Any Time is Tea Time
"SALADA"
TEA
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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.

"That's the bunyip tamer, all right," he said. "I just put it on the table before Mr. Burden, and he said:—

"Hello, you've got a picture of that chap Precott!"

After that Gladys interviewed an older man, and repeated the main outline of her story. Next she was taken to a bare room, and photographed by flashlight. Her message to Eve, breaking the appointment to meet Dan, was sent from the office of the "Record-Courier," at the earnest advice of the suave reporter.

And at the end of it was that Gladys caught the five o'clock train back to Hillingdon, with £50 in notes in her vanity bag, and with fear of consequences in her heart.

Eve Gilchrist rose from a long-protracted nightmare, to find the two faces which had haunted her broken dreams staring at her out of the page of the "Record-Courier." On one side was the face of Dan Prescott, above which was the caption: "Prescott, or Westerby?" Beneath it by way of explanation, were printed the words: "This picture, identified in London as that of Mr. Daniel Prescott, was sent from Australia by Gordon Westerby, as his own photograph, to his English fiancee."

Balancing Dan's picture was that of Gladys Clements, pathetic, with its big eyes and drooping, sensuous lips, and headed: "Miss Gladys Clements." Underneath was a caption: "This charming English girl, who promised to marry an Australian she had never seen, now seeks to know whether she is betrothed to Prescott or Westerby."

The accompanying letter-press made Eve wonder if she were not still in the grip of nightmare. The reporter had allowed himself to be humorous and sly, and made great play with the taming of the bunyips and the hypnotising of snakes in the dark.

The letters were given verbatim, and attention was called to the ease with which the prosperous fruit farmer became owner of a fabulously rich mine, and forsook his apricots altogether.

In every dozen lines innuendo was pointed. Without definitely stating that Prescott and Westerby were one and the same person, the writer continually led up to that inference. In any case, Prescott claimed to be Westerby during two days spent in Hillingdon as the promised husband of Gladys Clements, whose friends knew him by no other name.

The printed words renewed Eve's nausea and self contempt. How could she doubt the truth of them, when Medlicott had said that Dan admitted their accuracy? Since that was the case, there seemed to be no more to be said or done, but to ignore the very existence of such a man.

But there was more than the story of Gladys Clements to engage Eve's attention. The Sydney correspondent of the paper had been at work locally, and had cabled the result of his investigations, in a long message, headed:—"Dangong discovered. Dreary dusthole in a dismal desert."

"I have just returned from an aeroplane journey into the Never-Never Land," wrote the man in Sydney. "I have been to the Dandong Gold Mine, to see for myself whether London investors are being offered fair value for the money asked for shares in this concern.

"I found Dandong a dustheap, 400 miles from railhead, and half as far from the nearest water. The place is dry and desolate beyond all description, but it is at present the abiding-place of four sturdy fellows who are employed to 'develop' the alleged gold mine.

"Their leader viewed me with some disfavour when I asked permission to inspect the so-called mine. I was shown a barricade of barbed wire some nine feet high, behind which was a patch of ground which had evidently been disturbed. That was the Dangdong Gold Mine. I was not allowed to go inside the barrier, the reason given being that gold-stealers had already been at work.

"So much for the mine and its development. The four men on the spot are being maintained there at great expense, which can be measured when I state that a plane carries water and stores to them every week. In no other way could they be furnished with the bare necessities of life.

"I am in no position to say whether gold has been found on this spot. Rich specimens were shown on this spot. Rich specimens were shown in Sydney at the time the find was registered. But any gold mine operating in such an inaccessible place must be fabulously rich to cover the abnormal cost of development and working.

"The discoverers of this mine are said to be two prospectors, named Prescott and Westerby. Prescott is believed to be in London in connection with financial operations. Westerby appears to be missing, for radio calls have been sent out, and advertisements appear in all Australian and New Zealand papers, offering a reward for news of him and his whereabouts.

"The local manager of the Dandong Mining Company is an engineer, who has a small office in Sydney. When interviewed by your correspondent he professed himself unable to give any information about the missing Westerby. He showed some remarkable quartz specimens; which he said had been found at Dandong. In addition to the reward claim pegged out by the original prospectors leases are registered in the name of the local manager and of an aeroplane pilot, who accompanied him on a visit to the place.

"The inaccessibility and dryness of the location may help to account for the lack of local interest in the Dandong goldfield. There are rumours that expeditions are fitting for a visit in anticipation of a more favourable season for travelling. At the moment the main interest is centred on the missing man Westerby, of whom little or nothing seems to be known."

Eve, who was in a better position to pass judgment upon this story than the other, felt a surge of indignation at the bias displayed, and at the suppression of facts which were easily ascertainable. Her own pamphlet could have been used to correct the false impression derived from this flying visit, made at a most unfavourable time.

