

Royal Yeast Cakes

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PERFECT LINE AND DETAIL
Intricate new details gives a touch of smart individuality to Design No. 933. The one-piece sleeves extending into saddle shoulders, creates sleek, slim line. The back in one-piece is straight and slender, while the front is cut with a circular flare in scalloped outline at top, placed low, so as to give snug fit to hips. Charming dotted georgette crepe is the medium chosen for this stunning dress—that only requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, for the 36-inch size. Pattern in 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Printed silk crepe, two surfaces of crepe satin and featherweight woolsens are also appropriate. Price 2.00 the pattern.

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.

Disarmament
J. L. Garvin in the London Observer (Ind.): Why has the cause of disarmament made no genuine progress? Because every nation feels and knows that the League by itself is no substitute for defence; that as yet it cannot offer sufficient security; that it has no power to guarantee the peace.

Before the German-Irish flers return to their native lands, let it be recorded that the oft-used phrases are not "Deutschland Go Bragg" and "Erin Ubor Ales."



WRIGLEYS
The cool, comforting flavor of WRIGLEY'S Spearmint is a lasting pleasure.
It cleanses the mouth after eating—gives a clean taste and sweet breath.
It is refreshing and digestion aiding.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
MINTS AFTER EVERY MEAL

THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE DAUGHTER OF CHAI-HUNG.

BY EDMUND SNEEL.
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY SATTENFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Peter Pennington, detective, is detailed by the government to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. He suspects Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, of being their leader. Monica Viney is the sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Pennington goes to Ketatan after receiving a letter from a rubber planter named Brabazon. The daughter of Chai-Hung lures Brabazon into the garden of her father's home in Ketatan.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
A girl came suddenly down the path—a slim, youthful figure in light blue, bordered with bands of black, and, entering the shrine, fell prostrate before the altar.
The man who had sealed the wall extinguished his cigarette and crept into a clump of bushes where he lay prone. For a space of many minutes Suey-Koo—the daughter of Chai-Hung—bowed her head before the bronze vases. Presently she came slowly to her feet, at the same time drawing a narrow, black cylinder from a voluminous sleeve. The head of the watcher in the bushes jerked upward and the Chinaman's eye fell upon a naked blade, flashing even in the diffused light of the little joss-house, a knife that the harmless-looking cylinder had concealed.

A whistle came from the darkness beyond the pallisade, and Suey-Koo slipped the dagger out of sight. She passed the bush so closely that a faint whiff of alluring perfume wafted to the nostrils of the intruder. One of the smaller gates swung open and an Englishman with a broad, handsome face stepped through. He took the tiny hands of the Chinese girl and bent over them, then saluted her—in the manner of the Westerners—full on the lips.

From his hiding-place, the man in greasy black heard the soft, cooing laughter of the girl; the deep, easy tones of the Englishman as he spoke to her. The moon stole between the palm-trees, as they walked together toward the screen of oiled paper and woven cane that served to keep the evil spirits from the house of Chai-Hung, and then, as they paused in the centre of the flower-bordered path, a thing happened that perplexed the unseen onlooker strangely. The man in white duck slipped both arms round the girl, drawing her to him. A truant ray of silver light fell across her flushed cheeks, as through lids half-closed she looked up into her lover's face. Suddenly she pushed him violently from her, her slim right hand groping in the depths of her sleeve. With a queer half-cry, half-sob, she disengaged the knife that nestled in its glossy sheath—and threw it with all the strength she could command into the undergrowth. A moment later she lay weeping in the Englishman's arms. By a strange freak of chance, the weapon struck a branch and dropped within a couple of yards from where the Chinaman lay.

With a weird, twisted smile, the man stretched out a long, lean arm and secured it. He looked up to see that a hidden panel in the screen had been drawn aside, revealing the face of Chai-Hung, hideously distorted until it resembled that of a ghastly idol. The panel closed, the lovers moved on toward the building, and the mysterious interloper rose noiselessly and crept after them.

The Englishman and the girl disappeared beyond the screen and, as if at a given signal, the deep tones of a native gong rang out suddenly in the blackness. The Chinaman dropped instinctively, flattening out until nothing was to be seen above the lank grass into which he had fallen, and the whole enclosure within the pallisade burst suddenly into life, pattering with the noise of bare and sandaled feet.

