

The Free Press Short Story

THE GOLD OF THE RAINBOW

MILDRED SHANER BOSWELL

DAKNESS was stalking the rugged slopes beyond Rainbow Creek. The last crimson glow in the west had faded to a pale amber and even that soon would be obscured by the stealthy, creeping dusk. A faint haze, along the horizon and a new tang in the air warned of approaching winter.

Lynn Horton, sensing in some vague inner way, the perennial tragedy of decay, shivered involuntarily as he straightened up, running grimy fingers through his rough sun-browned hair. An unaccountable feeling of foreboding assailed him, although he had spent an unusually profitable day. Strange that Peter had not called him back to camp before this. Surely he must have returned long ago from his day's outing. Suppose he had met with some accident, for Peter was not the woodman Lynn was, who had spent most of his twenty years out of doors.

Suddenly anxious, Lynn decided that he had better get back to camp as quickly as possible. Gathering up his meager equipment of pick, shovel and pan, and making sure that the bag of gold which represented the results of his labor was securely fastened, he set out for camp.

Just before noon he had become so engrossed in his work that he had completely forgotten the sandwich he had taken with him that morning. He remembered now that it still lay in the hollow of the stump where he had placed it some time hours earlier. "Have to look for it when I come back next year," he said with a grin.

He quickly sobered, however as he rounded the bend in the creek which had hidden the camp from view. The place appeared strangely desolate and deserted. "Hey, Pete," he shouted, his long stride quickening to a run.

Unreasoning anger gripped him. Where on earth was Peter and why could not he have gone along with Lynn as usual instead of stubbornly insisting that he wanted to spend this last day at Rainbow alone. With a return of the hurt they had given him that morning, Peter's words now came back to Lynn. "For goodness sake go on and let me alone. Make your dollar a day if you can. If it hadn't been for me striking it rich last week, where would you be? You may think you're good because you know your way around out here a little better than I do, but you're pretty bad when it comes to finding gold." With deliberate insult he had added, "I'm sick of the sight of you."

Peter Crik had then stalked away. Lynn had angrily watched him depart. His angry words had deepened the sting of the quarrel which had occurred a few days before—and Lynn had hoped that it was buried forever.

Now Peter was not in camp! A feeling of panic swept over Lynn. He began shouting Peter's name again, this time more loudly; but only the echo of his own voice answered him. He dashed into the tent they shared, looking vainly for some reassuring sign. Perhaps Peter had fallen asleep. No one was there. Suddenly Lynn noticed that the place had a strangely empty look. The splash of color made by Peter's old red sweater was gone, and Peter's old was denuded of its blankets. Only then did the grim truth penetrate: Peter had deliberately run away!

Dazedly Lynn went over to their cache behind a clump of bushes, and uncovered the box of their gold. It was all there, even the little sack of nuggets was undisturbed. When he shook out the contents, however, they were only rough stones in place of the lumps of gold.

Hours later, sitting before the embers of his camp fire, Lynn reviewed in his mind the events of the past year. He and Peter had both enrolled as Freshmen at Western University the previous fall. His blue eyes darkened with pain as Lynn recalled the double tragedy of the automobile accident which had robbed him of both father and mother little more than a year ago. When affairs were straightened up he had found himself in possession of a battered old car, "Rattlebones," a thousand dollars and a determination to put himself through mining school. He had entered Western University and there he had met Peter Crik from back East.

They had taken rooms in the same house, but Peter had not invited friendliness. He was a handsome lad with crisp black hair, dark eyes and an ease of bearing that had marked him as coming from a family of wealth and culture. His clothes were of excellent cut but after a time Lynn had noticed that they were growing a little worn at the elbow and cuff.

The day in February which marked the beginning of their friendship came back to Lynn now. Meeting Peter on the steps with a package under his arm, he had been struck by the sudden suspicion that the young man looked almost hungry. He had decided to investigate. After his own plain supper at the Blue Goose Cafe where he had worked part time for his meals, he had knocked on the door of Peter's room. He had heard

hidden in their dark breasts. He decided he had better go to bed.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly. For a moment the events of the evening before seemed only a bad dream. The next moment he was wondering if he actually had lost his mind. There, on the hook where it had hung all summer, dangled Peter's red sweater. "Why—what?" Leaping from his cot, he whirled to confront a haggard figure which had appeared in the doorway of the tent.

Finally Peter broke the silence. "Well Lynn, I've come back."

"But, Pete, I don't understand—why days—where were you?"

Peter walked over to his own cot and sat down, leaning his head in his hands. "Lynn," he said in a low voice, "you can't possibly despise me as much as I despise myself. I want to tell you what happened, and then you won't need to be bothered with me anymore. First I want you to know that I've brought the gold nuggets back and they are all yours."

