

SOCIETY
CHURCHES
CLUBS

THE REALM OF WOMEN

WEDDINGS
STYLES
STORIES

The Yellow Seven

By Edmund Snell
Nee Service, Inc., 1923.

Brabazon was a planter of experience. He knew just how much a coolie could be expected to do in a day. As he went the rounds on his Bajau pony he encountered nothing but veiled insolence, and tasks half done.

It was close on sundown when he regained his bungalow. He stumbled over the steps and dropped into a cane chair. He was wondering who it was who had sown the seeds of rebellion in the minds of his men.

By sheer force of habit he reached for his glass, and as he did so, something passed his cheek so closely that he felt the wind of it, and stuck, quivering, in the wooden wall behind him.

He was still standing in the same position when the boy came in with the lamp. Brabazon, squaring his broad shoulders, uncorked the bottle. He poured himself out a stiff tot.

He was gazing at an arrow, with a fine metal barb, its butt end split to admit a long, narrow strip of past-board. On the side toward Brabazon was a bright yellow surface, ornamented with a series of black circles. He crossed the veranda and plucked the thing from the woodwork. The boy was slipping past him, but the planter's hand shot out and swung him around to face him. He held the symbol almost under the creature's nose.

"What do you know of the Yellow Seven?" he demanded roughly.

The Chinaman shivered.

"Nothing, tuan," he stammered fearfully.

Brabazon stuck his legs wide apart and nodded his head several times, a grim smile playing on his lips.

"Bi-la," he said presently. "Clear out!"

Mindful of Pennington's warning and with an uneasy feeling gripping his spine, he sent a watchman with an urgent note to Wallace—one of his juniors, requesting him to join him immediately—and he prepared to stop the night. While waiting for the return of the messenger he scribbled a note to Pennington and enclosed with it the Yellow Seven.

"Dear Penn," he wrote. "I have just received the enclosed per arrow post. I'm not particularly scared at things I understand, but this has come as somewhat of a shock."

Cheerful G. Brabazon.

Wallace—a genial youth, with sandy hair and freckled face—arrived at the foot of the veranda steps at about 9, followed by a coolie carrying a long bamboo pole with a basket of clothes suspended at one end and a pair of field boots at the other. He was accompanied, moreover, by a large hound, short-haired and boisterous.

"Evening, Brabazon! Don't mind me bringing my dog. I hope? What's in the wind?"

He dropped into a chair and deposited hat and stick on the floor.

"Help yourself to a drink," invited Brabazon. "To tell you the truth, I'm glad you've trotted that nameless beast along. Some hungry Chinaman or other purloined by fox terrier a week ago."

He released the glass stopper of a bottle of soda water and handed it across to Wallace. "You remember the Allison affair, of course. It appears that his assassination was by no means an ordinary act of highway robbery, but the deliberately conceived portion of an extensive campaign maneuvered by a secret society. I have very good reason to believe that an attempt is about to be made against myself, and that is precisely why I thought it advisable to send for you."

Wallace drew his chair closer and for more than an hour they sat talking.

Almost a week dragged on.

Wallace—who was blessed with considerable inventive genius—suspended an ingenious burglar alarm from the bushes that encircled the bungalow, a network of cotton and homemade bells that the dog succeeded in agitating so often that they were compelled to tie him up!

On the seventh day Brabazon woke to find himself becoming sceptical with regard to the whole affair.

That afternoon he sent Wallace back to his bungalow, dog and luggage and everything, and gave the watchman instructions to cease his nocturnal perambulations and hand in his rifle. He would have destroyed Wallace's burglar alarm if he had noticed it, but he didn't, and at a few minutes after midnight it rang!

Swearing softly to himself he took the hurricane lamp and the revolver that recent occurrences had brought to light, and went out.

The line of tinkling bells rang for a second time and he held the lamp well above his head, peering into the night.

Suddenly he started back in amazement and quickened his steps in the direction of a crouching, trembling figure that shrank back from him as he approached. The hard lines of his face softened as he went, and presently he stooped and lifted the slim form of a girl to her feet. She was simply clad in a long-sleeved jacket of light blue silk, bordered with black, and quaint trousers of the same material. It dawned upon Brabazon as he surveyed her in wonderment that she was of a class superior to that to which he was accustomed, that her skin was rather white than olive, and that she was possessed of a beauty he had never imagined possible in a Chinese girl! Her hands were small and well formed.

"Who are you?" he demanded in Malay.

She replied to him softly.

"Suey-Koo," he thought she said.

"Where do you come from?"

She uttered a little nervous laugh.

"I am the daughter of Chai-Hung."

The police have driven my father from his home. They came and searched the house and I ran away. In the darkness I saw the lights of your windows."

