A WORLD OF FLAVOR

ENSURES
BREATH SWEETNESS

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.

Westerby has a fiancee, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde.

Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to former fiancee, Gladys Clements, in London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

Eve's immediate superior was Mr. Greville Sanders, a cadaverous young man in horn-rimmed glasses, who was always solemnly cheerful.

"We impart the glad tidings, Miss Gilchrist," he explained on her first day in the place. "For instance, take this letter."

"Dear Sir,—Acting on your timely instructions, we sold your Brazil Tractions, and beg to congratulate you upon the nice profit which accrues from following the advice of our experts. Enclosed please find our cheque for £116 13s. 2d., which kindly acknowledge at your own good time.

"Hoping that our long connection will be extended by further transactions to our mutual advantage.

"Faithfully yours,

"Milton Medlicott, per pro."

After a week spent in showering cheques and congratulations upon the clients of Mr. Medlicott, Eve was glad of a week-end in which to turn the matter over in her mind. Was Mr. Medlicott, her own admitted benefactor, also enriching anybody who had the enterprise to do business with him? A chance word or two exchanged by members of another department during the second week caused Eve to doubt it.

"Hundreds of 'em took the tip," she heard a girl typist say. "The shares went down like a lump of lead, and now I'm assuaging the agony of the wounded and maimed.

"Letters of complaint?" tersely asked the youth to whom she was chattering.

"Baskets," said the typist. "But the chief turned out a peach of an explanation. It's a pleasure to type it."

So there were losers to propitiate as well as winners to congratulate! Eve noted the compensating factor, but passed no remark upon it to anybody.

Presently she became aware of smart visitors to the office, who were obviously attached to the organisation, though not employed within the office itself. They repaired to a room known as "social contacts," where a well-tailored man named Landcross conferred with them. Most of them were well-looking men, but one very smart-looking woman evidently held a prominent place in the team.

"What do the social contact people do?" Eve ventured to ask Frankie Carruthers, having now reached the stage of acquaintanceship where a fair question may be put.

"They're our solicitors," Frankie replied.

"Solicitors? Lawyers?" Eve said puzzled.

"No, not lawyers," Frankie laughed. "They pray every night to be preserved from lawyers. In the advertising business they would be called canvassers; but stocks and shares are more genteel. In America they would be called bond-sellers; they place the shares that the firm specially recommends."

"That is not the same as share-pushers, is it?" Eve asked, having read something about share-pushers in the "Record-Courier," which was campaigning against such activities at the time.

"S—sh!" said Frankie, clapping a hand on Eve's lips, in an alarm which may have been simulated, but struck Eve as not entirely fictitious.

"There may be such persons as you suggest." Frankie explained, with a mock seriousness. "But is is not considered good taste to mention them in these surroundings.

"I'll remember!" Eve said.

But when the office was closed she waited for Frankie, and suggested a bit of dinner and a talkie. Over the meal she broached the question Twhich troubled her mind.

"This is the best job I ever had, Frankie," she began.

"Then take care not to quarrel with it," her friend advised.

"I've always had the feeling that it's just a bit too good to be true," Eve went on unheeding.

"Well, what's biting you?" Frankie demanded. "Get it out, if you have to talk about such things."

"I was reading about two old maiden ladies, who parted with their all to a sharepusher," Eve said. "I've been wondering . . ."

"You've been wondering whether Milton Medlicott doesn't exist by wangling their last pennies from cripples and blind men!" said Frankie indignantly. "I'm surprised at you, Eve Gilchrist. You are one of us, and you know what sort of a crowd we have there. If you ever before worked with people half as nice, you've been luckier than I ever was."

"That's true enough," Eve conceded.

"There's nobody there, from the lift office boy up to Mr. Landcross, who wouldn't go through fire and water for the chief," Frankie went on. "If it's a comfortable, efficient office, it is because it has a considerate, just, efficient head. Woman, I've been in places where the boss did nothing but bawl you out, and always trying to paw you over. And I say that Milton Medlicott is a prince. If you want to say anything against him, say it to somebody else."

It struck Eve that her friend's vehemence was due to a desire to convince herself, as much as her hearer. But there was something fine about the loyalty which inspired the words, as Eve was the first to admit.

"I'd hate to think you were wrong, old thing," she said, laying a hand on Frankie's. "I know nothing about shares and investing, you know."

