

# Rainbow Gold

by  
**E. C. BULEY**

**SYNOPSIS**  
Dan Prescott and Gordon Westery find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast. Dan and Westery 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 him for Gordon. Eve Glichrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

"I am hungry," she said, with an inquiring look at the knapsack which Dan loosened from his shoulders.

"How on earth did you come to think of everything that I like best?" she asked presently, when lunch was laid out on a big sheet of clean paper. "Chicken, ham, potato salad, tomatoes, ginger ale! Are you one of those darned luxurious mountain goats?"

"I don't know what they are," Dan said, producing paper drinking cups and ginger ale. "I went to a place called Gunsberg's, and ordered a picnic lunch for myself and two ladies."

"The joke is on Frankie," Eve decided. "Between us, we ought to manage her share, don't you think?"

"I hope she's having a good time with her brother," Dan said generously. "She deserves it."

"I suppose you are wondering how a girl can eat such a lot and keep so slim," Eve said, presently. "Men do, I know; but you are too polite to say it."

Dan shook his head, but she saw the shadow fall upon his face. Though Eve did not know it, her words had raised a spectre to mar Dan's happiness. The suggestion she had made was one which recalled Gladys Clements, whose indulgence in sweet things of all kinds had filled him with just the surprise that Eve had indicated.

If Eve knew that he was entangled with a girl like that! If he had to admit that he had given Gladys a ring, and made no objection to being introduced as the man Gladys was to marry! Then goodbye for ever to sweet companionship which had come to him, the most precious thing his life had ever contained.

"What's the matter, Dan?" Eve asked.

"Pipe's choked," Dan muttered, seeking a stalk of grass. "This sun is just about right—warm without burning you. I never had such a day in my life!"

"Up there," Eve said, nodding her head to the wood behind them. "That's where the nightingales can be heard."

"I'm looking forward to that," Dan answered.

"They don't sing until dusk," Eve said. "I'm not sure that we can get back to London, if we wait for that."

"Ah, well!" Dan sighed, after the fashion of a man who admits that he cannot have everything.

Dan only looked at her, but was not able to command an answering gaze.

"Because I know a cottage where I could stay for the night." The girl continued. "And I daresay they'd put you up at the inn at Shere; it's quite a famous place."

"And we could have another day tomorrow?" Dan asked incredulously. "Why not? I've nobody to say me nay. Have you?"

"There was a distinct pause, before Dan said, "Of course not."

"Nobody out in Australia?" Eve insisted; for it was in her mind that she knew nothing of the life of her companion, except the roving and adventuring side of it. Frankie had more than once dropped jesting hints about a possible wife or sweetheart in the Antipodes; and that pause had been ominous one.

"Nobody," Dan said quickly and with an emphasis quite convincing.

"Carry on, then," Eve decided.

They idled pleasantly through the sunny afternoon and came down into Shere by the old road in time for tea. Rooms were booked according to Eve's plan, and then they inspected the lovely village, with its old church and brook of clear, murmuring water.

"It's a new world to me," Dan said. "I never knew the world was so beautiful."

They dined at the inn, off honest English fare, and as twilight fell walked back into the wood, which was to remain for Dan Prescott an enchanted forest as long as his memory served him.

Eve chose a big, branching tree, and leaned back against its trunk. The dusk was closing around them, and the place was very still.

"We must keep very quiet," she whispered. "Last time that I was here a bird sang from this very tree."

He could see the profile of her face, and catch the sound of her smooth easy breathing. The wonder of it, that they were alone together, in a world of mystery, seized upon him. From some distant thicket came the first gurgling notes of the songster of the night.

Eve caught his hand in hers, signalling by a warning pressure the need of stillness and silence. Above their very heads sounded the response to the distant songsters, in a flood of joyful melody. It was love that the birds were celebrating; and it was love that shook Dan.

Eve felt the trembling of his hand, and turned her face towards him. She knew that there was invitation in her eyes; for she wanted him to take her in his arms and kiss her, and tell her of the love that was as patent to others as well as to herself.

"I'm a Yellow dog!" Dan said hoarsely, casting her hand aside. He strode apart, with clenched hands, the picture of misery.

TO BE CONTINUED

### HOW TO AVOID ILLNESS

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## Removing Causes FAITHFUL DOG STILL ON JOB

Slums Cannot be Removed by Merely Removing the Buildings

Hamilton.—The remedy for the modern slum is not only the replacement of wretched dwellings by better ones, but the removal of causes that inevitably lead to slum conditions. So long as a large portion of the community is maintained on relief, or on wages that are little better than that, slum conditions will develop, for, almost invariably, the first factor to suffer in conditions of poverty is the houses in which the poor are sheltered. As these causes have their roots in the realm of the spiritual, it is, therefore imperative that the church use its energy and influence to have them removed.

