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### THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE SILVER HAND.

BY EDMUND SKELL.  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
R.W. SATERFIELD

#### BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Peter Pennington, engaged by the government to capture Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits; loves Monica Viney, sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Pennington goes with Denis Moorhouse, district officer, to hunt Chai-Hung. The expedition is guided by a dancing girl, enemy of the bandit chief, because of the theft of one of her wonderful silver gloves.

#### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Pennington smiled.  
"You'll have to tuck that sylvan-like form of yours a deal closer into the undergrowth."  
"Guaya's gone in," reported the D. O. of Bukit-Iban, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief.



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After Every Meal

"Hot, isn't it?" said Pennington cheerfully.

A quarter of an hour later Moorhouse touched Pennington with his foot and the man with the Chinese eyes passed the warning on a trifle more heavily. The girl had emerged from the hut and, the bundle still under one arm, was making off in an easterly direction, following closely upon the heels of an elderly Oriental in a suit of butcher's blue and an enormous mushroom hat.

Moorhouse glanced back.  
"Give 'em time," muttered Pennington between his teeth. "It may be a plant."

To Dawson it seemed centuries before the jungle expert rose to his feet and, selecting a patch of ground between the trees where the giant ferns rose in rank profusion, steered a diagonal course toward the path their quarry had taken.

It was fully an hour before they obtained a clear view of the dancer and her guide, but Pennington—employing some instinct he had acquired in his wanderings, seemed to have been aware of their proximity for some time. With startling suddenness Chinese Pennington dropped in his tracks and, not a moment too soon, his companions followed suit.

Leaning against a jack-fruit tree barely a dozen yards distant Moorhouse saw an enormous Oriental, nude from the waist upward, a formidable parang dangling at his side. Farther to his right, the D.O. noted a similar sentinel and, to the left again, still a third, motionless as a statue.

As they lay there, a prey to voracious ants and swarms of flies, a piercing scream came from the direction of the path, followed by a wild, hysterical sobbing.

Moorhouse was up like a jack-in-the-box, but Pennington's fingers, closing firmly over an ankle, pulled him down again. He turned to expostulate, but a hand choked his utterance.

"Keep still, you priceless idiot!" the other whispered in his ear. "You can't do any good. He's waiting for

us to come out and show ourselves."

The D. O. of Bukit-Iban, an unpleasant taste in his mouth, glanced appealingly at Dawson; but Dawson was thoughtfully examining the safety-catch of his automatic and did not look up.

The screams came again and Moorhouse jammed his fingers in his ears. He hardly remembered the details of that retreat. There was something about Pennington that made men follow him, or the magistrate would never have come at all.

"Phew!" ejaculated Dawson as soon as they were back at the original track. "That was a trifle too near to be pleasant!" He winked at Pennington. "Gentlemen, you may smoke!"

He held his case to Moorhouse who did not appear to notice it, and to Pennington, who shook his head.

The stout man lit up cheerfully. "Discretion," he observed sententiously, "is the better part of valor! With a bit of luck, Moorhouse, old son, we shall arrive at your palatial residence in time for a cheering cup of tea!"

The pent-up feelings of Denis Moorhouse at length found utterance.

"They were murdering that girl," he said.

Chinese Pennington dropped a heavy hand on the other's shoulder. "I should make yourself quite easy on that score. Chai-Hung doesn't murder pretty women who are likely to be of service to him. Whether Miss Guaya was aware of it or not, the ambush we were within an ace of walking into had been long and carefully prepared."

"That doesn't account for the screams."

"Some people scream before they are hurt."

"I don't quite follow you."

"He means to say, put in Dawson, inhaling tobacco smoke with the air of a parched wanderer in the desert quenching his thirst, "that the bandit merely threatened her. He can be a mighty unpleasant spectacle when he likes."

"I hope to heaven you're right."

"The more I think of it," pursued Pennington, "the more sensible it seems. Guaya, you must remember, is a consummate actress—and her ef-

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him. Swearing softly to himself, he reached down, groping uncertainly in all directions. The flimsy curtains, blowing listlessly in a light breeze, touched his cheek and, bringing his head suddenly upward, he saw—as if dangled from the bedpost—a silver hand. The thing hovered there, glittering in the patch of light, and for some moments he stared at it. He withdrew his gaze with an effort, a wild hope revolving in his brain.

"Guaya!" The words formed themselves upon his lips. He had not seen her since that strategic retreat from the bandit's sentries. Perhaps she had sought him on the verandah and, failing to find him there, had come to his room? He looked up again. The apparition was still where he had first seen it. He pushed himself upward on his hands—then sank back mute with silent horror. The thing was a left hand—the gauntlet that Chai-Hung had stolen.

He wriggled over onto his face and sent his trembling fingers over the rough floor. They knocked presently against something soft and warm—a human foot! He set his teeth grimly. He must somehow manage to slip out from the other side—between the bed and the partition—and snatch up the water jug, anything with which to defend himself. The bed creaked as



A third form pushed between Chai-Hung and his lieutenant.

he moved and the curtains parted. A lean hand fell upon either wrist and, from out of the corner of his eye, he saw that the silver hand had vanished. There hung in its place a knife with a long thin blade and a hilt that he knew was yellow.

He aimed a kick at the arm which held it suspended, but it moved swiftly upward and the force of his blow was spent upon empty air. He could catch its shadowy outline as it hesitated before descending and then—the door of the room swung open and the light of a hurricane-lamp illuminated the whole apartment. The grip on his wrists relaxed and tightened again before he could wrench himself free.

The lamp stood unguarded on the threshold, as if it had come there of its own accord, and Moorhouse, recognizing at once and the same time the man who held him and the creature with the knife: Nyi-Hau—and the great Chai-Hung!

He struggled with renewed violence, tore one hand from the powerful fingers that encircled it and hit out at Nyi-Hau with all the force he could put behind it. The man recoiled and the magistrate, rolling to one side, avoided the fall of the knife by a hair's breadth. He caught the fierce breath of the bandit—and a third form, gliding stealthily from behind the door, pushed between Chai-Hung and his lieutenant. It was Guaya! Her garment was torn and travel-stained and her black hair fell in waves over her dark shoulders.

Moorhouse did not understand the

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meaning of her disheveled tresses, until the dagger with the jeweled hilt sped downward. She drove it with triumphant force between Nyi-Hau's shoulders—and the creature pitched headlong across the D. O.

Struggling to free himself of his nauseous burden, Moorhouse did not see how Guaya died. He heard her little, pattering cry and threw Nyi-Hau from him to discover Chai-Hung forcing his great bulk through the window frame, leaving his knife behind.

The automatic caught his eye. He vaulted to the floor and, snatching it up, emptied the entire clip into the tropic stillness. Presently he saw that the silver hand had escaped the fugitive and rolled to a corner.

"Guaya," he whispered softly, "I have brought you your hand."

He fell on his knees beside her, thinking that she had fainted, but the shapely shoulders that his fingers touched were unresponsive. (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Every Pain.

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"Mary refused to marry you, then. Didn't you tell her about your rich uncle?" "I did." "Didn't that make any difference?" "Oh, yes, Mary's my aunt now."

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