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Christie's Biscuits
"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

Rainbow Gold
by
E. C. BULEY

STORY

Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby had gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast.

Westerby has a fiancée, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde, Gordon's former fiancée, Gladys Clements, in London and when Dan arrives she leaves her to Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

Dan stood gazing helplessly into the languishing eyes that smiled in his. Gladys was shaking his hands up and down and inviting his admiration. Her patent satisfaction and happiness was a pathetic thing to Dan, as he tried to frame some sentence which would effectually dissipate it. He knew just what he ought to say, but the words stuck in his throat.

How could he say that he was not Gordon Westerby, but a stranger; that Westerby had married an Australian bride and had been false to the radiant, affectionate girl who confronted him? While Dan was struggling with his difficulty she flung herself upon him again, bearing him back into an easy chair which creaked under the burden of them.

"Hold me tighter," she commanded, and then her clinging lips met Dan's again. Dan was an orphan; and all the affection he had ever known in his life had been the strong hand-cup of some wanderer like himself. He almost swooned under the demonstrative fondness lavished upon him; but he thrilled to it at the same time.

A hoarse chuckle from the doorway caused Gladys to turn her head, and permit Dan a view of the interrupter. "Break away!" chuckled a stout little woman, in a gay wrapper whose lined baby face held a pair of rolling dark eyes which proclaimed her relationship to Gladys.

"What do you want to come butting in for, ma?" Gladys asked cheerfully, at the same time rising to her feet. Abashed beyond all precedent, Dan followed her example. And then Mrs. Clements came upon him, not with the suddenness of her daughter, but with intentions which were obvious enough. A hearty smack on each cheek, and heartier hug, were bestowed upon him with the extremity

of goodwill. Clements were an affectionate family, and not ashamed of showing it.

"Welcome to me future son-in-law," wheezed the mother of Gladys. "I didn't kiss yer on the mouth because I've got a 'orrid cold in me 'ead. What would you do, Gordon, for a 'orrid cold in the 'ead?"

Dan would like to have recommended a couple of aspirin, but was too bashful still for speech.

"You go and see to the pancakes for lunch," Mrs. Clements commanded. "You've all your life before you for billing and cooing."

As Gladys blithely left the room to fulfil the instruction, her mother said:

"And you never set tooth in a better pancake than my girl can toss. Fit to set before the P. of W."

The conversation which followed was complicated by Mrs. Clements' addition to the use of initials, rather than names of any kind. Her daughter was G., so what was she to call her son-in-law, whose name also began with G?

Don gruffly remarked that most people shortened Gordon to Don; and was instantly installed in the household as D.

"And let me tell you, D.," Mrs. Clements confided, "I am more than pleased to see you in me drawing-room and to know that G. is provided for for life. I admit I was against her answering your letter, when it came to the house wrapped up in a package of Australian dried apricots. 'For,' I says to G., 'The man who wrote that letter may have written a score or a hundred such. By this time he may be writing to half a dozen girls in England. Knowing what I do of men, I wouldn't put it

Dan drew a deep breath. Understanding began to reach him through the haze of words and strange events. He had first met Westerby when they were both working at a fruit canning and preserving factory at Milldura. The trick of writing messages on the paper wrappings of apples, or enclosing them in packages of dried fruit, was well known to him.

Like the letters enclosed in bottles and cast into the ocean, most of these communications were lost and

Rogers Joins Bunch Of Old Joshers

Some of Will Rogers' quaint thoughts are recalled from the pages of a book written by his old friend, the late Charles M. Russell, Montana cowboy artist. Russell died several years ago as he was about to complete the book, "Trails Plowed Under," a collection of reminiscences of the old west, illustrated by his own paintings and drawings. The book was published last year.

Rogers wrote the introduction in the form of a letter to his old friend in the other world. It was done about nine years ago.

With characteristic modesty Rogers disclaimed the ability to write an introduction. Continuing, he said: "There ain't much news here to tell you. You know the big Boss gent sent a hand over and got you so quick Charley, but I guess he needed a good man pretty bad. I hear they been working short-handed over there pretty much all the time, I guess it's hard for Him to get hold of good men, they are just getting scarce everywhere . . .

" . . . I bet you hadn't been up there three days until you had cut your old pencil and was a drawing something funny about some of their old punchers. . . . I bet you Mark Twain and old Bill Nye, and Whitcomb Riley and a whole bunch of those old joshers; was just a waiting for you to pop in with all the latest ones, what kind of a bird is Washington and Jefferson. I bet they are regular fellows when you meet 'em ain't they? Most big men are."