He took her cold, trembling fingers between his own and forced her, half-unwillingly, up the steps to a comfortable chair. She sat on the extreme edge, staring with childlike surprise at the unaccustomed surroundings.

"You must have something to eat, Suey-Koo," he said.

She shook her head.

"I'm not hungry. I only want to go home."

He remembered that he was clad only in the sarong and singlet in which he was accustomed to sleep.

"Wait just a little while," he told her, "and I will take you."

As he changed with feverish energy into the suit of khaki drill he had so recently discarded, the way of feeling that her coming had provoked swept like an ever-swelling stream through-

out his whole being, overwhelming the voice of Reason. Forgotten—in his wild eagerness for conquest of this timid, fragile creature, lovely as the lotus flower—were the immutable laws of the east and west, the warning of Pennington, her very connection in fact, with the bandit who controlled the dread movements of the Yellow Seven.

Suey-Koo had stumbled into the burglar-alarm that Wallace had made, and yet it never occurred to Brabazon—secure in the fool's paradise that his unerring figure of the great Chai-Hung was behind all this, and that this seemingly helpless girl was but another of the astute Oriental's cunning instruments, instructed to decoy the planter to her father's lair!

A girl in Kuala Lumpur had told Pennington that Brabazon was irresistible. Whatever the significance of Suey-Koo's midnight mission may have been, with the homeward journey barely half completed, she found herself nesting contentedly within the Englishman's encircling arm, for all the world as if that member had every right to be there it was.

"Brabazon!"

From somewhere behind him, the planter heard himself called by name. He released the girl and swung around. Standing in the open space between the hutments that he had just left, he saw Wallace and the Pathan watchman. Brabazon waited until they had caught him up.

"What is it, Wallace?" he demanded.

"Look here, Brabazon, I'm sorry to butt in and all that, but isn't this a trifle unwise? The area beyond our wire's simply swarming with Chai-Hung's men."

Brabazon started.

"Who told you that?"

"Pennington," returned the assistant.

"I've just seen him. He told me to advise you to send the watchman with Miss Chai-Hung."

"Pennington!" Brabazon's brain reeled. "How the devil did he know?"

He hit his lip. "I suppose he's hanging around on one of his stunts. Of course Chai-Hung's men are about. They're looking for the girl. She's lost."

He faced Wallace defiantly. The assistant dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't go any farther—to-night. It's too risky."

Brabazon felt for his pipe.

He strode back to where the girl waited.

"My watchman will see you home," he said.

Her face fell. Her hand stole to his sleeve. The look she bestowed on him stirred the fires within. Trembling with emotion that was utterly beyond his power to suppress, he pressed her fingers to his lips. In all this monotonous existence of which he was fast growing tired, Suey-Koo was the brightest thing he had encountered.

"You will come and see me?" she whispered presently.

"Where can I find you—and when?"

When Brabazon again joined Wallace, the latter noticed that the cheeks of the manager were flushed beneath the tan of years. Until they parted at the spot where two paths met, neither spoke a word.

The residence of Chai-Hung was surrounded by a high palisade. There were three gates, set close together—a large portal with narrower entrances on either side. The tall Chinaman in greasy black who leant against this effective screen, was rolling a cigarette with practised skill, using tobacco which he fished from the inner recesses of a rubber pouch. He clipped off the clippy ends with a pair of folding scissors, shielded the match with his hands, then reached up and swung himself over on to the other side, dropping on to the soft earth within a bare 20 feet of a bamboo loss-house with an open front. There were tiled steps leading up to a long altar, illuminated with paper lanterns, and on the altar itself rested two bronze urns in which charcoal was burning.

(To be continued.)

COMFORT IN NEGLIGEEES



What women wear in their idle hours is being given more consideration now by fashion experts than ever before. The modern negligee has quite as much charm as the ball gown, is made of the same materials and follows the mode quite as closely. And the accessories are almost as important.

However, the negligee is one garment that may be quite safely made at home and attempted by the amateur seamstress, since there is no question of fitting, and patterns may be followed without alteration.

One of the simplest ways to achieve a very good looking lounging costume is to buy or make one of the fashionable costume slips with or without the pleated skirt. Pink, blue or orchid is a good color foundation.

Over this you need only a slipper of georgette crepe or chiffon, cut all

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(To be continued.)

DRY SQUAD MADE
LARGE SEIZURESThree Persons Arrested At
Windsor For O.T.A. Violations

WINDSOR, August 1.—Fourteen large kegs and 1,888 bottles of strong beer were seized together with considerable quantities of whisky in raids made by provincial police Tuesday afternoon and night. Three persons were taken into custody on charges of liquor law violations.

