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## "The Wop."

His name was hard to pronounce—so they called him "The Wop." He appeared at the mouth of the shaft one day in April. By means of profuse gestures he made it known that he had walked much of the hundred and fifty miles from the city and was looking for work. A good-natured foreman put him down on the book as No. 409, gave him a shovel and sent him down the shaft to perform ordinary labor. Some of his fellow workmen laughed at the man's unintelligible attempts to speak English! Most of them ignored him. In a little while the Wop had learned the routine, which, for him, was nothing more than to fill a narrow with earth and take it to the shaft.

No one knows just how it happened. But there it was—a stick of dynamite and a short length of sputtering fuse attached, lying on the ground near the portable forge. There were then about thirty men in that bit of the tunnel, many feet under the surface of the ground, and there was only one way out—the shaft ladder at the end of the working. There was no elevator save the "dirt hoist." This short section of the great aqueduct had not been joined to the rest of the tunnel; it was a blind alley at both ends.

Some one pointed to the dynamite and lighted fuse. No one was quick enough to take hold of the dynamite and disconnect the fuse. Instead, with one accord, they ran toward the single ladder—that is, all save the Wop. It was the brightly glowing fuse end doubtless that caused the panic. These men were accustomed to dynamite; but it was always fired by an electric detonator. Some of them said afterward that it was the hissing point of fire that frightened them. Whatever the reason, they stormed the shaft, and under their rush the ladder swayed and fell. They were trapped.

It was the Wop that saved their lives. He saw and understood. With a warning cry he swooped down on the dynamite. The fuse was almost burned out. He did not try to detach fuse and fulminating cap. Instead he turned toward the far end of the tunnel. Part way down the tube was a huge mound of loose dirt waiting to be removed. The Wop ran up this sloping mound and hurled the explosive as far as he could. That instant came the explosion. Happily the great pile of earth acted as a baffle plate. The men were deafened, but no one was injured save the Wop, whose face and neck were badly burned.

"It's funny," said one of the Wop's fellow workers, "but none of us thought of the man's being human like us. We couldn't understand his queer talk and laughed at him. But he was 'white' all through. We learned that he had a wife and three children and loved them as much as we loved our families. Yes, he was 'white.' His skin was swarthy, and his English was terrible; but he was white."

## Sentence Sermons.

- It's No Small Thing—To aspire to be a great mother.
- To deserve the confidence of your 12-year-old son.
- To occupy one hour of the time of any audience.
- When a young woman trusts herself in the company of a young man for an evening.
- When a child perpetrates his first deception.
- To be allowed to share the troubles of a friend.
- When modesty is sacrificed for popular applause.

## Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigleys!

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to night.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little fresher.



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# The Right Verdict

BY FRANCIS MORTON HOWARD.

## PART II.

"Am! Ye don't mean to say—?" "I'm my old self again!" shouted Burch. "Hard and quick as ever! A sort of merric it was. Ain't you glad? Ain't you pleased, old Jacob? What do you want to stare like that for? Any one might think you was frightened of me! Frightened of me!" He caught up his cap and crammed it down on his head. He saw his stick leaning in the corner and he snatched it up.

"Aye, and I remember this, too! And so does Esther! And so she shall, to the very end of her days!" "Aif, you ain't going—Aif, stay here! You don't understand—not yet. There's nothing—" "Don't understand!" screamed Burch furiously. "I understand enough to know that it'll be hell upon you for Esther from this night forth!"

"Aif—AM!" Abruptly he looked up. A night like this one might easily steal unnoticed on a man up there in the dark. One might look for one's chance and at the right spot, by a sudden unexpected thrust, send him toppling over, down into the quarry. There'd be but little hope for a man who went over the quarry at its highest, just there by the spinye.

And it wouldn't need strength, neither—just a quick thrust under the armpits. It was easy enough—easy enough. And no one would ever suspect. In the village every one thought that Aif was half-witted, and they could know nothing of his recovery. If—if he went over it would be looked on as an accident. Folks would simply think that he had wandered abroad in his strange, purposeless way. Oh, it would be safe enough!

