

THE YELLOW SEVEN A GAME OF CHANCE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Monica Viney, sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, is engaged to marry Peter Pennington. Pennington is detailed by the government to capture Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Major Armitage comes to Jesselton and announces that he means to run Chai-Hung to earth in one week. Hewitt has Pennington disguise himself as a Chinese interpreter and accompany Armitage on the expedition.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I expect everybody here to remain in their quarters after lights out and I've instructed the sentries to shoot without question at anybody who is found prowling around after dark. Our next move is to get on the track of Chai-Hung with the least possible delay. Get a half-a-dozen picked men scouting for traces of the assassins and report to me as soon as any definite trails appear."

"Very good, tuan. And you—?"

"I shall remain here."

There was a faller, tree trunk at the edge of the clearing farthest from the squatting bearers and Major Armitage settled himself down at the end which appeared to offer the most shade. The interpreter glanced back over his shoulder twice as he crossed to the men, but the apostle of blood and iron was pressing tobacco from an oil-skin pouch into an exceedingly new-looking briar and did not look up. Pennington was frankly puzzled and not a little perturbed as to the uncomfortable proximity of the agents of Chai-Hung. It was one thing tracking down the bandit by his own methods—and quite another scouring the country at the heels of so unreasonable a leader as Armitage. The Yellow Seven were swarming somewhere close at hand, taking advantage of the shelter the jungle offered and picking off those who lagged behind. By this method they were reducing the strength of Armitage's force.

Taking with him a native sergeant, he embarked upon a reconnaissance. They were returning a couple of hours later through a narrow defile between rocky banks half hidden by ferns, when a figure appeared on the path not ten yards in front of them. Pennington's hand swung round to his hip-pocket, but Sergeant Danudin caught his arm.

"Bi-la, tuan! It is Rabat-Pilai!"

Pennington stopped dead in his tracks. The newcomer was he to whom the man with the Chinese eyes was wont to refer as his chief of staff; a short, lithe individual with an eye and an ear missing and his mouth slit on either side.

"What is it, Rabat-Pilai?"

The creature saluted as he came up. "Great tuan, I have followed Chai-Hung to this place. He has many of his men with him—and he has taken the white soldier with the glass eye."

"You are sure of this," he demanded.

"Perfectly, tuan. I came from the direction of the Tuan-Besar Varney's house—which is by the river, because of something that a man had told me. I found the soldiers and the men who carried the barang; after that I saw the white lord, who was sitting on a tree. I did not enter the clearing, but skirted by way of the forest—and the thing happened as I passed. A man dressed as you are dressed spoke to the soldiers, who followed him presently into the jungle. The white lord had fallen asleep with his head in his hands—and Chai-Hung came softly."

"How long ago was this?"

"Ten minutes, perhaps, not more." Pennington's eyes blazed.

"Sergeant Danudin, round up those men and follow. Bring all the provisions you can lay your hands on. What direction are they taking, Rabat?"

"Due east, tuan. There are others who came with me who could wait at certain points until the soldiers found the path."

As Pennington followed upon the heels of Rabat-Pilai, he found time to be sorry for Major J. Lacy Armitage and the inevitable failure of his expedition; he was sorry, too, that the man who preached efficiency could not have been there at that moment to appreciate the calibre of the network he himself was fast drawing round Chai-Hung; little, brown, inconspicuous mortals, each cherishing a special hatred for their quarry and assisted by a jungle telegraph coded and adapted by Chinese Pennington.

At a bend in the track Rabat-Pilai touched Pennington gently.

"They are not far ahead, tuan. They are making for the house in the rocks, for Chai-Hung is tired—and his arm pains him."

"They will not have killed the white man?"

Rabat-Pilai shook his head.

"Not yet—or they would have left his body for us to find."

The corners of Pennington's mouth turned down and he examined the clip of cartridges in his automatic.

