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MADE IN CANADA

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.

"Are you trying to say . . . "Eve began, angrily; but Frankie stopped her with an uplifted hand.

"I am meaning to say that our heads, and not our hearts," she replied. "Make sure that he has got a real gold mine before you fall in love with Dan Prescott."

"I get out here," Eve replied, rapping on the cab window. "You can be out-rageous, Frankie, when you let yourself go."

Before noon on the following day Dan was hanging about Medlicott's office, waiting for the 'phone call to come through from Sydney. The connection was made punctually to time; but the voice which Dan heard was not that of Westerby, but of Slade.

"I want to speak to Westerby," Dan insisted. "Send him to the 'phone, will you?"

"He's still celebrating his honeymoon," Slade replied. "All I know is that he is somewhere in New Zealand. What seems to be the matter with you, Prescott? I had your cables, but I cannot make much sense out of them."

Dan explained his troubles; and the chuckles emitted by Slade during the narration did little to soothe his anger.

"Westerby put a trick like that over on you, did he?" Slade said, "and you made him a rich man! Well, it's a raw deal, Prescott; and I'm ready to do anything you ask."

"Then send this girl a message in Westerby's name," Dan suggested. "Write a long explanation, that will show her that the man who asked her to marry him is still in Australia. Sign it Westerby: and make him stand for it. Will you do that?"

"I'll do the best I can," Slade agreed. "You'll want to know just what I've sent, you. And Prescott. . . ."

"Well?"

"Before you do anything about it, see Medlicott's solicitor. Medlicott will give you a line to him; a man named Cairns. You needn't tell Medlicott your troubles; but Cairns will handle this in the right way. It sounds to me as if heavy damage would have to be met by somebody."

"By Westerby," Dan said savagely. "Find the dog, Slade. Send a radio message to New Zealand."

"That's an idea," Slade agreed.

"What's happening at the mine?" Dan demanded. "If I hadn't been pushed off from Australia at a day's notice I could have looked after things there."

"There's nothing happening," Slade confessed.

"Do you realise that anybody can drop down there with a plane, and snoop away with a lot of gold?" Dan asked. "Westerby ought to be on the job there. Look here, send two or three good men, in charge of somebody you can trust. Get them there at once. Set them boring for water; it has got to be done."

"That's going to cost money." Slade objected.

"You do what I say," Dan called in tones of command. "You and Westerby are lying down on a job just because I've had to come away. Get some action, will you—and at once."

He slammed down the receiver, and turned to find Medlicott regarding him with twinkling eyes.

"Good man, Prescott," he said. "That's the way to handle Slade, though I don't know how you sensed it. He has to be kicked into doing what he knows ought to be done."

"Westerby's worse," Dan snorted "Will you give me a line of introduction to your solicitor, Mr. Medlicott? Cairns, did not Slade say?"

"Certainly, he's a useful chap. What's Westerby been doing? Lying down on you?"

"He's been lying," Dan agreed grimly. "Lying up and down."

Medlicott asked no further question, but used the telephone and made an appointment for Dan with Mr. Cairns. The solicitor listened to Dan's story with a gravely sympathetic air, which was very reassuring. Any amusement he may have felt was cleverly repressed.

"Well, Mr. Prescott," he said, "your partner has certainly landed you in an awkward predicament. I take it you wish to free yourself entirely from this entanglement?"

"That's the one thing I want most," Dan agreed.

"It will be better, then, that you should not see the lady again." Cairns suggested. "When the cable arrives, let me see what has been done from Australia. After that, I can interview Miss Clements. I think I shall take the line that you acted as a proxy for Mr. Westerby, who is still held by his promise to marry the lady; both by his own letters and by the act of his proxy; yourself."

"But he's married already," Dan objected.

"If the other side are not informed of that fact." Cairns explained, "it will not be consistent with my duty to yourself to inform them. After all, the lady has promised to marry Mr. Westerby, and he has promised to marry the lady. That is the main point."

"Which lets me out?" Dan asked.

"That is my view," replied the man of law.

Slade's cable reached Dan on the following day. It was signed in the name of Gordon Westerby, and Slade had not allowed any consideration of expense to cramp his style.

