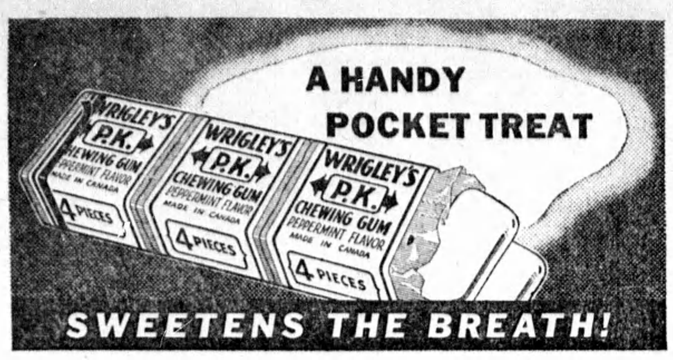

Rainbow Gold

by

E. C. BULEY

SYNOPSIS

Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast.

They rested for a couple of days, and then prepared to resume their journey to rail head.

"What are you going to do, now you've made your pile, Dan?" Wetherby asked, as they overlooked the car on the eve of making another start. "I dunno," Dan said carelessly. "We've got to cash in first, haven't we?"

"That's simple; take my word for it," Wetherby replied confidently. "I know how to cash in on a mine like ours. And as soon as I've touched the money, I'm o ffto England to settle down. There's a grand little girl waiting for me, Dan; been waiting for years."

"England?" Dan repeated. "I thought you were a native."

Dan himself had emigrated to Australia from England as a boy of fifteen, but his mate had never before spoken of England. He had all the marks of a native-born Australian.

"I'm an Aussie, all right," Wetherby agreed. "But I'm going back to England to settle down now."

"Never knew you'd ever been there," Dan said indifferently. "You never said anything about having a girl waiting for you in England."

"I don't tell everybody my business," Wetherby agreed. "But you are different, Dan. I shouldn't have been a rich man only for you. It was you who pat me on this good thing. I'm writing to Glady's to tell her how much she owes to you."

His voice quavered with emotion. Dan felt uncomfortable; he was not used to chaps who let themselves go. Wetherby was all right as a working mate; he had done his full share of the toil, and taken his half of any risk that was encountered. But he was inclined to be what Dan called "gabby"; and to talk too much if given the slightest encouragement.

From his breast pocket he now drew a photograph, which he thrust into Dan's hand. It was the picture of a girl in evening dress, with smooth round arms; a girl with very big dark eyes that looked wistfully out of the picture; a girl with a tremulous mouth, which made Wetherby's story of patient waiting seem very real, all of a sudden to Dan.

"Cripes!" said Dan, devouring the picture with his gaze. "She's a bonzer little girl, Don. No wonder you are in a hurry to cash in and get away to England. Good luck to both of you!"

All of a sudden, somehow, he felt very lonely, and a little sad. He had never been much in the way of meeting nice girls like the big-eyed original of his mate's photograph. When he did, on any rare occasion, Dan had nothing to say to them. They made him feel lost and awkward. It had never before occurred to him to envy anybody, but now he envied Don Wetherby, whose future was arranged in such a pleasant fashion.

"But what are you going to do yourself, Dan?" Wetherby insisted.

"Oh, I dunno," Dan said. "I expect I'll have a look around for a bit; invest my capital in a station, or fruit farm maybe. But we have to cash in first."

"Leavethat to me," Wetherby repeated confidently. " You have done the thinking up to now; but this is where I come in. When we get to Sydney, just watch me cash in on that mine of ours."

"Ryebuck!" yawned Dan, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Got to make an early start tomorrow. G'night."

When they got to Sydney, Dan's first care was to register their claim with the mining department. Then the two mates sold enough of the gold they had won to provide for their immediate needs and spent a day or two enjoying themselves in Sydney.

They had a day at the races, and an evening at the theatre. They browsed a good deal in restaurants on green vegetables and fruit, after the custom of all men who have long been away from such vital necessities of life. They had a long afternoon swimming in the surf at Bondi beach; and rode about a good deal in taxicabs.

It struck Dan that, for a man who had a beautiful girl patiently waiting for him over in England, his mate was rather too ready to chum up with any pretty girl he came across. Din Wetherby certainly had a way with him; and barmaids, waitresses, and girls behind counters seemed to advance halfway to meet him. Dan could never find a thing to say to them, and found himself ignored.

He was rather glad of that; but he was surprised at Don Wetherby. He found himself thinking a good deal of the big-eyed, wistful original of the photograph. If a grand girl like that were waiting for him in England, he wouldn't be smirking at any blonde he saw behind a bar.