"The Chinese, Major Armitage, are inherent gamblers. There are few among us, in fact, who would not easily be tempted to hazard their entire fortunes at a game of chance."

Chai-Hung sat bolt upright in his high-backed chair and smiled.

"So I believe," returned the Englishman coldly. Now that his limbs were freed he was beginning to get over that feeling of injured dignity

that had accompanied his capture. "May I ask what you intend doing with me?"

It was apparent that the bandit was equally capable of affecting deafness. "Hence the Yellow Seven," he continued. "It is I who decide upon our victims, but the hand that carries out the death-penalty is rarely mine. The matter is decided by a form of lottery. The Yellow Seven is mixed up with other cards and those who at that moment form my bodyguard draw for it in turn. The thing is done quite openly and the sign of our society left pinned to the victim."

The major's throat had gone suddenly dry.

His glance dropped from the broad yellow face to the black sling in which the bandit's arm reposed.

Chai-Hung began speaking again, with a guttural metallic harshness that jarred on Armitage.

"Whatever my enemies may have told you, Major Armitage, I am at heart a sportsman and, although I must frankly confess the insult to my intelligence the nature of your expedition against me seemed to imply offended me deeply, there still remains enough that is good in my nature to appreciate your daring." The eyes that fixed themselves upon Armitage's monocled countenance glowed like live coals. "I was sorely tempted to return insult for insult—and let you go free; for I do not fear you, you poor fool, nor—if this were my only stronghold—would I be afraid you could find your way here again. I was tempted. I repeat—until I remembered my left hand. It was taken from me, as you may have heard, by one of your agents—one Rabat-Pilai. You can hardly blame me, Major Armitage, if I tell you I have sworn an oath to sever the left hand from any British agent who may fall into my hands!"

Armitage did not lack courage. He returned the other's gaze.

"I see," he said reflectively. "You propose turning me adrift in unknown territory—minus my hand! And you claim to be a sportsman! I tell you what we'll do, Mr. Chai-Hung. My Chinese interpreter—Sing-Ho—introduced me to a pleasant little game of chance, which should not be unknown to you. You will find it on the top of that cupboard where your man deposited my effects. I'll play you for my hand. Mr. Chai-Hung! It is the game of the little black and red cube and the brass box! The red shall

signify my hand. May I trouble you for my pencil and one of those faded sheets of paper I carried?"

The high-backed chair creaked as Chai-Hung's back met it.

"You are a brave man, Major Armitage. We will play this game."

He touched a brass peg at his side and the attendant entered quietly.

"Bring me the game that you took from the English gentleman, the pencil and his note-book."

Without a tremor Armitage set the little brass box squarely in the centre of the paper and drew lines from each corner of the sheet. Round the box itself he marked a square and lifted the lid to show the cube resting firmly in its slot in the inner portion.

He slid back the top and turned the box over and over between his fingers.

"The red will face this square," declared Chai-Hung, indicating this section with a fingernail of enormous length.

Taking the cover between finger and thumb, Armitage lifted slowly. He paused midway, conscious that the man who sat opposite had turned sharply toward the door. Suddenly the Oriental sprang to his feet—his whole being consumed with fury—and clutched with his single hand at a sword that hung from a gilded screen.

"We do not continue the game, Major Armitage," he hissed, "because your men are at my gates." He swung the weapon aloft. "It is they you must thank for this!"

Throwing all dignity to the winds, Major James Lacy Armitage dived under the table, and the blow descended upon its upper surface with terrific force. As Chai-Hung strove to disengage the weapon, a bullet shattered a mirror behind him.

Armitage crawled from his refuge to find the room empty, the sentry gone and the amiable features of the interpreter—Hing-Ho—regarding him through the window.

Still crouching on his hands and knees he blinked up at the face.

"Sing-Ho!"

Pennington smiled.

"Or, in other words," he murmured sweetly, "the man who is bungling this Yellow Seven affair hopelessly—Chinese Pennington!"

(To be continued.)