"An unfortunate mistake has arisen, owing to my having mixed up a photograph of my partner, Daniel Prescott, with my own. The picture I sent you is that of Prescott. It is Prescott who visited you in England, while I had to remain behind in Australia.

"Prescott has cabled me, informing me of your natural mistake in mistaking him for me. I blame him for not undeceiving you at once, but I have warned him that you have have given your promise to marry me.

"Please confirm this by cable, and write to my partner telling him that he must not attempt to see you again. He was supposed to do no more than explain to you why I was detained here; though I must accept most of the blame for sending the wrong photograph.

"His cable says that he profoundly regrets his conduct. You will have no more trouble with him if you are firm in refusing to see him any more. Am writing at length, for this has been a great shock to me.—Gordon Westerby."

Cairns, the solicitor, grinned widely after he had read this through twice.

"What do you think?" Dan asked.

"Slade certainly leaves Westerby holding the baby," the lawyer remarked. "I am not sure that he may not have overdone it a bit. Anyway, I'll get right away to Hillingdon, and see Miss Clements."

"Let her down as lightly as you can," Dan urged. "This thing has got to be settled with a lot of cash when it comes to the real show-down."

"Is she likely to feel very deeply about losing you?" Cairns asked.

"Wel-ell." Dan said slowly, "a girl who can engage herself by letter to a man she has never seen is not the one to feel things deeply, is she? She's more likely to feel them loudly, I should say."

Cairns nodded his understanding.

"I don't know much about women," Dan went on. "I didn't quite get the hang of this business before she had me all tangled up in it. The whole family, they were oozing with surplus affection."

(To Be Continued.)

A Wonder Clock

London.—What is claimed to be the most accurate clock in the world —one that will not vary more than one quarter of a second in a year—is being made by a London firm for presentation to Greenwich Observatory.

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What The Tourist Wants

Some tourist attractions are permanent, others occasional. Tourists just have to be reasonable about it and discover what is what and when. They may sit on the verandah of almost any large hotel in India any day and see the mango tree trick done; but they will never see the rope trick performed unless they are quite a shade less than strictly sober, and probably not then. Moreover, they may roam the country for months before catching sight of an elephant, a tiger or a cobra, even where they are reputed to live, and do live.

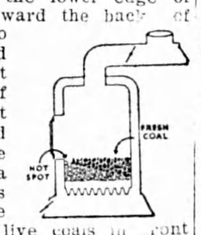
It is a pity when tourists feel they have been disappointed and deceived. It is a temptation too; it would be so easy in Canada to have a few Indians always handy in feathers and war paint solely in order not to disappoint visitors. Then the tourists would be deceived, but they would feel that they had not been. Life is very complicated. — Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

HEATING HINTS *by James Stewart*

"TOSSING on a few shovelsful" is the common way of refueling a furnace, but it is not the proper way, nor is it the way to obtain the most economical heat. Try this method next time you find it necessary to refuel:

First, shake the fuel bed gently, until you can see the first red glow in the ashpit. Don't shake the fire roughly or allow red coals to fall through the grates. Then take a shovel, or hoe, and pull a mound of live coals to the front of your furnace fire-box, just inside the fire door. Do not disturb the layer of ash under the live coals.

Now you have a fire bed sloping downward, from the lower edge of the fire door, toward the back of your furnace. Into the hollow formed by this slope, put the fresh charge of coal — shoveling it in carefully toward the back of the furnace, leaving a mound of live coals in front near the fire door. These live coals in front will ignite the gases arising from the contact of the fresh coal with the hot coal, and will cause them to burn without odor.



Next remove the ashes from the ashpit, and reset the dampers. The Turn Damper in the smoke pipe should be as nearly closed as possible; the Check Damper should be closed; the Ashpit Damper should be open. It is also advisable to open the slide in the fire-door slightly — about the width of a wooden match stick. (2)

Woman Makes 14,000 Mile Pilgrimage To Son's Grave

Darwin, Northern Australia — A Lancashire woman has just made a pilgrimage of 14,000 miles to see the grave of her son.

