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# "SALADA"

## JAPAN TEA

# 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 in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde, London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon, Eve Gilchrist, a tycoon, obtains work in Mellicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

"You seem to have had no time for girls?" Eve said with a laugh. "It's always some other man in your stories."

"Girls had no use for me," Dan said. "My partner Westerby attended to that side of the business; when we were in town, or anywhere. He always made me feel hopelessly out of it."

"Oh, he was that kind of a man, was he?" Eve said. "He'd got a way with him, as they say."

"Eh!" Dan assented. "And he's off gallivanting about New Zealand on his honeymoon, instead of attending to business."

"You seem peevish with your partner?" Eve suggested.

"Perhaps I'll tell you about it some day," Dan said vaguely. "Just now I don't want to think about him."

Eve turned over in her mind all she had heard about Dan's partner — a man with an aptitude for interesting the other sex, and a man about whom Dan did not care to think. On this foundation her vivid imagination built up a little romance. Dan was unhappy because Westerby had robbed him of the love of some girl who had attracted him in Australia.

"That would account for everything," a man of Dan's disposition would think it wrong to transfer his affections elsewhere. He would imagine himself heartbroken. Even when he had found a worthy object for his love he would believe that constancy to the old idol was demanded of him. It would be her own fault if she could not rid her companion of such silly ideas.

And for a bright girl like Eve Gilchrist, no guess could well have been further removed from the actual truth.

Mr. Cairns, when Dan called upon him on Monday, was vaguely reassuring about the result of his mission to Hillington.

"The girl's mother is taking legal advice," he said. "And I'd rather deal with any decent solicitor than with two women like that. Mrs. Clements broadly hinted her belief that there was no such person as Westerby."

"What's that?" Dan demanded.

"She suggested that you and Westerby were the same person; which is very natural in the circumstances. Those are a bit unusual, you know, Prescott."

"Well, what's going to happen now?" asked Dan.

"I expect I shall hear from the lady's solicitor," Cairns said. "If he's a man of good repute we can probably arrange matters without any unpleasantness or publicity. The girl had a genuine grievance, you know."

"She has been badly treated," Dan agreed. "I made a mistake, but it would be a hundred times worse mistake to marry her."

"That's out of the question, of course," Cairns said. "She'll not break her heart, though she took to you very easily, I should say. And she's been made to look foolish in the eyes of her friends, too."

"You don't have to rub it in, Mr. Cairns," Dan said. "I seem to be able to think of nothing else. Up to the time I left Australia there was no woman alive who could say I'd done her the slightest wrong. And I never intended there should be."

"And now, after a week or two in England, you've given a ring to one of them, and fallen in love with another?" Cairns suggested. "Tough luck!"

"If you know that, you know how much I want to be clear of the first trouble," Dan said. "Pay what you like; but let me be sure I'm not going to hear any more about Gladys Clements."

"Don't you see?" Cairns said, "the next move is with this fellow Westerby. If he backs your story to the full, I can take a high line with the other side. I doubt if they have a case for breach. You are not responsible for Westerby's letters and he is not responsible for your ring and your masquerade. I can settle with the air of being magnanimous, and for a reasonable sum."

"Suppose Westerby cannot be found," Dan suggested. "It is time he turned up if Gladys has done what I asked over in Sydney."

"Why shouldn't he turn up?" Cairns asked. "He holds a big share interest in this mine, doesn't he?"

"Look, I'm trying to get this business at Hillington settled," Dan said desperately. "You tell me it must hang on until we hear from Westerby. What I'm asking you to do is to settle it, and to leave me to deal with Westerby later. Never mind what it costs. That's Don Westerby's funeral. Square it up at once. Assume that Westerby is keeping out of the way, and will stay lost until the trouble he has made has all blown over."

Cairns looked at him with accusing eyes and a forgering wagged in response. "You are keeping something from me, Prescott," he said. "Come across with it, whatever it is. The worst mistake you can make — that any client can make — is to have secrets from his legal adviser."