"Nor I," said Frankie. "But I know a white man when I get the chance of working for one. Because swindlers do crooked things, it is not to say that a man like Mr. Medlicott would look at a deal that wasn't on the level."

Eve remained silent; and the two girls devoted themselves for a space to their food.

"Forget about it, Eve," Frankie said.

Eve nodded her agreement and they began to discuss something else.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER COMES TO WOMANHOOD

Most girls in their teens need a tonic and regulator. Give your daughter Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the next few months. Teach her how to guard her health at this critical time. When she is a happy, healthy wife and mother she will thank you.

Sold at all good drug stores.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Issue No. 35 — '35

REAL HUMOR IS FOUND IN "PERSONAL COLUMNS"

Paris—French newspapers do not go in for advice to the lovelorn colums, but all sorts of valuable information can be gleaned from heading the advertisements, which they term "little announcements."

The morning paper, Ocuvre, has just printed the following notice:

"A gentleman who is divorced will exchange a Siberian fox-fur, which was used by his ex-wife, but still has all the hairs, for an electric vacuum cleaner."

Mr. Clementine Toovey, seventy-eight-year-old baker, of Amersham (Bucks), uses a gold watch 253 years old which belonged to his great-great-grandfather. In forty-three years he has spent only twopence on it.

PARIS SHOWS MUCH TRIMMING FOR WINTER

Passementeries, Looped Velvet Fringe, Furs, Ribbon And Puffs Are Used.

Paris.—Chanel yesterday launched her winter collection in a modern vein, wholly charming in its youthful lines of extreme elegance, with many afternoon models and colorful velvets.

The modern slant is evident in the irregular shoulder harness and side sash bows, and also in the pleated and shirred flouncings on evening skirts attached on diagonal lines across the skirts and below the fitted hips.

Prominent among the town suits and dresses is a whole series of black and deep blue velvet and vertically ridged satin crepe for afternoon in simple belted coats with a band of white at the neck and wrists and small matching hats.

It is noticeable that hats in the color of their postillion origin are turned up at the sides and made of the same material as the sports suits with short coats, belted and much pocketed. All these are the nomal development of regular Chanel lines and details.

At Marcel Rochas the big note is a short winter coat which will take the place of the full length and three-quarter length. These, in wasp waist cut with shoulder gathers at the sleeve top, are reminiscent of '90's styles but are proclaimed ultra modern by Rochas.

The delightful collection of these town and afternoon suits are much trimmed with passementeries, looped velvet fringes, bands of ribbon and velvet, puffed material and quantities of furs made up with cloth. These coats range from hip length to three-quarters, widely basqued and many with contrasting fur sleeves and yokes or backs of fur.

Dolman coat for young women appear with pointed cape-like backs, trimmed in rows of fringes. The skirts are straight and narrow.

Evening dresses are simple and tight, with slight bell skirts. The latest blouse here is a musseline to match the skirt but lined with pale silk and much trimmed.

Taught Indians Art Of Home-Making

Missionary's Wife Recalls Experiences On Reserve 25 Years Ago

Mrs. Maclean, wife of the well-known missionary, Dr. John Maclean, is the subject of an interview in The Winnipeg Tribune by Lillian Gibbons, in a series articles on noted women.

Mrs. Maclean worked with her husband in the mission at McLeod, Alta., 25 years ago. Two years after their arrival there the Blood Indians of the Blackfoot tribe were put onto the Blood Indian Reserve at Old Man River. The Dominion government had just finished surveying the reserve, and the Indians were being persuaded to change their roaming life for one of domesticity. The Macleans learned their language, and tried to teach them the Gospel story.

Mrs. Maclean interested the Indian women in sewing. She wrote to her friends down East asking for calico, print, scissors, needles and "the biggest thimbles you can buy." "Why the biggest? Because the women did all the work, putting up tents and taking them down, cutting wood, and so forth, and their hands were as wide as men's. The men deigned only to hunt."

When the thimbles arrived, the women were glad enough to wear them, awkward though they felt, because they pricked their fingers on the print on which they were unused to sew.

Cooking also attracted the Indian women, who stood in the doorway of Mrs. Maclean's kitchen to watch her use spices. Salt they had seen, but not pepper. Pie was something new to them, and when she actually gave them a taste, their eyes rolled! But cooking was restricted in the early days. Prices were exorbitant: Eggs cost $7 a dozen in summer and $2 in winter, a sack of sugar was $50—so "we gave up eating sugar," said Mrs. Maclean. Butter was 50c in summer and $1 a pound in winter. Potatoes were $7 for a 100-pound sack, and even onions 50c a pound.