This statement of Prof. John Line, of Emmanuel College, before a record meeting here, evoked a keen and animated discussion. Prof. Line is leading an intensive study of the report of the General Council of the United Church on Christianizing the Social Order.

The speaker treated in some detail the achievements and defects of modern industry. He pointed out that the development of machinery and the factory system during the past two centuries had transformed society from an era of scarcity to one of plenty and had released men and women from long hours of exhausting drudgery.

"Growing capacity for co-operation and marvelous development in communications have facilitated a conquest of the earth in its material aspects, such as was never previously achieved," he said.

"Despite all this, however, we are today confronted with a new fact—dire want in the midst of plenty. Production has been restricted and goods destroyed for the purpose of raising prices.

"In the presence of such fear, insecurity and inequality, the pursuit of higher interests becomes difficult, and 'stunted minds and stultified characters ensue.' Individualism, materialism and a competitive system are crowding out growth toward wider co-operation and world brotherhood."

### HEATING HINTS

by James Stewart

HERE'S a suggestion for getting up heat quickly on cold mornings. First, shake the grates gently until the first red glow appears in the ashpit. Then open the Ashpit Damper and let the fire burn briskly. Ordinarily it will not be necessary to put on fresh fuel as there should be enough left from the night before. If some fuel is needed just put on a thin layer at first. Then when the fire is burning briskly and the house is warm add a full charge of coal and set the dampers for normal operation.

### What's the Matter With Marriage?

Clergyman Tells All—Giving Faults of Both Husbands and Wives

PHILADELPHIA.—The Rev. Ivan H. Hagedorn, pastor of the Bethel Lutheran Church, answers his own question of "What's the trouble with men and women in modern marriage?"

The trouble with men, he told a meeting of couples he has married, is:

1. They are impatient.
2. They are lazy.
3. They are skeptical.
4. They never seem to adjust themselves to the new status of women.
5. They are conceited.
6. They have a mean streak of taking for granted the constancy of their wives.
7. They are unmindful of little things.
8. They are too easily run into a mould—a mould that won't keep shape.

Of women, he said: 1. They are too fond of regulating men. 2. They have no sense of humor. 3. They are possessive. 4. They are argumentative. 5. They are sensitive and touchy. 6. They whine. 7. They often possess the crepe-hanging impulse. 8. They do not keep abreast of the times.

In conclusion, Mr. Hagedorn urged men to "marry by all means. If you get a good wife, you will become very happy. If you get a bad one, you will become a philosopher."

### Be Thankful

Too many of us are blinded by little setbacks—thinking only of the misfortunes that seem to keep overtaking us, and not of the good things, which we take quite as a matter of course.

In other words, are you grateful enough that it is not worse?

There are comparatively few who could not be thankful for something. Lives might be much brighter if consideration were given to the sunshine of life instead of bewailing what can't be helped.

Don't you have many things in your life that others have not, and would enjoy?

Yes, there are many worse off than you are. You have but to look around. These others are victims of circumstances; have the same troubles that you have, and possibly more.

If you have health, you should be thankful. Health is the greatest blessing. Don't bemoan your fate when you are well.

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## SALADA TEA

You'll like the rich, full flavour of Salada Orange Pekoe Blend. Try a package.

### The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

**"THE CLUE OF THE RISING OON,"** by Valentine Williams (Mussion's, Toronto), is one of Mr. Williams' best mystery-thrillers. The suspects are cleverly dispersed and it is not until the very last chapter that the murderer is revealed. Too, the explanation of what took place is logically explained, which is always eminently satisfying in all Valentine Williams' books.

**"THE UNCROWNED KING,"** by Baroness Orczy, (Mussion's, Toronto) author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," is a writer of romantic tales, well-peppered with adventure and action.

Louis XIX., the uncrowned King of France, Veronique Christopher, the millionaire's daughter, Cyril Bertrand, half-brother to the Prince of the Bourbon's, and bearing a strong family resemblance, Aline Saint-Armand, ambitious young actress, but truly loving Louis XIX.—these are some of the principals of this tale who act, move and have their being in the best Baroness Orczy style.

**"THE WEDDING,"** by Denis Mackail, (Mussion's, Toronto) is a book all married folk will enjoy, whether they had a big splash when they walked up the aisle or whether it was a quiet affair—the emotions, worries, mishaps are all there. You are introduced to every member participating in a big social wedding, and at the end of the book, so well-written it is, that you feel you have been present and you definitely feel the urge to wish the bride and groom the best of luck!

