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.

"It's all set, Dan," Wetherby said. "Slade had a look for himself, and he's prepared to gamble on the mine. He has been on the telephone to his principal in London, and he's now ready to talk money."

"That suits me," Dan said slowly.

"Slade pegged out the next lease, and the aviator claimed a chunk on the other side," Wetherby said. "There'll be a rush if the news gets out."

"No water," Dan reminded him. "No rush until the next rains, anyhow."

Slade was brief and business-like when Wetherby took Dan to his office.

"I've had a look round, Prescott," he said; "and I'm a buyer, if we can come to terms."

"Yes?"

"My idea is a company of £100,000, for a start. As vendors you two take £50,000, of which £10,000 will be cash down. The rest will be 40,000 shares of £1 each."

"Leaving £50,000 as working capital," Wetherby explained to Dan. "We get £5,000 each apiece, and are left with a fifth share each in the mine. Slade's people provide the working capital. Do you get it, Dan?"

"I get it," Dan said. "I'm on, if you are, partner."

"You've bought a goldmine, Mr. Slade," Wetherby chuckled.

Slade drew a cheque on the spot. He had his agreement with the partners all drawn up and ready for signature. Dan read it through carefully, marvelling at the celerity and promptitude with which this sale had been accomplished. He and Wetherby signed along the dotted line; and then Slade accompanied them to the bank, to introduce them to the manager as clients who wished to open accounts.

"Look me up presently, Mr. Prescott," Slade said as they shook hands. "I may need a bit of help with early development work. I'll say goodbye to you Wetherby. You'll not fail to get in touch with Mr. Medlicott as soon as you reach London."

Dan went off with Wetherby to the shipping office to book passage for England by the next boat. Now that he had his money in the bank, Wetherby was eager to get away.

"I wish you were coming with me, Dan," Wetherby said, when the berth had been booked and paid for. "I don't know how I'll get on without you. No man ever had such a good mate as you."

"I'll stick about here," said Dan gruffly. "Keep an eye on things. Who's that you've got to see in London?"

"Medlicott, the man who's finding the money. I'm going to show specimens, and tell people how we found the mine. Slade is very keen on that."

"What people?" Dan asked.

"People who are likely to take shares, of course," Wetherby explained. "Slade's principal buys from us, to sell at a profit. He's a promoter, you know."

"I supose it's all right," Dan said doubtfully. "Keep your lamps open, Don."

"Trust me," Wetherby promised.

Next day he was off again, leaving Dan alone in his Sydney hotel. Wetherby had friedns, whom he wished to visit before sailing for England, he said. Dan never saw or heard of him again until the day before his boat was due to sail from Circular Quay, at Sydney. Not that Dan missed him very much. Wetherby was all right in the bush or at work, but in a city like Sydney he jarred on Dan. They hadn't the same tastes.

When Wetherby appeared he was flustered and ill at ease. Dan noticed it at once.

"You'll be all right, when once you are on the boat and at sea," he remarked, fearing one of the displays of emotion to which his partner was prone.

"Dan, I cannot go," Wetherby blurted out. "You'll have to go in my place, Dan; I can't get away."

"What on earth—" Dan began.

"Ill show you," Wetherby said, catching him by the arm and dragging him toward the reception room of the hotel. A pretty fair girl, in a festive frock, blushed as she met Dan's wondering gaze.

"This is my mate, Lorna," Wetherby said. "Meet the missus, Dan. We are on our honeymoon."

"How do you do, Mr. Prescott?" asked the bride cordially. "I've heard so much about you from my husband."

"Oh, yes," Dan heard himself say. "Well, Don always was a good picker."

Which was not what he wanted to say; and nothing like it.

"Do you really think so?" gushed the bride, laying a gloved hand on Dan's arm. "You don't know how pleased I am that you like me. Don thinks you are the most wonderful man in the world, you know. And you will go to England in his place, won't you? because I could not bear to be separated from my hubby so soon."

Dan's head was swimming. An overpowering atmosphere of perfume seemed to emanate from this stranger, who was treating him as an intimate friend and taking for granted all sorts of favours. He looked appealingly at Wetherby, who only grinned at his discomfiture.

"That's the way, Lorna," Wetherby encouraged. "Give the old damper hound the thrill of his life. Dan's not used to girls."

