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.

Dan charters a plane back to Australia to check up on Westerby.

Work was proceeding at the mine with all the vigour which Dan had infused into it. The big heaps of earth and clay by the hillside testified to a good deal of burrowing and probing, and the frequent sounding of a hollow bell as a signal to wind up from the shaft another truckload of debris indicated that the burrowing was still proceeding.

Dan looked much as he did on the day when he alighted from the aeroplane in Sydney to take a crack at Gordon Westerby.

He was gaunt and his eyes looked weary and harassed. He wore nothing but a thin shirt, open at the neck; and a pair of flannel shorts. His face, his arms and his legs were tanned a rich coffee colour. The desert suns had baked all the moisture out of him, but his face was set in the old mask of indomitable effort and endurance.

A whiskered man in moleskins came from the mine to interrupt his thoughts, whatever they may have been.

"Plane's come, boss," he said. "If you come out from under canvas you can hear it."

"Good enough, Dinny," Dan replied. "That will be Slade, I expect. Now we shall know all about it."

"I know, without any telling from Mr. Slade," Dinny said doggedly. "You'll be all right, boss; take it from me."

Dan set out a bottle of whisky and an earthern jar of water that had been hanging in the shadow of the canvas to keep cool. The noise of the approaching plane was louder and nearer. Five minutes later it landed on the sand, and Slade alighted to take the hand offered him by Dan.

"Thanks, Prescott," he said. "I certainly could do with a drink. I suppose there are hotter places than this, but I've never been in any of them."

He sat opposite Dan, sipping his drink slowly.

"Well?" Dan said, having given him time to rest and refresh himself.

"Well, old son, I've got all the assays made. It is a good sound mine; if it were four or five hundred miles nearer the coast I'd call it something better than that. Being where it is, of course, nobody can call it a bobby dazzler. Working costs eat too deeply into the gross yield."

"I'm not a London shareholder, Slade," Dan said quietly. "Cut out the palaver."

"Quite right," Slade said cheerfully. "Well the stone at the shallow levels hardly pays to handle but the deeper we go the better the stuff assays. But, of course, it costs more to mine it."

"Give me some figures," Dan ordered. "Some estimates, if you've made any."

"I figured that we can earn about £25,000 net, for a year's work. The stuff in sight, on my rough measurement, will last for twenty years at that rate. So much I'll answer for, Prescott."

"So that, at the worst, the £250,000 captial of this mine will pay back twice as much spread over twenty years," Dan said slowly.

"That's it, as near as makes no matter," Slade agreed. "A certain 10 per cent or a little more. You can rely on £5,000 a year for your share, and I'm certain of nearly half as much. And we've had to earn it, Prescott; especially you."

Dan nodded absently.

"By the way, there's an English letter for you, marked personal and private," Slade continued, reaching to his breast pocket. "I opened all the business envelopes, as you directed; but I thought this might be for your eyes only."

"Thanks," Dan said.

Eve's writing! It made his heart hammer against his ribs to see it again, out there in the sunburned waste. He played idly with it, his eyes fixed on the horizon, where a lunatic mirage danced in the heat haze.

"Well, I'll have a wash up and make ready for a flip back again," Slade said. "Unless you'd like the seat this time, Dan. It's about up to you to get some fresh green food, and a gulp of sea air."

"That'll keep," Dan said. He wanted to shout at Slade and order him to clear out. He desired to be left alone; alone with his letter and his thoughts of the writer. Presently he slit the envelope and drew out the fat enclosure.

Dear Dan," he read.

"Once more I am plucking up courage enough to write to you; and this time the letter shall be sent. I have wanted to beg your forgiveness ever since the day when I lost my friend through my own crazy folly. If you cannot find it in your heart to pardon me, then tear up this letter, as I have torn up a score that I dared not send to you. And I will know that it is only what I deserve.