After a spell of three or four days, Wetherby set out one morning to redeem his promise, and dispose of the gold mine. By lunch time he was back at the hotel again, with a bright eyed, sallow individual named Slade, whom he introduced to Dan as a mining engineer, and a representative of English capital, Dan, who had the specimens from the mine under his own key, exhibited the golden stone to Slade after they had lunched. The white-faced man's eyes glistened even more brightly as he handled the stuff.

"Might be anything," he said, fingering the brittle stone. "Might be a five million pound mine, and might be just a little jeweller's shop on the hillside. What do you say, Mr. Prescott?"

"That's why we are cashing in," Dan said laconically. "It's a gamble, sure enough; but it looked good to me."

Slade nodded, and soon after he went off with Wetherby.

Dan got a telegram that evening saying that Wetherby and Slade were off to the mine by aeroplane for an inspection. He loafed about Sylney for a few days,, surf bathing, resting up, and visiting cinema shows, picture galleries and theatres. Then his mate turned up again, apparently well pleased with himself.

TO BE CONTINUED

Going on a Holiday?

We can give you the best whether you want to

Rest Play Fish

D. J. McRae

Lingerlong Lodge, Ardbeg, Ont.

(Just north of Parry Sound.)

Advertising Held Aid In Distribution

Paris. — Lord Luke, British industriasist, told the International Chamber of Commerce recently that "advertising is one of the most economical as well as one of the most effective means of obtaining adequate distribution."

He declared Great Britain spends £70,000,000 annually on advertising, a sum which he estimated to be three per cent of the total retail trade and considerably less than 10 per cent of the total cost of distribution.

The delegates debated the coordination of road and rail distribution to make a closer link of mass production with distribution.

Boston In Halifax

Not many Bostonians know it, but there is a large portion of the city of Boston located in Halifax. When tourists from the United States make their temporary headquarters at the Nova Scotian Hotel in Halifax they are still on American soil.

It all dates back to the days when oil sailing vessels came "down" to Halifax from Boston in ballast. The ballast, of course, was soil obtained in Boston. Many tied up at the pier, close to the present site of the hotel. The ballast was unshipped and was used by the Haligonians in levelling ground in that section of the city.

GOSSIP VIA WIRELESS IS CALLED NEW FACTOR IN EMPIRE BUILDING

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

Inhabitants of young lands have their hardships, but they are spared many of the ardors of the older world, and live on privileges they did nothing to acquire. Thus in the Australian hinterland, as it fades toward the dry bush country of the Never-Never, the coming of wireless has been a blessing that makes our fireside sets at home as commonplace as watertaps.

It has just emerged in the report of the Rev. J. A. Barber, of the Australian Inland Mission, to the Presbyterian Assembly at Melbourne, that settlers' wives in the back blocks now make a habit of relieving the tedium of their lonely lives by a little gossip over the air. Many homesteads are provided with transmitters with a radius of about 300 miles as well as the ordinary reception arrangements permitted to the up-to-date world.

In emergency this is a great boon. At a hint of serious illness a doctor may be summoned, and in no time at all he arrives by air. And when there is no emergency it is also a boon — for the women can gossip, their traditional whispers being taken up by the microphone and sent to and fro.

It is not very clear from the cables whether or not Mr. Barber is happy about the development. Gossip, which actualy passes for conversation with most of us, has not a very good name. There may be the suspicion that the new facility may be bad for Australian womanhood. It may be felt that instead of busying themselves with good works and looking after the master's socks, the women of the lonely stations are using the fine air of Australian mornings in sending idle twitterings across the wide open spaces just as their sisters in the cities whisper one to the other on the stairhead.

However that may be, we are not prepared to be despondent about it. Indeed, we are inclined to see in the news fresh hope for the White Australia policy, with gossip in the role of Empire builder. It has been said that among white peoples successful colonization is impossible unless women have a hand in it. The colonist must have a home, and it requires a woman to make one, and to support it with her art once it is made.

The problem in undeveloped Australia, then, is to persuade women from the south to go north with their men. Hitherto that has meant giving up gossip, and the sacrifice has on the whole proved too great. Now the gossip is, as it were, laid on, the situation has taken a new and hopeful turn. We would not, perhaps, be prepared to die for the theory, but it is plausible.

Find Golden Voice For Talking Clock

(Manchester Guardian)

After a search that has been going on for months through the telephone exchanges of this country to discover a golden voice beautiful in quality, free from accent, with fullness of tone and nothing niggardly about it, the perfect golden voice has been found among the nine candidates selected for the final test.

