

# YUANHEE SEE LAUGHS

by Sax Rohmer



As the liner Wallaroo calls from London the crates of opium are removed and returned to the warehouse of Messrs. King, adjoining that of Jo Lung, one of the biggest "fences" in London. Matt Kearney, correspondent of a New York newspaper, has just said good-bye to his sister Eileen, a passenger. At the request of Detective Inspector Dawson Haig, Matt accompanied Norman, one of Haig's Scotland Yard men, to Jo Lung's flat, where he found a notebook dropped by Yuan Hee See, and Norwich in hurried mood after leaving Matt. Yuan Hee See, Jo Lung escape in a motor cruiser to France. Haig goes to Marseilles and boards the Wallaroo there. One of the Wallaroo's passengers complains that his cabin has been searched.

**CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)**  
"Can you give me a list of the missing articles?" asked Winter, the porter.  
Mr. Len Chow, his spectacled face unemotional, replied that none were missing.  
"Then what's the row about?"  
"The thief must be apprehended. He has rifled my papers. They are of great personal value."  
"But no value to anyone else?"  
"No."  
"Are any missing?"  
"Yes."

"There was silence for some moments. 'I'll make inquiries, Mr. Len Chow, naturally,' said Winter; 'but as you say he has stolen nothing, I really don't know how we are going to identify this person. Do you?'"  
"I cannot say. But I must be protected from such visits."  
"I'll see what can be done."

At about which time, Dawson Haig, with his cabin door locked, was rapidly making pencil notes, while his memory served him. He had been unable to complete his investigation, owing to the unexpected movements in the cabin which immediately faced that of Mr. Len Chow. He much regretted the disorder in which he had been compelled to leave the latter's apartment. It had been this or discovery, however.  
Briefly, he had learned that Mr. Chow, according to his passport, was an American citizen, and that he could have been in England only a week, or possibly less, at the time that the Wallaroo sailed. He found a receipted bill from the Grand Hotel, Birmingham. It was sufficient to convince Haig that Mr. Chow had been engaged upon the frustrated dope smuggling enterprise; had probably been responsible for safe delivery in Sydney, to which port, apparently, he was booked.

A puzzling feature of his passport, which spoke of extensive travelling, mostly in the Near East, was a visa bearing yesterday's date, by the Egyptian Consul in Marseilles, which strongly suggested that Mr. Chow's plans had been changed and that he was going ashore at Port Said.  
Haig presently presented himself in the captain's cabin. There he remained for a whole hour busily transcribing from the borrowed Marconi books a number of incoming messages and outgoing messages, received or dispatched by the suspected five. While some of the messages seemed innocent enough, others, notably those sent by Dr. Oestler, quite obviously were compiled in some sort of code.

Haig went to his cabin and settled down before the little table to see what he could make of this new material.  
The half-caste woman known as Miss Edman, and supposed to be a vaudeville artist. Mr. Len Chow, and Dr. Oestler were the suspects whose names appeared in the Marconi books.  
Studying a list of telegraphic addresses, which the captain had borrowed from the wireless room, Haig discovered that Mr. Chow's first two messages had been addressed to "Lilung Causeway London."

"Excellent," he murmured. "Lilung Causeway London" was the telegraphic address of Jo Lung's establishment in Limehouse.  
The messages themselves were simple enough. They were these:  
One: "Arranged to Transfer or Signed Chow."  
Two: "Your Friend is on Board Signed Chow."  
"That's clear enough," Haig mused. "He is informing Polodos that he has arranged to cancel from Port Said to Sydney and is leaving at the former. He later sends the information that there is a 'friend' on board, meaning Durham, of course. Durham thought he was spotted. He was quite right."

Then, in order of date was an incoming message which read: "Maurice Paris Sixteen to Eighteen Signed Pascal."  
Mr. Len Chow's third message, addressed to "Pascal Hotel Maurice Paris" read:  
"Your Friend Leaving Us at Marseilles Signed Chow."  
At which moment came the sound of

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**A Resolution**  
There is a bit of somewhat doggerel verse written a long time ago, by whom no one seems to know, that might serve somewhat as a motto for us as we turn over that new leaf of the year. It reads like this:  
"I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;  
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;  
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;  
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart's shall know no fear;  
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;  
I will not deny my merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;  
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;  
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine."  
That at least makes some useful suggestions as to what we should begin to put into that New Year that is here.

