ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA"
TEA
311

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.

"Good boy!" Slade approved. "Get right out of it for a month or so. Get some green stuff into you, and some sea air through. Take a decent spell."

"A month!" Dan repeated. "What are you talking about? I'm finished here, Slade. A long spell? Cripes, you said it. Dan Prescott, he 'bin finissem all about' Domino, Slade."

He brought his hand down between the mine manager's shoulders and Slade groaned aloud.

"Don't do that," he said angrily. "I'm not 'finissem all about', you lunatic. And expound a little. Why the sudden resolution, and the hasty flight from Dandong?"

"Because I'm off to England," Dan said. "And if I ever come back, Slade, you can fry me slowly on the roof of that galvanised iron shed."

"Flying to England?" Slade asked with a grin.

"Good lord, no," Dan said hastily. "That reminds me. Do you think that plane is safe? Snowy had better give it a thorough overhaul before we pull out of here. I don't want anything to happen now."

"Safe!" Slade repeated, staring at Dan, open-mouthed. "Coming from you, that certainly caps the climax. Hey, Snowy! Dan Prescott wants to know whether your bus is safe."

"And my bus wants to know if it's safe to carry Dan Prescott," shouted the pilot. "What's the matter with the boss now? Touch of sun, or something?"

"Heart attack, I reckon," Slade said. "Personal and private heart attack, maybe."

"Aw, shut up' said Dan gruffly. "And go over that bus, Snowy. I'm not taking any risks."

"But, seriously, Dan," Slade said, "What am I to do, if you walk out on me now?"

"You walk out, too," Dan advised. "Listen, Slade! You and I have been doing the work, and we put up the front, didn't we? Well, Medlicott and Westerby have unloaded their shares on the mugs of London at fancy prices. They got £4 and £5 a share."

Slade pursed his lips in a prolonged whistle.

'Smart birds," he commented. "The stock is good, honest value at par; but further than that I'd not like to go."

"Medlicott is your concern," Dan said. "But I'm sort of responsible for Westerby. And I'm off to England to look after him."

"If he hears that you are coming he'll not wait," Slade said. "One reunion with you, Dan, is quite enough for Westerby."

"He'll wait," Dan said, "And he'll do what I tell him. So long, Slade. Farewell, Dangong! You'll never hear the nightingales sing here, Slade."

"Nightingales," repeated Slade. "Nightingales! That's the nearest we ever get to a nightingale in Dangong."

Snowy had started the aeroplane engine, and the camp was reverberating to its blatant roaring.

It was a beautiful day in early May, and Eve sat at her desk, conscious that spring fever, with all its sweetness and all its sense of longing and loneliness, was running riot in her veins. Her mind was busy with the events of a year ago, and the numb ache in her heart was saying that gone was the spring of yesterday, never to return.

The sound of a deep voice in the office outside made her stiffen in her chair; and then she heard Frankie's clear treble lifted in a cry of —

"Dan Prescott! You angel from heaven! Fancy remembering me!"

And then Dan himself flung the door open, and came striding in. A big bunch of Parma violets gave the clue to Frankie's cry, and told her that Dan, like herself, had been thinking back a year, to the day when first they met.

"I got your letter, Eve," Dan said; "and here I am."

Yes, there he was; big and brown; and just as shy and awkward as ever. Eve wanted to get up, but a weakness held her chained to her place.

"What 'lovely violets!" she said weakly.—"They remind me . . . it is just a year ago."

Dan dived into a capacious pocket and produced a case of blue leather.

"Does this remind you of anything?" he asked.

Eve nodded, watching him as he pressed the spring and handled the bracelet he had shown her, but had not dared to offer.

"You know what it means to me?" Dan asked, very stern now. "I told you long ago; but perhaps you have forgotten?"

Dumbly Eve shook her head; she had not forgotten.

Dan held it out, dangling on one finger.

"Well?" he asked huskily.

Eve's answer was to take the bracelet and clasp it on her wrist and lift it to her lips.

Then she was in Dan's arms. Dan was kissing her, and Eve was not [illegible] indeed, co-operating very effectively. They were so taken up with one another that they did not notice the entrance of Medlicott, and were startled when he called:—

"Hullo, Prescott! Welcome to our city."

Dan and Eve drew apart, confused by the interruption.

"We were just talking about you," Medlicott continued, twinkling genially, "Westerby, here's an old friend of yours."