"I would like to see the bunch that is gathered around you the first time you tell the one about putting the hamburger cheese in the old nestors whiskers. Don't tell that Charley until you get Lincoln around you, he would love that, I bet you and him kinder throw in together when you get well acquainted, darn it when I get to thinking about all them old top hands up there, if I could just hold a horse wrangling job with em, I wouldn't mind following that wagon myself. . . .

"You will run onto me old dad up there Charley, for he was a real cow-hand and I bet he is running a wagon, and you will pop into some well kept ranch house over under some cool shady trees and you will be asked to have dinner, and it will be the best you ever had in your life, when you are a thanking the women folks, you just tell the sweet looking little old lady that you knew her boy back on an outfit you used to her for, and tell the daughters that you knew their brother, and if you see a cute little rascal running around there kiss him for me. Well can't write you any more Charley dam papers all wet, it must be raining in this old bunk house."

"Of course we are all just a hanging on here as long as we can, I don't know why we hate to go, we know it better there. Maby its because we havevent done anything that will live after we are gone."

"From your old friend."

"Will."

QUEER WORLD

TO BE CONTINUED

Charles I, in want of money in 1641, bought of the old East India Company the whole of their stocks of pepper (then a very valuable commodity) on credit, and sold it for cash.

Down 403 steps, up 403 steps, six days a week, month after month, year after year, is part of the normal work of Mr. R. G. Rees, postman of Holyhead, who delivers the mail to South Stack Lighthouse, Anglesey.

Karachi, the Indian airport, has an aerial milestone which indicates the way and distance by air to London, Baghdad, Delhi, and Queta. It is visible from a height of 2,000 feet.

Apples weighing 8 lb. each have been grown by Mr. Ichitaro Matsuda, of Nagano, Japan. Although sour, they have a good flavour. Their size is the result of many experiments.

The Pope has been presented with a wonderful "Eucharistic" clock. It is about two feet high and has a globe-map of the world which is lighted by electricity. On the map is indicated the time at which Mass is being celebrated at any particular moment in any part of the world.

Yorkshire is more than three times the size of Lancashire, but its population is 663,766 less.

Salada Orange Pekoe Blend will prove a sheer delight to lovers of fine tea.

'SALADA' TEA

Campus Clothes Must be Both Smart and Useful

The Co-ed's Wardrobe Is On Display From Morning Until Night, So Use Discrimination.

One pair of pumps for afternoon clothes.

A dressy hat for afternoon clothes. Evening slippers, sandals either silver or dyed to match dresses.

Evening bag either beaded or brocade.

Earrings and other jewellery to be worn with evening clothes.

Pearl stud earrings and necklace for daytime clothes.

1 pair suede gloves.

LUGGAGE

1 trunk.

1 week-end case.

A "duffle bag" is a handy thing to have around and one of those rubber-lined toilet rolls or handbags is almost a necessity to carry your toilet things to and from the bath.

GOOD TASTE

Of course, all these things need not be brought for immediate use. The list is just a "guide" to help you choose your frocks. If you want simple things not only because they may be easily cared for but because simplicity is always the hall mark of good taste. Don't discard all your old things — you may be glad to have them.

STREET AND CAMPUS

Harris tweed coat. Fur coat, if possible. Twin sweaters in gay colors. 1 slip-over sweater that will contrast with skirts. 2 woollen dresses (for campus dates and football games) 2 silk afternoon dresses (one dark and one bright). 1 tea dance dress. Dress coat fur trimmed.

SPORTS APPAREL

1 tennis dress (for that Indian summer which you are sure to have after you get back). A white dress, or a white sweater and skirt for special occasion. A riding habit, if you ride. A ski-suit with matching or contrasting woollen accessories, cap, scarf, mittens, socks, etc. and ski boots.

ACCESSORIES

Brown accessories to go with tweed coat, calf or pigskin gloves, leather purse, and ghillie Oxford; brown felt riding type hat. Couple of Basque berets.

Planting Trees On Farms

Observes the Brussels Post.—There is a Perth County farmer who some years ago started planting trees in a ravine on his property. He said he knew it would never be possible to cultivate the land, and he wanted trees there for two purposes. The first may seem simple — he liked trees — and then he was certain the bush would be a good place for pasturing cattle in hot weather.