It was selected by a committee of such high authority that it included Mr. Masefield and Miss Sybil Thorndike, who sat in a room at the General Post Office and began at eleven o'clock to listen to the unseen candidates speaking from a little distance. Two hours later they awarded the first prize to Miss Ethel Cain, a West Croydon girl who works at the Victoria Exchange. The second prize went to Miss I. H. Dunn, who is at the Trunk Exchange. All the other finalists received a prize in addition to the honor and glory of having come successfully through the three preliminary tests.

The golden voice will be worked pretty hard before it has completed its task of making records on sound films to be used on the "talking clocks" that are to be installed in centres outside London, and when she has finished Miss Cain will be glad to know that she herself will not have to tell anxious subscribers the exact time, but that they will be satisfied with a tinned voice.

The price of Miss Cain's victory was the ordeal of being confronted by a room full of journalists, press photographers, and men making talking films in the presence of the judges, who included Mrs. Atkinson, of Burley-in-Wharfedale, henceforth to be known, because of her unfailing courtesy at the telephone, as the perfect telephone subscriber.

It was curious to see all the blaze and dazzle directed on a girl who spends her working hours in the obscurity of a telephone exchange, and who is only known to her business world by her voice. In her free times she often takes part in private theatricals, a leading part one imagines, but in spite of that her voice fulfilled the requirement of being "without any trace of the theatrical."

The test passage she read from "L'Allegro" gave every opportunity to show the fullness of her vowels, and Mr. Masefield said afterwards that she was right in reading as she did without emphasis, knowing that the words themselves were enough. He said that Miss Cain had a sense of beauty, rhythm, and justice.

Miss Thorndike expressed her admiration, but admitted that, unlike the telephone authorities she liked to hear a voice with the rich accents of the North, and said she would love to hear a Scottish voice tell her the time.

Too Close Driving

Writes the Chatham News—"Four cars figured in an automobile crash near Stratford. At least two of the cars became involved because the drivers were following too closely behind other cars. This is a point which it is well to remember. It pays to be a reasonable distance behind the fellow in front."

" 'Honor' demands that a nation shall achieve its ends regardless of cost."—A. A. Milne.

Predict Wheat Yield Before Seed Sown

Minneapolis. — A method of predicting the yield of wheat months before the seed is sown, was described to the American Association for the Advancement of Science recently by Homer J. Henney of Kansas State College.

The forecast is like reading the future from a deck of cards. For wheat, the cards are the weather report on the rain of the previous year. They show the rains from July to December. The aces and kings are the amount of rain and when the showers fell.

With them the forecaster can inform the farmer in January how much yield to expect from the seed he is yet to sow two or more months later.

An unusual form of cannibalism among Indians in North America was described recently by L. A. Wilford of the University of Minnesota.

Bones excavated from Northern Minnesota Indian mounds, Wilford told the anthropology meeting, showed that while the early Indians may not have eaten the flesh of their dead, they drained the marrow from the bones and the brains from the head for food and for industries such as tanning.

Woman Makes Garters For Bow-legged Men

Seattle—A woman's success as a manufacturer of garters for bowlegged men was held up recently as a shining example of feminine initiative.

The story was told a preconvention meeting of the national federation of business and professional women's clubs by Mrs. E. Pearl Warwick of Champaign, Ill. Mrs. Warwick is department manager for a household loan company. Without naming the woman, Mrs. Warwick said:

"She knew from her husband, who is a tailor, the difficulty of making trousers hang properly on men with bow legs so she decided to create a corrective garter. The price range is $3.50 to $15. Customers are world wide.

"Since it is impossible to get a mailing list of bowlegged men, she advertises in magazines and newspapers. You will be interested to know she employs only women in her factory.

"These women did not look for opportunity to come to them; they had the idea, and the courage to sell the idea. They took the lead."

TIRED and IRRITABLE

DO you feel weak and nervous? Is your housework a burden? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. M. A. Kelly of Woodstock, New Brunswick, says, "I was weak and rundown. A neighbor brought me your Vegetable Compound. It helped me so much that I am taking it now at the Change."

Get a bottle NOW. It may be just the medicine YOU need.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No. 30 — '35

Serve the Best Tea

"SALADA" TEA

If Past Thirty

You Should Use Rich Cream Around Eyes Every Night

"In summertime, I get wrinkles between my eyes and lines across my forehead," writes a correspondent. "So far, they've disappeared every winter, but, before long, I'm afraid they won't. What can I do to prevent them?"

Well, first of all, you can wear colored glasses whenever you are riding in a car or sitting on the beach. These, of course, protect your eyes from the sun's glare and keep you from squinting. Choose a pair that really fit the shape of our eyes. If you expect to wear them while reading, you ought to consult an eye specialist before you make a selection.

In addition, better wear wide-brimmed hats as much as possible. They're smart this year anyway, and the certainly do prevent lines across the forehead.