"We are never likely to meet again, as I am able to tell you that it was nothing but jealousy that made me act as I did. It was seeing that girl even now, when she is married to your partner Mr. Westerby, I can never see her without wanting to strike her to the ground. But, like a woman I suppose, I had to blame you for everything. So please forgive me, and try to think kindly of me.

"And you should not have trusted that man Westerby out of your sight again. You ought to know that he is very disloyal; he acts as though he did not believe in you at all. Both he and Medlicott have taken advantage of what you did in Sydney to sell all their shares; and have obtained three and four times the face value. It makes me rage to see their expensive cars and the furs and jewels their women wear, while you are slaving out there in waste places.

"I hope that the mine will be so rich that they will regret selling out; but I tremble when think of what will be said if there is no gold there. If they try to throw the blame on you again, I shall have something to say. They think of nothing except getting rich and if the money they pile up is taken straight from the pockets of those who trusted them and took their advice, it does not trouble them.

"I thought you ought to know about this, and so did Frankie, who sends her love. She says you will probably think of something that can be done; but I do not see how anything is possible. But I had to write.

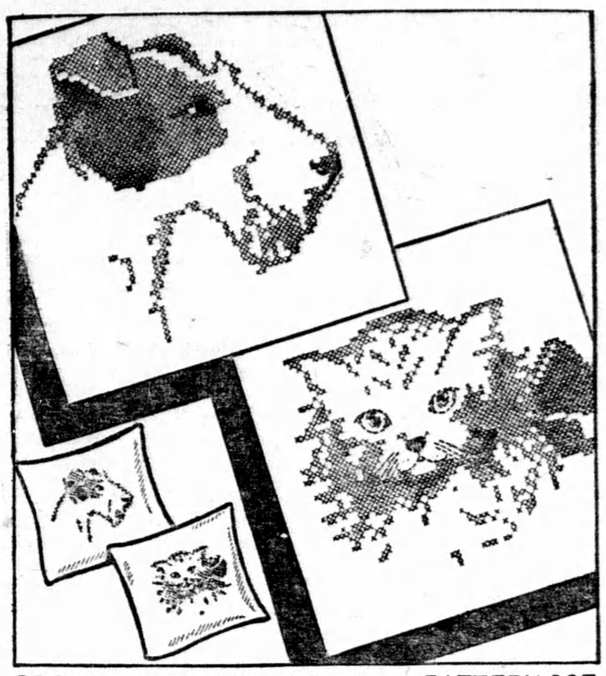
"There is nothing more to say. I often think of you, and whenever I do I am proud to remember that once, at any rate, I was able to call myself —Your friend, Eve Gilchrist."

"Hey!" Dan yelled. "Hey; where's Slade? Slade, I'm off by the 'plane. I'll send it back for you, pronto. But I'm in a hurry."

(To be Continued)

MIRACLE YEAST
Does Not Require Refrigeration
Will Do Your Baking in 5 Hours
MIRACLE YEAST
1 OZ. NET WT.
DYSON'S MIRACLE YEAST
Bakes Bread and Rolls in 5 Hours
Pure-Dry-Fast Rising
Price 10c Package
If your grocer has not received his supply, send 10 cents (coin) for 1-oz. regular size package, enough for 10 bakings, or write for FREE sample to
Dyson's Limited
Dept. A. Winnipeg, Canada

Cross Stitch a Laura Wheeler Dog and Kitten on Pillow or Picture



CROSS STITCH DOG AND CAT PATTERN 937

Like to adopt a kitten, or a smart young terrier pup? Then send post-haste for the pattern, and get busy on these appealing cross stitch portraits. They'll adorn both picture and pillow, and very quickly, too, for crosses are an easy eight to the inch. Do them in either wool or silk, on light or dark background.

Pattern 937 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a dog's head 7 x 7¾ inches, and a cat's head 5¾ x 7 inches; a color key; illustrations of all stitches needed; material requirements.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to the Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly the PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

"No two philosophies can be alike because no two minds are alike." —Havelock Ellis.