The trees are such as are found in ordinary woodlot, but there are a number of spruce and pine as well. The spot today is a place of beauty. That is not all. Last Winter he took out eight cords of wood, and the stuff he removed was surplus growth or broke down trees. He says it looks better now that the eight cords of wood were removed. To look at the place today one would think trees had never been removed from it.

It is much easier to get young trees today than it used to be, and there are plenty of farms where there is a piece of land which might well be put to growing trees. The people on the land today may not get the benefit, but the next generation will.

"Actors are expected to say things that are impressive. And when they don't, people are disappointed," Katherine Hepburn.

Liver-Fed Trout Make Big Gains Seven Ounces Each In 11 Months

As proof of what selective breeding and efficient feeding methods can do in hastening the growth of trout, consider the case of speckled trout fingerlings raised at the fish hatchery operated by the Dominion Department of Fisheries at Antigonish, N.S., where they reached in 11 months as great a weight as three-year-old fish living under natural conditions and foraging for themselves.

There were 10 fingerlings in the lot that was studied and all of them were the progeny of selected parents. When first put on the scales these fish babies weighed less than a pound, but in slightly less than 11 months they had grown to weigh 700 ounces, which simple arithmetic shows to have meant an average of seven ounces each.

Other studies — for instance, research by fisheries biologists in Ontario — have indicated that trout living wild take about two and one-half years to reach an average weight of seven ounces, though it must be kept in mind, of course, that bodies of water, like parcels of land, vary in their fertility and fish grow faster in some lakes and streams than in others.

The fingerlings handled in the Antigonish test were not only the product of selective breeding but they were fed, of course, in accordance with approved hatchery practice. For the most part, their diet consisted of beef liver. In approximately the first month of the test their aggregate

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To Throw Off Energy-Seeking Impurities, enjoy a glass or two each week of
Energizing, Effervescent ANDREWS LIVER SALT
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Issue No. 37 — '35

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ALSO MADE UP IN CIGARETTE TOBACCO

ANECDOTES

The romantic story of how Lord Baden-Powell—founder of the Boy Scout movement—used the science of tracking in selecting a wife, is told by the famous Scoutmaster (in his reminiscences "Lessons of a Lifetime.") Baden-Powell did not marry until he was well over 50 and out of the British Army. In fact, he was looked on as a "confirmed old bachelor," although his best friend once warned him when the subject cropped up:

"You'll get it in the neck one day when you least expect it, old boy!"

"And I did," chuckles B-P (as he is affectionately known.)

It is how it happened—as told by himself:

"In the course of following up the science of tracking I had practised the art of deducing people's character from their footprints and gait. Native trackers the world over read the characters as well as the actions or intentions of the footprinter, e.g., toes turned up imply a liar, outside heel depression means adventurous, and so on.

"In this research I came to the conclusion, for instance, that about 46 percent of women were very adventurous with one leg and hesitant on the other, i.e., liable to act on impulse. So when I came to an exception it caught my attention.

"One such I noted where a girl — a total stranger to me and whose face I had not seen — trod in a way that showed her to be possessed of honesty of purpose and common-sense as well as of the spirit of adventure. I happened to notice that she had a spaniel with her. This was while I was still in the Army and I was going into Knightsbridge Barracks (London) at the time. I thought no more of it.

"Two years later, on board my ship for the West Indies, I recognized the same gait in a fellow-passenger. When introduced I charged her with living in London. Wrong. My sleuthing was at fault; she lived in Dorsetshire!

"But have you not a brown and white spaniel?"

"Yes." (Surprise registered.)

"Were you never in London? Near Knightsbridge Barracks?"

"Yes, two years ago."

"So we were married," adds B-P, "and lived happily ever after."

You would hardly expect to find a popular novelist in the tobacco business, would you? It is a fact, however, that Gilbert Frankau founded a firm well-known in the tobacco trade. He based his novel, "Peter Jackson: Cigar Merchant," upon the firm's early history, and the cigarettes that helped to make Peter Jackson's fortune were actually a popular brand. Frankau's mother was also a well-known novelist, so that probably counts for something. She wrote many best-sellers under the pen name "Frank Danby."

The most difficult thing in writing is at the beginning, the initial phrase, declares Maxim Gorky, noted Russian novelist—and most writers will agree with him.