"I'm going to find Dan a nice wife for himself, now that he's a rich man,' said Lorna confidently. "Just you wait, Dan, until you see her."

To Dan's immense relief Slade entered the reception lobby at this opportune moment.

TO BE CONTINUED

Going on a Holiday?

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(Just north of Parry Sound.)

Toronto Firm Imports Coal From Indo-China

Montreal—First import of it kind through Montreal, anthracite from French Indo-China—a load of 8,000 tons carried in the Norwegian motorship Bonneville—arrived here recently to be sold on the Canadian market.

The shipment is the first of a series to be brought here before the close of navigation next Autumn. It has been bought by Elias Rogers and Company, Limited, of Toronto, and will be transhipped by lake boats to that city for distribution. A part of future shipments will be sold here, James T. Quinlan, Montreal representative of the company, stated.

TO A DAISY

Dear common daisy,
Whene'er I see a field of you, a quilt
of waving snow,
I tread forgotten footpaths where a
child was wont to go—
A child who was myself in the years
that used to be
When wayside weeds were treasures
to cherish fervently;
Memories, deep and tender, in your
wide fringed eye you hold;
Dear common daisy, white star with
a heart of gold.

BLANCHE HALES SQUIRES.

Mattawa, Ont., July 17, 1935.

Relief Costs in Winnipeg Increased Half - Million

Winnipeg — Winnipeg was faced last week with mounting relief costs. At the present rate of expenditure, said City Treasurer Harry C. Thompson, Winnipeg's share of relief this year would be $2,000,000—$500,000 more than last year.

More Couples are Getting Married; Confidence Returns

Government Figures Reveal 73,023 Weddings Performed in 1934 — Largest in Five Years.

Ottawa — The fact that more young couples are now getting married and setting up house indicates, possibly better than any carefully prepared index, returning public confidence and improving economic conditions in Canada. Government statistics show that 73,023 marriages were performed in 1934 or, in other words, 146,046 persons were confident of their economic future. The number of marriages solemnized in 1934 was the largest in the past five years and represents an increase of 9,158 or 14.3 per cent. over 1933 figures. Of this total, 33,261 or less than half took place in cities and other large urban centres of 10,000 population or over.

More recent figures, covering such urban centres alone show that the marriage rate this year will be even higher than in 1934. For the first five months of 1935, January to May inclusive, 21,230 Canadians stepped up to the altar as compared with 20,798 in 1933. During the first five months of this year the province of Ontario led all other sections of the Dominion with approximately 4,667 weddings. The province of Quebec came second with 2,234, the Prairie Provinces third with 2,084, British Columbia fourth with 880 and the Maritime Provinces last with 635. By cities, Toronto led with 1,990 weddings as compared with Montreal's 1,688, although the latter city showed a more marked increase over last year than did the former. Winnipeg came third with 775 weddings and Vancouver fourth with 697.

The purchases of household furniture and equipment by the newly married couples and the number of wedding presents showered on them greatly accelerates the machinery of industrial production and retail trade. This is reflected in the increases registered in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics' report on the changes in the value of retail sales during the popular wedding months, particularly in the furniture store reports.

Dark Sheers Best Town Frocks For Hot Weather

"No, summer weather doesn't bother me," an executive told us last summer. "I simply refuse to think about it. After all, we always have hot days in July and August and I decided long ago that I minded them less if I stopped commenting about the temperature and thhought of more pleasant things."

His idea is a good rule for all of us to follow. It stands to reason that the less you think about something unpleasant, the less it annoys you.

Since nothing you do or say will make the breezes cooler, you might as well accept the weather philosophically and forget about it.

Wear the coolest clothing you can buy, of course. This means underwear of sheer cottons (new and fashionable this season) or silks that absorb moisture and let the air get to your skin. For town, you'll probably discover that dark chiffon jacket dresses and cool-looking, short-sleeved prints are the most comfortable. White hats and other accessories make you look cool, even to yourself.

Remember to put on fresh lingerie and stockings each morning. Incidentally, it's better not to wear the same pair of shoes two days in succession. Take two baths a day—a lukewarm one before you go to bed and a cool shower when you get up in the morning.

If you are home at lunch, another shower will help you to get through the afternoon in a more peaceful manner. If not, at least wash your face, neck, arms and hands and pat on a skin tonic before you apply fresh makeup.

