Any Time is Tea Time
"SALADA"
TEA
304

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 believe he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine. Eve and Dan fall in love but when Eve is confronted by Gladys she believes in Dan's duplicity.

Mrs. Medlicott, that gentle and smiling lady, was even more disappointing than the two men. She, at least, should know that it was impossible for Eve to send any cable to Dan on her own account. And yet she chatted away, in her drawling listless fashion, about the mine and what Dan might find there; and never hinted at Dan's frustrated love affair. She seemed to imply that Eve had made some move, as a matter of course. Eve had never thought that a nice woman could be so mercenary and so heartless.

As if the mine had ever been in doubt, or ever had really mattered, compared to Dan's happiness. And yet the mine occupied most of Eve's waking hours. As soon as the newspapers had settled that the passenger to Australia was not a swindler escaping from justice, nor even that absurd trainer of pnyips, Westerby, the reporters haunted Eve's room. They wanted more and more details about Mr. Daniel Prescott, the adventurous gold-seeker, whom some dignified by the term explorer.

Eve had the exquisite annoyance of seeing chunks of her despised pamphlet lifted; and presented, with modifications and excisions, as news about the man who was dashing to Australia. The opportunity occurred for Medlicott to present to the public his version of the flotation of the Dangong Gold Mine; and this Eve had to lick into shape for the pressmen.

"I have been called a sharepusher in cold print," Medlicott was made to say. "And there is an implication that I have been trying to unload worthless stock upon my clients. I have only to say that I am not ashamed of the up-to-date methods which I have employed in my venture as the Dangong Mine. In the attempt to obtain capital for so promising near future I hope to show, so far as I from over-estimating the possibilities of the mine, that I failed to do any justice to its gold-yielding capability.

"In any case, the attacks upon me have failed signally of their apparent purpose, for I was fortunate enough to obtain the whole sum required, in one place. This will explain, to those applicants for shares whose deposit I have been forced to return, why the available share issue was so promptly allotted. There is not a share in Dangong to be obtained, at the present time either for love or money.

"As to the calumnies published concerning my friend and associate, Mr. Daniel Prescott, I prefer to leave those unanswered until Mr. Prescott, who is an individual of some energy and force of character, can return to London to defend himself. But I must refer to one aspect of the case, which seems to me to reflect unfavourably upon the traditions of British hospitality and British humour.

"At my request Mr. Prescott accepted the invitation of an acquaintance—I might at one time have said friend and spent a week-end under his roof. With the intention of amusing and entertaining his hosts, Mr. Prescott indulged in some of those whimsical extravagances which are described as travellers tales.

"I could have warned him that he was talking to the one person in ten thousand literal sense; but I had not imagined that dull enough to take his yarns in their the same person would be so unmindful of his obligations as host as to retail these stories to a newspaper reporter.

"Mr. Prescotts flight to Australia is, of course, his answer to the innuendoes and calumnies that were directed against him and against myself. On his arrival there he will proceed to the mine without loss of time, and the work of development under his remarkable impulse will be pushed forward as rapidly as the circumstances permit."

"You certainly mangled poor Burdon, Eve," Medlicott remarked, after reading this effusion. Well let it go; he asked for it, I suppose."

Eve made no answer. Everybody seemed to find fault with her, no matter what she did. Why should Mr. Burdon be spared, after treating Dan in that shameful fashion?

When she left the office Eve was no happier. With nothing better to do, she became the prey of the most dire forebodings and terrors. She saw the aeroplane whirled helplessly into the vortex of some tropical typhoon, and nose diving hideously into the Timor Sea. She imagined the two adventurers forced to land in some dense jungle; and it was always Dan who had his leg broken, and had to be left with the wrecked machine, while the pilot plunged into trackless jungle in search of help.

