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SOME ROMANTIC TREASURE CLUES

HAVE LED TO RICH DISCOVERIES.

Buried Hoards of Gold and Silver and Precious Jewels Still Await the Seeker.

Talk to the average man about buried treasure, and see the cynical smile that curls his lips.

Yet if you come to think of it, it stands to reason that the world is full of buried treasures. Take a country like India, where the people, for centuries, were at the mercy of invaders and plunderers, and where every family has for ages been in the habit of hiding its savings underground. Or Russia, where, in the past five years, untold wealth must have been buried in like fashion, to save it from the rapacity of the Bolshevik.

Again, think of North America, where early white settlers had no banks, so hid the treasures which they had wrestled from the soil.

You may take it, too, that a great deal more of this buried treasure is recovered than is ever reported in the papers. When a man unearths a hidden hoard he does not go to hunt for the neatest reporter. His chief idea is to keep the whole thing dark, and get away quietly with the gold.

Still, stories of treasure finds do sometimes come to light, and some of these are most interesting because of the strange and romantic clues which have led to such discoveries.

Charles McLeod, of Edmonton, in the year 1909, organized a party to prospect for gold in Northern British Columbia. Marching through the forest, one of his companions stumbled upon two headless skeletons lying under a tree. The breast-bone of one was shattered by a bullet.

Search revealed a watch and a ring. Imagine the grief and surprise of McLeod himself when he recognized these articles as having belonged to his own brothers who had gone prospecting three years earlier, and whose fate had been, till then, unknown.

The Carved Inscription.

He and his party searched the woods all round, but found nothing else, and were giving it up when one noticed a blazed mark on a tree. Following this up, they found another tree, and on this a carved inscription. The murderers had hacked the words, but enough was still legible to put McLeod on the track.

Following the directions, he came upon a shaft from which gold had evidently been dug, and, not far away, the hiding-place where the murdered men had secreted the gold which they had won from the mine.

More than once storms have been the means of revealing hidden treasure. In the year 1906, two brothers named Stewart, who lived near Johnsville, New Brunswick, were going to their work, after a night of storm, when they noticed that a big tree growing on a cliff-side had been blown out by the roots. Where the roots had been ripped from the ground a small hole was visible in the cliff-face.

Climbing up, they found a narrow passage which they enlarged, and presently came upon a flight of twelve

steps descending into a square apartment. Here lay a dry and crumbling skeleton, and near it a massive gold ring inscribed, "John Long, December 4th, 1779."

Near by was an iron pot, and in it, wrapped in bark, were several old books and maps. Some of these books dated back to 1667. But mere interest changed to excitement when the Stewarts examined the maps and found notes and marks on them, relating to the hiding-place of a quantity of silver ingots. These they speedily unearthed, much to their own profit.

A Pirate's Treasure.

In April, 1907, part of Portugal was visited by a sharp shock of earthquake. On the following morning two children of a fisherman living at Nazareth, a pretty seaside resort on the Portuguese coast, brought home two or three dull metal objects with which they played on the floor.

Their mother noticed these, and showed one to her husband. He took it to the priest, who pronounced it to be a gold button of very ancient date.

The children, when asked where they had found the buttons, led their father and the priest to a place among the rocks where a part of the cliff had fallen. Here the beach was strewn with gold buttons, old armor, sixteenth century coins, and a quantity of jewelry. So far as can be ascertained, the valuables were the remains of a pirate's treasure. The Government took half, and the fisherman shared the rest with the priest.

As an example of the slang saying, "You never know your luck," it would be difficult to beat the following case. A young chemical student got leave to peruse some old manuscripts in the Adlon Library at Vienna. He was compiling a book on medicine of the Middle Ages.

Suddenly his eyes fell on a passage which startled him considerably. It was a footnote apparently added by some other writer to the old monkish manuscript, explaining that a large treasure of gold and silver had been hidden in a certain convent in Galicia.

The student, who seems to have had his head well screwed on, copied the passage word for word, and went straight to the Cardinal Archbishop of Lemberg. To the latter he said he thought he had a clue to a monkish treasure, and he asked to what proportion he would be legally entitled if he found it.

The bishop said that he would be entitled to half. The student went off, arrived at the convent, and, after a very brief search, did actually discover a large chest full of old coins. The value of the find was estimated at something like \$135,000.

A Majority For.

A village school teacher recently received the following note from the mother of one of the school teacher:

"Dear teacher.—U. wrote me about whipping Willie.

"I hereby give you permission to smack him every time you think it is necessary to learn him his lesson.

"Willie is just like his father. You have to learn him with a belt. Please pound college into Willie, for I want him to get it, and don't pay no attention to what his father says. He'll handle him.—Yours faithfully, Eliza Jewel."

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

Denmark has about 85 head of cattle to every 100 inhabitants.

THE THIEF

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

PART IV.

But then wonders were done in the land and the widow of old huntsman Jack Toms was proved to be in the right; for she'd trusted to Providence through thick and thin and believed that in the long run Providence never let down nobody that really trusted.

