

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 Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

"Promise that not a word shall pass to Medlicott," Dan stipulated. "I may be all wrong; and even if I happen to be right I don't want it to go any further."

"What you say shall go no further, of course."

"Well, somebody raided the mine by aeroplane, and swooped off with the best of the gold. Westery and I expected that find and we covered it up again. Slade reports that Westery is in New Zealand on his honeymoon, which started months ago."

"And you think..."

"He got me out of the way," Dan went on. "He played that trick with my photo; I wondered at the time why he was so keen in getting my picture taken. I'm tied up here; and he was the only other man who knew just where to go for that gold. What do you think yourself, Mr. Cairns?"

"It sounds very feasible to me. What do you intend to do about it?"

"You get me clear of this trouble," Dan said. "Once I know that my hands are free, I'll attend to Mr. Gordon Westery."

On that very day, in Wall Street, New York, the over-inflated share markets collapsed, and there ensued a financial panic which affected all the Stock Exchanges of the world. The crisis developed with the repercussions and speed of an earthquake, and by the middle of the week, hundreds of thousands of American speculators are ruined.

There was an epidemic of forced sales of shares and securities, which involved all dabblers in share speculation. No country escaped, and London was first to suffer. In the office of Milton Medlicott the immediate effect of the panic was feverish activity. The only department not involved was that with which Eve Gilchrist had made acquaintance. There were no winners to congratulate and dower with cheques; and "Glad Tidings" was dishonored, for the time being; the staff being turned on to correspondence of quite another kind.

"All our tips have gone west," Frankie explained to Eve. "We have not a client who isn't losing money. The lucky ones are those who are able to sell out, and know what they've lost. The next thing will be the complaints. They forget the money they made on our advice; they only remember what we helped them to lose."

"But how has the panic spread from New York to London?" Eve asked.

"It's simple," her friend explained. "The gamblers over there have to realize what they can and wherever they can. The whole world wants to sell and there are no buyers. Prices go tumbling down; and the silly sheep that follow our advice blame it all on Milton Medlicott."

"It's rather awful," Eve said soberly.

"Be thankful you've got a good job with that mining venture," Frankie said. "We are in for a slack time, when this selling rush is over. I can see some of us worrying about our jobs."

"And why shouldn't that be my own case?" Eve asked.

"Medlicott has gone too far with that venture to stop," Frankie said. "He'll put all his back into it. I expect now the market has gone flat. When legitimate speculation dies, people are more likely to take a flyer in those wildcat risks."

"Please don't talk as if it were a scandal, Frankie," Eve said coldly.

"Right!" the tall girl agreed readily enough. "Heaven knows we could do with a winner now, if ever. But I expect you'll hear all about it from the chief."

As so it proved, Medlicott came to Eve's room with a graver face than he was accustomed to wear, and pulled up a chair with the air of one who had serious matters to discuss.

"You know the share market has broken, Eve," he began. "It's a bad business for everybody, but it may help us to find some capital for the Dandong Mine."

liect said quietly. "The share are not listed on 'Change. I've taken a lot for granted with Prescott. I'm ready to gamble on him a good deal further; though it means a permanent black eye for me if anything goes wrong. So we've all got to put our backs into it."

"What can I do?" Eve asked. "It seems very real to me; and I'm sure Dan Prescott will not let you down."

"You can ask him to modify his imaginative flights when people question him about Australia," Medlicott answered. "I've not heard the last of the yarns he told Burdon, by any means. Burdon has been hard hit during the past few days; but he would not complain to me if Prescott had not told him those idiotic cutters."

"I think you began it when you doubted his true story," Eve suggested.

"Probably," Medlicott agreed. "That's why I'm not mentioning the matter myself. You seem to know how to handle him. And I want you to make him see that what you mean by his genuineness to you may give strangers the idea that he's just a plain liar and worthless impostor."

(To be Continued)

Grandma Lindstrom Never Lost A Baby

Aged Swedish Nurse Assisted At More Than 100 Births

NO letters after her name, nor a specialist in obstetrics, yet she has the credit of having brought more than 100 babies into the world successfully since she passed her 60th birthday.

This is the record of "Grandma" Lindstrom of the Athabaska district, who, now more than 80 has given up her work of love and care for others which has taken her, at times into bitter winter weather over miles of icy roads. No call from a frantic husband, whose wife was lying alone in some lonely shack has ever been ignored by the old lady who is known and loved by all the residents of the district for many miles.