The Yellow Seven had called—and the legions of the great Chai-Hung converged on the trap into which the white man had fallen, eager for the sacrifice! Shadowy forms swept on to the path and vanished beyond the building, and presently a piercing scream broke upon the night.
The Chinaman sprang erect and dived behind the screen. In his left hand he held an automatic pistol, but the weapon with which he silenced the sentry at the door was the knife in the glossy black sheath that he had first seen in the joss-house in the fair hand of Suey-Koo.

To Brabazon—confident that the Commissioner had driven the redoubtable Chai-Hung into the jungle—there was something delightfully intimate in this invitation to drink tea—in true Chinese fashion, sitting on severe, high-backed chair before a black-wood table. Suey-Koo drew him gently to an inner room. Suddenly, a scream of terror from the girl at his side, caused him to glance sharply round. He stared in amazement into the evil eyes of the great Chai-Hung. His hands were folded over an enormous paunch, the corners of his mouth turned ominously down, and he nodded his head like one of those Chinese figures Brabazon had seen in tea-shops.
"We meet again, Mr. Brabazon," he

ly! No you don't, you yellow swine!" This to the ponderous Oriental who strove to wrench himself free from a grip that had fastened on him like a vice. "There's a pistol in my left pocket. Can you get it? Keep them off for a couple of ticks—and I'm with you!"

With a Herculean effort, Pennington sent Chai-Hung headlong into the chamber of death—and deliberately closed the door on him, the door that could only be opened from outside.
Brabazon, still keeping Suey-Koo behind him, shot the first man that swaggered into view. The half-dozen who followed tripped over his body—and Pennington knocked out the light.

Once more beyond the pallisade, the din of conflict still in their ears, Pennington turned to his friends.
"You don't mean to tell me you've brought the girl?" he demanded, grinning broadly.
"You bet your life I have," retorted Brabazon. "What's more, I'm going to keep her!"
Pennington looked from Brabazon to Suey-Koo and from Suey-Koo to the stars.
"There's a boat leaves for Singapore tomorrow," he said slowly. "It's a bit healthier over there than here, and I'll give you a chit to a feller I know who's starting Oil!"
(To be continued.)

SEA STRAIGHTENS ROMANTIC TANGLES



When May Christie, whose novels and articles are read all over the North American continent, reaches an impasse with characters in her novels, she "sends them on an Atlantic voyage," to use her own words, because their tangles are unravelled on the ocean. Miss Christie, now married to J. S. Mazzavini, New York broker, is shown here on the White Star liner *Megantic* leaving for England after spending ten months on the North American continent in which time she wrote two 76,000 word novels, and forty-five articles.

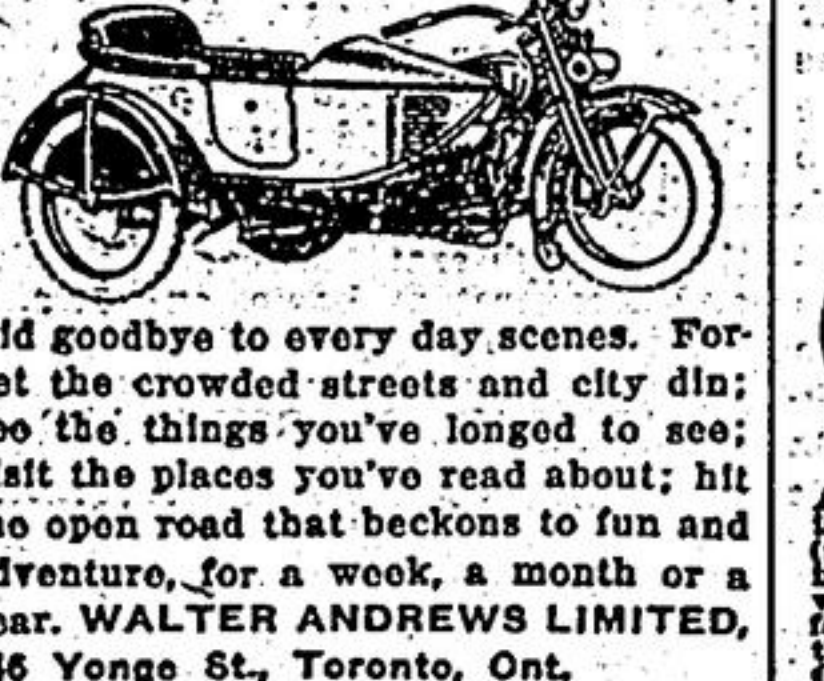
Canada's Way

Sydney Telegraph (Australia): An interesting sidelight on Inter-Empire affairs is furnished by Canada's action in dissociating herself from Britain's proposed Treaty with Egypt. She is the first of the Dominions to take such a step—one that may easily be given in some quarters an undue significance. A vital phase of the big problem in Egypt has to do with the Suez Canal. And this is essentially an Empire question. It tremendously concerns Australia, as it does Britain and India. However Canada may be unaffected in her own business it is a pity that her political rulers should have failed to realize how much united counsels mean. Britain's Dominions are as free as Britain herself. But common interests as well as common ties of kinship, are all in favor of a united voice when matters of real import are at stake.