But these visions of disaster were purely imaginary. The plane swept south on the wings of the wind amid a crescendo of publicity and praise. Port Darwin was reached a full day ahead of previous records for the flight; and Amherst crept from the machine and tottered to bed. But Dan hardly stayed for the first greeting of a kindled Australia. A hasty meal and a bath, and he was in the waiting plane and off again, bound for Sydney, via Brisbane.

News of the reception prepared for him in Sydney was cabled to the British newspapers. Amherst, the man who had conquered time and space, was asleep and forgotten at Port Darwin. But Australia rose to Dan Prescott, the passenger who had proved in his own adventurous person that three weeks could be lopped off the journey from the Motherland to the Dominion. There was already a project for a regular air mail, and a regular service for passenger machines. And, after the unthinking fashion of the hour, Dan Prescott got the credit of it all.

(To Be Continued)

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Rural Ontario is Called Sound

Rural Ontario, "with all its difficulties and the criticism levelled against it, is sound municipally and financially," H. L. Cummings, Deputy Ministy of Municipal Affairs, declared before the annual convention of the Ontario Association of Rural Municipalities.

"I have no fear of Rural Ontario becoming a problem," he added. Actual debenture debt of the rural areas, he declared, was $8,400,000 and was being paid off faster than new debt could accumulate.

Mr. Cummings called, however, for better systems of auditing and accounting in the rural districts. Because of inadequate methods, he declared, "it has been possible to get away with murder." He criticized the failure of many auditors to check tax rolls.

Time !

The time of day, I do not tell
As some do, by the clock,
Or by the distant chiming bell
Set on the steeple top;
But by the progress that I see
In what I have to do.
It's either done o'clock to me
Or only half past thr ugh.

—J. K. Bangs.

Each sheep has in its fleece six to eight different qualities of wool.

Issue No. 14 — '36

Should Be Told How to Learn

(Ottawa Journal)

It is fashionable to scoff at speeches, this though most of us are gluttons for them. There might be less scoffing, or pretence at it, if all speeches were as fine as that delivered recently to the Ottawa Canadian Club by Dr. Hamilton Fyfe.

Dealing with education, Dr. Fyfe didn't tell how many millions we were spending on it, or how many fine school buildings we have, or how many thousands of pupils. Instead, he told us something of what education should be.

It should be, he said, this: that students should be taught "how to learn."

"What you want is not a number of facts you will forget; but the capacity for finding out things for yourself. You have to learn how to learn."

Nothing truer about education has ever been said. And with this truth there could be instilled into young people the further truth that education is a continuing process, that it is not something which ceases with graduation from some university, but must be persevered with and developed throughout the whole of life, then as a people we would be better educated.

John Richard Green, the great historian, died when a comparatively young man. He had had a university education, and was a great scholar, but he never lost his curiosity about life and its meaning, and over his grave they carved this epitaph: "He died learning." If more of us could deserve a similar epitaph, this world would be infinitely better.

Post Office Nibs

(St. Thomas Times-Journal)

Postoffice pen nibs have long been a joke, particularly as to their poor quality, but the British post office appears to have solved the problem both as to durability, and "unstealibility." A new nib first tried out in 1929, has been found most successful, and the government has just ordered 1,500,000 of them for the offices throughout the United Kingdom. The British post-office probably has more branches than any country in the world. The public seldom has to go far to find a post office, where every facility is provided, whether for ordinary mailing purposes, sending telegrams, buying money orders or banking, many thousands of grocery stores operating an office as a side line on a commission basis.

The new nib is of stainless steel, and after being withdrawn owing to promiscuous thefts, has been returned, fastened to the holder with a special locking device, only with pliers can it be removed.

Statistics on the life span of the new pen, kept by the post office during an experimental period of use reveal a variation according to district. In Edinburgh the Scots expressed a great deal of satisfaction over the new model, and on the average took it away for use elsewhere after two weeks' service in the post office.

MONTREAL

For thousands of travellers the Mount Royal Hotel has solved the problem of where to stay in Montreal. Located in the heart of the city — less than 10 minutes' walk from all depots, a few minutes' walk to retail store, theatres and points of interest — yet sufficiently away from the noise of traffic to ensure sound, refreshing sleep. Impeccable service and splendid garage facilities. Write, wire or telephone for reservations.