Driver Started On Auto Deaths

By U. S. Red Cross—To Extend First Aid Chain, Convention Informed

CHICAGO — The American Red Cross has aimed reinformements against death on the nation's highways, described by Admiral Cary T. Grayson, national chairman, as "a national emergency of year-round disaster proportions."

As the annual National Red Cross convention opened, organizers announced that rapid expansion of volunteer personnel to give emergency first aid in motor accident cases was deemed a major project. Admiral Grayson pointed to more than 36,000 killed and 105,000 maimed in the United States, in 1935 as the motivating force.

Already the Red Cross, since launching the service six months ago, has placed 1,000 emergency stations, manned by volunteers, in operation along dangerous sections of roads and has designated a total of 3,000 stations for establishment in 30 states.

"Eventually there will be 15,000 stations with first aid workers ready to give aid in those precious moments—between the time of the injury and admission to a hospital," Admiral Grayson said.

So important was the problem considered that one whole day of convention session was set aside for discussion of "emergency first aid on the highway," under the direction of Major Harry F. Evans, chairman of the Davenport, Iowa, chapter.

Going Wrong?

In the basement of the home of Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell in Washington, his daughter Marcit and two other little girls hav opened a dog laundry, comments the Chicago Daily News. Their motive, alas, is profit. What is more, they are advertising! They announce that they will wash medium sized dogs for 35 cents. And while it is understood and admitted that they intend to charge extra for flea powder, they are careful not to mention this in publicity.

Now, Marcia, is that fair? Is that honest? How many times have you heard your papa say that advertising at best is but a wasteful charge upon production? Has he not told you that advertisers must be forced to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on pain of his most severe displeasure?

And Marcia, another thing. Have you not gone about this whole business in the wrong way? Socialism, like charity, begins at home.

In the first place you should not have to do any of the work yourself. You, as chief administrator should just think up rules for washing dogs, with plenty of fines and imprisonments.

And you should not have to solicit business. Wouldn't it be much simpler to have your papa get the president of the law enforcing all dog owners in your neighborhood to have the dogs washed at the Tugwell DWA?

Above all, do not use the basement. That is very horse-and-buggy indeed. Why not call up a contractor? Order him to build you a fine new doggery in the back yard. Never mind the cost. Papa will pay that. If he didn't he would be just a selfish old Tory.

Marcia, Marcia, we fear that you're going wrong.

"Let me tell you something: Don't go after riches. There is nothing to it. That is my advice to all young men."

—Charles M. Schwab.

330 MINUTES smoking satisfaction in each package
10¢
Buckingham FINE CUT

Here's a Man Who Bit a Dog

The man who bit the dog is no longer a legend. While a wedding procession was marching through the streets of Beshenevo, Jugoslavia, the bridegroom—who was the Mayor of the township, Dusko Chiritch — in a frenzy of happiness seized a barking dog which was accompanying the party and bit its tail off.

The dog's howls were drowned by the music of the wedding band, but the Mayor's act did not go unnoticed by his critics on the local council. The latter declare that local opinion is so shocked over what is considered the undignified act of the Mayor, that it is likely he may be deposed. The Mayor himself pleads that high spirits at the prospect of his marriage, and the number of toasts his friends had made him drink, were responsible for his biting the dog.—South Slav Herald.

FREE! BOOK on BASEBALL!
Every boy and baseball fan will want this up-to-date book, "Baseball—and How to Play it", by Frank J. (Shag) Shaughnessy, Manager of the pennant winning Montreal Royals. Pitching, batting, base running—all the fine points of the game are clearly explained and illustrated.
Here's how to get it. Simply send in to the address below a "CROWN BRAND" or "LILY WHITE" Corn Syrup label with your name and address and the words "Baseball Book" plainly written on the back—and your copy will be mailed to you right away.
EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
THE FAMOUS ENERGY FOOD
The CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited
Toronto
O-2

The Graphochart
Shows how to read character from handwriting, at a glance.
10c PREPAID
Graphologist Room 421
73 Adelaide St., W.
Toronto

FROM THE MAIL AND EMPIRE MAY 18

STOCKS and Their MOVEMENTS

There is nothing here in the nature of a tipster program; but at the same time it may not be out of place to name some of the spots where the fever is burning, and let the individual decide for himself whether to plunge and take the luck which the cards of the future may turn up for him.