### CRACKED SKIN RED KNUCKLES SPLIT CUTICLE

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### Treaty Boons

All Areas of Dominion Affected By Tariff Concessions.

OTTAWA.—The following shows tariff concessions granted by the United States to Canadian producers in the different geographical areas of the country:

British Columbia: Timber and lumber duties split in half and reductions made on salmon, halibut, canned clams, crule sperm oil.

Prairies: Reductions on cattle and calves, horses, faddors and other farm products.

Ontario and Quebec: Reductions on lumber, cattle, dairy cows, cream, grass and clover seeds, turnips, maple sugar, talc and feldspar, ferro alloys, acetic acid and certain fresh water fish including whitefish.

Maritimes: Reductions on lumber, seed potatoes, hay, turnips, halibut, fresh or frozen salmon, eels, swordfish, smoked herring.

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## SMALL-TOWN EDITOR SCOOPS CITY CHAPS

From the Rouyn Press

So many readers have rung up to ask how it was the Press was able to secure an interview last week with Lord Rothermere, when even the leading metropolitan dailies were reporting that the visiting newspaper magnate was firmly refusing to say anything for publication, that while, at the time, we considered the incident purely a part of the regular routine, we are now quite puffed up about it and inclined to strut a bit.

Just how it came about that the Press was able to "scoop" its competitors in this instance we are frankly unable to say with certainty. For all we know, it may have been merely whim on the part of the distinguished English visitor that prompted him to single out the Press for favor. The Ottawa Journal and other papers frankly confessed they had been unable to secure an interview with his lordship. Even at Timmins, where the entire party was taken on a tour of the local newspaper plants under the wing of the general manager of the Hollinger Mines, neither paper seems to have got anything out of his lordship worth reporting.

Not that we are prepared to chide any of them for their lack of luck or enterprise. While we have long recognized that a newspaper never gets very far if it takes "No" for an answer from private secretaries and others whose duty it is to protect their chiefs from the importunities of reporters, we also recognize that when a man of Lord Rothermere's temperament declines to talk there is no journalist living who can make him.

### Resourceful

In our own case we were well aware of the former Harold Harnsworth's reputation as a difficult man to interview, and with that in mind decided to impose upon the good nature of H. L. Roscoe, general manager of Noranda Mines, with whom we knew the party was dining.

Telephoning our wishes to Mr. Roscoe, that ever-courteous gentleman said he would see what could be done about it. Thereupon the Press went home, put on its best bib and tucker, and goose grease in its hair, and camped by the side of the telephone on the chance of a possible invitation to join the waiting celebrities and their host in their post prandial cigars.

That invitation being not forthcoming after the space of about three hours, resource was again made to the telephone, and this time Mr. Roscoe advised that he had conveyed our wishes to Lord Rothermere, who would see a representative of the paper at his private car in the morning. That being settled, the Press got back into its working clothes, repaired for the breakfast fire and kindling for a cheerful spirit.

Bright and early in the morning with the thumb marks carefully erased from its remaining carte de visite, the Press presented itself at the portal of Lord Rothermere's private car, where it was given a warm welcome, introduced to the various members of the viscount's suite, invited to draw up a chair and say what it had on its mind. Not only that, but a 20-minute chat falling to clean up all the questions and answers before his lordship had to keep another engagement, the Press was extended a cordial invitation to lunch and to talk of less mundane affairs, an invitation which had regrettably to be declined because of the imminence of the paper's "dead line," as explained last week.

### Easiest to Interview

While on the subject of interviews it might be said that it is the experience of the Press staff over a long period of years in which they have had occasion to talk with prophets, prime ministers and pugilists, that it is always the most important people who are easiest to interview. It is from the pot-house politician and "fish and chips" capitalist that the newspaperman gets most of his results.

Only a few days ago we had occasion to seek information from a small-time mining man who used to manage a property in the vicinity of Rouyn and who now makes his headquarters in the Amos area. Notwithstanding the fact that, when he is working, he is employed by companies who seek financial support from the general public, who are entitled to know something about his activities, all we succeeded in getting from him was a string of oaths that would have shamed a Hillingsgate fish porter.

He was an exception, however. On the whole the mining men, both the prospectors and the technically trained engineers and geologists, are always ready to give the newspapermen a kindly hearing.

But even when the reporter's victim refuses to talk, one can generally manage to get a story out of him. Recently the Press put together three-quarters of a column of quite readable copy at the expense of visiting officials of the civil aviation branch of the Department of National Defence who seemingly had been deprived of their power of speech.