

First-crop Japan teas are admittedly the finest that come out of the land of blossoms. "SALADA" Japan green tea is comprised only of first-crop leaves.

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

THE YELLOW SEVEN RUN TO EARTH

BY EDMUND SNELL.
ILLUSTRATED BY
R.W. SATERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt is Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. His beautiful sister, Monica Viney, is engaged to marry Peter Pennington, detective. Pennington is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington is assisted by his chief-of-staff, Rabat-Pilai, who hates the bandit chief bitterly. Pennington leads an expedition to capture Chai-Hung. They move toward the bandit's latest hiding place.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

A bullet drilled a hole in his topee and Dawson laughed aloud. A knot of fanatics—running short of ammunition—hailed their approach with a shower of rocks. Dawson dispatched the first man with his pistol and the remainder took to their heels to fall upon the bayonets of the last of Clay's party. There followed a period of breathless, hand-to-hand fighting and presently he woke to the sudden realization that they were on level ground, in fierce pursuit of the last defenders of gradient.

Clay's voice bellowed after him. "Dawson! Dawson, come back here! We've gained our objective and it won't pay us to go farther."

The D.O. retired with evident reluctance.

He found Clay with his back against a rock, binding up his hand with strips from his handkerchief.

"Hi!"

"Nothing to speak of. You are all right?"

Dawson felt himself over. "Not even a blighty! It's very disappointing. When I get back to my little log-hunt in the trees, nobody'll believe I took part in the scrap at all!"

Clay was sucking at the stem of an empty briar.

"I'll give you a certificate to that effect! I think we've every reason to pat ourselves on the back. We're in occupation of the entire ridge, plenty of cover and a clear view of Chai-Hung's headquarters." He knotted the improvised bandage and drew it taut with his teeth. "The Yellow Seven are hemmed in on the plateau. Pennington is advancing on our extreme right. Rabat-Pilai is in charge of the left flank. Behind the earthworks he've chucked up there's a sheer drop of eight hundred feet."

Dawson borrowed Clay's binoculars and in the first gray light of approaching dawn, focussed them on a broad, squat pile of rockwork barely a quarter of a mile ahead. A pole jutted from the centre of this mass and from it swung a yellow flag.

"Better get a stretcher party to work," he remembered suddenly.

"I've told my sergeant already."

He glanced back and saw Pennington coming up the slope. His left arm was in a sling and there was a broad strip of plaster across one cheek.

Pennington dropped to the earth and lay on his stomach, his chin pillowed in his hands. "Dawson, I want you to take over my section. I'm fixing up grub for everybody. The sun'll be up in a few minutes, there'll be a quick breakfast after which we embark on the second part of our program. Clay, your party—together with a further platoon I'm sending you—will advance a couple of hundred yards and take cover. Dawson, you'll want to go a bit farther—say three hundred. Rabat-Pilai will do the same. At seven I'm going to open out with the fifteen pounder."

A runner trotted up the incline and halted before them.

"The Tuan Pennington?"

The man with the Chinese eyes took the message from his hand. Dawson, watching him curiously, saw the color vanish from his cheeks. He sat stock still, staring at the note as if unable to comprehend its meaning.

"What is it?" demanded Clay. Pennington started.

"It's from Hewitt," he said. "He

hasn't been able to get away, but hopes to join us before it's all over. Monica disappeared two days ago. She was going to the Governor's house at Sandakan—and didn't turn up."

"That's Mrs. Viney—Pennington's fiancée," explained Dawson. "This is terrible, Penn. You don't think Chai-Hung has had anything to do with this?"

Pennington rose to his feet. "I don't know what to think. It's knocked me pretty hard."

"What are you going to do?"

"Carry on," said Pennington with a touch of bitterness.

Dawson, flattened down against the rock, barely a hundred paces from the main objective, saw the seventh round serai a wall topping drunkenly inward.

"Good man!" he murmured exultantly, then groped for his rifle. Four more rounds followed in quicker succession—and the D.O. rubbed his fat hands together. Chai-Hung's lair was crumbling from its very foundations. One main wall of enormous boulders stood alone behind a head of ruins and he guessed that this remaining rampart sheltered all that was left of the bandit's followers. To all intents and purposes the day was won.