The Pickle Crow area, which was started years ago by the Central Patricia, but which, of late, was forced to the front by the success of the Pickle Crow Gold Mine, now has a swarm of diamond drillers exploring the possibilities of the surrounding properties. The Kaw-Crow, Gateway Patricia, Winoga and Albany River are all going through the early throes which will pave the way for victory or defeat.

WE, TOO, BELIEVE
GATEWAY-PATRICIA
WELL WORTH INVESTIGATING
BAIN SPONSORED
Already Winoga and Kaw Crow, on which diamond drilling was started recently, have shown market appreciation. On Tuesday, May 19, approximate prices were:
KAW CROW...36 c (11 cents above January issue price.)
Capital Appreciation 44 per cent.
WINOGA....44 c (9 cents above March issue price.)
Capital Appreciation 25 per cent.
Contract for drilling at Gateway Patricia has been let and work will commence almost immediately.
GATEWAY NOW SELLING AT 25c
As we believe this issue will be quickly subscribed we suggest you order now by means of the coupon below.
H. R. BAIN & COMPANY LTD.
Bain Bldg. AD. 4271. Toronto.

USE THIS COUPON

H. R. BAIN & CO. LTD., Bay St., Toronto. TWL5
Date .....
I wish to subscribe for ..... shares of Gateway Patricia Gold Mines Limited at twenty-five cents per share.
Please signify:
I am enclosing cheque for $..... to cover purchase.
Send stock with draft attached to .....
Please send me further information on Gateway Patricia Gold Mines.
SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
As this issue has been underwritten, the company has already received payment or commitment to pay from the underwriters, consequently the proceeds of this issue will not go into the treasury of the company whose securities are hereby sold to you.

INVENTS NEW STOVE THAT MAKES OWN GAS

W. C. Coleman, Noted Inventor Makes It Possible for Every Home Everywhere to Enjoy Modern Gas Cooking Service at Low Cost

Housewives everywhere are enthusiastic in their praise of a new stove that makes its own gas and brings modern gas cooking service at low cost to homes anywhere. W. C. Coleman, noted inventor and pioneer manufacturer of gas-pressure appliances, regards this stove as his crowning achievement.

W. C. COLEMAN

The new Coleman Range makes its own gas from ordinary lead-free gasoline. Lights instantly, like gas. The flame from its fuel-saving Band-A-Blu Burners is hotter than natural gas and is easily adjusted for fast cooking or slow simmering. Its low fuel consumption makes it cheaper to use than coal, wood or kerosene.

The Coleman Range has a spacious insulated oven and drawer-type broiler. An independently controlled burner provides any heat desired for baking or broiling.

Climaxing his achievement, Mr. Coleman endowed the Coleman Safety Range with gracious beauty, style and color.

Persons wishing full information about these marvelous new Coleman Ranges, will receive beautifully illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer by addressing a postcard to Mr. W. C. Coleman, Dept. WL-242, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Those Who Know SEEDS Buy From

W. H. Perron & Co. Ltd.
Specialists in
Seeds and Garden Accessories
935 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal
Their 1936 Garden Book (156 pages), bilingual, and the most complete and beautiful seed catalogue ever put out in North America, is sent Free on Request.

THE SALVATION ARMY
ANNUAL SELF-DENIAL APPEAL
The work of The Army has never been more necessary—
The problems have never been greater—
The urgency of the Army's appeal has never been stronger—
THAN TODAY
Your generous support of a great and necessary work is confidently solicited.
Please send your contribution:
Commissioner John McMillan, 20 Albert Street, Toronto