She is Mrs. Emily Clapp, aged 62. Her son, Constable Arthur Clapp, of the Northern Territory Police, was fatally injured in a shooting accident in 1927 and was buried at Katherine, 200 miles inland from Darwin.

After her son's death Mrs. Clapp resolved that she would visit his grave.

"I felt I could not rest until I had travelled to Australia to see his grave," she said when she arrived in Darwin. "It took a long time to make the necessary inquiries and save the money, but now I am almost there."

A man presented two keys tied with string to a clerk at Leeds Post Office last night and asked them to be forwarded with a telegram which he wished to send. He was surprised when he was told this was impossible as he said he understood money could be forwarded with a telegram.—Sunday Dispatch.

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Issue No. 42 — '35

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EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC
by Dr. M. M. Lappin

A WIDOW'S DILEMMA

My heart always goes out to a woman who is bereft of her husband and is left with the task of bringing up young children alone. The gallantry with which some women have faced such a task, and the success they have made of it, can only invoke one's admiration. I have a letter this week from a widow who is in a dilemma. Let me quote a part of her letter:

"My husband died nine years ago and left me with two children — a girl and a boy. My boy is now seventeen and is finishing high school My girl is almost twenty and has a good job. They are both good children and have been very considerate of me, but something seems to have come over my daughter in the past year or so. She is not what you would call bad. She has become very fond of dancing and wants to be out every night. She is keeping company, particularly with men, that makes me anxious about her future. If I remonstrate with her she tells me I am too old fashioned. I have a strong suspicion that some of those she runs around with are too fond of drink. I am really worried. Can you help me in my diemma?"

This letter is obviously from a woman who sincerely desires the best for her daughter, and to that end she has tried to do her best. Of course she is facing a situation that many mothers have to face, but I sometimes wonder if, in such circumstances, a mother's fear are not apt to be unduly exaggerated. Mark you, I appreciate the feelings of a mother in a case like this and I think I can quite understand her problem. There is a tendency for the world to take more notice of a young woman's misconduct than it does of a young man's misconduct. Somehow we seem to associate the sowing of wild oats with young men and look for that sort of thing in them. I do not know why we should do that, but do it, and the fact that we do is apt, perhaps, to make mothers a little bit more sensitive regarding the conduct of their daughters.

A young women, like the one concerned here, needs to be handled carefully. To adopt an unsympathetic and scolding attitude toward her may do more to drive her along the wrong path than anything else. After all, she is not yet twenty and she is just at that age when she is going through that experience which psychologists call "the period of stress and storm", and her present conduct may be nothing more than her reaction to those changes which are taking place within her. Perhaps she will settle down soon herself and see the wisdom of taking things in moderation without your having to do anything about it.

But I fancy that you are too anxious to wait for things to take their normal course. Probably you even feel that if she is not checked now there can be no telling where she will land. And, in a sense, you may be right. What this girl needs is wise direction. I would advise you to have a straight heart to heart talk with her. Watch for an opportune moment and then open up with the conversation quietly. Try to show your love and your thought for her in your conversation. I mean, of course, more in the tone and manner of your speech than in the words you use. If you begin to talk to her in "deary deary" terms she will almost certainly resent it. Point out that there is nothing wrong in wanting to have a little pleasure and that you are quite willing that she should have it. But make clear to her also that over-indulgence in anything is always bad for one and that, in the ultimate, the highest values in life are not material, but mental, moral, and spiritual.

I am sure that if this mother will only adopt the right attitude toward her daughter and have a real honest-to-goodness heart to heart talk with her, she will find her daughter to be a fairly sensible girl.

* * *

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problems and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERYDAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a (3c) stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

It was characteristic of the thoroughness with which Sir Arthur Rose is carrying out his work as Commissioner for Distressed Areas in Scotland, that, on the occasion of cutting the first sod of the Garnock Valley drainage scheme at Dairy, he took off his coat for the job. — Scottish Country Life, August.

The Aga Khan set up a record for the present Assembly. He spoke for only a few seconds more than the time his horse Bahram took to win the Derby this year—2 minutes and 36 seconds.—Daily Telegraph.

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