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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

THE YELLOW SEVEN THE HUT IN THE CLEARING

BY EDWARD SKEEL
ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH WOODWARD

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, calls at the home of John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, to tell of the death of Mr. Allison, victim of a gang murder. Peter Pennington is detailed by the government to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Monica Viney lives with her brother, Capt. Hewitt. Pennington suspects Chai-Hung of being the leader of the bandits. Hewitt procures a warrant for the arrest of Chai-Hung.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
"Chai-Hung called here this afternoon."
Hewitt started.
"This afternoon!" he echoed incredulously.
She nodded.
"He asked if you were in—and said he was going away for some time. Mr. Pennington was here, too. He'll tell you all about it."

The Commissioner passed a weary hand over his black hair.
"Where is Pennington now?"
"I haven't seen him since tea."

A sudden movement in the wild garden outside attracted her attention. She stepped close up to the rail and peered into the blackness. Standing half in the shadow of a stunted palm, she saw a tall, gaunt figure, wearing a loose costume of pale blue material. Monica caught her brother's sleeve and pulled him forward.
"There's a man out there, Jack," she told him softly.

The Commissioner looked.
"It's Pennington, I suppose," he growled presently. "What the devil's he want to hang about the house like that for!"

At that moment, the scarecrow raised an arm and beckoned.
"How are we for time?"
She consulted her wrist-watch.
"You've twenty minutes before dinner. Don't stop out too long."
Hewitt looked at Monica. Thirty seconds later he had passed down the steps, making his way toward the tree. Mrs. Viney went in to dress for dinner.

The deep-toned Duccong, reverberating in the stillness of the night, brought her back to the verandah. Her brother was nowhere to be seen. She hurried down the passage to his room, tapped on the door, then, getting no response, looked in. The room was empty and a glance sufficed to tell her he had not been there since his return. The neatly piled clean clothes were still where the servant had put them. Her mind slightly troubled, she invaded his office. As she stepped toward the writing-table, a grim sense of impending disaster swept over her. She thrust it from her resolutely, and pressed onward. Both hands resting on the wooden surface, she gazed horror-stricken before her at a dagger with a gilt handle that stuck upright in the table, its thin steel blade impaling a heap of torn paper fragments. Dimly, as her powers of reasoning stole back to her, she realized that the tattered document was the warrant for the arrest of Chai-Hung, and that the yellow handle of the knife bore seven distinct black dots on the side

that was turned toward her—four on the upper half and three below.
Suddenly she became aware that Pennington—serene, immaculate—was at her elbow.
She swung round on him fiercely.
"Mr. Pennington, what does all this mean? Where is Jack? What have you done with him?"
Pennington was frankly puzzled.
"Jack? Captain Hewitt? I haven't seen him. Isn't he back yet?"
Monica caught her breath.
"Somebody beckoned to him from the garden," she raved on wildly. "We both thought it was you. Jack went out. He isn't dressed for makan, and there's that on his table. For God's sake tell me what it all means."

Pennington guided her to a chair, then bent over the dagger. A second later, he had rushed from the room toward the kitchen-quarters.
She heard the voluble tones of the cook-boy, a yell of pain, the dragging of a heavy body along the floor and the servant was flung like a sack into the office, still clinging to a flimsy box with a metal handle—the only luggage he had brought with him when he arrived.
Pennington slammed the door and leant against it.
"Get up, you swine!" he said sternly. "Get up and find your tongue or, by heaven! I'll flay you alive!"
The boy scrambled to his feet and stood sullenly in the centre of the bare room.
"You will lead me to Chai-Hung!" hissed Pennington.
At the very sound of the name the Oriental trembled visibly.
The Englishman caught him by both

shoulders and shook him violently. A volume of inarticulate grunts followed. Pennington plucked the knife from the woodwork.
"Mrs. Viney," he said over his shoulder, "do you mind waiting for me in the dining-room?"
At the entrance she looked back.
"What are you going to do?" she demanded fearfully.
He shrugged his shoulders helplessly.
"Please go," he whispered. "I've got to use every method I know to enable me to get on the track of your brother—before it's too late."

