging oil lamp—and Monica uttered a little cry. In spite of the elaborate disguise, there was something in the set of the mobile mouth, something in the poise of the shoulders that betrayed him. She found her lips forming the words—"Chinese Pennington."

A moment later and he had reached the apparent zenith of his desire. His elbow touched the sleeve of the man who presided, but his eyes were staring straight before him at an enormous Chinaman who sat opposite, both hands resting on the table, the fingers slightly closed.

For some reason that she could not quite define, a mental picture began forming in her mind; a picture that the vividness of Pennington's description had impressed on her memory. She saw a glade in the night-shrouded jungle wastes, a huddled form with a long knife protruding from between hunched-up shoulder blades—and "he who sees in the dark" struggling for dear life in the matted undergrowth.
Her vivid imagination had already established the identity of the man who now faced the hero of her romance. Behind her she heard Dawson strike a match and puff strenuously at his pipe. And then, through the nebulous smoke-haze, the three principal figures at the top end of the long table stood out in bold relief from the surging background of negligible supers.

In a moment of time the thing happened. The man opposite Pennington slid a yellow hand toward the Chinaman in the horn spectacles, as if trying to pass him the something over which the powerful fingers were closed. Like a flash, Pennington's arm shot out, sending coins clinking to the dusty boards, scattering little heaps of paper-money like autumn leaves in a sudden gust. Swift as the movement had been, the action of the listless Oriental who presided was quicker. The mysterious package—wrapped in a broad green leaf secured by strands of twisted bamboo—vanished into some hidden pocket beneath the wide-sleeved jacket. A score of swarthy forms leaped to their feet—and Pennington was lost to view in a writhing, swaying circle above which flashed a forest of naked blades.
"We'd better get out of this," said Dawson at Monica's elbow.
As his arm slipped through hers she cast one last glance into the seething den. The circle dissolved into the form of an irregular horseshoe. She saw the central figure stagger back, the horn spectacles slipping from his face, saw the long arm of the powerfully-built Oriental outstretched, the index-finger eloquent of a hoarse denunciation that was lost in the tumult of voices, and caught the glint of the blue barrel of an automatic. Pennington swung completely round on one heel, his pistol sending his antagonists stumbling over one another, leaving him a channel through which to escape. But he fired only once. With astounding accuracy, he shattered the glass chimney of the swinging lamp, plunging the building into darkness.

Thirty seconds later Monica found herself leaning against a wall under a jet dome sprinkled with stars. Dawson, gasping for breath, stood at her side. She was wondering whether Pennington had fought clear, whether it had actually been Lady Stornaway's diamond pendant contained in the queer package the transit of which the Englishman had striven to intercept.
(To be continued.)

"I sometimes think I'd like a wife Who's dull," said Mr. Nutting.
"The keen ones, sharp as any knife. Say things that are too cutting."

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OUTSTANDING SMARTNESS

An interesting type with bolero front and deep V-opening completed with vestee. The lower edge of the bolero is finished with applied bands. The skirt at front shows the new circular fullness, the back is straight in one piece and the set-in sleeves, are dart-fitted. Style No. 916 is stunning made of the two surfaces of black crepe satin, one of the new supple woolsens, two tones of georgette crepe, or printed and plain silk crepe. Sizes 16 years, 36,38,40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 3 yards 54-inch material; 3/4 yard 20-inch white and 1/2 yard 32-inch striped material. Price 20c the pattern.

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Repairing Famous Keeps Chief Busy

Venuses get New Noses while Dignified Queen Consorts with Nymphs
London.—The 2,000 statuary casts of the famous folk of history and mythology which were vanished from the Crystal Palace during the war are back on exhibition again, but they are not quite the same as they used to be, and as classified now they make strange company.
In a room supposed to be sacred to Grecian statuary, Queen Victoria is found turning, perhaps for sympathy to Cleopatra. Gladstone beholds the backs of a dozen beautiful women, while Dora is almost lost among four Venuses, a couple of Eves, Lady Godiva and some nymphs about to enter invisible baths.

Joseph Cheek, superintendent, nurse and surgeon for all statues, busts and models in the palace, admits that the classification might be improved, but explains that he has had a big job the last seven years getting them all to light again and repairing the damage done when they were hustled out to make room for war-time occupation of the palace.
"I have put together beauties that have been broken into bits, to say nothing of providing new noses for old Venuses by the score," he said, "and making ears and feet and arms and legs for all sorts and conditions of nymphs, ancient heroes and Victorian statesmen. The most difficult task is fingers. But I have made so many hundreds of them now that I merely take one look where the missing finger was and go straight away and make another that will fit on correctly."
"Don't worry about the classification. We'll get them all placed right in time."