"I'm not keeping back anything that I know," Dan replied. "I'm only imagining something. It's just a guess about Westerby."

"Out with it, then."

TO BE CONTINUED

### "Some" Record

**He's Been Married 5 Times  
—She's Had 4 Husbands**

Mr. and Mrs. William Wilding, of Spring Gardens, Preston, Eng., have — between them — a total of nine marriages.

He is 79, has had five wives. She is a year younger, and has been married four times.

They live on \$5 a week — their old-age pensions. Neither has ever been divorced.

Mr. Wilding said to a Sunday Express representative: "I first married when I was 21."

"That was Marjory. She died four years later."

"Then came Margaret, followed by Elizabeth and Mary, and now I have Caroline."

"When my fourth wife was living, a friend asked me: 'Which wife has been the best?'"

"I replied, 'The first was a good one, the second was a good one, and the third was a good one. This is my fourth, and she is the best because she is still here.'

"If they asked me that now I would answer in the same way."

Mrs. Wilding said she had had good husbands and bad husbands, but she never had to leave one of them.

"She added: "Once, when I was young, a fortune-teller read my hand and said I would be married four or five times. I laughed, but she wasn't far wrong."

Between them Mr. and Mrs. Wilding have had 16 children.

### Here's Hope For Aspiring Authors

WINDSOR, Ont., — "Anne of Green Gables," the story that depicted the life of Prince Edward Island at the turn of the century and a "best-seller" more than two decades ago, was turned down five times before it was finally accepted by the publishers, Mr. L. M. Montgomery MacDonald, the author, said in a lecture here.

"Don't be discouraged if your stories aren't accepted," the noted Canadian author told her audience, a large part of it young girls, assembled under the auspices of the Windsor Branch of the Home and School Association. "Anne of Green Gables was rejected five times," she continued.

"I put the manuscript away in the attic. A couple of years later, while housecleaning, I found it and sat down and read it."

"I found it interesting, so I thought there must be something to it, so I sent it to the Page Company, of Boston. They accepted it only because a girl on their staff of readers came from Prince Edward Island, and she bulldozed them into it."

Lucy Maud Montgomery, to use her pen name, suggests that all young people should form the habit of noting in books any experiences and stories they hear from older persons. Such notations, perhaps in later years, would form real material for books if those in possession of them develop a desire to write."

### EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC  
by Dr. M. M. Lappin

#### HOW MUCH SLEEP?

A correspondent is afflicted with that terrible affliction of insomnia. She is a victim of nerves, she tells me, and only gets on an average about four hours sleep nightly. For a time she took something to produce sleep each night, but now the drug seems to have lost its effect. She is wondering whether she can get some drug that will be permanently effective, or if she should just try to carry on with what little sleep she can get without the use of drugs.

Well, I question very much if the amount of sleep one gets is just as important as we have sometimes been led to believe it is. I am certainly not in favor of the use of drugs or sleeping powders unless these have definitely been prescribed for the individual by the doctor. And here, I must remind my readers again that my field is psychology and not medicine. I cannot undertake to give medical advice, nor am I qualified so to do. I can only deal with physical disorder when it is evident that such mental disorganization. Of course mind and body are closely interrelated, and it is surprising how many physical disorders are due to the lack of straight, positive, and constructive thinking. There are really very few people who have been trained to think properly, and it is this fact that gives rise for the need of the psychologist and what service he can render.

Now, then, to come back to this matter of sleep. There are some folks who can get along nicely on much less sleep than others. Of course, there is nothing, perhaps, that is more troublesome and annoying than to lie awake for hours in the night with the mind running riot. Someone has aptly called those hours of wakefulness "The Cruel Hours."