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PROBLEMS OF EVERY DAY LIFE

By Dr. M. M. Lappin

Engaged, But Afraid to Marry

The problems of Every Day Living are varied and innumerable. Some folks have big problems which they treat lightly, others are apt to magnify trifles, but we all have our problems.

This week I am going to try and answer a big problem. It has come to me from a young lady whom I think is very sensible indeed. She writes to me in part:

"I have been keeping company with ——— for over three years. We are very fond of each other, and I am sure we are suited to each other and could be extremely happy together. A month ago we became engaged. He has often spoken of marriage before, but I always hesitated. At last I've promised to marry him and now I think I have made a mistake. Frankly, I am afraid of marriage because, for the past five years, my mother has been in a mental hospital and I sometimes have the thought that her trouble may be hereditary. Of course he knows all about it and he says it does not matter, but that fact does not seem to ease my mind."

My correspondent is to be admired for her wise forethought. She certainly reveals a highly developed type of social consciousness. But it may be she is worrying herself unduly. After all, not every inmate of a mental hospital is suffering from hereditary insanity. There are a great many cases in which the patient has become mentally unhinged simply as the inevitable consequence of undue strain and worry. The past quarter of a century has been a very trying one, and many folks have simply been unable to bear the strain. It is true that there are many in our mental institutions who might not have been there if the proper help had been secured in time. But that does not alter the fact that they are there, and that their condition makes it necessary for them to be there, although they may not be suffering from a form of insanity which is hereditary.

This young lady should find out for herself just exactly the nature of her mother's trouble. She should have no difficulty in doing this. A talk with the family physician would surely bring her an interview with the superintendent doctor of the institution in which her mother is confined. These doctors could tell from the case history whether her mother's affliction is hereditary or not. If it is not hereditary, then her mind will be at ease.

I think, were I in this young lady's position, I would pursue this line of action right away. Why go on worrying and fretting before you are sure there is anything to worry about? The chances are there is nothing to worry about. Even if you should discover that the trouble is hereditary, well, even then, that does not mean that you are going to go the same way. I think it is now generally accepted that we only inherit tendencies, and there are many cases on record which prove that those inherited tendencies can be overcome. If you take care of yourself and look after your health, if you keep a cheery, optimistic outlook and avoid worry and fear, I am quite sure that everything will be all right.

Besides, the young man to whom you are engaged knows all about it. You are not hiding anything from him so, if you discover that the trouble is hereditary and there are signs that you might become afflicted, you could agree to marry, and if both of you are very fond of children you might adopt a child. The one thing you should avoid is anxious worry and fear.

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

Sleeping on the Ice

Nova Scotia has at present a visitor from Northumberland, England, who has quietly come among us to prosecute his studies of the birds. Mr. Noble Rollin created no little interest by sleeping out one night on the ice in zero weather with nothing about him than his overcoat and one blanket. Had it been an Arctic sleeping bag, we would think nothing of it, but if it was but an ordinary blanket it is something from which we would like to be excused.

But there is this to be said, that the visitor from England, inured to outdoor life, can very likely stand far more cold with less discomfort than any resident. It is a common thing for the English visitor coming to this province to wear no overcoat for the first Winter and sometimes for two or three Winters, and there is a perfectly good reason behind it —it rests in the action of the English climate on his blood.

Possibly an example from a different source might make it clear. An English battalion, resident in India for four years was transferred to the interior of Siberia during the war. It would have been thought that they would have suffered terribly from the cold which now and again dipped many degrees below zero. On the contrary they minded it far less than the Canadians, and in zero weather often paraded without even their great-coats to the astonishment of the Russians who were lost in sheepskins up to the top of their ears. It takes two or three years in the cold climate before that resistance or whatever it is, leaves the blood.—Halifax Chronicle.

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