She came as a widow of 62 from Sweden. From the time of her arrival Mrs. Lindstrom has been in demand as a midwife. Twenty years ago, roads in the Athabaska district were not what they are today, but no weather or roads were bad enough to stop her when he felt that her assistance was needed.

No student of medical books and generally obliged to work in some lonely little log cabin, poorly heated and lighted only by a coal oil lamp, "Grandma" Lindstrom has never lost a single baby, and on none of her cases has she ever had the assistance of the doctor.

Dancing In School Can't Help Discipline

LONDON, Ont.—London Board of Education decided recently that its young women school teachers should not be commended for teaching older boy students the art of ballroom dancing.

Teachers who spend much of their spare time teaching boys in their classes how to dance could scarcely expect to maintain discipline in the classroom, in the opinion of C. C. Carrothers, retiring chairman of the board. It was his speech which killed a motion commending teachers for their dancing instruction.

Chairman Carrothers said he was unalterably opposed to teachers giving lessons in ballroom dancing. "It certainly can't help discipline," he said.

Trustee Joseph Jeffery, who had asked that the teachers be commended for their extra-curricular activity, said he wouldn't use the word "ballroom."

"All right then," came back the chairman. "I'll say waltzes, fox-trots and tango. Yes, and the rhumba."

Gems From Life's Scrap-Book

"God never made His work for work for man to mend."—Dryden.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others."—Fenelon.

"Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world. Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world."—Mrs. Jameson.

One Canary for Each Convict New Limit Set in U.S. Prison

Collective Security Against Aggression Sought By Nations

Woman Who Attended League's Recent Sessions Tells of European Situation

That the League of Nations is irrevocably committed to halt Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia was the opinion expressed in an interview with Boston Transcript by Miss Sarah Wambaugh, who has just returned from the League's Geneva sessions.

Technical adviser and deputy member of the Saar Plebiscite Commission and for many years an authority on various European questions, Miss Wambaugh said England's self-interest coincided closely with the present trend of League activities, but she scoffed at what she said is a frequent allegation that England controls the League for her own purposes.

"No one pretends that England controls Russia," Miss Wambaugh said. "But Russia is firmly supporting the League today. So are the Scandinavian countries, but it is self-interest for all of them rather than the leadership of England's that they are following."

"These countries all see their only hope lies in collective security against aggression. They know that any one of them might be some other nation's Ethiopia."

"The fact is that England is absolutely committed to the principle that any action must be League action," she said. As a consequence, she added, the present situation must develop either a war, a satisfactory agreement between Italy, Ethiopia and the League, or a complete yield by Mussolini.

Miss Wambaugh said she saw a number of posters in Italy a few weeks ago which might be construed as threatening to England's African territories, one of which proclaimed: "To Whom is East Africa? To Us!"

"I believe that the Italian program is the greatest threat to British power that has ever occurred in this lifetime," Miss Wambaugh said. "And I do not regard it as merely threatening Lake Tsana or her African lands but as threatening her whole prestige in the Mediterranean."

Miss Wambaugh said that Germany appeared to be eager to maintain friendly relations with England at this juncture, and that the German public has manifested considerable feeling against Mussolini ever since his interference with the Austrian-German affairs at the time of the assassination of Chancellor Engelbert Dollfus.

Names For New Warships

Observes the London Times—Among the names assigned to ships of the 1935 new construction program are Liverpool, Manchester, Gloucester, Cachalot, Sterlet, Bittern, Sheldrake, Kittiwake, Gleaner, Plover and Research. The three cruisers which receive the names of English cities will make up a total of eight in this new class. An innovation is made this year in order that Manchester may have a representative ship in the Fleet.

Cachalot will continue a series of marine monsters like Grampus and Narwhal, submarine mine-layers. The name of Sterlet will be the twelfth, all beginning with "S" and all names of fishes, which have been chosen for patrol type submarines since 1930. Bittern is a convoy sloop, Sheldrake, a name going back to 1806, and Kittiwake, new in the Navy, belong to coastal sloops. Gleaner is appropriate for a surveying ship.

Plover, bestowed on a coastal mine-layer, commemorates the capture of the Dutch ship Kievit (pewit, plover) by the Morning Star in 1653. A gunboat Plover was concerned in the Boxer operations of 1900, and there was a destroyer Plover in the late War. Research, borne by three earlier ships of the Navy since 1846, is a fitting designation for the new magnetic survey vessel.