Let it be remembered, however, that the mind is only half awake during those hours. One should therefore not be unduly disturbed by the wild thoughts which rush through the mind in quick succession during such sleepless hours. If when morning comes we go forth to the day with the thoughts of our sleepless hours haunting us then they will most certainly produce fear and terror and they will rob us of the vim and vitality necessary to a successful day's work. So, if you cannot sleep, don't be worrying. Do not deliberately review mentally everything that has happened during the day. Do not allow the mind to contemplate the things of tomorrow or the following days. Dismiss instantly every dull and drab thought that enters the mind. Think only of the pleasantries of life.

I believe sleep can be invoked, in fact, I know it can. One should be active enough during the day to be just tired enough at night to sleep. Over-tiredness is likely to produce restlessness. Go to bed, then, before you are over-tired. The bedroom should be airy and it should, if at all possible be in the quietest part of the house. It is better not to have the sheets and blankets tightly tucked around oneself. They should rather be oversized so that they can be loosened to allow the sleeper to move unhampered in his sleep. It is foolish to imagine that you do not move in your sleep. Everyone does — and a great many times too!

### Natalie Carr Hates Noise and Clamor of New York Life

NEW YORK, — Natalie Carr, youthful heiress home after two years in a Quebec convent where within a few years she could have taken final vows to become a nun, hates "the noise and clamor of New York life."

"Life in the outside world is very strange," the former Vassar College student said. "I cannot welcome this change."

"I am very undecided about whether I shall return to the convent. I can't truly say."

Natalie's grandmother, Mrs. Hatfield A. Weldon, prevailed upon her to leave the convent at St. Hyacinthe and try to live in the "outside world," again the girl indicated.

Mrs. Weldon has asserted her hope her granddaughter "becomes reconciled to a life in the world. But if a religious life is her vocation I shall not stand in her way."

### Ontario Breeders Awarded Prizes

CHICAGO.—Fred T. Lee, Waterford, Ont., showing fat Orford wethers, won second in the pen of three wether lambs, at the International Exposition recently.

Edwards Brothers, Waterford, Ont., won fifth in judging of Aberdeen Angus bulls calved from January 1 to April 30, 1934. The same exhibitor won third in judging bulls calved September 1 to December 31, 1934.

The queen of sheep was a pure bred Southdown lamb, named grand champion wether, entered by John D. Larkin, Inc., Queenston, Ont. It was the first grand championship, aside from the junior feeding contest, to be awarded.

### British Midget Plane Reaches U. S.

NEW YORK, — Sydney Arram, a British Great War flier, brought with him a one-man "plane" which he said weighs 350 pounds, costs \$350 and will fly 45 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

The midget has a 19½-foot wing-spread and can be built by the purchaser from a knocked-down set of parts, Arram said. He plans to exhibit the craft here.

Its maximum speed is 75 miles an hour. It was designed by Henri Miguet of France.

### Canada Will Send U. S. 4 Million Yule Trees

OTTAWA.—Canada will ship 4,000,000 Christmas trees to the United States this month to decorate the homes of American families and gladden the hearts of thousands of children. Most of the trees come from Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. The New York market alone will take 200 to 250 carloads, representing 700,000 to 800,000 trees.

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adventures that one feels the material should fill three books.

**THUNDER OVER THE BRONX** by Arthur Kober (Mussion's, Toronto) brilliantly illustrated by that well-known artist Mr. Hoff will appeal to those sophisticated who read the New Yorker.

**THE CLUE OF THE RISING MOON** by Valentine Williams (Mussion's, Toronto) is a mystery thriller which will appeal to all who like their fiction exciting and a logical reason why so-and-so was "bumped" off.

### Imagination Fairy Godmother's Gift

CALGARY — Live adventurously not monotonously. Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, well known Canadian author, told members of the Women's Missionary Society of Grace Presbyterian Church here. She said lots of people die not from lack of bread but from lack of inspiration.

"No human being should be satisfied with a self 'fiddling' job," Mrs. McClung said. "It isn't the size of things you do, it is the quality; it is not the height, it is the direction. If I were a fairy godmother, I would give people one gift and that gift would be imagination, the seeing eye."