Stops 'Hopper Plague

Brandon, Man. — A plague of grasshoppers was expected in the West this year, but did not develop. Dr. R. D. Bird, Dominion Entomologist, said the eggs of the hoppers rotted in the ground, attacked by a disease brought on by rain and cool weather.

CULTIVATING CULTURE IN YOUR CHILDREN

Appreciation of Good Things Is Learned Best By Contracts

A little girl was taken to see a garden. It was gorgeous in its way, and people came to look at it from near and far.

Flowers grew so thick there was no room or so much as a stick among them. Purple, pink and blue, red, yellow and white blossoms banked around a small pool maae one's optic nerves whirl, and the child clapped her hands wth delight.

"Isn't it beautiful!" she cried. "Oh, mother, I wish we could have a garden like that."

Her mother said nothing, but instinctively her eyes sought the house standing back stark and unadorned like a sacrificial parent who has put all she had on her child and stepped shabbily away from observation.

A few listless bushes were growing beside the porch as though some one in a spirit of pity had remembered an alms.

CONTRAST IN GARDENS

"It is very exciting, isn't it," she answered finally. "Yes, color is a lovely thing. The only thing that seems to be left out is the house—and some green. There are too many flowers for leaves even."

A few miles away was another garden, larger, older and traditional. It had been so long on view it was almost forgotten.

The child did not clap her hands as they entered through a wicket in a box hedge. Here was enclosed lawns with irregular borders, low walls and steps to different levels, a hundred varieties of shrubs, flowers laid down as though nature had put them there naturally, where they should belong. The only concession to formality was a long avenue of heliotrope so blue it seemas though part of the sky had fallen, an accent note to bring out the soothing beauty of the place. Here and there a jet of water splashed softly from a well.

"Let us sit on this stone bench under the evergreen trees. We won't talk—just look."

RECOGNITION OF BEAUTY

Finally the child sighed "I would like to stay here forever, motner. I guess this is the place where the fairies live. It doesn't seem real. Oh, there's a yellow bird eating little berries off that bush."

"That is why these bushes were planted—to draw birds, dear. And the garden was made for people to rest in and to be peaceful and happy and think of—of fairies. The longer you stay, the better you like it. Does it make you think of anything, Mary?"

"Maybe," Mary studied, "a little bit like our garden at home. Only ours is so little."

"Thank you," said her mother. "That is the best compliment I ever had. Yes, if I had money my garden would be big and beautiful like this one."

Her mother smiled at her perception. Mary did not know it, but she was getting a splendid lesson in good taste."

More Tourists Here in 1934

Washington Data.—Number Of Canadians To See U.S. Also Up.

WASHINGTON, — Recent Commerce Department figures disclosed that in the first year of repeal, United States tourists increased their expenditures in Canada and Mexico, former nearby oases. Total expenditures by United States tourists in 1934 were estimated at $314,000,000, compared with $292,000,000 in 1933.

But while there was a $10,000,000 drop in the outlay overseas, tourists spent $19,000,000 more in Canada, and $13,000,000 more in Mexico than during the last year of prohibition.

Amos E. Taylor, official who prepared the report, attributed an $11,000,000 foreign tourist increase to a 22 per cent. jump in the number of Canadian motor cars entering the United States, and a 23 per cent. increase in the number of aliens admitted "for business, pleasure and transit."

The figures for United States tourist expenditures included $10,000,000 for 429,000 citizens residing permanently abroad and deriving income from this nation. Of that number, however, 247,000 living in Canada were said to derive their principal source of income from farming in the Dominion.

United States tourists spent $120,000,000 in Canada last year, or 36 per cent. of the total United States tourist expenditures. Canadian tourists spent $47,000,000 here, a 34 per cent. increase over 1933.

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 Tells Your Real Character!

By GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR
(Graphologist)

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Many letters recetnly have enquired for some additional facts about Graphology and why it reveals character from handwriting. So in the next one or two articles, at least, I am going further into this angle.

When we receive a letter from a friend it is not necessary to open it in order to know from whom it comes. A glance at the writing on the envelope is usually sufficient. The style tells us at once who the writer is. We recognise the writer by his penmanship as readily as we would by his voice.