One had just to track him down, and to any one who had done a little poaching that was child's play. Like the weather at some house in the village, waiting for the gale to abate just a little. And Luke would have continued right along the field path without meeting her and so passed on down into the village.

Easy, dead easy, it was, and with no shred of suspicion to cling to—no one. And Esther would be free and clear to make another bid for happiness, and there would be an end for good and all to Aif's terrorism. 'Twas a rare chance—a chance in a million.

It was about an hour later that Esther returned, breathless under the scourge of the gale. Old Jacob was in his accustomed chair and looked up quickly at her as she entered.

She stood a while to recover her breath. Her glance fell on Burch's empty chair. "He—he went out," said Jacob. "Went out?" "Went out to meet you. That's what he said. He—"

"Which way did he go?" "By the path. At least he—he said he was going by the path. "It came by the road. But—" "He'd sort of recovered," said Jacob. "Twas a kind of wonder. One minute he was dull in his chair, and while we was talking in the scullery—"

"Talking? Who?" "Why, me and Luke Miller. He came down here to see you. He's off to-morrow, and when he found you wasn't here he was coming back later on, but I told him to go by the path and he'd be sure to meet you. Well, when he'd gone I came back in here and there was Aif standing straight up and his eyes was snapping and his lips was twisting and he was sort of a biting twist he used to give to 'em? And he'd—he'd overheard me and Luke, and he was off after him to the spinye to catch you two together."

"The spinye? There's the quarry there! We must go to the quarry." "As ye wish," said Jacob, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Maybe we could get some one to come along with us. We may need help to carry him. And if so be as he's—he's killed, it'll have been an accident, and we 's'ould need witnesses to prove it was so."

"He lit the lantern and went out into the roadway with it, but the hour was late and no one appeared to be abroad on such a night. After a while, though, they heard the shuffle of footsteps and Jacob, swinging up his light, found that it was old Zeke Sparstow, coming homeward from some mysterious errand. "Let him lie there, then!" growled Sparstow when the urgency of the matter was explained to him. "But you will come back with us?" "Aye, I'll go back with ye. I hate to, but since you're so set on it I'll go."

Along the field path the three went and straight into the quarry, and there they found Burch, lying huddled at the base of a great boulder, dead. And the two old men half-dragged, half-carried the body back to the cottage, with Esther walking, gaunt-eyed, before them, carrying the lantern. Miller came down to see Esther the same morning, but she was trying to snatch a little sleep, and Jacob would not have her disturbed.

"Tell her I'm not going away now—not just yet," was the message Luke sent to her by her father.

"You never heard nor saw aught of Aif last night up in the spinye?" asked Jacob.

"It makes no difference whether I did or whether I didn't," he said steadily, and went away with old Jacob starting after him. They held the inquest a day or two after. It presented no difficulties to the Coroner, whose horse and trap were held outside for him while he briskly officiated within.

Jacob was chief witness, and he kept his daughter's name from mention as far as possible. To avoid the growth of village scandal he suppressed all reference to Luke Miller, and Miller himself volunteered no statement.

"You cannot vouch that he was completely recovered," was the sole comment the Coroner had to make on Jacob's evidence. "He appeared to have recovered would be the better way to express it. You forget that immediately after his alleged recovery he left the house on a dark, stormy night with no particular object in view."

The jury, villagers, all familiar with the later phases of Burch, nodded agreement. Esther and Sparstow gave evidence as to the finding of the body, and the doctor rounded off the list of witnesses. Without the least contention the jury arrived at a verdict.

"Death by misadventure," said the Coroner.

The inquest was over. At the end of a fortnight the tragedy was but food for gossip at the tail end of a dozen other topics.

"Seems to me," said Jacob one day to Esther, "that you keep yourself out of Luke's way all you can. He don't seem hardly ever able to get a word with you. He told me so himself. And you knows well enough why he's hanging on here in the village 'stead of going abroad like he meant to."

"Yes, I know," admitted Esther slowly. "He wants me to marry him."