Women and Men

Dr. W. H. D. Rouse in the London Morning Post (Cons.): In spite of votes, and all the imitation boys we see about, women and men are not the same. When women pretend to compete on equal terms with men, they are insincere. I see struggling crowds of them beside the omnibuses, and I never fight myself, I had rather walk; but if I did wish, I could easily knock aside the young ladies. If they are wise they will not push matters too far. They cannot have it both ways: both the struggle on equal terms, and the courtesy and reverence which the monstrous regiment of men has made second nature to that contemptible sex.

THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CYCLE AND SIDECAR



At one time people could get only bulk tea—tea exposed to air—flat flavour—Then came "SALADA"—sealed in metal—full-flavoured—fresh—delicious—dust-free—now people use "SALADA". Four grades—75c to \$1.05 per lb.

"SALADA" TEA

CHINESE WOMEN IGNORE EDICT ON HAIRPINS

Foochow, Fukien Province, China—The refusal of peasant women to discard the long stiletto-like hair ornaments they and their foremothers have worn for centuries, has virtually made a joke so far of an edict of the National authorities.
Months ago it was decreed that these hairpins must go. Various excuses for the edict were given, but the reason is generally believed to be fear that the peasants might use these ornaments as weapons.
The women compromised to the extent of removing their hairpins when they entered the city walls, but in the fields outside the ban was ignored.
In one village the women thus advised the authorities:
"This is a small matter for politicians to meddle with. Why not leave us to dress our hair as we wish? You men drive out the bandits and deal with foreign affairs."

Politics and the Civil Service

Manchester Guardian (Lib.): (The British Labor Party, who do not always seem to appreciate fully the importance of a non-political Civil Service, are sometimes inept in their handling of public servants). The need for democratic control is obvious to them, and they often miss the equally important principle that if you want efficient administration you must give the administrator a considerable measure of independence. The only kind of democracy which can succeed in these days of complicated and specialized administration is one which combines these principles in right measure—one which makes the ordinary citizen, through his elected representatives, responsible for public policy and at the same time leaves the expert administrator in a position of security. There is nothing incompatible in these principles, but their application needs both wisdom and goodwill.

A reliable antiseptic—Minard's.



SHOCKING!
Beet: You must be very careful what you say around Mr. Corn.
Cucumber: Why?
Beet: He's so easily shocked!

A man has been discovered in France who speaks a language unknown to interpreters. Easy French in fifteen lessons perhaps.



There is nothing quite equal to Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains; but be sure it is Aspirin. The name Bayer should appear on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine in red is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box when you buy it!



All in the Same Boat

London Daily Express (Ind. Con.): (In order to put the iron and steel industries and the cotton industry back on their feet, "even the banks," says Mr. Baldwin, will have to make sacrifices). Our British banks play their part well enough in assisting, and often in over-assisting, established industries and in financing "booms." No bank was heard to protest against what Mr. Baldwin called "the mess of 1919," when the amalgamation of Lancashire mills at absurdly inflated prices sowed the seeds of the present plight of the cotton trade. But, when, largely because of this over-capitalization, the industries thus distended begin to sag and collapse, our banks are the last to come to their rescue. They stand austere aside, disclaim all responsibility for giving business men advice or assuming any control over the industries they have helped into the litch, and are quite clear that whoever else is going to suffer they are not.

Kitty—"The man I marry must be a hero." Betty—"But, my dear, I don't think you're really quite so unattractive as all that!"

For Rheumatism Minard's Liniment.
"What's become of that fellow Bones, who was known as the perfect driver?" He met Jones, the imperfect one.



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The greater the size of an organization the smaller the cost at which its product can be given to the public. The Mount Royal Hotel dispenses the highest form of hospitality to its many guests at very reasonable rates. \$3 a day and up, American Plan.
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