

# "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

No one dreamed 50 years ago that such a fragrant beverage as "SALADA" Orange Pekoe could be produced—pure as science can make it—fresh, superb in flavour—43c per half-pound—and all black tea. A treat indeed for tea lovers.

## THE YELLOW SEVEN CHINA TEA!

BY EDMUND SNELL.  
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE SUTTERFIELD

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, has a widowed sister, Monica Viney. Peter Pennington is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Chai-Hung captures Captain Hewitt and tells him that he means to kill him. Hewitt is held prisoner while Chai-Hung goes to call on Monica. He asks her to visit him in his home.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chai-Hung appeared to reflect. He stepped presently aside as he walked her pony past him, his piercing eyes never leaving her face. She stared hard at a leaf that gleamed white in a tenuous ray of tropical sunshine that had managed to pierce the interwoven screen of foliage above, but a force, greater than any she had yet encountered, seemed to be tugging at her. A drowsy feeling crept over her and she woke, as if from a dream, to find herself looking down into orbs that glowed like wells of fire. The flabby fingers of the bandit had closed round the bridle and the Bajau pony was browsing on the soft herbage that fringed the forest track.

"One is never in a hurry in Borneo," he was saying. "I should like you to come and see me sometimes." "I'm afraid that would be impossible," Monica hastened to assure him. "It must be perfectly obvious to you, Mr. Chai-Hung, that under existing circumstances, a visit such as you suggest is entirely out of the question." Her cheeks had gone suddenly pale and two bright spots of crimson glowed beneath her eyes. "Please let me go."

The Oriental did not appear to have heard. "I admire you immensely," he continued with an oily smoothness that filled the girl with utter loathing. "I do not presume to imagine you have given credence to the exaggerated fairy tales that have been spread concerning my supposed exploits. Neither would you be prepared to condemn me without a trial. You will hardly believe me, perhaps, when I tell you that I was actually on my way to see you when I had the good fortune to meet you face to face. I was coming to leave my card."

"In spite of herself, Mrs. Viney could not restrain a smile. "Mr. Chai-Hung," she protested. "You have seen fit to credit me with a certain amount of intelligence. I feel highly flattered. I assure you until you deliberately proceed to insult me. Now, will you be good enough to let me go?"

An ugly light shone in Chai-Hung's eyes and he raised his voice to a pitch that sent a chill sensation passing down her spine.

"I was going to tell you where I now live. Are you afraid to come and see me, Mrs. Viney?"

"Afraid! Of course not. Why should I be afraid?"

"Are you afraid of—that?"

He held the thing before her face—so closely that she started back, momentarily incapable of visualizing it. Suddenly she clutched at the saddle and uttered a wild, piercing scream that set a colony of monkeys shrieking and gibbering in chorus. She was staring as if fascinated at a long, narrow strip of pasteboard, yellow and shiny, with seven black dots marked clearly on its surface.

A second later and the Chinaman had uttered a peculiar, guttural cry—and footsteps began pattering down the glade behind her. Chai-Hung reached up as if to pull her from the saddle.

The pony that had been peacefully feeding brought up its head with a sudden jerk, causing Chai-Hung to slip sideways, losing his balance; and Monica, the shock bringing her to her senses, found herself raining blows from her riding stock at the yellow horror at her side.

Before the ring of Chai-Hung's men could encircle her, she had pricked the pony's flanks and ridden wildly down the forest path, her aureole of soft curls blowing in the breeze. She had a dim memory of the familiar outline of Dawson's bungalow, of a cook-boy taking the reins from



The metal case lay open, displaying the writhing body of a snake.

her trembling fingers, and then she knew that she was lying, face downward, in a long cane chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Centuries seemed to pass before she could muster up the courage to shout for the servant.

"Where is the Tuan Hewitt?" she inquired huskily.

"He went out before makan—and has not yet returned."

"Not back yet?" she echoed blankly.

"And the Tuan Dawson?"

"The Tuan Hakim eats the air also."

"Bi-la," she said in a tone that signified dismissal.

And still the cook-boy hesitated.

"Will the mem-sahib take tea?"

"Yes, I will have tea as soon as possible. I am very tired," she added, as if an excuse were necessary.

The boy had almost disappeared through the doorway when she called after him.