"As in music, it gives the tone to the entire composition," he adds. "Sometimes I search for it for a long time. I smoke incessantly while at work. I have never been able to forego the pleasure of writing with a pen. It seems to me that the type-writer has a bad influence upon the rhythm of a phrase. After a manuscript is finished, I correct it two or three times, eliminating whole pages and scenes. When it is finally complete, it is only with difficulty that I can read it over, and then almost always with a sense of failure."

An American woman, an English woman, and an Englishman, joyous companions on an adventurous and, indeed, a hazardous journey over the Himalayas—or rather, one of them—were resting at a small station in a far away corner of northwest India. Breakfast over, the American woman, Henrietta Sands Merrick—who has written a delightful story of the adventurer, "In The World's Attic"—remembered some letters she wanted to send back to civilization. So she said to the Englishman—Sandy for short:

"Will you mail them for me, Sandy?"

"No," he replied, "I'll post them." That started something, for, says Mrs. Merrick:

"We had fun emphasizing the difference between English and American. They spoke of flats, I called them apartments. Candy was sweets to them; their elevators were lifts. They said topping while I cried bully. They spoke of a proper saddle that was a good one to me. Cupboards to them were closets to me. I learned that an English girl never had a beau . . . merely a 'young man'; and that not one 'running' baby exists in the realm.

Home Polisher
Admiring Visitor: "My dear Mrs. Strong, these brasses of your shine beautifully. May I enquire what you use to clean them?"
Mrs. Strong (a determined looking lady): "You may; my husband."

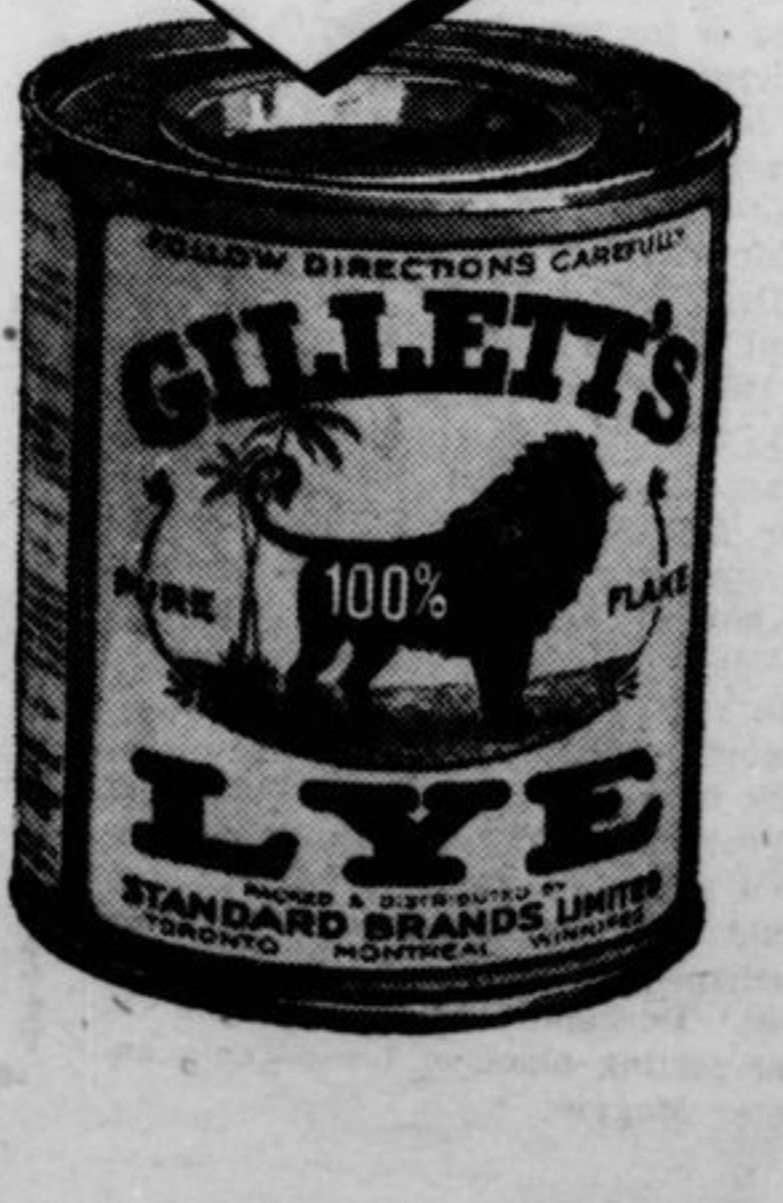


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