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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 fiancée, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive



ASK YOUR DOCTOR FIRST, MOTHER

Before You Give Your Child an Unknown Remedy to Take

Every day unthinkingly, mothers take the advice of unqualified persons—instead of their doctors—on remedies for their children.

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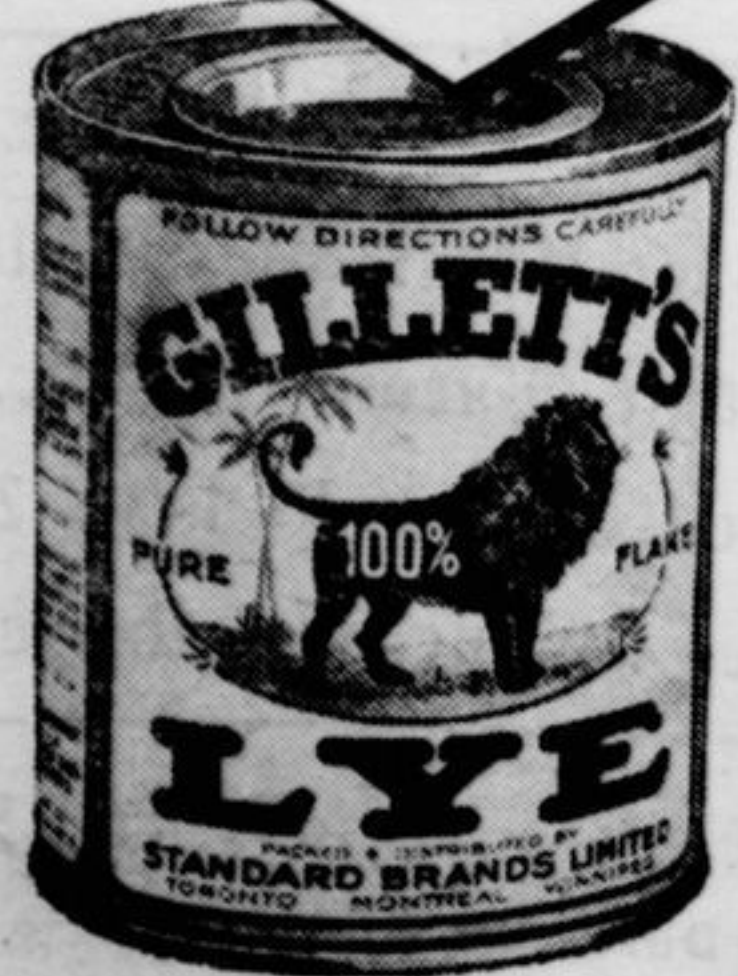
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insistence of his message relieved his feelings somewhat. The telephone call meant that Westerby would be talking to him after midnight, by Australian time.

Then he boarded a west-bound bus and rode as far as the Marble Arch, turning over in his mind the exact position of Miss Gladys Clements.

The girl certainly had a claim to consider herself betrothed; but to whom? To Westerby, on the evidence of the letters what Lothario must have written. But Dan experienced a sinking feeling, when he realized that it was Dan Prescott who had slipped the engagement ring on her finger, and who had permitted himself to be exhibited to her friends as a prospective husband.

"Cripes!" he murmured. "She's either engaged to two men, or to neither of them. But Westerby started it, and he's got to see it through to the finish."

Dan found the sort of sweet shop he wanted in Oxford Street, and with the help of sympathetic sales girls, contrived to be fairly lavish, without presenting the appearance of ostentation. Next door was a flower shop, and a big bowl of Parrotia caught Dan's roving eye. He felt very satisfied with himself, as he paid for two big sweet-smelling bunches.

"I wish you were twins, Mr. Prescott," said Frankie Carruthers, sniffing appreciatively at the flowers, when Dan shyly offered them. "And your taste in choccs, shows that some girl must have trained you properly. A man has to be properly bullied out of buying expensive boxes with nothing in them but a few stale sweets."

Frankie's young-feller-me-lad manner put Dan at his ease. The little Italian restaurant, with its strange dishes and polygot patrons, was a complete novelty to Dan.