Westerby made his entrance with a glad smile, and after him tripped Gladys, her eyes opened to their widest extent. Both men held their hands extended, but Dan plunged his fists into his coat pockets.

"I've got news for you, Westerby," he said. "You are catching the boat to Australia the day after tomorrow."

"Can't be done, old man," Westerby said, promptly, but his smile became fixed and uneasy.

"Who says so?" Dan asked. "You?"

He turned on Medlicott with the air of an angry tiger, but Medlicott smiled and shook his head.

"No business of mine," he said.

(To be Continued)

Not as I Do, As I Say

Doctor. "You are slightly morbid, my dear lady. You should look about you and marry again."

Widow: "Oh, dictor, is this a proposal?"

Doctor. "Allow me to remind you madame, that a doctor prescribes medicine, but he doesn't take it."

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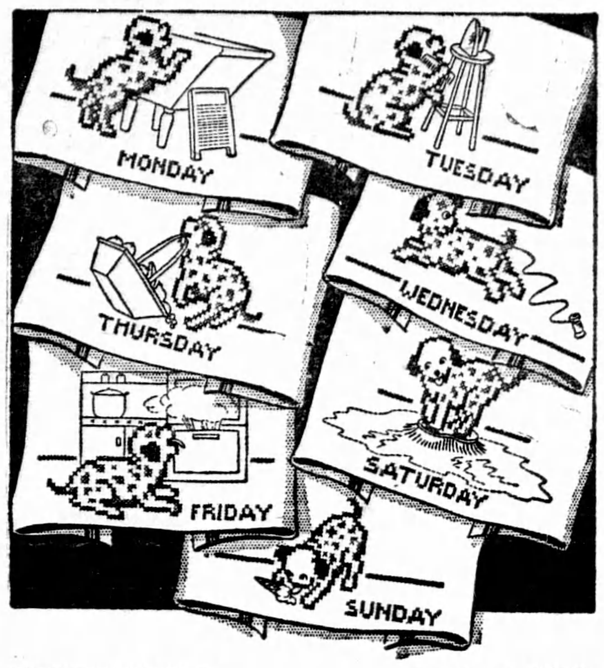

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Children Think Members Do Not Look Very Clever

Visitors in House Gallery Also Couldn't Hear What Was Going on Below

OTTAWA, — Forty little girls, aged 10 and 11, seated sedately in rows in the visitors' gallery, absorbed what they could hear of the speeches in the House of Commons as part of their education. Afterwards, in a bay windowed recess of a parliamentary corridor, they were questioned by their teacher, Miss Margaret McLean.

The girls have been studying "civics" all year and after this trip to give them a general idea of how the laws are made by men whose pictures they had seen in the papers, they were keen to show their knowledge.

Did they know who was the Prime Minister? A dozen hands went up, "Mr King." The gentlemen clustered around Mr. King were the Liberals. Who were those closest to Mr. King? A hand or two went up. They were the Cabinet ministers.

What were the gentlemen doing? One solitary hand went up. "They are making rules for Ottawa." No, that was not quite right, said Miss Mclean, they were not making rules for Ottawa, but Canada, nine provinces and one territory. And what did they do this afternoon? There was a general silence, then an outburst: "We couldn't hear."

Finally an onlooker asked a question: Did the children think the members looked very clever? The answer, the most unanimous came with one voice. "No," said the 40 little future voters.

English Divines Are Divided On War

(London Letter by David Darrah in Chicago Tribune)

That English churches are seriously split in their attitude toward war and toward the government's recruiting campaign is disclosed in outspoken utterances of British religious leaders.

A number of ministers are already facing the prospect of going to prison in event of war.

Another group is asking — Should pacifists pay income tax — especially the new additions expressly for armaments?

The cleavage it appears, is usually between clergymen over 40 years of age and those below.

A large proportion of the young men are pacifists who would not even succor wounded soldiers on the ground that to do so is to take part in war.

Among the older clergy are a majority who are strong supporters of the League of Nations, who uphold sanctions, and who would approve of the use of armed forces in case of need.

Conflict exists over what pacifism is, since these for the most part call themselves pacifists also.

It is difficult to arrive at estimates of the strength of the various groups within the free churches, but after discussions with well-informed persons it would sem that about a tenth to a fifth are extreme pacifists.

A fifth take an approximately Tory view that the British Empire must be preserved and fought for if the need arises.