Canada—England as U.S. Customers

The United States sold \$74,000,000 worth more goods to Canada in fiscal year 1928 than in 1927, and \$163,000,000 more than in 1926, according to a survey printed in the "Boston News Bureau." C. W. Barron's financial newspaper. "Exports totaled \$862,000,000, the previous year they were \$788,000,000 and in 1925 \$648,000,000," this article continues.

"The 1928 exports across the border are the largest for any year other than during the period of war inflation. They are more than 2 1/2 times greater than the average for years just preceding the war."

"Canada's purchases during 1928 make her America's leading customer, displacing England for the first time. This is partly the result of a decline in our exports to England. In 1928 we sold that country goods worth \$809,000,000, or \$53,000,000 less than the Canadian total. In 1917, however, England purchased American goods to the value of \$973,000,000, against \$788,000,000 for Canada."

Sociological experts claim China hasn't waked up yet. It has been having a terrible nightmare, then.—Nashville Banner.

Attracting Tourists

Quebec City—Assurance of good food to be added to the list of attractions offered to the tourist by the Province of Quebec. Without good food, touring is reduced to a discouraging experience. Gastronomy appeals to all classes. The people of France long ago learned this and their good cooking attracts more tourists than any scenic attractions the country has to offer.

The Minister of Roads for the Province of Quebec, Hon. J. L. Ferron, is determined that tourists visiting Quebec shall not only have good roads to travel over when they motor, but good food at the hotels where they stay. For some time past he has been insisting on an improvement in the standard of hotels throughout the province. As a further step in this campaign he has arranged to have courses in cooking available for those who may be considering employment either actually employed in hotels or in such establishments. The courses in the fine art of cooking are to be given free by experts at the Provincial Household Service School in Montreal. Each class will number 25 and the first of the two weeks courses is scheduled for next April.

And so next summer the tourist in Quebec, may, after a motor trip through a stretch of scenic beauty or a rich farming area, halt at a wayside inn and find there the meal his or her discriminating palate yearns for, served "a la Perron."

This idea of cooking classes marks a new departure in the Provincial Government's bid for tourists that will certainly be appealing. It is one that may ultimately be more widely adopted.

Tourists Aid Development

The tourist is often the fore-runner of the homemaker and investor. He visits the country and sees with his own eyes the character of its people and resources, and if he later returns to settle or invest he is able to do both in a more satisfactory manner.

The Kicking Horse Trail

The Kicking Horse Trail commences at Lake Louise, in Rocky Mountains National Park, Alberta, crosses the Great Divide and follows the Kicking Horse River to Field, British Columbia, Yoho park headquarters. From here access is easy to the beautiful Yoho valley. The road then continues along the Kicking Horse canyon and on to Golden, British Columbia. This motor way, which is the second trans-montane highway to be built across the Central Rockies, unlocked the gates of Yoho park to the outside motor world.

Sunshine On London Bridge

The bright morning sun of summer heated the eastern parapet of London Bridge; I stayed in the recess to acknowledge it. The smooth water was a broad sheen of light, the built-up river flowed calm and silent by a thousand doors, rippling only where the stream chafed against a chain. Red pennants drooped, gilded vanes gleamed on polished masts, black-pitched hulls glistened like a black rooks feathers in sunlight; the clear air cut out the forward angles of the warehouses, the shadowed wharves were quiet in shadow that carried light; far down the ships that were hauling out moved in repose, and with the stream floated away into the summer mist. There was a faint blue color in the air hovering between the built-up banks, against the lit walls, in the hollows of the houses. The swallows wheeled and climbed, twittered and glided downwards. Burning on, the great sun stood in the sky, heating the parapet, glowing steadily upon me as when I rested in the narrow valley grooved out in prehistoric times. Burning on steadfast, and ever present as my thought. Lighting the broad river, the broad walls; lighting the least speck of dust; lighting the great heaven; gleaming on my finger-nail. The fixed point of day—the sun—Richard Jeffries.