"Will you send one of the Tuan-Hakim's orderlies. I wish to speak to him."

"The master has taken them all. A messenger came to him, an hour ago, with an important paper. He was in a great hurry, for he did not stop to tell me when he would be back."

Dawson's servant, entering noiselessly, set the tray on the table in front of her. She glanced up wearily at the boards, flattening himself abjectly, his teeth chattering together like a man with the ague. Following the direction of his frightened eyes, she became aware that a broad shadow had fallen across the floor. The color left her cheeks and her hand shook so that some of the amber fluid fell from the spout on the lacquer tray.

Chai-Hung stood on the threshold, his hands clasped in front of him, beaming amiably in spite of a certain

the wooden stairway, a hump-backed coolie, a red paper umbrella stuck under one arm, carried between his two hands a thing that resembled a biscuit-box shaped like a barrel, with a knob at one side and a handle at the top, the existence of which did not appear to have occurred to him.

"I trust I am not intruding, Mrs. Viney?" He dropped uninvited into a chair. "I have hastened to proffer my apologies for my conduct this afternoon. I have not been very well, and the remains of a fever from which I had been suffering went to my head."

"You see—I have brought my own tea," pursued the bandit cheerfully, taking the metal box from the dwarf—who promptly effaced himself. "It is one of our customs which must appear rather strange to you, Mrs. Viney. In ancient times, which fortunately, perhaps, are past—nobody could tell who were one's friends—and who were enemies. A very favorite method of dispatching one's enemies was by poison. Hence this quaint portable teapot. It was invented many centuries before your vacuum flask, and yet it possesses certain of its qualities. Here we have the outer sheath—a metal container simply, with a hinged flap to cover the spout. If I were to show you—the inside—you would find a china pot with a padding all round it of horse-hair sewn into silk."

Monica, her interest suddenly aroused, looked up at him. He was holding the thing as his servant had done—and not by the metal handle in the lid. He bent easily forward and placed it on the table before her, just clear of the tray.

"Don't imagine for one instant that I brought it here because I believed you would poison me," he observed with the innocent smile of a child. "It caught my eye as I left, and I fancied that it might serve to amuse you." With a deft movement, he tilted up the cap. "Observe the spout!"

Monica, carried away by the excitement of this afternoon, by the flood of apparently inconsequent chatter, that flowed easily from the intruder's lips, forced an exclamation of delight. A voice within her kept repeating itself over and over again, warning her, to be on her guard. Dawson's servant had crawled to his kitchen-quarters, and she sat alone at tea with the most dreaded desperado in Eastern waters. There was no trace, however, beneath the mask of affability he now wore, of the hideous idol that had frightened her in the forest.

As Chai-Hung had so accurately pronounced—Monica was inordinately curious. Her fingers itched to explore further and presently they hovered over the handle.

"May I?" she demanded sweetly.

"By all means," said the bandit, his head thrust forward. "I must explain one thing. You will find our tea a little different to that to which you are accustomed."

"I remember," broke in Mrs. Viney, gaining courage. "You told us about it once, in my brother's bungalow in Jesselton. Don't you remember? You said that we had treated the beverage shamefully, diluting it with milk and spoiling it with sugar."

She grasped the handle and lifted the lid slightly. The difficulty she had anticipated was not there. It came away quite easily.

Suddenly, as she bent down to look inside, a door at her elbow swung open and a tall figure, plunging headlong through the aperture, whirled the pot from her hands, sending it spinning right into Chai-Hung's lap.

She sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with indignation, the lid of the receptacle still between her fingers, but the newcomer swept her unceremoniously aside and stood, his shoulders stooping, the blue barrel of an automatic flashing in the sunshine.

"Sit perfectly still, Mr. Chai-Hung," came the cool tones of Chinese Pennington. "It may interest you to know that I suddenly decided to alter my plans for your capture and rounded up your people this afternoon. There were no casualties on our side, my friend!"

But the bandit was not looking at Pennington's weapon. The metal case lay open on his knees, displaying only a white spout to which no pot was attached—and the writhing, sinuous body of a snake that was swiftly uncoiling itself, its head drawn back to strike!

(To be continued.)