Nothing to Fear From Lightning Says Engineer

Chance of Being Struck in Your Home is One in Several Million, He Estimates
CITY DWELLERS SAFE

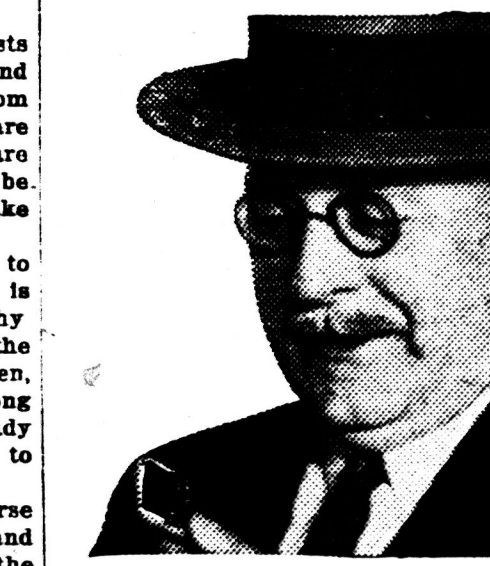
The next time the lightning flashes and baby cries and mother shivers and you swallow hard and tell Johnny pooh, pooh, there is nothing to be afraid of, and then duck your own head under the bedclothes—don't. You are right. There is nothing to be afraid of. The chance of a person being struck in his home is one in several million.

And if you chance to be at your desk in some downtown skyscraper, the lightning cannot reach you.
You have the assurance for this of R. M. Spurck, an engineer of the new switchgear plant of the General Electric Company at Philadelphia, in charge of the high voltage testing of circuit breakers, where areas of artificial lightning at from fifteen to twenty feet are played over apparatus to make sure there are no defects and that it will withstand conditions when put into service, out in the open in natural lightning areas. "Shooting a million volts into circuit breakers to thoroughly test them before leaving the factory is not mere guess work. The fundamentals are based on studies made in the company's laboratories, field observations and the classic work of the late Dr. Steinmetz," Mr. Spurck said.

If you reside on the top of a hill with no trees about, you are in a comparatively perilous position. Such a house is likely to be struck once every 100 years. But if you live in the average city home, with houses of equal height about you, lightning is apt to single you out about once every 1,000 years. As for the residents in the house perched upon the hill, the chance is one in several million that they will be struck by the bolt that comes once every 100 years.
The bolt might tear up the roof, or even set it afire, but likely would get no closer to you. It would encounter the electric house wiring and would be carried, impotent, to the ground. Or it would hop onto the plumbing system and docilely speed off into the earth.

The safest place in your house is anywhere except where these lightning conductors are centered. Most plumbing and heating pipes run up and down in the middle of the house. Keep away from the walls in which they run. Do not stand between two metal objects, such as a heating radiator and the plumbing pipes. There is nothing wrong with the superstition that bed is a safe place.
In the modern steel office building, lightning can't even get the roof. Most roofs of such buildings are metal and are purposely brought in contact at some point with the steel framework and this circuit absorbs and carries off any lightning that may chance to shoot down.

Perhaps the question of the efficacy of lightning rods has never been fully settled in the public mind. Lightning rods are now to be seen chiefly in the country. There is a lightning rod on nearly every house in the cities.



THERE is nothing that has ever taken Aspirin's place as an antidote for pain. It is safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorses its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get the real Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word genuine printed in red.



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though it may not be visible to the eye. Every plumbing system has an air vent—a pipe that runs upward to, if not through, the roof. It serves exactly as the lightning rod which attracts the air on the farmer's house.



"What did Jack mean when he told you he and I were engaged tentatively?"
"Well—he said, if he married you on his salary you'd have to live in a tent."
Keep Minard's Liniment handy.

Mr. Hangoff—"Why, no. Whatever put such an idea in your head?" Bobby—"Pa did. I heard his say to Ma a little while ago. I guess I'll get his scalp to-night. She's gone up 'bout her war paint on."

Master—"I'm sorry to say, Jones, that your composition is unworthy of you. The information is faulty and the style crude." Jones—"My father will be angry when he hears that." Master—"Well, you must tell him you'll do much better next time." Jones—"Do better, sir? Dad can't do better than that."



Firestone Dealers

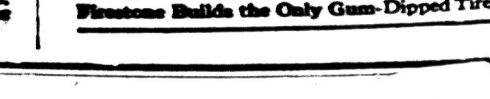
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Lonely Island

Sea Birds and Only

New York.—Greenlanders and the Bremen on its flight across the Atlantic of the most isolated spots along the Labrador coast, according to those familiar with the waters.
Greenland Island, 1,100 miles north of New York, which the transatlantic reach, and 900 miles from which point the incoming plane turquoise air navigation is so small and it is not listed in mariners' tables of latitude. And you are men came to gasoline supply they selected one of the entire region might be mariners.

The coasts of foundland are rocky this time of the year with rough and fliers attempted of Labrador, a been fraught with able difficulties. their airplane to food and shelter

Lonely
There is a lonely island—For Hor the mariners to rocks to the keeper and his chief resident's time of year. The action of the island between 7 and



Showing the sufficient buoy

are equipped to meet the immediate arm.

Communication problem. The as the Verde, is a mainland, southern tip Sablon, a set French-Canada a telegraph station operates a not. And when of the fog and graph line was

The location red to as the the Straits of for about 70 miles of St. Lawrence Ocean, separate foundland.

Some 20 miles Labrador coast the marine is located. It was the wireless news to the the fliers at the

Close
The island quarters of the widest point tent. A des shore almost of some 55 feet section of the 20 feet high

It is on the light-house, a located. At its peak, which visible for another month. The landing island preceded the time when Blanc Sablon Belle Isle from die of December but prevents month until gators say.

Aside from gators who Greenlanders. See around there fish attract another month begin to get Straits of B conditions w industry of sealing will summer.