And then, as he brought his gaze back to the wall, he saw a figure standing very erect on its summit, a man of enormous proportions in a white drill tunic and baggy silk trousers. He did not need the assistance of binoculars to recognize Chai-Hung. Within a matter of seconds, a second form had joined him, pushed from below by unseen hands. In a

flash there dawned upon him the meaning of that manoeuvre of the early hours, the band that had broken through carrying something slung from a pikul.

His senses reeled.

"For God's sake stop that damned gun!" he caught himself screaming aloud, writhing in the agony of his impotence. He jammed his fingers in his ears and tried in vain to draw his eyes from the girl who, bound hand and foot, just balancing on the jagged surface of rock, looked death in the face-unflinchingly.

He had always admired Monica, had even cherished hopes of her himself, until Pennington had stepped in. The sight of her standing there by the side of Chai-Hung maddened him. He tried to collect his thoughts and, as he did so, the real significance of that solitary rampart was borne upon him. Clay had told him after their first attack that behind the rude fortress was a sheer drop of eight hundred feet. Her presence there was a warning to Pennington to cease fire.

He wriggled into the shelter of the next boulder ahead, conscious only of a desire to do something. Twenty yards from the wall, he realized that the firing had stopped. As he watched his opportunity to scramble under the wall itself, his eye caught a second figure far to his right, a short, swarthy scarecrow with a long knife between his teeth.

"Rabat-Pilai! The creature passed out of sight and Dawson lay very still while all around reigned a silence that tugged at his nerve-strings. The sun beat mercilessly down on his and he shifted his battered topee back over the nape of his neck, wondering

all the time what Chai-Hung's next move would be.

Suddenly, from their own lines, a single rifle-shot rang out. The man on the wall clapped a hand to his side, then swung his arm forward as if to send his victim tottering backward.

Dawson cursed the fellow under his breath. It was sheer madness to pick off the bandit for he stood so close to the girl that the faintest touch must assuredly carry her with him.

A rock, dislodged from somewhere, slid into space, and two hands appeared on the wall, inches only from where the girl stood. Impelled from behind, she slid forward with a little scream into the ruins, and Chai-Hung turned with a snarl upon—Chinese Pennington. He had discarded his sling, but Dawson could see that his wounded arm pained him greatly.

He hit Chai-Hung with all the force he could muster, over-balanced with the sheer force of impact—and the two men disappeared together into the abyss.

As if at a given signal, the attacking force rose and advanced at the double; but Dawson, anxious only for the safety of Monica and his best friend, blundered ahead of them into the shattered stronghold. He found Hewitt's sister, bruised but uninjured, half-buried in a heap of debris.

"Dear Mr. Dawson," she murmured incoherently. "I'm so glad you've turned up. I was beginning to think all my friends had deserted me." He severed her bonds with his knife and she caught his sleeve between her numbed fingers. "Tell me where's Peter? Why isn't he here?"

Dawson choked.

"It was Pennington who saved you," he stammered. "He—I'll find out for you in a minute."

He pushed a flash clip into his pistol and made her take it. A second later he was staring blankly into space.

There was a track—a foot wide—between the base of the wall and the cliff-edge. A couple of yards below the path the face of Rabat-Pilai grinned up at him. This amazing being was hanging on by his fingers and toes, with the limp form of Peter Pennington pressed between him and the face of the rock.

Dawson dropped to the path, steadied himself, then grasping a single branch that jutted from the edge, reached downward. Rabat, loosening his hold, pushed Pennington's arm upward until Dawson could grasp his wrist—then slid without utterance to join the still form of his arch-enemy, eight hundred feet below.

The D.O. drew Pennington to safety—and Clay, appearing at the farthest extremity of the rampart, crept round to help him.

(The End.)

Long Live the King

All over the world anxious-eyes have scanned each new edition of the papers for the latest news of the condition of King George of England. In this world-wide interest there has been little but sincere solicitude for the life of a man whose personal decorum and devotion to his duties have won universal respect.

If there has been any other thought in connection with the matter it has concerned the succession to the throne. There seems to be a somewhat widespread impression that the Prince of Wales does not care for the responsibilities of kingship and will, therefore, step aside in favor of his brother, the Duke of York. Strengthening this impression, one hears quoted various statements of apocryphal origin to the effect that the Prince has stated that he would not ascend the throne.

Heirs apparent in the past have exhibited no greater inclination to renounce the higher honor of kingship.

In his travels about the world the Prince of Wales has endeared himself to millions of people because of his qualities as a man. It should not be forgotten, however, that these journeys have been made as a public service. He has been playing, and playing well, the part which fell to him as the heir to the British throne. Possibly no one of his predecessors has prepared himself more broadly for the duties which would fall upon him as King.