The girls both found his unaffected enjoyment of the modest meal a substantial part of the entertainment. He proved an admirable listener, both at the dinner table and at the play which followed. And after the play he accepted dismissal like a lamb, saying good-night as they entered the taxi which they shared to their homes.

"I think I'll get me another dog, Eve," Frankie said, apropos of nothing at all. "I miss Pompos since he was killed by that car. There's a lot in owning a dog when you come down in the morning. You start the day by meeting a pair of eyes that tell you how wonderful you are. Pomp used to make me feel the most wonderful thing ever created."

"I'd like a dog," Eve agreed. "But my landlady will not have one in the house."

"I wasn't thinking of a dog for you, but for me," Frankie retorted. "You are never likely to need a dog as I do."

"But why not?" Eve asked, lifting her eyebrows.

Frankie was about to say something about a man, whose eyes had been fixed on Eve with just the worshipping look that one sees in the eyes of a nice dog. But she put a check on her sharp tongue remembering that many a budding romance had been ruined by ill-timed jesting.

"You've never owned a dog, have you?" she replied. "You don't experience the need of indiscriminating admiration, as I do. In the end, I expect you'll content yourself with a mere husband."

"Suppose you were to stop talking nonsense!" Eve suggested.

A flash of colour in her cheeks told Frankie that the shot had gone home.

"Let's talk about Dan Prescott," Frankie suggested. "The social contacts people have their knives into him, and presently they'll begin to

twist them around. You and I, Eve darling, had better start scouting for our nice boy friend."

"What can they have against him?" Eve asked.

"You are an awfully dumb woman at times," Frankie complained. Don't you see the chief's idea? Dan Prescott is to provide his own contacts. He's more convincing than the whole lot of them; even the woman with the double-barrelled name. And that his social contacts in its tenderest spot."

"Where's that?" Eve asked.

"The breeches pocket," Frankie said bluntly. "So they have settled it that Dan is a spoof and a bluffer. And I call it darned disloyal."

"Do you mean that Mr. Prescott is to be used for selling shares in this mine, after risking his life to discover it?" Eve asked.

"What else? And the fat commissions don't come the way of those smooth share pushers. Its a great idea of the chief's. Dan's got a manner that will wrench cheques from the flint-hearted."

"He's a very genuine sincere man," Eve said.

"He makes all the motions," Frankie agreed. "But don't forget he is selling a goldmine for a quarter of a million, Eve. The last simple child of nature who did that came to a bad end—for the purchasers."

"How was that?" Eve asked.

"He got his claws on the cash, and vanished into the great open spaces, where men are men," Frankie explained. "He left the mine as a souvenir, but the one thing that couldn't be found in it was gold."

(To be Continued)

Eighteen calves have been born to Galka, a cow, in six calvings at Kursk, Russia. Twice, in 1931 and 1935, she gave birth to four calves at each calving. Galka is now under scientific observation.

2,600,000 bunches of bananas, weighing 35,978 tons, were landed by the Port of London Authority, last year.

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understand and it would be an excellent beginning for a classical education.—Letter in Nursery World.

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Priest-in-Charge wanted for St. Mary's, Ash Vale, Catholic essential. Fast bowler preferred.—Church Times.

This being so, the provision, that a certain part of any such supplementary non-contractual remuneration should increase for the future the fixed contractual minimum, was from the point of view of the Buyer a really valuable set-off to the fact that, in order to get the Buyership at all, he had to accept terms of tenure that would make it very difficult for him to take off to some competitor of the Partnership the knowledge that he would never get unless he appointed him to this Buyership.—Partnership Gazette.

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THEY'LL PINCH!

Granny's Shoes Don't Fit Modern Feet

London, Ont.—Only a modern Cinderella could slip her toes into the dainty shoes of her great-grandmother as displayed at the Western Fair. Some of these little shoes repose at home in old-fashioned cupboards but they won't go on the feet of the modern young woman, who wears smart brogues and doesn't mind admitting to a size six or thereabouts. (A shoe salesman will tell you, by the way, that sizes now include length and width and are not to be compared with the old.)

Even the waistlines of the 40's, 50's and 60's could be spanned with two hands. But these were green-room secrets. When the small, but extremely interesting parade passed out of the Women's Institute at the Western Fair before going over to the grandstand for judging, a bit of long-ago Ontario came to life, and town and country people paused to look.