"Well!" prompted Jacob. "Ain't you going to, now that things is right for you?" She shook her head.

"No, I shall never marry him now. The way of Aif's death put an end to all that."

"Lord! ye don't think Luke had anything to do with that?" cried Jacob. "Ye're wrong there—I know ye're wrong! Luke ain't that sort. Here, wait you!" he ordered impulsively. "This must be set to rights."

Headless of her protest, he hurried out and down into the village, and when he came back after a while Luke Miller was with him.

"You sent for me?" Luke eagerly asked her. "Your father 'ud tell me nothing?" "No, I never sent for you," she answered. "Nor never could—not now."

"See here," struck in Jacob, "tis best we should get to understand how things be. She's got an idea, Luke, that you knows more than you cares to tell about Aif's accident."

"She does me wrong, then!" said Miller. "I'll own I met Aif that night. I was sheltering against a tree in the spinye when he come shouting and swearing past me in the dark, mad with rage."

She turned and looked at him. "You don't believe I've told you all I know!" he exclaimed bitterly. "There's something—I can see it in your eyes. You don't believe me, even now." "You ask me to marry you, Luke. Before I could do that the whole truth must be told."

Vehemently he began again to press his innocence. Half an hour later old Jacob, going noiselessly past the window, glanced in and saw that Luke was standing at her side and had his arm around her shoulder.

"That's all right!" sighed Jacob in vast relief. A month had passed and it was twilight of the day upon which Luke and Esther, married by the registrar that morning, had set out on their long journey to their new home.

Jacob was alone in the cottage. He had declined either to accompany the couple or to rejoin them later. He was too old, he pleaded, for change. There was a tap at the door and Zeke Sparstow came in.

"There's something I wants to see you about," said Sparstow, with some constraint in his manner. "Can you guess what?"

"Why, now, I can't." Sparstow glanced at him doubtfully and seemed in some difficulty as to how to continue.

"Tis about Aif Burch," he observed at last. "I never thought much of him, as you knows. I hated him always—hated him afore he struck me down that day afore all them folks; hated him ten times as much."

over since, when he was away and when he was back. And—and it don't matter to me how he come by his end, fair or foul! He deserved it, deserved it a dozen times over—that's what I thinks. And now reach me down your old overcoat hanging behind the door, yonder, Jacob Lawe. Reach it down and let me look at it."

Wonderingly Jacob brought the garment and spread it on the table. It was a ragged and torn old coat, and of the big yellow buttons but two remained in place.

"I swear that I shan't say aught," declared Sparstow. "But this I do know, Jacob Lawe, that it was by no accident Aif Burch met his end. There was a struggle of sorts, and that I'd take my oath to, for all I done my best to keep any one else from thinking the same. For when I went up there again at break of day next morning I found something lying on the path up there at the edge of the quarry. I picked it up, Jacob Lawe, and not a soul else knows it nor ever shall! And here it is."

He opened his hand. A big yellow horn button lay in it.

"That I knows aught of the finding of it is a secret that goes to the grave with me," said Sparstow impressively. "But I thought you should know. I wanted you to know, for I'd have done likewise if I'd been you."

He put the button down on the table, looked at Jacob and went away without another word.

"The old fool!" cackled Jacob. "He thinks I done it! Why, I never stirred from my chair! 'Twas an accident! As if—"

He stopped sharply and bent forward to stare at the button. He was remembering the night of the gale, remembering that Esther had been wearing his old overcoat during all the evening of the tragedy.

(The End.)

## Right, But Wrong.

I suppose that most people are now eating more fruit at their meals, that many of us have resumed the cold-bath-in-the-morning habit, and that, when it is hot, practically everybody flings windows open to cool "stifling" rooms. Three cases of excellent intentions—and had results. For our methods are wrong!

Take, first, the "open-window" question. During the night hours the temperature always falls, and there is coolness out of doors and within. Then the sun rises, the outside air is rapidly heated, and "to keep the house cool," we fling our windows open and admit the heated air.