There are a number of thrones which a young man of spirit might hesitate to mount, but this does not apply to the throne of England. As king and emperor the British monarch occupies a unique position. He is much more the symbol of the unity of the Empire than a ruler. The self-governing dominions have already relieved London of all the responsibilities of government except those which concern the Empire as a whole. But the question of loyalty to the throne has never been seriously raised. Without its king, England would find herself entangled in problems the solution of which no one could foresee. Even the Socialists, with their congenial antipathy to kings, have no desire to abolish the British throne.—Henry Kirtledge Norton.

I wish to repeat for the benefit of the timid and suspicious that this country is neither militaristic nor imperialistic.—President Coolidge.

The man of science has a God far bigger than the God that an uneducated within the four walls of any creed.—Sir Berkeley Moynihan.

Check Colds with Minard's Liniment

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Check Colds with Minard's Liniment

Styles by ANETTE
Paris—New York



ULTIMATE IN CHIC

An attractive sports type fashionables are wearing with skirt box-plaited across the front, with straight slender back. A charmingly dainty effect is created by tucked vestee, and attached band collar, that rolls in revers. The front shoulders are also tucked to give trim fitted line. The sleeves are gathered into narrow cuff bands. Belt marks normal waistline. Style No. 321 is a boon to the stout woman, for it achieves a slender silhouette, without interfering with its smartness. It is easily made, and only takes 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1/4 yard of 18-inch light and 1/2 yard of 36-inch dark contrast.

It is sketched in printed rayon velvet with plain velvet and georgette crepe vestee. Silk crepe with sheer velet collar, cuffs and belt cut on the bias of fabric, and two surfaces of crepe satin are particularly chic. Pattern for this slender model can be had in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Price 20c 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.

Trusts and the Small Trader

New Statesman (London): Lord Melchett is trying to bring about a process of industrial trustification which will, if it succeeds, mean the disappearance of many small businesses and a diminution in the independence and control over policy even of those who survive. Small employers, where they are accepted into, or bought out by, the combines, may make substantially more profit than they are making now. But some are likely to be crushed rather than bought, and some will not easily be reconciled to the loss of independence even by the prospect of increased profit.

Our last Scotch importation tells of how Sandy MacPherson decided to leave school because he had to pay attention.

University of Chicago girls vote all men dull. Just the same, no home is complete without one.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

The 111th annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, held at the head office, was marked by a number of important incidents and developments. Sincere expressions of regret were made at the absence of Sir Vincent Meredith, Chairman of the Board, who had presided at the Annual Meeting of the Bank for so many years.

Of special importance was the announcement of an increase in the authorized capital from \$31,175,000 to \$50,000,000. No intimation was given of the amount that would be issued at the present time.

Sir Charles Gordon, president of the Bank, presided for the first time. In his address to shareholders, he said, in part—

Widening Basis of Production.

"Reviewing the business situation in Canada, one cannot but remark how rapidly the basic sources of our national wealth are widening. The concurrence of a wide variety of raw materials with water powers on a truly gigantic scale gives Canada extraordinary opportunities for all-round development, and the fact that these opportunities are not being realized is resulting in the establishment of primary enterprises involving large investments of capital and contributing in marked degree to the general activity."

Call Money Market.

"There seems to be a somewhat widespread idea that Canadian banks have transferred large amounts of money to New York for employment in call loans. That notion is entirely erroneous. The policy of the Bank of Montreal, and I may say I believe this applies to all Canadian banks, has long been to carry in New York a substantial proportion of ready reserves or quick assets. No funds, however, are ever transferred to New York or London to be loaned on call until every legitimate need of our own country has been carefully examined and, if at all possible, complied with. Our loans there have been less than they were a year ago."

General Manager's Address.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, general-manager of Bank of Montreal, reviewing the business of the Bank, said in part—

"Canada as a whole has enjoyed more prosperity than ever before. At the commencement of 1925 a succession of good harvests had already placed the country on a prosperous footing and the position had been further improved this year by good average yields of the staple crops in all the older provinces, while the Prairie Provinces have far surpassed their previous records. In industrial activity an extraordinary enlargement has shown itself in construction works, many being of a most impressive character. These include the further exploitation of those great natural assets, water powers, minerals and forests. Also, we have seen a further increase in revenue from the tourist trade, now ranking high among Canada's business activities."