Collecting herself with an effort, she crept from the room, closing the door after her.
In the grim half-hour that followed she lost all sense of time. She looked up suddenly to see Pennington before her.
"I'm just off," he said quietly.
"Then you know?"
"He has told me as much as I wanted to know."
She regarded him doubtfully.
"It all sounds so utterly hopeless," she declared.
Pennington was leaning against the table, eating bread and cheese alternately.
"You must remember, Mrs. Viney," he told her between the mouthfuls, "that I have made it my business to study the movements of our arch-bandit. It would be impossible for me to know all his hiding-places, but I have discovered a good few of them, sufficient, I feel convinced, to assist me in sifting fact from fiction. Wong-See—the intelligent youth I collared in the act of making a hurried exit—is a poor sort of creature when brought face to face with the serious



The servant was flung like a sack into the office.

problems of this life. By dint of dire threats and much patience, I gathered he was on the point of proceeding to Chai-Hung's lair, to the place where your brother has been taken. In effect, we have arrived at a delightful compromise. Wong-See is between Scylla and Charybdis: If he fails to join Chai-Hung—the vengeance of that gentleman will fall upon him, swiftly and surely, whether he seek refuge in China or any old island in the archipelago. The remaining horns of the dilemma is—"He stuck his tongue in his cheek. "—death by the most horrible torture imaginable—at the hands of the who sees in the dark, otherwise—myself! Now comes the compromise. He is to proceed to Chai-Hung's hiding place, as he had originally intended, only with Pennington in his immediate rear. In this manner, he stands a sporting chance of dodging a horrible end at the hands of either."
He reached for his hat.
Monica slipped between him and the door.
"You're not going alone?"
"Most certainly."
She stamped her foot impatiently.
"You mustn't do that!" she cried.
"It's positively absurd. Supposing there are others waiting for Wong-See in the jungle?"
"I've been in tight corners before, Mrs. Viney," he reminded her gently, "and I've managed to squirm out of 'em somehow. If I attempt to start out with a crowd of native soldiers, the information will be tapped out on some native telegraph-system almost before the men have left the barracks. Hewitt will be spirited away and the chances of rescue will become a thousand times more remote."
"One more couldn't possibly do any harm," protested Monica.
"I'm not taking any chances," said Pennington.
"Take me!" said the girl, flushed to the roots of her hair.
"You?"
"Why not? I shall be at my wits' end if you leave me here alone." Her voice broke. "If Chai-Hung is plotting against one of us, why shouldn't he send for me while you are away, looking for Jack?"
Pennington glanced hurriedly at his watch, and Monica realized that her argument had gone home. She seized his acket impulsively with both hands.
Pennington's one weakness lay in his utter inexperience of the opposite sex.
"Come on, then," he said, with a gruffness that was new to her. "There's an electric torch in the right-hand drawer of your brother's desk. We may want it."
Trembling with excitement, she hurried in search of it, joining him a few seconds later at the foot of the verandah steps. Almost at the exact spot where she had seen the man who had impersonated Pennington, the cook-boy awaited the order to proceed.
Soon they had left the beaten track and were threading their way through tangled undergrowth, under branches so closely interwoven as to exclude the stars, the humming of countless legions of insects in their ears, the bright light of the electric torch describing an illuminated circle on the back of Wong-See.
The night air blew suddenly chill and a slight shiver ran through Monica.
Her companion brought his head almost level with her.
"Cold?" he demanded softly.
She smiled up at him.
"Not really. Actually, I'm supremely content."
They relapsed into silence again, and Pennington, conscious of a smoldering, inconsumable fire within, glanced covertly at the trim figure of the attractive widow who kept pace with him, and was glad that he had let her come. He quickened his step, until Monica found herself compelled to run to keep up with him.
(To be continued.)

British Loans in the U.S.A.
London Times (Ind.): The listing of a British Government sterling loan on the New York Stock Exchange is a historic event of some importance. Only a few years ago American investors were almost complete strangers to foreign investments, and many argued that they would remain so; but they have developed an unexpected liking for this form of investment, though in all, or nearly all, cases they have insisted that the loans should be dollar obligations and not obligations payable in the currency of the borrowing country. The listing, therefore, of a foreign internal loan marks a new, if experimental, stage in development of America as an international financial centre.
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Paths for Pedestrians
London Morning Post (Cons.): In the country there has sprung up a dastardly habit of removing footpaths, provided by our ancestors to protect the pedestrian or horseman from collision with a coach or cart. Never has the provision of footpaths at the side of every main road been as important as it is to-day; and the giving of a little space for users of the road who are not motorists should be the first principle of road development throughout the country.

Drunk in Charge of a Car
London Evening Standard (Ind. Cons.): (Two London Police Court magistrates, "men of great experience and sound judgment," have made it clear that the old tests for drunkenness are utterly inadequate in these days of automobiles, and that the law should be changed.) Whether a man who has been drinking and is in an excited condition ought to be called drunk is a question which each individual will answer according to his own private views. But whether he is in a fit condition to have control of what may so easily become a highly lethal instrument is open to the test of fact. No matter how little he may have taken, no matter how reasonably he may be able to talk, if his hands are unsteady on the wheel, if his judgment seems to be slow in an emergency, then he is not fit for his responsibility he has undertaken.
Recovery of \$2,000,000 from the bottom of New York harbor shouldn't be taken as evidence in other parts of the world that the very threshold of the United States is paved with gold. It was salvaged from a wreck.