Regrets Bible Not More Widely Read

Lady Bridgeman, speaking on "The Church and Publicity" at the annual conference of the Press and Publications Board of the Church Assembly, said she was sorry there was a general ignorance of the simple teaching of the Bible, which was largely unread.

The Press provided a great engine of teaching which might be made use of more extensively. She knew that in the minds of many there was an objection to publicity and propaganda, but, speaking with all reference, she said that Jesus Christ understood the value of and practised publicity and propaganda in preaching and in sending out his disciples as messengers.

Lion Cub's Travels India to London Zoo

London Times Weekly

Singh was born in the Zoological Gardens at Jamnagar towards the end of March, but there was nothing to indicate that he would soon be fated to travel as far as to Regent's Park.

The chain of events was started by a letter from a small boy in England, in which he asked his mother, then staying as a guest of His Highness the Mahaajah Jam Sahib, to bring him a lion or a tiger from India. One night at dinner in the palace the request was laughingly mentioned. It met with an immediate reponse. Singh, the only male in a litter of three, was then and there presented to the small boy, whose mother charged herself with the transport of the gift.

Singh was then barely a fortnight old—an odd little bundle of rough fur, the size of a large kitten. Plainly, he must be gradually weaned. Accordingly, he was separated from his mother for some hours every day until he became accustomed to human beings. A strong and amply big enough travelling cage of hardwood was constructed and fitted on the outside with opaque blinds which could be pulled in order to give him the darkness which he loved.

When the time came for his final separation from his mother he was still to young to lap, and was fed at two-hourly intervals by having milk poured down his throat. He put on weight steadily, was safely transported to Bombay, given a day or two's rest there, and then placed in a sheltered nook in the liner which was to convey him to the West.

As soon as he was strong enough to walk a small collar and chain were provided for him; the sight of Singh at his daily exercise on the boat deck of the liner soon became an event of the day. He proved an affectionate and playful as a kitten, early learning to recognize friends and to keep his already formidable claws carefully sheathed in playing with them.

It was found that he flourished best on a widely-advertised infant food to which raw eggs were added. He was brushed and groomed every day as carefully as a prize Pekingese; his coat became sleek and glossy and he remained entirely free from any trace of "zoo smell." Travelling in the suite of His Highness the Maharajah Jam Sahib, Singh quickly became in every sense the lion of the party.

The Italian and the French Governments gave him special facilities for crossing their frontier, but in England as a lion he would fall within the four corners of stringent anti-rabies regulations; and for a while his owners were in despair.

But interest in the journey of an Indian lion cub so young to England, and the ready acceptance by the Zoological Society of London of all responsibility for his future as soon as he became too massive for a country house jointly evoked the sympathy and helf of the officials in the Ministry of Agriculture.

The visit of an inspector of the Ministry to the country house which was to be Singh's temporary abiding place resulted in the declaration that, within a few necessary precautions, a large conservatory and a walled rose garden would be suitable quarantine.

To these quarters Singh was transported from Dover in his own car; in them he quickly settled down, becoming, if possible, even more good-tempered and more tractable than he had been before. But, alas! he has grown so much in health and strength that, while his manners are perfect, the responsibility of keeping him has become too great for any but the skilled attendants of the Zoological Society's Gardens.

In his splendid quarters there his friends feel sure that he will not disdain to take notice of the children whom he has come to regard as playmates.

"Consideration for the rights and sensibilities of others is merely a general definition of courtesy."—Emily Post.

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Issue No. 31 — '35

HOW TO MAKE ICED TEA

Infuse six heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh boiling water. After six minutes strain liquid into two-quart container. While hot, add 1½ cups of granulated sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Stir well until sugar is dissolved; fill container with cold water. *Do not allow tea to cool before adding the cold water;* otherwise liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chipped ice.

"SALADA" ICED TEA

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Your Handwriting Reveals Your Character!

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Geoffrey St. Clair
Graphologist

Recently, several correspondents have asked questions about the status of Graphology, posing certain objections against it, and in this article I will deal briefly with some of these angles:

"How can handwriting show one's character, when we are taught how to write from the same copybook in school?" The answer to this objection proves how strongly handwriting DOES show character. Because, if you will study the writing of a single class of students who have learned writing from the same copybook, a few years afterwards, you will NOT FIND TWO WHO WRITE ALIKE.