"Suppose we settle that later, Pete," said Lynn gently. "And now I'd like to know where you've been."

A crooked smile touched his lips as Peter answered. "Well, I really haven't been so far, but I've learned a lot—some things I'll never forget." He paused a moment, and then went on. "I got back to camp about noon yesterday, still angry and feeling sore for myself. I decided to take one more look at the nuggets and then get to work at packing. But when I saw the gold it seemed to start of blind me. So I took the nuggets, packed a few things, and set out.

"Then I began to think of Dad and how he would scorn such an act. I knew I could never face him if I didn't come back and make things right. I hurried to reach camp before you returned, but somehow I lost my way. By the time I got here, you had returned, and I didn't have the courage to face you. At first I was going to leave the nuggets after you had fallen asleep and then leave; but I knew that would be cowardly. I learned last night, Lynn, that God is very near under the pines."

"And now there's just one more thing, I am going to write to Dad and tell him where I am. I can see now how wrong I have been in not telling him. It was just my silly pride. I know that when I tell him what a real friend you have been to me, he will be glad to loan you all the money you need to finish your course, and—"

"Whoa, there, Pete," Lynn interrupted. "Let me do a little of the talking. In the first place, we are still partners, the same as ever. The fact that you did come back squares everything between us, and we need never mention this affair again. In the second place, we've made enough ourselves to get through school this next year."

"But I don't see how—"

"Pete, listen to this. I made a strike yesterday. I dug into a pocket of slugs in that old creek bed that'll knock your eyes out. From the weight I'd say they're worth about fifteen hundred dollars at the very least."

Peter seemed to be swallowing something. "Oh, Lynn," he gulped. Words failed him. What could he say in the face of a friendship like this?

**NEW MINERAL DISCOVERED IN EASTERN CANADA**

The possibility of a new mineral being added to the list of those now produced in Canada is foreseen as a result of the recent discovery by M. P. Goudge, of the Bureau of Mines, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa, that certain large deposits of crystalline limestone at Rutherglen, Ontario, and Bryson, Quebec, contain from 20 to 40 per cent. of a magnesium mineral known as brucite.

The commercial aspects of these deposits as a source of brucite are now being investigated by the Bureau of Mines.

Magnesium minerals such as magnesite, dolomite, and brucite have come into greater demand in the past few years for the making of refractory products, and as a source of magnesium metal. Deposits of dolomite are abundant in many parts of Canada, magnesite is found in British Columbia, and deposits of magnesite dolomite are worked in Argenteuil county, Quebec, but hitherto pure brucite, which contains a higher percentage of magnesia than either magnesite or dolomite, was not known to occur in this country.

**BORROWING NEWSPAPERS**

Recently we have been trying to collect outstanding subscriptions because we need the money, and because outside advertising is based on paid-up subscriptions.

It is surprising what takes we hear. One woman who has been a subscriber for years, had, through no fault of her own, gotten behind. She came in to talk the matter over and she said: "Three of my neighbors get The Echo from me every week and they all have more money than I have." She told us who they were and we smiled when we heard of one, for we remembered he cancelled his subscription because he received a letter when it was overdue. Ho hum, there is one satisfaction and that is they all read it—whether they pay or not. A weekly paper is like a wife—every man should have one of his own.—Wiarlo, Echo.

**HIS OBJECTION**

Teacher—"Why are wars, objectionable?"

Pupil—"Because they make history."

**TOO BAD FOR JOE**

Joshua Means he used to say it meant to have his right of way. So he didn't listen, look and stop. They towed Joe's filver to the shop and in the course of a week, or two, they had it about as good as new. But although they hunted high and low they found no extra parts for Joe.

**WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION**

There were 5,008 accidents reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board during October, as compared with 5,121 during September, and 6,556 during October a year ago.

The total benefits awarded amounted to \$594,318.85, of which \$501,150.05 was for compensation and \$93,168.80 for medical aid.

To date this year there have been 50,093 accidents reported to the Board, as compared with 58,225 during the corresponding period of 1937, and the benefits awarded amount to \$5,271,491.98, as against \$5,014,570.57 to the end of October last year.

**QUEER RECOGNITION**

Old Scottish Householder—Maggie, ye hae served faithfully for twenty-five years, an' frae now on we will regard ye as a member of the family. As such, ye will receive nae salary.

**HIS REASON**

Jeanie: "Why don't you eat your apple, Sandy?"

Sandy: "I'm waiting for Jock Smith to come along. Apples taste much better if there's another boy looking on."

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

Mollere was asked why in some countries the king may assume the crown when 14 years old, but cannot marry until he is 18.

"Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom," was the reply.

**NOT MUCH BETTER**

Son—Dad, I have managed to raise two dollars.