**An Exotic Menu**  
Two hungry Canadians walked into the Hotel Central in Panama City the other day. In this sleepy old Spanish town, they were taken in the expectation of enjoying a luncheon of strange and delectable tropical foods, quite different from anything they could get at home. The bill of fare, written in the Spanish of the country, promised well. It offered:  
Ensalada de Remolachas  
Sopa de Frijoles  
Chuleta de Puerco Frito, Salsa Manzana  
Papas Lyonesa  
Mazorca  
Pan y Mantequilla  
Cafe o Tea

Canny, they asked for a translation. Then they learned that this exotic bill of fare really comprised the following:  
Pickled Beets Salad  
Porree of Native Beans  
Fried Pork Chop, Apple Sauce  
Lyonnaise Potatoes  
Corn on the Cob  
Rolls and Butter  
Coffee or Tea

The Canadians decided that they might just as well be lurching in a Chinese restaurant in a public house. Finally, some gesticulatory conversation with a semi-comatose waiter produced a baked corn and ice cream papayas. Panama's reputation as host was saved.—Financial Post.

**"Driven to Matrimony By the Depression"**  
Kansas City.—It seems they both lost—the United States Government and the woman who wrote Dan N. Nee, collector of internal revenue, the following letter:  
"In regard to the enclosed income tax blank, please take my name off the list, as I was driven to matrimony by the depression and now am working for nothing."

**Acres Reduction Is Held Unlikely**  
Regina.—Possibilities that Saskatchewan farmers will be faced by compulsory wheat acreage reduction when they sow their 1934 crop are remote, according to Premier J. T. M. Anderson.  
The manner in which Saskatchewan will fulfill its share in lopping 4,000,000 acres off Canada's area is not known, but details of the province's policy are expected to be announced shortly by Hon. M. A. MacPherson, Attorney-General and treasurer.

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she saw a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles. "Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion. "They must think I never drove a car before!"

# "SALADA"

## GREEN TEA

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**Sports Review**  
St. Clair L. McCabe, Staff Writer, Dominion Sports Illustrated

**Hockey**  
The Montreal Maroons came to life the other night, avenging the four defeats at the hands of the Toronto Maple Leafs—they beat the Leafs, 6 to 0. The Toronto team's position was not affected in the least as they are still sitting pretty at the top of the Canadian section of the N.H.L. but the Maroons are now firmly in third place.

The New York Rangers climbed into the "Four Hundred" last week—playing their four hundredth game in the National Hockey League. The instant was celebrated by the usual presentations and ceremonies. But aside from the fact that five of the original players are still with the team either as active members or as bench warmers, the only other remarkable thing about the whole affair was that 59 other games had to be played to make it the four hundredth.

**Wrestling**  
From Toronto Jim Londos went to Detroit—again Larry Luck favored him with a smile—which enabled him to slip around a scissor hold and take the famous Joe Stetcher with an airplane spin and body slam, in 44 minutes. Londos weighed 299 and Stetcher 222.

**Soccer**  
The P.Q.F.A. substitute rule will continue the same as last year. Those who started the crusade in favor of the Ontario system were speechless when the argument came up at the annual meeting. A compromise to allow two substitutes, and to permit members of a team who started in a game to return once after leaving the field was equally unsuccessful.

**Tennis**  
Frank Shields of Montreal conquered George Lott of Chicago in a straight set in the Canadian finals, 6-2, 6-0, 9-7. Lott was considered the tenth best in the U.S. rating, but since his encounter with the Canadian his rating is said to be low. The Canadian championship must carry a lot of weight in the States.

**Horses**  
From information gathered here and there it looks as though there are around 15 or 16 trotting colts that will be candidates for this year's Futurity.  
If this new idea about co-solation races looks good to the directors and receives their O.K., that should encourage a larger field in the original race. The trotters have always been the least in number of all the divisions in the racing racket. But should nine or ten starters pull up for the gun it would certainly bolster up this section.

**Questions**  
Dear Mac:—The greatest baseball player was Ty Cobb—and to answer your question, he played professional ball longer than anybody—24 years to be exact.  
Dear Helen (pardon the familiarity):—Yes, professional basketball is played very much down south—all the large cities in the U.S. have a paid team.