This shows us very convincingly that there must be some sort of connection between the style of handwriting and the personality of the writer. Another familiar evidence of this is the fact that no two persons write exactly alike, notwithstanding that hundreds of thousands of us learned to write from the same copybook and were taught to form our letters in precisely the same way.

Now if handwriting bore no relationship to personality and was not influenced by the character of the individual, we would all be writting the beautiful Spencerian copper-plate we were taught at school. But as it is, not one in fifty thousand writes in this manner five years after leaving school!

Each one of us has modified the copybook style in accordance with his individual character. Each one has unconsciously adopted a style of writing that is best suited to his tastes and inclinations,, and has consequently given to it a distinctive character.

Like speech or gesture, writing serves as a means for the expression of thought, and in expressing our thoughts we give expression to ourselves. When once the art of writing is learned we are no longer conscious of the mental and manual effort required to form the letters themselves. It becomes, as it were, second nature to us.

It is plain, therefore, that a person's handwriting is really a part of himself. It is an expression of his personality and is as characteristic of him as the way he walks or the tone of his voice.

Of course, the style of handwriting does not in every case remain the same throughout the life of a man or woman. A man at fifty may not write the same hand that he did when he was 18 or 20, and if he lives to be 80 or 90 it will, in all probability, show further indications of change. This fact merely emphasizes the relationship between handwriting and personality; for it will always be found that where there is a change of style in a person's writing there is also a corresponding change in the person himself. After all, there are few of us who retain the same character, disposition and nature that we had in youth. Experience and vicissitudes do much to modify our temperaments, and with such modifications come alterations in our handwriting. In some people the change in very slight, while in others it is very noticeable.

It is only necessary to add the very careful and scientific investigation has conclusively shown that there is a direct connection between the various features of a particular handwriting and the character of the writer. It has clearly demonstrated that one's nature and disposition may be accurately gauged by one's handwriting.

Would YOU like to know the truth about yourself? Do you wish to know what your friends are really like? Send specimens of the handwritings you want analysing, stating age in each case. Send 10c coin for each specimen, and enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope, to: Geoffery St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. All letters will be confidential and will be answered as quickly as possible.

$90,000,000 to be Spent by Motor Industry in U.S.

Speeding Up Facilities Of Plant Expansion To Produce More Motor Cars and Trucks.

Detroit. — The $50,000,000 expansion program announced by General Motors Comporation runs up to well over $90,000,000 the comitments made or contemplated by the automobile industry for enlarging production facilities.

Some of this huge sum has been expended already in providing facilities that enabled the industry to produce this year more cars and trucks than in any like period since 1930. The General Motors investment is largest of any thus far announced.

Optimistic Outlook

The Ford Motor Company several months ago began letting contracts on a program of plant expansion involving approximately $27,000,000, a large part of it in extending its steel manufacturing facilities and the reopening of a glass manufacturing plant.

The Packard Motor Car Company's investment against an expected steady increase in the demand for automobiles has totalled thus far $6,200,000, largely in production facilities for the new lower priced model.

Expansion plans also have been announced by the Chrysler Corporation on behalf of two of its units — the Dodge division in an enlarged truck producing plant and the Plymouth division in the contemplated reopening of two plants in Evansville, Ind. For the remodelling of these buildings and other alteration work an outlay of $1,000,000 was provided.

A primitive telephone system is installed in a village in the heart of Africa. The telephone instruments are made from cocoanut shells and wires are of fibre.

QUEER WORLD

A "truth serum," which makes it almost impossible for criminals to tell lies when being questioned, is claimed to have been perfected by Mr. Leonard Keeler, of the North-West University, Chicago. The criminal must submit to several inoculations with the "truth serum" before he comes under the influence. He then begins to talk freely—and truthfully.

Spiders that live under water must have air, and so a wonderful diving bell is constructed. The spider rises to the surface, makes a movement with one of her legs, which causes an air-bubble to form. This she takes down to her home twelve inches or so beneath. Up she goes for another supply, until in her nest we see a large silvery ball which contains sufficient air to keep her going for a long time.

An electric eel, capable of supplying enough electricity to light a neon lamp bulb, is in the aquarium at the Battery, New York. An official was standing on the edge of the tank when the eel touched a wire he was holding. The charge was so great that the man was sent flying five feet.

Pipe Smokers! fill up with "GOLDEN VIRGINIA" and enjoy a really good smoke!

ALSO MADE UP IN CIGARETTE TOBACCO