The day marked the most active in several weeks for the dry squad. The largest seizure was made in the cellar of a house at the rear of the Liberty Garage, Langlois avenue. There the officers found 14 kegs and 75 cases of beer and one case of whisky. Louis James was arrested and on pleading guilty in Windsor police court to-day to a charge of having liquor unlawfully, was fined \$200 and costs. Police said that the liquor was a portion of a stock which was being distributed among blind pigs in the city.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
GIVE KIDDIES AN OUTING

The Knights of Columbus yesterday tendered a day's outing to the orphan children of both Protestant and Roman Catholic homes, and not overlooking the youngsters of the Children's Shelter, they sent an abundant supply of refreshments to that institution. Included in the day's fun were the customary balloons and ice cream cones. Races

were held with a prize awarded to each contestant. Ice cream was also supplied to the women in charge of the Protestant Orphans' Home and the sisters of Mount St. Joseph.

The members in charge of the day's fun that brought joy to the hearts of dozens of little ones, were: Mount St. Joseph, Charles Finney, E. C. Killingsworth, James Murray, James Aylward and Frank Gleeson; Protestant Orphans Home, John Walsh, Wm. Delaney and Wm. Murray.

FINED FOR VIOLATION OF
CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT

PARIS, August 1.—A young man named Cyrus Gell was fined \$200 and costs for an infraction of the Canada Temperance Act. The charge against Hugh Bonnett of an infraction of the O. T. A. was dismissed.

Mrs. Robert Riddell, sr., who underwent a critical operation at the Brantford Hospital recently, is progressing as well as can be expected.

Ivan Crooks, of Calgary, Alta., is the guest of his brother, Mr. H. A. Crooks. Miss Gwendolen Wilson is the guest of Miss Patricia Dunn, at Windsor. Before returning Miss Wilson will visit at Sarnia for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons and family and Mrs. Newbrooke have returned from an enjoyable holiday at Port Dover.

MANY BIRTHS IN JULY.

BRANTFORD, August 1.—There were 64 births, a high mark, but 24 deaths, a low average, and 28 marriages here in July.

Customs receipts reached \$132,954 for the month.

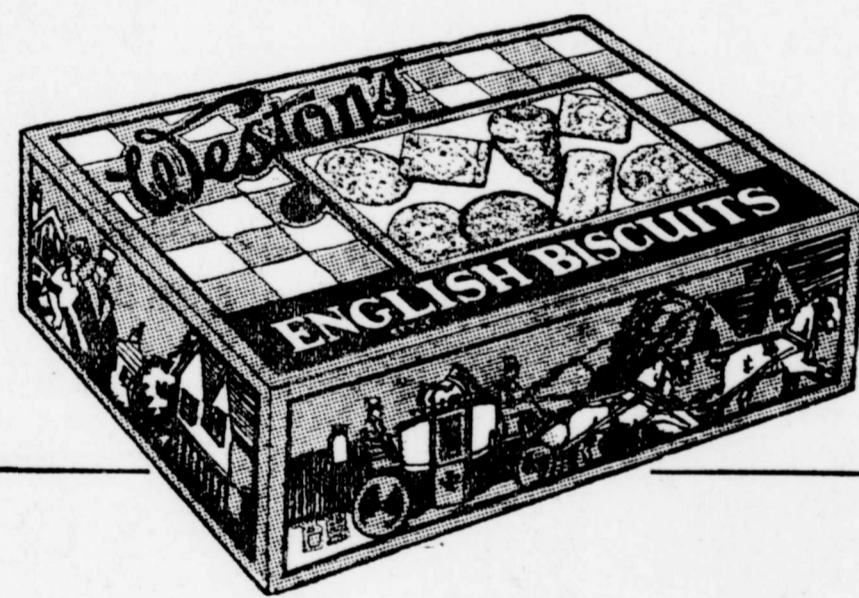
PALMOLIVE COUPONS.

It is understood that the Palmolive Company of Canada is putting out a coupon for their very popular toilet soap. See to it that you get yours.

BOVRIL
Simplifies
Summer
Cookery

Bovril contains all the best of the beef, and makes the lightest food nourishing and improves the tastiness of your dishes.

Ask your dealer for a copy of the Bovril Cook Book.



Just try
Weston's once!
"The taste
will tell"

Biscuits that rival
the world's finest

—now made right here
at home and sold at a
price within reach of all.

When you buy Weston's you get biscuits with the delicious flavor and quality of the best English lines, yet costing but little more than ordinary "fancy biscuits."