## FINANCIAL NEWS

### Favorable Results Reported at Properties of Alexandria Mine, B.C.

Prince Rupert—Officials of Alexandria Mines have just reached here after a visit to the properties of the company in Smathers and Hazelton districts. The Hyland Basin property in the Babine Range has some surface showings of high-grade silver-lead-gold ore, yielding sensational values. An engineer and crew are working on the property surveying preparatory to carrying out a development program. The management have high hopes for this property.

The Velvet property, in Hazelton district, has such favorable showings that twelve adjacent claims have been acquired, increasing the Alexandria's acreage by 600 acres. Development to date in the Velvet has disclosed a series of veins from 6 to 10 feet wide, well mineralized and carrying commercial values in silver and lead. Consolidated Smelters are reported to be negotiating for a property adjoining the Velvet and their engineers are in the field.

Good progress is being made at the Portland Canal properties of the Alexandria Company. No. 2 tunnel is reported to have encountered good grade ore.

Also, the engineers' reports from this company's holding in the Sudbury district, show distinct mineralized zones running throughout the properties.

### Howey Making Headway Towards Production Basis

Additions to physical assets of Howey Gold Mines this year to date have been substantial, and the question of a mill is coming to the forefront. An official informed the Northern Miner that by the late fall Howey should be in a position to decide just what tonnage mill would be required, and it is likely that heavy machinery will be moved into the property over the snow, during the coming winter. The tonnage of ore developed and in sight in the mine is large and will run better than \$7. Construction of a 1,000-ton mill is regarded as the most economical plan. The compact formation of ore zone will, it is estimated, enable the company to produce at a cost of \$4. per ton or less, and this would leave substantial profits on a 1,000-ton operation.

At the close of last year the company had 1,721 lineal feet length in ore and since then ore bodies have been extended 25 to 50 per cent in length and have been proved considerably wider. Some 900 feet east of present workings drills cut through 10 feet of \$10 ore in a zone 160 feet wide. On the 500-foot level the ore is opened up for 300 feet, averaging 14 1/2 feet wide, the grade being \$7. At 125 feet, 150 feet of ore 15 feet wide has been opened up, better in grade than the mine average. The eastern face on the 250-foot level continues in good ore. At the 375-foot level east excellent ore is being developed some 140 feet east of the present face on the 500-foot level, suggesting that a much greater length will be shown at 500 feet.

Results to the west of the shaft have been not nearly so encouraging. The rake of the ore body is towards the east, and workings have 6,000 feet to go, before reaching the boundary. A diamond-drill machine is being delivered and under contract proving of ore farther east will be pushed more rapidly. Some 500 feet of drilling will be done in this way and will help greatly in speeding blocking out of ore.

There is a porphyry area south of the workings, located by drills, and a crosscut is going out to prove this section. A drill is also working north of the workings on the surface to prove favorable ground. It will be carried to 800 feet at least. The company is proceeding with underground development at the rate of 1,200 feet per month.

### Newspaper and Periodical Advertising Less Than Year Ago—Statistics Vital to Industry

Mill stocks of newspaper at United States and Canadian points amounted to 5.9 days' average production on June 30, 1923, and 4.1 days' on June 30, 1922.

Publishers' stocks, on hand and in transit, amounted to 30 days' supply

on May 31, 1923, and 32 days' on May 31, 1922.

Newspaper advertising in 30 leading cities for the first six months of 1923 was 4 per cent less than for the same period of 1922, and 7 per cent less than in 1926.

Periodical advertising in National publications in the first seven months of 1923 was 2 per cent less than in the first seven months of 1922, and 1 per cent more than in 1926.

Pages printed in newspapers of over 100,000 circulation:

(Average for June)	Dailies	Sundays
1923	31	104
1922	130	108

### Toronto Bank Clearings Show Increase

Bank clearings in the city of Toronto for the week ended August 9th amounted to \$123,642,941, an increase of \$27,118,540 over the corresponding period last year and a decrease of \$6,930,544 when compared with the previous week of this year. Comparisons: Wk ended 1920 1927

Aug. 9th	\$123,642,941	\$96,524,401
Aug. 2nd	130,573,485	89,052,441
July 26th	124,540,683	94,697,144
July 19th	136,581,563	104,430,981

### Mond Will Revise Smelting Facilities

Sudbury—There will be a revision of both treatment and capacity of smelting facilities of the Mond Nickel Company in connection with their proposed expansion program at the Froot Extension Mine, according to an official announcement. At the present time officials of the company, J. F. Robertson (smelting manager) and L. J. Ingolstrud (chief engineer), are on a tour of the west, examining the smelting plants of western copper mining companies. Details of the proposed revision have not been announced and no action with regard to smelter changes are likely to be taken until next year. Oliver Hall, formerly mine manager, took over last week the position of general manager of Canadian operations of the Mond Nickel Company, succeeding Dr. C. V. Corless, who has resigned.