Middle age was too often a time of disillusionment, she thought. It was a time people had to feel they were wanted and were necessary in life.

For Christmas gifts you could do no better than give one of the following—there is a book to meet every reader's demand. For instance, "Mary Queen of Scotland and The Isles" by Stefan Zweig (Macmillan's, Toronto) would be the ideal book for those who like their history in biographical form, told in this author's best style.

MAN, The Unknown by Alexis Carrel (Mussion's, Toronto) will satisfy the more thoughtful of your friends.

SALAMINA by Rockwell Kent (Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd., Toronto) profusely illustrated by the author will thrill all those who love adventure.

YOUTH UNCHARTED by Stephen Lawford (Macmillan's, Toronto) is another real-life adventure containing so many extraordinary

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### The Turkey

Some Helpful Hints In Choosing and Carving the Festive Bird

One could scarcely expect to find a different kind of turkey to grace the festive board on Christmas Day, but perhaps the family will appreciate a change in the stuffing. The experienced housewife has learned that there is a difference in turkeys as far as being palatable, and many points need to be considered in the selection of the bird. It is well to choose the turkey at least a week before it is needed for consumption.

It is easy to pick out the young bird by its smooth, black legs, moist and supple feet and eyes that are clear and free of scaly surroundings. The hen bird is, as a rule, more plump and tender than the male bird. On a young bird the spurs are short and stumpy. On an old bird they are long and gain in sharpness as the age increases.

Perhaps the Christmas host whose privilege it will be to carve the turkey needs his memory freshened up a bit. It's surely an art any man may be proud of to neatly and skillfully carve a roasted bird.

The placing of the turkey on the table is important. The head should be toward the left hand of the carver. This brings the drumsticks to the right and the side of the bird directly in front of the carver.

Insert the fork firmly over the breast bone at the highest point. Do not remove the fork until the carving is done.

First remove the whole leg, thigh and drumstick in one piece. To do this make a circular cut around the joint close to the body. With the blade of the knife press the leg back and cut through the ligaments holding the thigh bone to the back.

A quick twist of the knife easily severs the joint. However, if you want to, it's perfectly "proper" to hold the end of the drumstick covered with a paper frill firmly with the fingers of the left hand. Then a quick gash of the skin between the body and thigh, a little tweak with the finger and a downward cut with the knife and the leg is neatly and expeditiously carved. The two joints of the leg repose on the platter while the wing is severed and the breast carved.

Next remove the wing by making a circular cut around the joint and pressing back with the knife just as the leg was done. However, the fingers cannot be used for the wing. Care should be taken not to cut any of the white meat of the breast with the wing. Place the wing on the platter.

Now, with the fork still in position, cut thin slices lengthwise from the breast, beginning close to the place from which the wing was removed and working up the ridge of the breast bone. Now remove the fork and separate the drumstick from the second joint. The dark meat on the thigh and drumstick should be divided into small inviting portions. The stuffing is taken out from the tail end of the bird with a large serving spoon.

### Woman of Eighty-Nine Played Part of Village Doctor

Three years ago, advancing age forced Mrs. Stewart Ballantyne, widow of one of the oldest residents of Ballantyne's Cove, N.S., to retire from the important role she had held in the life of the community for almost three generations.

Playing parts of both doctor and nurse in the days before Ballantyne's Cove could boast of either, Mrs. Ballantyne as midwife had up to her retirement helped more than 200 of this village's babies into the world.

Some of the children were sons and daughters of babies she had assisted at birth years before; a few were grandchildren.

A short time ago an urgent call for Mrs. Ballantyne came from Cape George. Hesitant at first, the 89-year-old woman hustled off on the errand of mercy when she learned a doctor and nurse summoned to the Cape George home from Antigonish, several miles away, had been delayed.

When the doctor and nurse did arrive, the old lady held the safely-delivered ten-pound boy in her arms.

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