Work Their Way Around The World

An attempt to work their way around the world in ships is being made by two young Vancouver sisters.

They are Clara M. Wilson, a school teacher, and Katharine, a stenographer. They started out on the first lap of their journey aboard the British freighter Harmatris, on which they signed as members of the crew, early last month. The Harmatris will take them to Sydney, N.S.W.

From Sydney they hope to catch a boat for India or the west coast of Australia, work their way to South Africa and up the east coast of Africa and then go through Europe and England, returning by New York and Montreal.

The sisters said they had no special motive for undertaking the adventure, except for the desire to "see the world."

From the Chicago Daily News
BACK of prison walls the abundant life has never been a ruling theory, and achievement of the more abundant life through the destruction of wealth would seem to be too subtle an idea for the eminently pragmatic minds of criminals and their keepers.

Nevertheless, the principles of AA have taken firm root in Stateville Regan Joliet way. There Warlen Joe Regan has decreed a reduction in the canary crop. It seems that many of the lads have been raising canaries for sale. What more fitting occupation? Who should know how to raise cage birds better than jail birds? And could a canary born to live in a cage find a more congenial birthplace than among caged men?

The warden, however, thinks that 2,000 canaries are too many for Stateville. He has limited canaries to a quota of one per prisoner. Obviously one canary cannot produce more canaries. So the revenue of the canary raisers who have been selling the birds for \$2 each is likely to be cut off.

Of course, Stateville's appreciation of music is likely to suffer, too. For the restriction edict is said to have been caused by a violent quarrel between two canary raisers over the respective singing abilities of their pets. The warden, it appears, will have no primadonna stuff in his "stir"—even among the impresarios of the feathered songsters.

This is doubtful policy. Some observers, noting the popularity of philosophical works and belles lettres with long-term and life patrons of prison libraries, have voiced the hope that, during the present dark ages, philosophy and the fine arts would somehow be preserved in state-maintained monastic retreats like Stateville. But what chance has musical criticism under this new canary AAA?

THE OLD-STYLE SPELLING BEE

(Owen Sound Sun-Times)

The Rotary Club of the town of Simcoe staked something new in Norfolk county when a picked lot of champion spellers from all parts of the county participated in a spelling match to determine the county championship, senior and junior. Something new in a way; but really a revival of a very old-fashioned form of entertainment. Back in the olden days spelling matches, or spelling bees, were quite popular; but in recent years they have practically disappeared as a Friday afternoon feature in some of the public schools.

They were good fun and it was next to marvelous to look on and see difficult word after difficult word spelled correctly until one wondered when someone would slip. And there was always a long battle at the end, often ending in a draw, when the star spellers were left alone to uphold the honor of their side. Now, days one wonders how long a spelling contest would last; for now of the penalties we seem to have paid for progress is loss of the knack—or gift—of correct spelling.

The average business man has not time to bother about the correct spelling of a word—he dictates it to a stenographer and leaves it to her to do the rest. And the stenographer, if she is wise—and most of them are—keeps a dictionary in her desk for use in cases of emergency. Spelling is rapidly becoming a lost art.

People nowadays are looking for new ideas in the way of amusement; endless round of teas, bridge and dancing becomes monotonous; amateur plays demand practice; musical affairs, unless fairly high class, do not attract. Why does someone not try the old-fashioned spelling bee?

It would be a drawing card, for instance, to stage a match between the City Council and the Board of Education or a picked team from the Board of Trade. The Service Clubs might fatten their exchequers by an inter-club tournament. Even a city spelling league might be organized. Perhaps a restriction might be put on that school teachers and public school pupils be barred or handicapped.

"We can well be grateful that more and more of our people understand and seek the greater good of the greater number."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"The public can stand a lot better motion pictures than it has received the opportunity to appreciate."—H. G. Wells.

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Climbs Mountains To Please Husband

(From Edmonton Journal)

The holder of the women's mountain climbing record hates mountains and climbs them only to please her husband and children. This is not gossip. It is the frank statement of Mme. Hettie Dyhrenfurth who, in 1934, reached the summit of Queen Mary peak in the Himalayas, a giant of 24,500 feet and outdid the mark of 22,900 feet set by the late Mrs. Bullock-Workman in 1906.

She says she thinks records are silly. Sports should be for the fun of it, and in her opinion, there is no fun in mountain climbing. She gives a graphic description of the blizzard that caught the party at 24,000 feet on her record-breaking climb and which resulted in ten Germans being frozen to death.