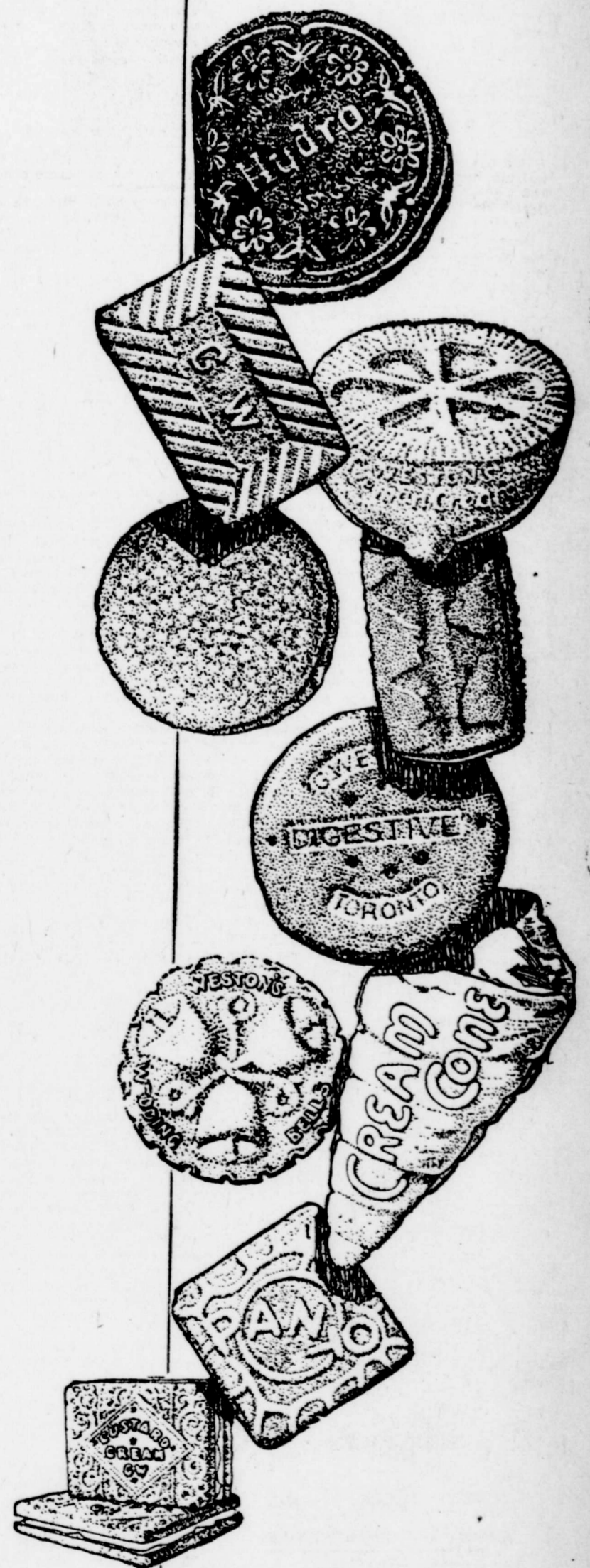
Only the famous Old Country lines, the world's standard, can match Weston's, because only these are made from recipes that demand such rich ingredients.

Weston's are made from original English recipes, by English master-bakers, in a bakery specially designed and equipped to produce "biscuits as they are made in England."

Get a Complete Assortment
in the "Sampler Tin"

If you've not yet tried Weston's, buy a "Sampler Tin" to-night from your neighborhood grocer. Get a complete assortment of the most delicious biscuits you ever tasted. Be sure you ask for

Weston's
Biscuits as
they are made in England



Geo. Weston Limited
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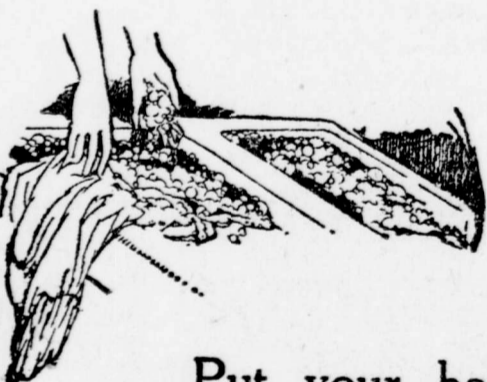
A New Coffee—
RED ROSE

grown from the seed of the rare old Java and Mocha of days gone by.

Roasted to a turn, crushed to small, clean grains—every can perfect coffee.

It is packed fresh roasted and the doubly sealed can keeps its fine aroma and flavor.

1 lb., 1/2 lb. and 10c "Try-me" size.



Suds all through

Cleansing soap in every drop of water

Put your hand in a tub of Rinso suds. You can feel that the water is actually soapy all through.

This is one reason why Rinso soaks clothes clean without hard rubbing.

A few minutes at night—just the little time you need to put the clothes to soak in these rich suds, and Rinso suds work down into every fold and fibre, loosening the dirt without weakening a single thread.

Just a light rubbing with Rinso on cuff edges, neck bands and the like, gets them clean—the dirt is loosened.

Be sure to use enough Rinso to get the big lasting suds, that give the water a soapy feel all through.

Rinso is made by the largest soap makers in the world. It is sold everywhere.

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