**Sport Skirts Twelve Inches from Ground**  
Paris.—Spring fashion shows, giving the first hint of new 1934 modes, opened in crowded salons recently on the eve of President Lebrun's annual gala reception at Elysee Palace.  
While hundreds of Parisiennes prepared elaborate toilettes for the evening festivities, Worth displayed sports modes designed with trim, cleancut lines, with skirts 12 inches from the ground.  
Colors shown were characteristically green, tea green, gray beige, navy, pale blue and white.

**Industrial Development**  
Canada today is the second in importance, from the point of view of industry, of all the countries of the British Empire, and her exports to other British countries consist principally of manufactured products. Her exports to the United States of manufactured or semi-manufactured products exceed her imports of raw materials. The continuation and progress of this trend depend largely on the future development of the country's natural resources in all its manifold aspects.

**Greatest Fear of Women Students is Unpopularity**  
Rockford, Ill.—First year students at Rockford Women's College are afraid of unpopularity more than anything else. This was disclosed by a psychological examination.  
Other "chief fears" were suspicious looking men, dark streets, mice, snakes, spiders, living too long, and what happens after death.

**Friends in Need**  
"When it comes to real neighborliness, it is difficult to find a parallel for the spirit which prevails throughout rural Ontario, observes the Brockville Recorder and Times. The moment trouble or adversity overtakes any farmer who possesses standing in the community, his neighbors are quick to rally to his assistance and to render him and the members of his family any aid that lies within their power. A fresh illustration of this spirit of neighborliness and co-operation, which has no parallel in urban communities, has just been given in the vicinity of Toledo, Kitley Township. There, a young man broke his arm while cranking his car. This crippled him to such an extent that he could not carry out his normal woodcutting operations, so much a part of farm life at this period of the year. His neighbors were not slow to realize his predicament and voluntarily came forward to carry out this task and to assure him and his family a continuance of their fuel supply. They did this without being asked and without hope of any reward other than the thanks of the man thus benefited, for they knew that if they themselves faced similar trouble, he and all the other neighbors would come forward just as readily to help them over a period of difficulty. Farm life has its drawbacks and also its compensations. Not the least of the latter is the fine spirit of friendship that is so apparent in most rural communities where there is interest in the welfare of each and every household and where sympathy goes far beyond mere lip-service. It might not be a bad idea if urban residents could capture some of the neighborhood spirit that is so frequently displayed along the concession-lines making farm life much more pleasant and much more agreeable than it is sometimes pictured."

**British Women in the News in '33**  
Below is a list of the British women who have figured prominently in the news during the year 1933.  
First of all comes Amy Johnson Mollison, who was awarded the Segara Memorial Trophy in recognition of her record-making solo flights between England and Capetown and between Capetown and England. She is the first woman to be awarded this trophy.  
Later in the year she once more aroused popular imagination when she and her husband, James Mollison, set up another record—that of being the first husband and wife to fly the Atlantic together. Expressions of sympathy reached them from all over the world when the Seafarer crashed almost within sight of its destination.

**In Tennis World**  
In the tennis world Miss Dorothy Rowd definitely came to the fore as Britain's chief woman player. She scores a great triumph in May when she beat Mrs. Mathieu in the British Hard Court Singles Championships—the first Englishwoman to win this title since players from lands other than Britain have competed. At Wimbledon she roused the onlookers to a frenzy of excitement when she "lost gloriously" to Mrs. Moody in the women's singles final.

Miss Rosamund Smith is the only woman who has any say in what the British people shall be allowed to see. She was appointed to the Film Censorship Consultative Committee in January. She is the 13th and only woman member of the Committee.  
Finally comes Mrs. Giles Borrett, who made history when she was appointed last July as the first regular woman announcer of the B.B.C. She was called "the woman with the golden voice," and countless thousands appreciated its charm before she bade farewell to her listeners in November. Women were her most severe critics. She said:  
Driving a horse to water does not mean driving it to drink.