If you already have a few stubborn furrows, learn to smooth them out each night before you go to bed. When you have cleaned your face, apply tissue cream, especially across our brow, around eyes and on the expression lines upward from corners of the mouth. Using fingertips on both hands, flatten the lines until they begin to disappear. Keep on with the gentle massage until you notice a definite improvement. Repeat each night.

Every woman over 30 should leave a bit of rich cream around her eyes while she sleeps. As a matter of fact allowing a little to remain on the space between eyebrows will keep the skin soft and tend to prevent lines.

Population 170,496 In Greater Ottawa

Ottawa—The population of Greater Ottawa is 170,496, according to the new city directory. There are 153,920 residents of the city proper, an increase of 12,839 over 1934, and 16,576 in the suburbs, an increase of 702.

ELEVEN CHILDREN AND A CAREER

Wife Of Australian Prime Minister Makes Speeches, Writes And Is In Politics.

Washington — Mrs. J. A. Lyons, whose speechmaking, article-writing life as wife of the Australian Prime Minister closely parallels Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt's, recently celebrated her 38th birthday at the White House.

Beamingly she chose the occasion to talk about her 11 children — Desmond, Sheila, Enid, Kathleen, Moira, Kevin, Brendan, Barry, Rosemary, Peter and Janice. Their ages range from 18 years to "about 20 months.

How could she keep a career going and keep 11 children going at the same time? The plump and blond Mrs. Lyons just considers such things as sewing—making all the little children's things herself — "A real delight and relaxation."

"Doing anything with the hands is a spiritual refreshment," she said. "Though, to tell the truth I once thought making little boys' trousers a terrible job. And it actually has been pretty difficult at times.

"Still, I could get someone to stay with the babies once in a while while I went out and made speeches. My husband is a great believer in the civic equality of the sexes, he is very keen on it.

"To please him I took up politics. I wasn't 18 when he married me — he was then Minister of Education.

"When I was a candidate for Parliament—I had seven children then—women were asking why wasn't this woman at home taking care of her children? My answer was that if I had spent my time playing bridge, I would have been a huge success socially.

"Women's criticism seemed to me prejudice without reason behind them. Men's was more clear-cut and of two types — the first group contending women's place was in the home, by which they meant ground down by household ties.

"The other was that women were too fine for the sordid political atmosphere. I said if it was too sordid if was time some cleaning influence got to work.

At Last U.S. May Bow To Albion By Adopting The Solar Topee

(From the New York Herald Tribune.)

When the Briton rides the natives
hide in glee,
Because the simple creatures hope
He will impale in his solar top-
Ee on a tree. . . .

Thus has Mr. Noel Coward but recently immortalized one of the great institutions of imperial Britain. The pith sun helmet (and only the British genius for unbelievable nomenclature could have thought of calling it a "solar topee") has been an object of awe and romantic impulses ever since Kipling, if not before.

It has probably sold even more tourist tickets to the British tropics than the cane chairs, the long drinks, the punkahs and the fragrance of oleander blossoms with which it is indissolubly associated. It has preserved generations of strong, inarticulate and just young men from the sun which, as every one knows, never sets upon their dominions; and it is doubtful whether the producers of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" could have grossed as many millions as they did were the British Army in India equipped with any less picturesque form of headgear.

The pith helmet has exercised a peculiar appeal over the imagination; and at the same time has always been peculiarly British. For both reasons one cannot read unmoved the news of its tentative introduction into the American army.

Will it displace the campaign hat? By comparison the campaign hat is an object as unlovely as it is uncomfortable. It is airless in the sun and it blows off in the wind, and during the war was one of the reasons why our citizen soldiery yearned to get to France, where it was not used. But it, also, has a tradition behind it. It is legitimately descended from the slouch hats of the Civil War and the Stetsons beneath which the western plains were conquered; and there is reason in the contention that even the sun in India is no hotter than the climates from which it has sheltered the American soldier and cow-hand.

In some of our insular possessions, in fact, the pith helmet was until recently regarded with disdain as an affectation of effete Englishmen and tourists. But the helmet has been making inroads. In the southwest (and one suspects the Hollywood influence) and extraordinary contraption pressed out of papier-mache into the form of a pith helmet complete with an imitation pugree, is now being widely adopted by truck drivers, campers, hitch hikers and the other adventurous souls who have replaced the cowboy and the cavalryman.

The trouble is that the wretched article really is cool and comfortable and keeps the sun out of the eyes. Will free-born America bow to Albion at last. It is possible; but, if so, we certainly won't call the thing a solar topee.

Enjoy a really fine hand-made cigarette by rolling your own with GOLDEN VIRGINIA

ALSO MADE UP IN PIPE TOBACCO