Censorship of the Mind

Spectator (London): (At the request of the Home Secretary, Mr. Jonathan Cape, the publisher, has discontinued publication of a recent novel.) Is the novelist in future to be handed a list of subjects he may deal with? In writing of a psychological subject, must he first ascertain if his treatment of the matter meets with approval in high places? ... Freedom of speech and the free circulation of thoughts are very precious possessions, and, without attempting to minimize the dangers of their abuse, they act as a safety-valve. It may be better to wash dirty linen in public and discuss social ills openly rather than to bury our heads in the sand and pretend they do not exist. ... (But) to claim that because a book portrays a sordid but existing side of contemporary life it has a right to appear is a doctrine to which we cannot subscribe. There are things which it is better not to talk about. ... Right thinking is the prelude to right living. Our minds must have inhibitions and restraints just as much as our bodies. ... The Home Secretary acted wisely in asking Mr. Cape to withdraw the book.

We must never throw away a bushel of fine grains of chaff. On the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a truth because it happens to contain bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain.—Dean Stanley.

TORONTO HOTELS
Elliott and Victoria
Church & Shuter Sts. 56 Yonge St.
In the Shopping District

"Orange Palace" is only the name given to a class of leaf—same good, many poor, Orange Palaces are sold. The most economical and yet the most luxurious is "SALADA" Orange Palaces—Served in metal pots—fresh delicious—42¢ per 1-lb.

"SALADA" ORANGE PEEL TEA

Injured Dog Visits Doctor

An interested reader of "Our Dumb Animals," John J. Shaw, M.D., of Plymouth, Mass., writes of the following incident which occurred several years ago:

Coming home one day from my round of professional calls, my wife informed me that a large black dog had been lying on the front piazza all the forenoon. Just then my son came in from school. Being like most boys, fond of dogs, he immediately went out to see the visitor. He soon returned and reported that the dog was hurt; so I went out and on examination found a hind leg broken. The dog made no objection to the examination and setting of the broken bone, which must have been more or less painful as was indicated by occasional groans. He seemed to try to accommodate himself to our needs in applying splints and bandages. After we had finished our work he went away (on three legs), but came back the next day with the splints a little out of place. We made the necessary changes, adding surgeons' plaster to insure permanence. On his next call, a few days later, we found everything in place and the leg doing well. We found later that he belonged to a poor colored woman not far away. I have always wondered if he read my sign.



DISTINGUISHED MODEL

A distinguished model featuring the diagonal closing circular flared skirt at front and up-in-the-front waistline. The most remarkable thing about it is the easy manner in which it is made. Crepe satin, canton-faille crepe, wool crepe, flat silk crepe, crepe Roma, georgette crepe, crepe Elizabeth, sheer velvet and sheer tweed are appropriate for Style No. 910. The applied band around neck and down front is interesting made of contrasting fabric or color, or cut from the bias of fabric. Pattern in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 30-inch contrasting. Price 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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.

Minard's Liniment cleanses cuts, etc.

If a crooked stick is before us, you need not explain how crooked it is. Lay a straight one down by the side of it and the work will be done. Preach the truth and error will stand abashed in its presence.—Dr. C. H. Spurgeon.

All records for this year's harvest season were broken recently on the Thacker farm at Burdett, Alberta. Where 67 bushels of wheat per acre were threshed on 80 acres.



MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word genuine printed in red? It isn't the genuine Aspirin without it! A drug-store always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box:



Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada and other countries. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitation the "Bayer Cross" is placed on every box.

**WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET**

3 handy packs for 5¢

Here is a treat that can't be beat! Benefit and pleasure in generous measure!
Peppermint Flavor

ISSUE No. 39—728

Another Smiling Prince



BRITISH PRINCE IN SAN FRANCISCO
Prince George, youngest son of the King of England, walking with Capt. C. L. Coleridge of H.M.S. Durban, on which the prince is travelling to the east.