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# Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

"In John Forster's account of Dickens' visit to Montreal (in 1832) there occurs one of the few outstanding errors to be found in that magnificent work," says Stephen Leacock (in his "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work"). "Mistled no doubt by Dickens' handwriting in the letters he received, he says that Dickens and his wife stayed at Pease's Hotel. This is incorrect. Recent researches personally conducted in front of the hotel (still standing, in St. Paul St.) show that the name (still legible) is Hasso's Hotel. All research workers in the history of our literature will find in this correction a standing order a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the life and character of Dickens and an ample justification of the present volume."

By the way, and as an ample justification of the present paragon, recent researches personally conducted show that Professor Leacock (or is it the printer? or the proofreader?) is incorrect in referring on page 15 to "the Hobsen and Pease, the Hobsen, the Parkers, and the Talmans, horns," etc. I can hear all Dickensians, including the Professor, shout, "Isn't he jerky?"  
"Dear Mr. Lamb," asked a lady of dear old Charles Lamb, "how do you like children?"  
"B-b-b-b-b, ma-a-a-a-m," he replied in his stuttering way.

In one of Mrs. Clemens' letters to her famous husband (Mark Twain) when he was away from home on a lecture tour, she wrote:  
"This afternoon Saale (a small daughter) and I had a rather sad time because she told me a lie—the first very unhappy about it. This evening I prayed for her that she might be forgiven for it. Then I said: 'Saale, don't you want to pray about it and ask for yourself to be forgiven?'  
"Oh, she's enough," she replied.  
A chip of the old block.

And that reminds me of a story told by Mrs. Alice M. Williamson, the novelist (who passed on recently), in her reminiscences "The Lucky Way." A London doctor was prescribing for a pretty girl.  
"My child," he said, "the trouble is with our little tummy. We must do—" "All right, doctor," the docile child sighed. "What color?"

Israel Zankwill was no beauty—in fact he was fascinatingly ugly. When Mrs. Williamson—an American by birth—first met him—she and Maeterlinck came to lunch with her and her husband, C. N. Williamson—she rather stared a little.  
"Well," said Zankwill, "I know I'm considered the ugliest man in London, if not in England. Many people believe that I ought to have been born centuries earlier to inspire gargoyles. Am I better or worse than you expected?"

"To such a challenge I hardly knew what answer to give. But I stammered some banality about having thought so much about his looks I had no time to think of his looks."

Can you imagine an author writing six serial stories at one time? Yet Mrs. Williamson did. It is true that she had the help of her husband, C. N. Williamson, who, however, had no part in the actual writing. In the early days of her career, she accepted a commission from Lord Northcliffe—or Sir Alfred Harmsworth, as he was then—to begin six serials for simultaneous publication in his newspapers and magazines.

While she was writing them, in her "spare time," she also began a travel book—"The Lightning Conductor"—which became a best-seller on both sides of the Atlantic.  
"I used to feel guilty about spending time on 'The Lightning Conductor,'" recalled Mrs. Williamson. "I should be tempted to neglect my serials, and often I worried so much that I fell victim to one terrible dream it was always the same.

"I had got the serials mixed, and had given the lover of heroine number one to heroine number two, and so on through the list. In the dream, also, a heroine or a hero who had started out with brown eyes suddenly developed orbs blue as sapphires, in the mix-up of characters. Their names got switched around, too. But fortunately nothing of this kind happened, except in night-mares."

The genuine poetical turn and the studied affectation of Oscar Wilde's character are well illustrated in this incident related by Frederic Whyte (in his biography of William Heinemann, the publisher). Whyte had gone to Paris to see the author of "Salome" about some work he was to do for Heinemann. He found Oscar wearing deep mourning and looking very melancholy.  
Naturally Whyte thought Wilde was suffering from some recent and cruel bereavement and cautiously ventured an inquiry on the delicate subject, only to receive the unexpected reply:  
"This happens to be my birthday, and I am mourning (as I shall henceforth do on each of my anniversaries) the flight of one year of my youth into nothingness, the growing blight upon my Summer."

**Brewery Employee Gives Queen Lift**  
Cambridge, England.—Percy Titmouse, who works for a brewery, drove into town this morning with Her Majesty, Queen Mary, riding in his hired automobile.  
The townsfolk stared in amazement from the sidewalks.  
Queen Mary's automobile had broken down between Ely and Cambridge while she was en route from Sandringham to shop for lingerie.  
Titmouse saw Her Majesty's plight as he drove down the road. He offered his aid. The Queen accepted.

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