Father—Good—a youth should try as early as possible to make himself independent of his father. What did you do to get it?

Son—Borrowed it from mother.

**ECONOMY THAT HURTS**

For several days Macdougall had suffered agony with the toothache and his wife asked him the inevitable question: "Why don't you ha'e them out?"

Mac, between groans, replied: "I'll cost a lot o' silver tae ha'e six drawn, Maggie."

Maggie—"He'll no charge mair than five boe with gas?"

Mac—"Five bob! Phone, and ask him how much he'll charge just to loosen them—I've awful strong fing'rs."

**AN APT LINGUIST**

A French mistress was instructing a class of small people in the elements of her language. One little boy, on being asked to repeat a certain sentence, hesitated and the teacher began helpfully: "Ced'yeux."

The pupil's eyes brightened. "See me," he answered triumphantly.

**HERE IT IS!**

An old lady's advice on choosing a gardener:

"Look at his trousers. If they are patched on the knees, you want him; if they're patched on the seat, you don't."

**WHERE THEY WERE**

"How many brothers have you?"

"Two alive, and one in America."

Performed Operation on Five Famous Sisters



The famous Dionne quintuplets were reported in fine shape and demanding food following the removal of their tonsils and adenoids. The operation was performed at their Callander home by Dr. D. E. S. Wishart, of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children. A view of the table upon which the operations were performed is shown above with the nurses and doctors, who were in charge of them, grouped around it. Left to Right: Wishart, Nurse Joan Masten, who acted as the operating table, Dr. D. E. S. Wishart, who administered the anaesthetics, Nurse Edna Ulrichson, and Dr. John McCree.

# CARROLL'S

|   |   |  |  |
|---|---|--|--|
| <b>Burford PEACHES</b><br>HALVES<br>2 16-oz. tins 21c                             | <b>MIXED PEEL RAISINS</b><br>Seeded Raisins<br>pound 21c<br>pound 15c | <b>Loch Lomond SANDWICH BISCUITS</b><br>2 lbs. 25c                                       |  |
| Our Best Spaghetti or <b>MACARONI</b><br>pound 5c                                 | <b>Maple Leaf PURE LARD</b><br>1-lb. pkg. 11c                         | Tender Peasol <b>PORK ROLLS</b><br>pound 21c   |  |
| Our Good Old <b>CHEESE</b><br>pound 23c   | <b>Green Valley PEAS</b><br>SIEVE 4<br>2 17-oz. tins 15c              | Our Sliced Side <b>BACON</b><br>pound 27c  |  |
| <b>Grapefruit</b><br>7 Medium Large 25c<br>7 Marsh Seedless 25c                   | <b>Maple Leaf TOMATOES</b><br>2 No. 2 tins 15c                        | Our Fresh <b>ROLLED OATS</b><br>5 lbs. 19c   |  |
| <b>Parsnips</b><br>4 Fresh and Clean lbs. for 9c                                  | Eagle Brand <b>BLUEBERRIES</b><br>No. 2 tin 9c                        | Small White <b>BEANS</b><br>4 pounds 11c   |  |
| <b>Onions</b><br>6 Nice Size lbs. for 9c  | Our Dandelion <b>TEA</b><br>1-lb. pkg. 41c                            | Boneless <b>CODFISH</b><br>1-lb. pkg. 15c  |  |
| <b>Carrots</b><br>5 Delicious Cookers lbs. for 9c                                 | Carroll's Baking <b>POWDER</b><br>10-oz. tin 17c                      | <b>Silver Ribbon TOMATO JUICE</b><br>2 25-oz. tins 15c                                   |  |
| <b>Apples</b><br>GRIMES GOLDEN<br>5 lbs. Delicious for Baking or Eating, etc. 14c | <b>Silver Star PASTRY FLOUR</b><br>24-lb. bag 45c                     | <b>GOOD! Mealtime Bedtime FRY'S COCOA</b><br>1-lb. tin 19c<br>TALK COCOA IS BETTER COCOA |  |
| <b>Grapes</b><br>EMPEROR<br>3 lbs. Sweet and Fresh Large Berries 25c              | <b>Bananas</b><br>Golden Yellow<br>Nice Size per dozen 23c            | <b>5-String CORN BROOMS</b><br>Each 25c  |  |
| <b>Cabbage</b><br>Firm and Green Heads<br>Nice Size, each 5c                      | <b>Oranges</b><br>Nice Size — Sweet and Juicy, dozen 15c              | Carroll's Limited  |  |

MUSHROOMS — BUTTER, First Grade, Priced to Save

CARROLL'S LIMITED

MILL STREET  
Free Delivery  
STORE CLOSED WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS  
PHONE 158