### Vigorous Fight Waged in Western Ontario by Two Gas Companies

Hamilton—In Western Ontario, there is said to be a gas war on for supremacy between the United Gas & Fuel Company of Hamilton and the Dominion Natural Gas Company, also of Hamilton and district. The United Company is endeavoring to invade the district embracing Paris, Galt, Brantford, Woodstock, Ingersoll and other points and supplant natural gas with artificial gas.

Officials of the Dominion Natural Gas Company stated that the issue was fought out before the Council in Galt, which body had previously passed a resolution to do away with natural gas because of its sulphurous odor and make a new contract with the United Gas & Fuel Co. of this city. Officials of the Dominion Company stated that they had discovered

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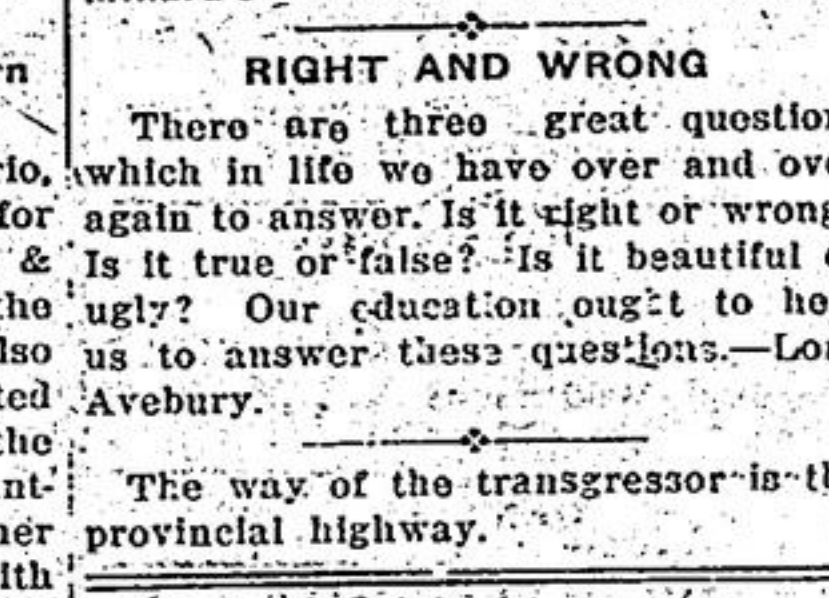
Such large quantities of natural gas recently that they were able to give the Galt municipality officials a written guarantee that by January 1, 1929, a large purification plant, costing \$260,000, would be established and in operation on its lines at some point near London. This will enable the company to mix its gas with that from its wells in Haldimand County, and it will be virtually odorless. All centres now served in that district will be assured of a supply of pure gas.

### Minard's Liniment—A reliable first aid

#### RIGHT AND WRONG

There are three great questions which in life we have over and over again to answer. Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly? Our education ought to help us to answer these questions.—Lord Avebury.

The way of the transgressor is the provincial highway.



## FIRESTONE WICK TEST

The jar at left is filled with Gum-Dipping solution. The other jar is empty at first. One end of the wick—made of cords used in Firestone tires—is placed in the solution; the other in the empty jar. Solution penetrates entire length of the cord wick showing that Gum-Dipping saturates the cords.

This exclusive Firestone process insulates every fibre with rubber, reduces internal friction and gives thousands of extra miles. Firestone tires cost no more than ordinary tires. Your local Firestone Dealer will gladly serve you, and save you money.

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## Firestone

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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains a tablet of Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every drugist has it; but don't fail to ask the drugist for Bayer. And don't take any but the tablets that are stamped with the "Bayer Cross."



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With fruit-flavored creamy fillings!

Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla, Strawberry—thick layers of delicious pure cream between two crisp, light Biscuits.

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