The Joys of Life
London Daily Telegraph (Cons.): (Dr. J. Strickland Goodall says that the great increase in the number of deaths from heart disease is due to late hours, cocktails, cigarettes and the low emotional character of modern novels, plays and films.) He who would live long and see good days must avoid emotion, take but little exercise, not overwork his brain and cut down on his tobacco. It is not a very easy prescription to follow. And in any case most of us would prefer to drop down dead in the middle of crook play or sermon than have to endure the lingering torture of slowly dying by other diseases. Mr. Goodall will frighten fewer people into virtuous dullness than he imagines. The theatres and cinemas will not shut down on his account.

House of Commons Manners
Sidney Webb in the London Observer (Ind.): It is mere ignorance that ascribes all the Parliamentary lapses of manners or morals to the advent to the House of Commons of the manual working class. On the contrary, it is argued by students of Parliamentary history that the continued shrinking during the past century of the aristocrat element, and the substitution, first of the growing proportion of working lawyers, authors, journalists and industrial capitalists, and then—to the extent of about one-eighth of the whole House—of men of manual working antecedents, has been at any rate coincident with an equally continuous general improvement in manners and morals, and with an actual rise in the decorum and dignity in which the British Parliament to-day surpasses all contemporary national Legislatures.

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World Honors Dunant as First to Urge Red Cross Relief Idea

56 Nations Took Part in Celebration of 100th Anniversary of Swiss Humanitarian's Birth; Sight of Battlefield Inspired His Proposal

The hundredth anniversary of the birth in Geneva, Switzerland, of Jean Henri Dunant—the great humanitarian who gave to the world the idea and vision on which the Red Cross is founded—was observed on May 8th in fifty-six nations. Twenty million persons are enrolled under the banner of the Red Cross.

The clash of the Franco-Sardinian and Austrian armies on June 24, 1859, when 300,000 men were engaged in hand-to-hand fighting on a ten-mile front and 40,000 were wounded and dead at the close of the fifteen-hour struggle, created the idea in Dunant's mind.

While travelling in Lombardy, Dunant came, late in the day, upon the battlefield. He was "moved to compassion, to pity, to horror" by the dead and dying, and hastened to the nearby village of Castiglione, where he persuaded peasant women and girls to return with him to succor the wounded.

For days he labored in this relief work, until all were under shelter and medical aid given them.
Later he wrote his impressions of the semi-barbaric neglect of the wounded in a pamphlet, "Un Souvenir de Solferino." It was printed in 1862. In this book he urged formation of societies for the neutralization of wounded in war, of medical men and hospital



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According to the total export from the district in 1927 was 900 tons. C accounted for total and the by some fit Norway, Ne each export were fairly Germany and major shares

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Hints On
To Have
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Spring, with and renovat the old, old s thing and e One begins to age space an can order an In most h cupboards the happier becom sids the usu kitchen which utensils there house, clean sets, clothes age space wi children's to boots, etc.

The clean brooms, swe brushes, and are kept, sh as a crowd brooms. The for sweeper space for bro and shelves e as a cleaning p etc. It is w two in which kept. This o of the house. If there is a is a good plac table may be e visitant clean companies ar closets in co dial cabinets end probably made.

The laundry room where it may be high at the top for and stain rem for back ironing boards separate place A linen closet important sto an should be house where sible. It shou idea of classif different siz towels, spread hold lin. So ding is also st When this is shelves are n with drop front is very heavy and the drop which may a linen. Slidin used to the l bp simply hav and cutting aw

Clothes clos In every bed closet for onst able in both the house. The in connection to have easy a good light, and ing. Clothes e efficiently wit without the clo bot, on the oth to built them to feel deep and will hold many rectly arranged ning lengthwi space and mak hang one's clo

Sliding rods small "hole-in-th rods can be pu into the room. good for the c The wardrobe led much in the of its compact planned along robe trunk. It cally into two s

An old Chinese vase sold in New York recently for \$30,000, but a rose within it would smell no sweeter than in a milk bottle.

Minard's Liniment for falling hair.

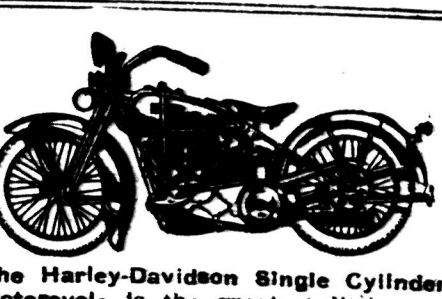
While the size of a "town" may be known by its filling stations, the size of a "city" may soon be known by its landing fields.



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