Each one writes differently—a different slant, a different pressure, and differing conformation of letters. This is so, despite the training they have had in a standardized writing hand, and proves that, as one grows, one's character changes or strengthens, and one's handwriting changes, too.

"Does handwriting show the sex of the writer?" This question has been asked me quite frequently of late, and my answer is that while it is possible for the trained graphologist to make certain guesses of the sex of the writer at times, there is really no definite scientific foundation for this.

We all know men who write in a feminine hand, and vice versa, women who write a markedly masculine hand—the reason is simply that these people typify these same traits in their characters. Some men are almost feminine in their habits, and there are women who act in an almost masculine way. These characteristics are shown in their handwriting.

Recently, a colleague of mine picked out a dozen specimens of writing from my files, and, hiding the names of the writers, asked me to state which were written by men and which were the work of women. This test revealed that I chose nine out of the twelve correctly. I might add that my friend had purposely chosen specimens that he thought would prove puzzling. It all goes to show that it is sometimes difficult to specify the sex of the writer, and as there is very little to be gained by this, not very much particular research has been expended on this angle. However, it is probable that before very long, as a result of the various researches that are being carried on in handwriting, some definite scientific evaluation will be possible to determine the writer's sex.

"Can disease be revealed by one's handwriting?" This is an angle of graphology that is exercising the experts continually. I might say that information is being obtained continually concerning this very important angle of the science, and it is true that, even now, certain diseases can be indicated by handwriting. But to say that there is any "cut and dried" scale to determine these scientifically is to go beyond the facts.

Now and again it is possible to help a writer to know a little more about his or her health as a result of a scrutiny of handwriting, but as yet there is no accurate and permanent means of determining ailments or disease, in all cases.

Would YOU like to know what YOUR handwriting reveals about you? The truth, not as you might like it, but as it really is? And have you friends about whom you are anxious to know something of their characters? Send specimens of the handwriting you want analyzed, stating birthdate in each case. Enclose 10c coin for each specimen and enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. All letters will be treated in strict confidence.

Wild Turkey Makes Come-back in West

(Medicine Hat News)

On the Prairies the sandhill crane is known as the "wild turkey" of Canada, but though edible it is a very different bird indeed from the genuine wild turkey of the Southern States which is the progenitor of the domestic turkey.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Wild Animal Park Society at Moosejaw has been experimenting with the wild turkey of the South and from young birds imported now boasts the possession of a flock of 150, the largest in captivity in Canada.

"In 1929 there wasn't a wild turkey in Canada, and our society imported three birds at a cost of $100 in order that we might show the public the difference between sandhill cranes (so often called wild turkeys) and wild turkeys. The only similarity they have is the noise they make while in the air. The birds themselves are about as different as birds could be. We have since imported several more turkeys and have raised and sold turkeys to various parts of Canada, and last Fall had a flock of over 150 birds.

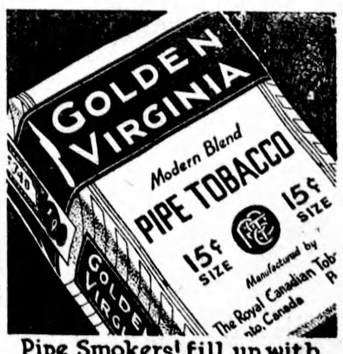
"The wild turkey, known in the U. S. as America's grandest game bird, is the finest eating there is in the bird line. There is more white meat in proportion than a domestic turkey and the meat is of a finer texture, sweeter and not so dry. Many of the most successful domestic turkey breeders in the United States are buying wild turkey gobblers and crossing them with the domestic turkey to improve the quality of the domestic birds that, through time, have become too coarse and larger than the market calls for.

"We have over 70 breeding stock. The largest flock in Canada. In fact, more than all the rest of Canada put together, and have been the means of starting the other parts to propagate them, and supplied the breeding stock for most of them. When raised under the ordinary hen they become as tame as domestic turkeys, whereas they are otherwise very wild."

British Railways Kill 1 in 96,000,000

London—Only one passenger in 96,000,000 carried on British railways last year was killed, according to Ministry of Transport figures published recently. The proportion of injured was one in 3,000,000.

In accidents other than train accidents 68 persons were killed, mainly through misadventure or carelessness by the victims themselves.



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