It came about, of all places, at the little tabernacle of the Primitive Baptists at Ashburton, and them most concerned in the business heard with their own ears and saw with their own eyes. And a very great lesson I'm sure, to all unbelieving people and such as say the Lord of Hosts be tired of mankind in general and weary of their goings on.

There was a revival meeting, and Mr. Blade had got down a very fine gospeler with a wonderful flow of speech and a way of searching to the heart. He was a big success from the first evening, for he had the blessed gift of throwing light into the dark places and waking the sleeping soul with the trumpet of righteousness. A big hearted, hard-bitten man, but genial and not puffed up; because he'd been a bad 'un himself in his time, and only saved from the burning by the voice of God in the mouth of his fellow man. And now it was his pride and privilege to do to others as he'd been done by and bring old and young to the penitent bench and help the good work of gathering souls to the harvest. 'Twas his third evening and, of course, Farmer Turtle and his wife supported the chapel, because their daughter was married to the minister.

Their son went also, and being turned a good bit more serious of late had took to showing an interest in the business of the soul, which ain't common among young men with their way to make in the world.

Anyway, he attended the revival meetings with his parents, and Susan always sat beside 'em when they came. But much to the amazement of his family after the discourses on the third evening, when the people who had caught the holy fire rose to go to the bench or testify, if young Tom didn't rise up also! As he'd had the light for years, there didn't seem no reason why he should do any such thing, and I believe his father was a bit annoyed with him for the moment; but young Tom didn't go up; he went out, and so Farmer's mind was set at rest, for he doubted not the youth had business elsewhere that called him.

If he'd known, however, what that business was, Mr. Turtle might have been a good bit surprised; and indeed he was so before the night had ended.

In a word, the heart of the amazing young man was smote at last. He'd gone to the police station, as a fitter place for him in his opinion than the penitent's bench; and there he'd told his story as far as the details was concerned, though all the fire and agony and horror behind it he never told. It was left for understanding men and women, who knew where love may land a man, to see his sufferings and his madness through the veil darkly.

Young Tom had fallen into a frantic passion for Joanna from the moment she set foot in Four Ways. He'd made love to her fierce and terrible from the first, and she'd told him from the beginning that it couldn't be and she didn't love him. She'd made it clear also that her heart was not her own; but since her engagement to the sailor was a secret and she'd promised Bob Truscott never to speak of it, she didn't; and young Tom didn't believe it, or wouldn't believe; when she spoke of an understanding with another man. In secret he fought for her with all the fire and fury of first love, and made her life a very difficult business, no doubt; but he hid his heart from his parents' eyes, and her sense of right was such that she felt she couldn't do anything about it or tell her trouble, but only appeal to him to spare her. He was deaf and blind, however, and didn't see that he was persecuting a woman who'd got no use for him and never would have. He kept on hoping against hope, as lovers will, and at last the time came for Joanna to go, for she couldn't stand no more. She never for a moment thought that love would drive the man into crime, nor did she guess that after he'd made her mad one evening and she had spoke bitter words to him and called him a mean coward and bid him leave her alone, that his baffled passions would turn into bitter hatred. But so they had done, and all the flood of love in him turned to bitter gall and he set out to ruin her. Which he had done.

His unsleeping fires drove him to this wickedness and he made his plot according, stole the things one by one, and then planted 'em upon her. He knewed, when dallying with her in the past, that she kept the key of her box in her little handbag, and when she was in the dairy and the house empty he'd gone to her room and got an impression of the key in a bit of dough and had one made far ways off, where he wasn't known. Then, the day she was out, he put all the things in her box, and having already planned the fire, took a handkercher and a letter. The devil never put an easier job into the mind of a

mad man. And when she'd gone, everything was ripe for the wheat stacks. He set a light to them himself and went to bed; and when all had gone to rest after the fire, he crept down again and put the letter he'd half burned and the handkercher where they must be found after. And everything fell out exactly as he had ordained.

But then he had to pay the devil's wages, and after three months of tidy torment, with the thought of his ruined life and that girl in prison, he began to wish he was dead. In truth, he thought to slay himself, and if he had, without confessing, the wrong would have gone hidden till the Trump; but that's where Providence took up the running, and it was mercifully put in his heart to own up and take the consequences. Somebody had to pay, of course, but 'tis the way of great evils that often the innocent be called to suffer worse than the guilty. It killed his mother. She wilted away like a gathered flower, and died six months after. By then young Tom was in Canada, for he left England immediate and was away almost before the full size of the truth came to be known. He wanted to go to prison, I believe; but his father sent him to Canada instead, and Joanna and her mother never did anything against him, though they well might, 'twas thought in law.

Joanna, however, decided that she wasn't much surprised to hear the bitter truth. She knew before the end that the man hated her with a deadly hatred, and when she was asked why she never told about him persecuting her for love, or tried to make a case against him for her own good name's sake, she explained that like the simple creature she was.

"Father always told me that if a man offered marriage and I didn't take him, I must never mention the subject, or name the man's name, out of honor and fairness to him," she said, "and whatever father told me to do, I always did do."