She realised that her faith in the gold-mine was unshaken. But her trust in the man who had discovered it was shattered, and beyond all possibility of repair.

She was in this mood when she reached the office, to find Dan waiting for her. In his sunken eyes she could see all the hopeless misery of a big dog, who had incurred the displeasure of his adored master; but her heart was not softened by his abject looks.

"Miss Gilchrist," he began, with a patent effort. "Will you be so good as to listen to me for a few minutes?"

"I am paid to attend to anything you say,' she said frigidly. "I read the Sydney message in that newspaper this morning. It seemed very one-sided to me. Do you think of writing a letter in answer to it."

"Not I," he said. "Let them say what they like. They cannot make white black by calling it black. They're all wrong. Let them go on being all wrong."

"Then what do you wish to discuss?"

"It's about that girl," Dan began.

"I am not paid to listen to that," Eve said shortly. "If it is a question of forfeiting my position here, I prefer to go. Must I, to preserve my self-respect?"

"Why are you harder than other people?" Dan asked. "Miss Carruthers just told me it made no diffenence to her."

Eve checked herself on the verge of crying out that it was easy for Frankie because she did not really care.

"Then why not take your explanation to her or to somebody interested in hearing it?" she asked instead.

"Because I don't care what she thinks," Dan said recklessly. "Your opinion is the only thing I care about."

"Very well; you shall have it." Eve said. "In business hours my opinion is moulded on that of my employer, Mr. Medlicott. Outside business, I refuse to admit that such a man as you ever existed."

Dan stood up under the blow, rigid and very white.

"That ought to be enough to hold any man," he said. The worst of it is that I know that I deserve it. I shall never trouble you again."

(To Be Continued)

Quints Set The Fashion

It is human nature for the mass to fix its attention on and follow the examples of the chosen few. With the passing of time those examples have been broadly labelled "fashion" and Canada has no more important leaders of fashion than the Dionne Quintuplets.

It is no exaggeration to say that the bulk of the recent arrivals in this country — and others — are having their clothes, their daily routine, their diets, in fact their very lives, determined by the Quints. And, taken by and large, it seems a very sensible practice for that time, at least, that the Callandar babes remain under the supervision of their "commonsense" physician, Dr. A. R. Dafoe.

Latest fashion set by the Quints is that of being immunized to diphtheria. The result of the press story announcing this precaution was a 60 per cent increase in the "first doses" of toxoid given to Toronto children over the average for the year. According to figures supplied the Toronto Social Hygiene Council by the city's clinics 91 first doses were given at 11 clinics over the two days immediately following the story.

Woman Kept Silence For Twenty-Five Years

Miss Eloise Reinzi, former teacher of seven languages, who in the past 25 years had never conversed with her Charlestown, Mass., neighbors, not permitted anyone to cross the threshold of her home, died after being taken to hospital. Police, summoned by nearby residents, battered down the locked door of her house and found her lying on the floor with a fractured left leg.

Because the 90-year-old woman refused to let anybody in the house, the building was without electricity, water or gas, all of which had been turned off years ago. She would not tell how long she had been lying in her home with an injured leg. Neighbors said that they notified police when she failed to be seen for several days.

"Peace is the greatest of British interests. Everyone is agreed about that."—Viscount Cecil.

An Examination Of the Examiners

(From the Peterboro Examiner)

They have been making an investigation in England into the question of examinatons—both school and Civil Service tests—and the findings leave exponents of the examination system with a lot of explaining to do. It has been shown for example that not only are the markings widely different when done by more than one board, but that the same examiners do not always see the same answers in the same way.

The investigating committee sent a set of papers to examiners who had marked the identical papers a year before and this time the marks were quite different. Similarly when answers were submitted to seven different groups of examiners there was a variance in the results that was amazing.

Finally two squads of examiners, some of them in the Civil Service, were called upon to test 20 candidates by the viva voce method and to place them in order of merit, and it was discovered that the pupil who was marked first by No 1 panel was put in thirteenth place by the other panel and the first place student selected by the second panel was only rated eleventh by the first.

So much emphasis is placed on the importance of examinations both during school years and afterward that the publishing of these findings has caused somewhat of a sensation in England and already steps have been taken to improve the system. At the same time another very progressive move has been undertaken in the decision to abolish the matriculation examinations, except in the case of pupils who intend to enter the universities, and to substitute a leaving certificate, showing the student to have completed his secondary education.

These are developments that should be of more than passing interest to educators in our own country. Is our system of examinations any more accurate than that followed in England, and isn't it about time that we too got away from the fetish of matriculation which should only concern a comparatively small percentage of the students in our secondary schools?