The remainder support the League of Nations and collective security, a great many of them favoring an International force to do police work.

Of the Church of England, it is still more difficult to speak with accuracy. Only about 10 Anglican clergymen have joined the pacifist group pledged to take no part in war and to make it impossible.

Rough corresponding figures of the free churches are:

Methodist clergy, 691 out of 3,000.

Congregational, about 350 out of 2,000.

Baptists, possibly 200 out of 2,000.

In addition, Unitarian ministers who have renounced war number about 100, Presbyterians 70, and the Church of Scotland about 200.

It is clear that the proportion of the whole is comparatively small.

The attitude of Anglican clergy is complicated by the church's close association with the State and by personal family ties with near relatives serving in the armed forces.

The British recruiting campaign is proving to be very unsatisfactory from the government's standpoint. The War Office had hoped to enlist 30,000 men during the year. Twenty four weeks have passed and only about 9,600 men have been enlisted. The government's three minutes recruiting film, in which War Minister Duff-Cooper appealed for men, coupled with scenes if army life, was not an unqualified success. A well-informed person in the film industry said the film was unfortunate — did not have a good effect."

Dr. Donald Soper, minister at Islington Central Hall, London, and a joint secretary of the Methodist Fellowship of Peace, makes no bones about his opposition to recruiting. He speaks against it on Tower Hill.

"If the situation becomes really critical I should have to take upon myself the task of inciting to disaffection," he said. "I should advise soldiers to throw down their arms."

He forsees that his action might land him in jail.

Increase in Heart Disease Of Youth Due to Fast Life

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Boys and girls who stay up late of night, drinking and smoking and carrying on, are likely to come down with heart disease.

Dr. Howard B. Sprague, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, made that statement before the American Heart Association.

"Coronary heart disease," he said, "is increasing among the youth of today as a result of the faster tempo of the life they are leading."

The apparent increase in other forms of heart disease, he said, "is really due to the longer life periods of human beings as a result of modern advances in medicine."

He warned against taking exercise "in leaps and bounds."

"It is foolish," he added, "to play 36 holes of golf one day and then wait three months before going to the course again.

"If unused to exercise, the individual should not take on a program too heavy for his abilities."

There is, however, "no such thing as athlete's heart."

"What is generally referred to as athlete's heart," he said, "is really a nervous disorder which causes the heart to beat more quickly."

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Issue No. 23 — '36

Monkeys Revealed by Tests As Rugged Individualists

EVANSTON, Ill.—Socialistic practices, a psychologist reports, are unknown in monkeyland.

Rugged individualism is the standard there, Prof. D. L. Wolfel of the University of Mississippi, told the Midwestern Psychological Association.

Monkeys have no sense of co-operation, the professor said he determined in a series of experiments.

Wolfel said he placed two monkeys in cakes side by side. In front of the cages was a long lever mounted on a platform corresponding in length to the combined length of the cages.

The apparatus was so arranged that the monkey in Cage A could pull a chain and move the lever so it could carry a cup of food to the monkey in Cage B. On the opposite side of the cages, another lever could be manipulated by the monkey in Cage B to feed the monkey in Cage A.

All the monkeys—four pairs were used in 24 tests daily for more than a month—pulled the lever when there was food in the cup. They pulled just as regularly when the cup was empty.

Then a screen was placed between the cup and the monkey who did the pulling. The monkey in the other cage, able to see the food which was shielded from its partner, evidences excitement to which monkey No. 1 paid no attention.

Next one Monkey was removed from his cage. His partner pulled food into the empty cage as readily as when it was occupied.

Wolfel said his results proved the fallacy of legends of co-operation among animals.

Cow Raising Motherless Colt

Adopted at birth, last Februarf by a Holstein cow, the pure-bred racing colt owned by Mrs. R. E. Webster, of Maitland, is progressing splendidly. They make their daily visits to the pasture together. The colt was left motherless at birth but quickly acquired the desired relationship which has continued unbroken.

Quebec Again Refuses Grant Women Votes

QUEBEC, — For the 11th consecutive year, the women's suffrage bill was defeated in the Quebec Legislature recently by a vote of 43 to 24. The bill, came before the House for a second reading and after a debate in which several members of the Opposition voiced reasons for opposing the bill, the vote was called. All the Liberal members in the House voted against the motion proposing second reading, while 24 members of the Opposition voted in favour. Other Opposition members did not vote.

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