That was Joanna; and when she came out of prison a generous government only said she was dismissed without a stain on her character, but never offered a penny piece for all she'd been called to endure! Governments never got no spare money when 'tis only a question of their honor. That never troubles 'em. But the nation's a thought higher minded than the government, thank God, and a very tidy purse come along afore the girl took her sailor. And such a wedding she had at Ashburton as would have done credit to a royal princess.

(The End.)

Conserve Your Health.

It is very easy for the folks living upon farms to ill-treat their bodies. A young farmer, ambitious to win success, exposed himself unduly while endeavoring to fill the ice house, and contracted a cold which resulted in leaving a widow and small boy to fight their battles alone. Hundreds and thousands of farm women pay very little attention to their own health until they are forced to do so by broken-down bodies. They do this often because, as they say, "the children and the family require every moment of their time." Their attitude is certainly one of unselfish devotion, yet it cannot be gainsaid that by so doing they are contributing most to the happiness and richness of the lives of those in their families. The man and the woman who take good care of their bodies and encourage their children and others to do the same, are bound to be a more valuable asset to the community than if they neglected this vital matter.

Rescued—In What Condition?

It is related of Mr. Augustine Birrell, the British essayist and politician, that he once got into a third-class railway carriage in the north of England and sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs. Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterwards, he saw that she was regarding him with no great favor. It dawned upon him that he was sitting on her newspaper.

"Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling the newspaper out and handing it to her; "I'm sorry."

The little girl did not look quite satisfied, but she said nothing until a few minutes later, when the train drew up at a station.

"Please, sir," she then inquired weakly, "may I have my fried fish?"

It had been wrapped up in the newspaper.

3000-Pound Belt.

The largest belt in the world was recently made by a Philadelphia manufacturer. It weighs 3,000 pounds and the toughest parts of the hides of 670 steers were required for material. When set to work in a factory it will travel day and night at a speed of a mile a minute.

Lake Mystery Unsolved.

Why does the water in the great lakes that lie between a large portion of the United States and Canada rise and fall in periods which average seven years? This natural phenomenon has been a puzzle since the days when France held sway in Canada 200 years ago.

In an unpublished diary of an English traveller who voyaged up the St. Lawrence river to Niagara, Ont., in the summer of 1785, is the following reference to this mystery of the waters:

A remarkable circumstance was told me by Mr. Pansee, our conductor, who had been constantly engaged in this navigation for nearly twenty years, and which he advised me is a matter of fact both from his own observation and that of the oldest inhabitant. Each year the St. Lawrence river settles or falls a little until the seventh year, when it is visible that it has sunk between three and four feet, and then for the next seven years it continues to rise in the same proportion. The river is at this time at its greatest elevation (July 1, 1785). I took great pains to gain some information of this uncommon phenomenon: I find that the lakes have the same appearance.

Careful government records were begun about the year 1820 and since then it has been found that the periods between high and low water are sometimes as low as four years and sometimes as high as nine years, although they average seven years. This year the water is again at its lowest in the lakes and river, and freight carriers are having trouble in various harbors.

Buoy-Laying in the St. Lawrence.

Laying gas buoys along a course of 340 miles, a great part of the way in a current running at a speed of over 10 miles an hour, is the difficult task performed each spring by Canadian Government steamers in the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Father Point, the latter the point where the "Empress of Ireland" sank in the summer of 1914 after collision with the collier "Storstad." Throughout the winter months the entire length of the St. Lawrence is icebound. All marine traffic is suspended. Prior to the breaking up of the ice in April, all equipment is made ready. The buoys are charged with several months' supply of gas; the lanterns, including the flashing mechanisms and burners, are adjusted, and mooring cables are cut to lengths and conveniently placed.

Each buoy, with lantern, mooring cable, and anchor, weighs about four tons, is from 5 to 8 ft. in diameter, and from 10 to 30 ft. in length over all, according to type. The distance from Montreal to Father Point is 340 miles. One hundred and fifty gas buoys are placed to mark this route.

A Coat-pocket Tent.

An Englishman has invented a tent for outing use which may be folded up and put into a good-sized pocket, the fabric being exceedingly tough and waterproof. The tent pole is hinged in the middle, and when thus folded may be used for a walking stick. This remarkable tent when set up is four feet high—just big enough for one person to sit in comfortably, though two may occupy it at a pinch.

They Are Not Wearing Them So Much

During a visit to our army in France, says an English periodical, King George told one of his officers the following amusing story:

"I was making a round of the front when I passed a group of American soldiers. One man observed me closely and called to a comrade, 'Hey, Bill, there's the King!'"

"What d'ye mean, the King?" his comrade shouted back.

"Right there," answered the other; "that chap there!"

"Get out!" was the indignant reply. "He ain't no king. Where's his crown?"

You can sleep better after a day's hard work than after a day's idleness.—Harry Lauder.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: "Don't cry, don't shirk; but hit the line hard."—Theodore Roosevelt.

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