The prize-winning costume was worn by Miss Mary Goarley of Thorndale, whose "ensemble" was complete in every detail. Miss Goarley wore the tailored linen suit or "costume" which formed a part of the trousseau of Mrs. Fallows, mother of the Housa Falls, of West Nisour, as an English bride. Of natural-colored linen, still in beautiful condition, the skirt was worn over a crinoline, and a hand-made petticoat of fine lace-edged cotton also of the period. High shoes, with large buttons, and small pointed toe, caps completed the costume. These were of a somewhat later date than the gown.

The second prize went to Isobel Gregory of Coldstream, for a gown nearly a century old but in almost perfect condition. This was of orchid figured taffeta, elaborately trimmed with orchid buttons. The gown, once the property of Mrs. Dal Hart, wife of a minister of the Church of Scotland in the Orkney Islands, was worn at a moderators' breakfast in Scotland. The original owner, if alive, would now be 167 years old.

Mrs. John Needham of Hicerton, carried off the third prize with her beautiful paisley shawl, 150 years ago, sent to the Paisley family in Ontario from Paisley, Scotland. Under it was worn Mrs. Paisley's own gown, of black satin in basque design.

Majority of Delinquency Cases Result of Mental Conflict, Declares Clinic Head

Interesting views on "Juvenile Delinquency" were heard at the conference of the New Education Fellowship at St. Andrews recently.

Catherine McCallum, of Glasgow University, who is responsible for an educational clinic, said that the majority of delinquency cases brought before the clinic were the result of mental conflict.

She criticized mothers who attempted to keep attached to themselves boys aged from seven to ten whose natural attachment was towards the father.

Frequently the boy of ten to twelve transferred his interest outside the home to a Boys' Brigade officer or Scout leader, she declared.

Girls, also, were inclined to transfer their attachment, but when a girl of from 15 to 18 came under the influence of a strongly opinionated woman a lot of harm could be done.

A. J. Lynch, chairman of the Tottenham Education Committee, speaking as a magistrate, said that in a case where seven boys were brought before the Bench on a charge of housebreaking, it was found that the parents spent evening after evening in entertainment outside the home, while the children were left for themselves.

Most of the cases of delinquency came from large families where people lived in restricted accommodation at high rents and on low incomes.

Of the 300 cases he dealt with last year not one of the boys or girls belonged to an institution or club.

Pretty Cooks

Domestic Science Teachers Get Married Too Quickly

Wilmington, Del.—What is so rare as a beautiful cook? Ah! the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. H. V. Holloway, doesn't know.

He does know that as fast as the state employs pretty teachers for domestic science courses, young men carry them off to the altar.

Something has to be done about it. The yearly turnover averages a third.

Ali Baba..

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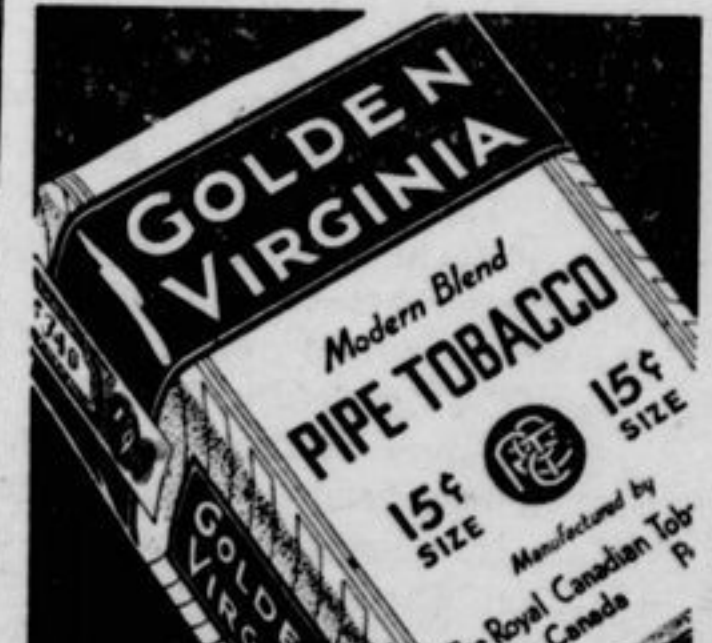
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