For nine days we stayed there, with avalanches roaring down the mountain, the snow so thick we couldn't see, no alcohol to cook on and the air so rare we could not make kindling burn and it took hours to bring water to a boil. We went around puffing for air. I tell you it was awful. The only reason I went on up and broke the women's record was because I could not get back without having some of the men take me back. So I went on. I could hardly breathe. When we got to the top we could not even see the view. I did all this for what? To break a record? Nonsense! And when the photographer asked me to smile for a picture I boxed his ears, I was so mad.

Mme. Dyhrenfurth explains, however, that if there is one thing greater in her life than her dislike for mountain climbing, it is her love for her husband. The latter, born in the Alps and commencing a distinguished climbing career at the age of ten, entertains the belief that the great-

est sport in the world lies on the peaks that have never been scaled. So his wife goes on breaking records just because she knows it makes him happy.

Unquestionably, back of her protestations, there is more than the obedience of a dutiful wife. Apart from record breaking, Mme. Dyhrenfurth has made distinct contributions to the world's knowledge, and there must be a real satisfaction in such work whether one cares for the subject or not. Her frankness, however, causes one to wonder how the memoirs of the majority of men and women who have done things worth reading were recorded with such unsparring honesty.

How many public heroes would have failed the mark had they not feared a dressing-down at home which they set their faces? How many games have been won because of love for another person rather than love for the game itself?

King of England Still Crack Shot

London.—Despite his 70 years, King George still retains the keen eye and the steady hand that made him one of Britain's best shots, and certainly the best shot among the world's monarchs for years.

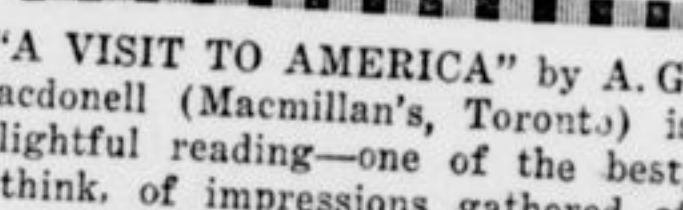
Next to yachting, shooting has always been the King's favorite pastime and he has a collection of guns almost comparable in value to his stamp collection.

Whenever His Majesty gets away from the affairs of state at Buckingham Palace and retires to his country estate at Sandringham, one of the first things he does, his health permitting, is to ride out to the fields in search of grouse and pheasants.

And it takes a fast man to reload the King's gun.

The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN



"A VISIT TO AMERICA" by A. G. Macdonnell (Macmillan's, Toronto) is a delightful reading—one of the best, I think, of impressions gathered of that vast union of states, by a visiting British author. Mr. Macdonnell has a deep sense of humor combined with a keen insight of human nature. One hilarious chapter deals with an afternoon's attendance at a football game. He covers a vast amount of territory—New York, Baltimore, Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and back. San Francisco evidently captured him completely. His recounting of the mad dash by auto, travelling at the rate of ninety miles an hour from San Francisco to Los Angeles is a hair-raising episode. A perfect gift to any Anglo-Saxon.

JEAN VAL JEAN as told by Solomon Cleaver, (Clarke Irwin, Toronto) will delight the audiences all over Canada, who heard Dr. Cleaver tell this famous story.

This is the history of this little book: A young minister in Winnipeg some forty years ago decided, after two careful readings of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, to tell the story in his own words in place of a scheduled lecture. It was received with such enthusiasm that before he had once committed it to paper, he had repeated it more than 800 times to our 100,000 people, and had been obliged to reject one invitation in every four which crowded upon him. From so many of those who have heard Dr. Cleaver have come requests for his story in permanent form, that he has been prevailed upon to have it published. By good fortune an excellent screen version of Les Miserables was produced recently in France, and the publishers have been able through the kindness of the Compagnie France Film to include fourteen scenes from the photoplay.

A CANADIAN HEADMASTER by Watson Kirkconnell, (Clarke Irwin, Toronto) is a brief biography of the late Thomas Allison Kirkconnell by his son, Dr. Kirkconnell taught in the schools of Ontario for fifty years, chiefly at Port Hope and Lindsay. These are but bare facts concern-

ing an unusual character of rare understanding. All pupils and teachers throughout the country should read it.