"These factors have put large sums of money into general circulation; they have increased the demands upon many of our industries, and have created the highest scale of employment since the War. Particularly in the two chief industrial provinces, Quebec and Ontario manufacturing has been on an unprecedented scale, despite exceptions in a few lines owing to outside competition."

Tourist Trade of High Importance.

"The tourist trade, already referred to, has risen so fast from the comparative unimportance of a few years ago that according to Government statistics tourists from abroad spent over \$275,000,000 in Canada in 1927. As every province reports an ever larger number of tourists this year, the spending also has no doubt been greater during 1928."

Compare This Tourist Trade of \$275,000,000 with some other sources of the West's revenue. Thus, the value of Canada's wheat exports in 1927 was \$348,000,000; of our mineral production, \$245,000,000; of the output of our pulp and paper mills, \$220,000,000. Evidently the tourist trade has become a Canadian business interest of high importance."

German Beer Output Reaches 75 Per Cent. of Pre-War Production

Munich—German beer production during the last year has again reached 75 per cent. of the pre-war output, according to official figures just made available. From 1,160,000,000 gallons in 1925 the amount of beer manufactured has risen to 1,365,000,000 gallons in 1927.

Munich still stands at the head of beer manufacturing cities. It supplies one-seventh of the nation's demand. Berlin comes next, with one-tenth, and Nuremberg a close third. Other important beer towns are Munster, Dusseldorf, Stuttgart, Magdeburg, Liepzig, Wuerzburg and Dortmund.

About 6,500 breweries are engaged in converting malt and hops into beer. In addition, some 25,000 households brew their own beer. Their total production is, however, less than 70,000 gallons.

An interesting sign of the times is the fact that sweet beers, such as malt and caramel beer, are commanding more and more favor.

Only 5 per cent. of the beer consumed in Germany comes from abroad, notably from Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. On the other hand, Germany exported over 16,000,000 gallons of beer in 1927.

Roman Quarry Yields Stone for Vimy Memorial

Canadian Monument To Be Hewn From Rock Used by Emperor Diocletian

After lying idle for fifteen centuries, quarries of the Emperor Diocletian on the Dalmatian coast are now yielding stone for the great memorial which Canada is building on Vimy Ridge.

The story has in it touches of romance. Over in Europe, W. S. Allward, of Toronto, the sculptor, sought great flawless blocks for the heroic figures of the memorial. In his wanderings he came to the little town of Spalato on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. There he saw ruins of the palace which Diocletian had built for himself by the seashore, the place to which, as a man of sixty, he retired after his abdication and in which he died.

Mr. Allward noted the durability and singular beauty of the stone—a pink buff, which in the passing years had ripened to a rich amber. On the hillside above the ruins he found the old quarries whence the stone had come. They had not been worked since the Roman workmen quarried their last blocks in 305 AD. He decided on the stone for the memorial and to-day native workmen slide the huge blocks down the mountainside just as the master builders of 1,500 years ago did.

Memorials and stone afford curious parallels. The memorial is dedicated to the heroism of Canadian and French soldiers at Vimy Ridge. Diocletian himself fought Germanic tribes and was chosen emperor by soldiers of the Roman legions. He built his palace at Spalato in the form of a

square covering ten acres. It contained two temples. One was dedicated to Aesculapius, the Roman god of healing, the other to Jupiter. To-day the latter edifice is used as a Christian cathedral.

The Vimy Ridge memorial is 300 feet square. The top of the pylons will reach 140 feet above the ground level. Joints between the great blocks of stone are only one-sixteenth inch wide. From the standpoint of masonry alone it is regarded by experts as one of the finest structures in the world.

Next spring work will be started on the figures. Studios will be built on the monument itself and the figures will be cut there.

The artist's conception of the memorial is that of a strongly walled defense. Through walls appear the mouths of cannon in conventionalized form. At the base of the walls are the defenders, one group depicting the breaking of the sword, the other the sympathy of Canadians for the helpless.

Standing at the front of the main platform is Canada in the form of a hooded woman, her head bowed in sorrow over the graves of the valiant dead. Below is suggested a tomb on which lie a helmet and laurels.

Behind the great tapering shafts of the pylon reach into the sky. In the arch which they form is the spirit of sacrifice, throwing the torch to his comrade. Issuing from the inner sides of the pillars are spiritualized figures, their arms reaching upward. Around the shields of Great Britain, Canada and France. Outside is the cross.

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