

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

There were wakeful hours before Eve Gilchrist, when she retired to the spotless little room in the cottage where she lodged that night at Shere. She was a girl with plenty of courage and a great contempt for any form of deception or shirking of the truth. Self-deception she accounted the deadliest pretence of all; and now she faced the situation which had risen between herself and Dan Prescott with a clear mind.

She had given him her love; and that was a gift which she could not retract until she had proved him utterly unworthy. She had done more; she had encouraged him, as she never thought to encourage any man alive. She had planned to be alone with him; the inclusion of another girl in the walking party was a pure fiction from the beginning.

Eve was quite clear about her conduct. She had to deal with a man unusually modest and unassuming, who had clearly set her down upon a pedestal in his own imagination. She had done her best to step down from that inconvenient height, and to indicate a bridge over the gap which separated them.

Was it still humility that prevented Dan from responding as she had intended? If that were so, she could go no further. She would have to leave him in that lowly place from which he had not the courage and enterprise to climb. And if that were so, she need have no regret, and no shame either.

But the alternative was more disturbing, and hurtful to her pride and delicacy. Her instinct told her that it was not Dan's humility which had driven him from her side, in misery and silence. The shadow of some third person stalked between them at what might have been the sweetest moment of her life.

It was a possibility which had to be faced, and to be provided for. There was comfort in it as well. If she had given her love to a man unworthy of it, the experience of the evening would not have been hers. A rotten man would have snatched

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EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC
by Dr. M. M. Lappin

THOSE FITS OF DEPRESSION

I want to deal with a letter which I have received from a man who is suffering from depression. No, not that industrial and economic depression about which it was so popular to talk, but of which we are not hearing quite so much, perhaps, today. That may be a good sign for many of us. Let us be thankful.

My friend seems to be suffering from that sort of depression which settles upon everybody at some time or other. The difference between him and some other people is just above it, but he allows it to overcome him. "I am naturally an optimist," he writes. "A bachelor in middle life, and I held my present position for eighteen years. My salary has always enabled me to live in a modicum of comfort. I never thought that it would darken in my sky. But it has. Two years ago my mother died and since her going I have been conscious of an unutterable loneliness. I have kept on the old home. I go to business daily and return home and despite the entreaties of my friends, I feel I cannot drag myself out to a show or a party. All the old zest has gone. Nothing but that awful feeling of depression. It is with me constantly. I take it to bed with me and it gets up with me in the morning. Is there anything I can do to get rid of it and to regain my former cheerful spirit?"

Altogether it is a sad letter. But I think this poor fellow is taking an entirely wrong view of life. Is it the attitude that his deceased mother, to whom he seems to have been passionately devoted, would wish him to take? I can hardly think so. I think if he puts that question to himself he will see that he is acting in a wrong way.

But I have only quoted part of his letter. There are traces in his letter which would lead one to believe that, subconsciously, he himself feels that he is acting foolishly. It is not enough to know that one's views of life is wrong, however, one has to know how to correct it. And the terrible thing about one of those fits of depression is that once a fellow has allowed it to get a hold on him it has the peculiar power of perpetuating itself until the victim feels that there is simply no way of escape, and he might just as well be dead.

But there is a way of escape. It lies within the individual. A man caught in the grip of such a fit of depression must be his own doctor. Things may appear to be gloomy, but there are never really as bad as they seem. Winter is a dull season. Everything is dead. No trees in leaf; no flowers in bloom; no singing birds—a dull, dreary, dead season. But it is followed by spring with its quickened and renewed life. And life is sometimes like that.

I think my friend wants to take a firmer grip on himself. The death of his mother was probably a shock to him that had physical effects. His vitality may be low, and that lowered vitality may have had a reaction upon his spirits. He should not keep himself so much to himself. He should get out among his friends. He should try to see the brighter side of life. He should remember that there is a work for him to do in the world quite apart from his actual calling or profession. And the greatest work that anyone can do is to cheer another soul and bring happiness to someone who does not know it. In the companionship of one upon whom he can bestow his affection, and in whose interest and for whose well-being he can lose himself in devotion and service, this man may find the sure cure for his fits of depression. And, for the sake of others who may from time to time be seized by similar fits of depression, perhaps I ought to add that the best way to overcome them is to forget self in unselfish thought for others. It is always true that "He that will save his life shall lose it, but he that is willing to lose his life shall always find life."