Windows should be wide open during the night, so that the cold air may enter and take possession, and closed during the day. The heated outside air should be refused admission. The cool, night-gathered air will then hold its own, especially if all inside doors are left wide open, so that it can circulate.

Blinds, too, should be drawn in all rooms not in use. Try this method once, and you'll adopt it permanently. Fruit cools the blood. Its juices and acids hold other virtues. But practically all its merits are cancelled if, as is usual, it is eaten at the end of a meal. Eat more fruit, but always at the beginning of a meal.

That cold morning "rub" is quite excellent for the winter, if you can stand it, but quite wrong for the summer. It should be obvious that the braced up, stimulated, all-aglow feeling that follows a cold bath in winter is not what you want in summer.

Try a tepid bath. That reduces the blood pressure (of great importance to many), and is far more effective as a body cleanser. Perspiration, a summer product, is a poison, and cold water, of the "hard" sort especially, does not remove it from the skin.

## One of Britain's Pioneers.

The Faraday Society, which recently decided to limit its activities owing to the increased cost of printing, is one of the many associations which have grown out of our national habit of hero-worship, says an English writer. Michael Faraday won fame as one of the pioneers of electrical experiment, and his work in this direction shows how much can be accomplished with primitive equipment. The materials from which he made his first galvanic battery were seven halfpennies, seven pieces of zinc of the same size, and seven pieces of paper soaked in muriate of soda. Equally simple was his first frictional electric machine, preserved at the Royal Institution. It was made from a ginger-beer bottle.

Why Not? Stranger, if you meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me? And why should I not speak to you? —Walt Whitman.

## How to make MUSTARD PICKLES

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## Keen's Mustard

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## Raising Sunken Riches.

Over a hundred years ago off the coast of Pondoland, the East Indian man, Grosvenor, was lost, together with her cargo of gold, silver and precious stones worth more than two million pounds.

Up to the early part of the present century two attempts had been made to reach the treasure, but both failed, the first on account of the lack of special gear, and the second because the strongly-built hatches could not be opened.

In 1905 operations were again started, this time by a syndicate floated in South Africa. But it was now found that the ship had become surrounded by sand and had completely disappeared. Luckily the weather kept fine, so a dredger was set to work to remove the sand.

Seemingly the effort was nearing success—yet it failed. The force of the sea caused the walls of sand to collapse, so that the work of men and dredger was destroyed.

Two years ago still another effort was made, this time in a totally different manner. It was hoped to recover the treasure by way of the hand instead of the sea.

The Grosvenor was not a great distance from the shore, so it was an easy matter to sink an inclined shaft below the floor of the sea, and then tunnel out to the ship.

Before the operations could commence, however, a great deal had to be done, for the nearest village is forty to fifty miles from Port St. Johns. In order to get the material, roads had to be made; and after this work was completed it took another two or three months before the material arrived.

The work of salvaging the Grosvenor's wealth is still going on. The money and precious stones have not as yet been reached, but it is expected that before long success will crown the salvage men's effort.

## Personality in Music.

The personality of the interpreter of music is the most important element in the interpretation.

There are artists whom the public consider second or third-rate musicians whose technical ability perhaps even surpasses that of the outstanding favorites, and yet there is lacking the real message that differentiates the greater and lesser artists. It is an old topic, indeed, but it has to be discussed repeatedly, if for no other reason at least because little children will grow up and become new generations of music lovers. These dear young ones have to learn that the interpretative artist is no artist at all if he gives no expression to himself.

A parrot can talk quite wisely at times, but it does not know what it is saying. The confident young pianist who marches out on the stage and recites a Beethoven sonata according to the rules and regulations laid down by his teacher is no artist. He is usually not even a good parrot. But the player whose personality can not be smothered will either interest or enrage the hearer. He has something to say.

The rules of music have their place, but it is the real genuine spirit of music that it is more important to get into one's nature. It is the getting of music into ourselves in order to put ourselves into the music.

Milk Defies Chlorine. Chlorine does not kill off germs in milk as it does in water, probably because the chlorine cannot penetrate the fat globules in milk.

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In ancient times the turquoise was credited with power to read the human mind.

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