Women Farmers Take Honors

LONDON, — Of recent years women farmers of the British Isles have been steadily proving that they can hold their own with the more astute males in the ancient art of agriculture. Last year at the great fat stock shows which come in December, the stock shown by several women landowners gained championships and this year, while not as many women were exhibiting, the honors gained by them were just as interesting.

A comparative newcomer, Lady Eveline Maud Robinson, widow of Sir John Robinson, had a small group of Aberdeen Angus cattle from her Kirklington Hall estate near Newark Nottinghamshire, at the Norwich, Birmingham and London Smithfield shows. At Norwich her heifer Iris of Kirklington animal reserve. Lady Rochampion and at Birmingham she also won the supreme honor with another Kirklington animal reserve. Lady Robinson thus won three challenge trophies worth approximately $1,500 and $150 in cash prizes.

Later at the final court of appeal for all fat stock, Smithfield Fat Stock Show in the Royal Agricul ural Hall, Islington, Iris was again reserve to the supreme champion of the show, the champion this time being another Angus heifer shown by J. J. Cridlan of Maisemore Park.

Another titled lady whose stock has won several prizes at the English shows was Baroness Burton with Angus stock from her Inverness estate In fact these two ladies, along with H. M. the King and Mr. Cridlan just about provided all the champions and runners-up at Smithfield. Fanny, Lady Leon of Bletchley Park, also had one or two animals showing at London, but could scarcely reach the charmed circle of champions.

At the Scottish National Fat Stock Show at Edinburgh where last year Mrs. Brewster Grant won the supreme championship, sincere regret was expressed on all sides when word came of her death the day before the show. Seven of her animals were forward, and took a good share of the prizes. As usual Miss E. M. Smith of Kennerty, Peterculter, the noted Clydesdale horse and Shorthorn cattle breeder, was forward with several prize winning pure bred and cross bred steers, to mention only a few of the landed proprietresses who are playing an important part in improved farm practice in the Old Country.

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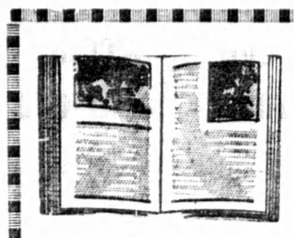

The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

"Down The ICE" by Foster Hewitt (Reginald Saunders, Toronto), $1.50 is a volume long-needed on Canada's national sport. Hockey players and hockey fans will want a copy of this book by Foster Hewitt, who with his close contact with players, coaches and hockey authorities, is probably better qualified to write on these subjects than any other person today.

How many know the year this national sport came into action in Canada. For that matter how many know the origin of hockey? These questions and many more are answered in this fascinating book As a matter of fact every hockey fan should have a copy—then when visitors arrive who have never seen this game on the ice — just hand them the "book of words" rather than a lengthy discourse on the subject.

"High Speed Ski-ing," by Peter Lunn (Reginald Saunders. Toronto), $1.25 is a handy-sized, well-printed handbook, on ski-ing written by so great an authority as the Captain (for the third year in succession) of the British Ski team.

Ski-ing in Canada, year by year is gaining it's enthusiastic followers. The Toronto Ski Club, starting in 1922 with a handful of enthusiastic tyros, now has 1,500 members with a commendable average of skill. It is recommended to these members, that they all should have a copy of Peter Lunn's book. Unlike a great many experts he knows how to put technical ideas in clear and lucid language. What more could you ask as a recommendation?

Waiting To Be Told

Something is wrong with you young people who are always waiting for some one to tell you how. It does not matter what your perplexity is—how to get a job, how to get a raise in salary, how to make friends, how to win the approval of the boss—you are always looking for an advisor, and leaving it to him.

This does not mean that good advice should not be heeded. It is a question of attitude. If you assume that you have to be told how to do things you want to do, if you are at a loss until somebody comes along to act as a sign-post, pointing the way for you to take, then your chances are poor. There cannot be any great degree of successs for a leaner. Self reliance is one of the indispensable qualities.

Ask advice if you are in doubt, take advice if you feel it is better than what you had thought out for yourself, but do not feel that you are helpless without an adviser.

The Nest

A straw, a thread of moss, a wisp of hay,
A withered leaf, a twig of last year's date—
These are his prizes, these his precious freight—
All things outworn, and lost, and cast away;
Yet, challenging the universal Nay,
He finds in each a brick predestinate
And from his innocent plunder of the State
He makes a home out of the world's decay.

And I, too, pick and choose with curious eye,
From out the multiplicity of things,
To build a niche against Immensity,
A shelter from the beating of Time's wings;
A thing of naught for others, but for me
A base, a refuge, a security.

—F. H., in the London Observer.

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Send your result in on or before February 15th, 1936, with an entry fee of twenty-five cents. 25 per cent of the entire receipts will be shared between those who send in a correct list, 15 per cent. with one error, and 10 per cent. for two errors. All contestants will receive results by mail.

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