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problem and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERYDAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a 3c stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THE DOG TEST
(From a letter to the London Star)

If your dog were suddenly to know you as you are, and not as he thinks you are, could you look him in the face?

Attorney—And what makes you think you are entitled to a pension, Mrs. Gnags? Did you do any fighting in the war?

Mrs. Gnags—Yes, my husband and I fought the whole four years.

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Issue No. 50 — '35

"Quads" Cost Great Britain \$75 A Day

Being Looked After Much As Dionne Babies Were

LONDON.—Great Britain is making almost as much fuss over its "quads"—quadruplets born to Mrs. Walter Edward Miles, wife of a truck driver in St. Neots, Huntingdonshire—as Canada did over its celebrated Dionne "quints."

It is costing \$75 a day to maintain the three boys—and one girl who were born to Mrs. Miles on Nov. 28. Four nurses from a London hospital, working in relays, are in constant attendance on the "quads," who were moved over the week-end from St. Neots Council House, where they were born, to the home of Dr. Ernest Harrison.

Harrison attended at the birth. The transfer was effected two at a time on cots in a specially-heated car. Their room at the doctor's house has been transformed into a giant incubator. Every precaution is being taken to

Serve the Best Tea

"SALADA" TEA

The First 25 Years
Are The Hardest
Says Pathologist

Amherst, Mass.—It takes a woman 25 years practice to steer an automobile as well as the average man, a professor of psychology at Massachusetts State College said last week.

Dr. Harry R. Desilva said a series of tests disclosed that after the quarter-century of experience, women constantly improve, while men who have driven that length of time or longer do little better than beginners.

Dr. Desilva based his conclusions, he said, on tests given 2,500 persons.

New English Yeast Clears up the Skin

A nicer... cheaper... better form of yeast—a live yeast—has been discovered in England. This yeast does not have to be kept in a cool place. It may be purchased cheaply in quantities to last several weeks. It proves to have a beneficial effect in clearing up poor complexions—pimples... skin blemishes of all kinds, being particularly rich in Vitamins B1 and B2—the vitamins which have to do with metabolism, that is the changing of dead food into living matter.

Phillips Live Yeast is the name of this preparation. Unlike other yeasts it is pleasant in flavour and easy to take. It tones up digestion in no time and quickly makes the whole intestinal system clean and active. In this way the poisonous impurities that clog the skin are carried off in the natural way.

This yeast is now on sale in Canada. Ask at your drug store for Phillips Live Yeast. You may obtain it in the form of tablets. The treatment is two tablets before each meal—six a day. You may buy twenty-five days' supply (150 tablets) for \$1.00. The smaller size (50 tablets) costs 50 cents.

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Don't Waste Energy — Women Often Do

LONDON.—During a discussion on his annual report, Dr. Milton Jones, Medical Officer for Llanfyllin Rural Council, said he found girls under 20 less susceptible to tuberculosis than boys under 20 and said the reason was that girls wore scanty clothing, which allowed sunlight and fresh air to get to them. Older women, too, were less susceptible to tuberculosis than men because they wore less susceptible to tuberculosis because they wore less clothing.

When the doctor said that with correct diet nobody need suffer from indigestion a member remarked that doctors suffered from indigestion. Dr. Jones replied that that was because doctors were so often called away from their meals.

The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

"WHO SAID MURDER" by Charles W. Bell, K.C., (Macmillan's, Toronto) is a good, fat volume of crime in Ontario. "I have never detected a murderer in my life," blandly stated C. W. Bell, K.C., when asked by a reporter how he planned his defence of a murder. The statement is legally true of course, for the twenty-one persons charged with murder and defended by Mr. Bell all were acquitted. So of course they were not murderers.

But one feels that many of these persons would not be as fortunate in their present classification and status if they had been defended by less able counsel than Mr. Bell, who has reviewed a number of the important recent cases in his book. Newspapermen of the province have long recognized that when Charlie Bell was mixed up in a criminal case spectacular copy was sure to break. However, Mr. Bell has allowed little glamour to creep into his book. It's intense interest lies in the drama of the cases themselves, told clearly and unaffectedly and flavored only with the humane irony of the writer.

In only two of these cases does Mr. Bell appear in his popular role, defending a person charged with murder. Peter Bunce, his first client was saved from the gallows by a real Marshall Hall touch and twelve little froggies that did not die. The other is the recent famous Niagara murder case in which Mr. Bell defended Elliott and Gastle charged with the murder of Mrs. Hisey.