TOY BALLOONS by Florence Steiner (The Ryerson Press, Toronto) brilliantly illustrated by Elsie Deane. Contains some verse for children that is quaint and delightful. Florence Steiner in this volume of verse shows a deep understanding of children's whims and whimsies. All her work is based on actual happenings in the bewildering life of children.

For instance take this one:
Our rover seems just right to me
There's nothing missing I can see
But he doesn't show a pedigree.

The pup next door has one I know,
For Bob, who owns him, told me so,
I wish our Rover'd let one grow.

He has two ears and eyes deep blue,
A cool, soft nose, and four paws too,
And a little tail he'll wag for you.

Dad says he's finished perfectly
He looks as nice as nice can be,
But I wish he'd grow a pedigree.



CHAPPED HANDS? NO!
APPLY HINDS
See how quickly it soothes

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

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BRITISH WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT

Way Back In The Fourteenth Century Countess of Atholl Sat In Council.

Would there be more women M.P.'s or fewer of them in the new British Parliament than there were in the last one, asks Mary Gibson in the Glasgow Herald. That question has now been settled. Some people are surprised that more women have not been seizing the opportunity to become candidates for Parliamentary honors. It is possible that had there been no female franchise today we would have had the suggestion that women were being deliberately kept out of Parliament. Actually, however, it seems that women have always needed a good deal of persuasion to make them legislators.

There is an instance of this way back 600 years ago. Incidentally, it may surprise some readers that there were women in Parliament so long ago as that, since it was only in 1918 that Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Government made it possible for women to vote in Parliamentary elections and stand as candidates for Parliament.

FAMOUS ASSEMBLIES

Actually women sat in Parliament—or the equivalent of that Assembly—ever earlier than the period just referred to. So far back as the year 694, indeed, ladies of the nobility and aristocracy sat in Council with the Saxon Witas; and in Wulfstan's Great Council at Beconed there were abbesses sitting in deliberation along with the king, bishops, and nobles, and five of them signed the decrees drawn up at that assembly.

Reverting to women in Parliament 600 years ago, it is a fact that women did act as leaders at Westminster; and there is an unusually interesting coincidence between the reign of Edward III, and our own time in that connection. As everyone knows, the Duchess of Atholl was the first woman to be returned to Parliament for a Scottish constituency. One of the lady legislators of the reign of Edward III, was Catharine Countess of Atholl, who was the daughter of an English nobleman, married to the eleventh Earl of Atholl, and mother of the twelfth and last (Celtic) Earl of Atholl. That fourteenth-century lady of Atholl was probably the first Scottish woman M.P. of all time, as the present lady of Atholl is certainly the first Scottish woman M.P. under our modern franchise and Parliamentary systems.

But the difference between then and now is that Catharine Countess of Atholl did not seek to be elected to Parliament, but was forced to sit in that assembly. So were at the same time Mary Countess of Warwick, Anna Despenser, Alienor Countess of Ormond, Philippa Countess of March, Johanna Fitzwater, Agneta Countess of Pembroke, Matilda Countess of Oxford, Mary de St. Paul, and Mary de Roos.

In those days the ladies were chosen to appear in Parliament, and there was no escape for them from their duties. If by any chance they could not take their places they were bound to find proxies to appear and vote for them. Women were summoned to Parliament also in the time of Henry III and Edward I. These were generally abbesses, as in the period of the Saxon Witas.

AFTER A LONG DELAY

Considering all this, it is all the more strange that, in the following centuries, women should not only be banned from Parliament, but refused to vote, and that the long struggle for the female franchise which began in the middle of the last century and culminated in the Suffragette movement in the years before the Great War should have been possible in a country which had had women legislators a thousand years before.

In Scotland, indeed, our women were admitted as local burgesses equally with men many centuries ago but they did not seem ever to have been admitted to Parliamentary membership.

Hairpins Don't Sound At All Palatable

There's the story of the Scottish farmer who found that the mortality rate among his cows increased sharply when he began to employ milkmaids. The milkmaids dropped hairpins, and the cows, innocently enough, swallowed them.

So the dog, a leading English veterinarian pointed out in a recent lecture, is not the only animal which acquires illness through swallowing foreign bodies.

But dogs still lead the field. English dogs, it was brought out, have swallowed coins, stones, rubber balls and brooches. There is authentic record, moreover, of one swallowing a silk stocking.

"Psychologists are still discovering things that everybody knows and calling them by names that nobody knows."—G. K. Chesterton.