On interesting view of the other side of the picture is found in the stories of the two other cases where Mr. Bell acted for the crown. He gives an unforgettable picture of that piece of rural ghastliness, the murder of Leo Bergeron by Lavictoire and Larocque in Renfrew County and the sordid drama, Dr. Pratt of Smiths Falls, the murder of Eve McLean and the uncovering of the Ontario abortion ring.

A clearly organized and graphic account is given of the Dorland case, and the comic opera atmosphere of the Labatt kidnaping would be laughable if a man who is widely believed to be innocent was not still serving a fifteen-year sentence in Kingston. Mr. Bell recites the whole history of the amazing case.

Besides his record in criminal pleading and his political record of three times member of parliament, Mr. Bell has to his credit the authorship and direction of many successful popular plays, including "Parlour, Bedroom and Bath," "A Dangerous Maid," "Paradise Alley" and other New York successes.

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Issue No. 50 — '35

Just Like Jumping From High Building

To the Editor of the Ottawa Journal:

Sir:—In line with recent publicity given in the Journal to the rapid increase in automobile accidents in this province, the following letter addressed to the editor of Esquire is of considerable interest:

"I read the article 'And Sudden Death' by J. C. Furnas in the October Esquire with keen interest. Especially since I had my right arm amputated in a minor accident in 1922.

"After five surgeons said it had to come off, one specialist gambled on leaving it with me but promised it would never be useful. Three months in the hospital, plus two operations, plus six months religious exercise, netted me a good, hard-socking right arm except for a scar that looks as though a hungry lion had chewed on it for a while.

"I decided to brush the dust off my slide rule and do a little figuring for you. In your article you mentioned 65 m.p.h. as a fair speed at which to have a nice sociable accident. That speed reduced to zero in the wink of an eye results in very nearly the same thing as jumping from the top of a 150-foot building to the street below. A trifling difference, 10.2 foot tons in the former case and 11.2 foot tons in the latter.

"And think of it, the 30 calibre Springfield Express rifle bullet, one of the hardest hitting arm rifle bullets in the world, shot from a rifle or machine gun, hits you at a mere 1.47 foot tons—enough energy to drive it through forty 3/4-inch pine boards, or 3/4-inch of cold rolled steel. (Some detailed calculations.)

Now suppose that you select 40 m.p.h. to amiably nudge, head-on, another car whose driver also heads 40 m.p.h. to be a fair cruising speed. Total impact speed is 80 m.p.h. Now if you weigh 150 lbs. you hit the windshield at 32,000 ft. lbs. energy, which probably disturbs the tranquillity of a splinter, or even a mob of splinters of glass, which might weigh as little as 220 grains (same weight as the 30 Springfield Express M.C. bullet). Said pieces of glass may be rude enough to spring at your face at 100 ft. lbs. of force, and were your face as hard as pine boards they would still penetrate to a depth of 1.2 inches. Pleasant thought, isn't it?

"Perhaps forty miles an hour is too sluggish a pace for you. The salesman said the old boat would do 90 miles per hour. You try it. Forty—fifty—sixty are passed up like needy relatives. You lean on the gas throttle as if it were the rock of Gibraltar. You succeed in doing 30, the world's fastest automobile doing 300 m.p.h. on a western dry lake is capable of only about three times your present speed. Terrifying, what? Now perhaps you have a tire on the car of course, that contains a hidden flaw which escaped the factory expert's tests and it decides to give up the ghost. Your car goes crazy and you hit the ditch or inside of the car at any number of impacts from 40-500 ft. lbs. at 50 m.p.h. down to 18,000 ft. lbs. at 60 miles per hour—if you're still interested. Likely as not, you are in no position to be interested in anything from that instant I thank you."

The way in which the above figures were presented seemed very effective to your correspondent, and constitute an interesting sidelight upon the speeds of which modern cars are capable. There is just one point that might be emphasized.

The 30-1906 metal cased bullet weighing 220 grains, to which reference is made by Mr. Herrmann, is used in one of the most powerful sporting cartridges commonly used in Canada. It is amply powerful enough for use upon anything that walks in North America, and for all but the biggest of African game. Data re the killing power of this cartridge has been thoroughly worked out, and many sportsmen have seen a moose, weighing perhaps well over half a ton, stagger and collapse after having been hit by a factory of energy of—1.47 foot tons. Truly, we must consider ourselves most extraordinarily tough.

—Kingsley Ault, Ottawa.