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Andrew Carnegie on one occasion was asked which he considered the most important factor in industry — labor, capital or brains. Carnegie quickly replied, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

FLOWERS AT HER FEET By MARIE BLIZARD



"You're like a kid with its first doll, Alix."

READ THIS FIRST: By winning a \$500 slogan contest, Alix Carey earns a promotion in the advertising agency where she is employed and enlists the personal interest of John Sayre, young president of the agency, whom she secretly admires. Coming to New York following her parents' death, she has made close friends of Kathleen Crosby and her cousin, Kim Preston. Alix grows to know Sayre following a business conference one evening. Kathleen, who is in love with Kim, urges Alix to take up golf as a social weapon. Kim makes love to Alix but she obviously prefers his friendship. Alix is thrilled when John Sayre, noticing her golf clubs, makes a date to play with her the next day, a holiday. Following an enjoyable golf game, John invites Alix to his party. (Now go on with the story)

CHAPTER 12 The holiday was on Tuesday. On Wednesday at lunch, Alix said to Kathleen Crosby, "Imagine, Kathleen, how beautifully your casual idea for me to take up golf worked into the scheme of things!" Kathleen didn't look at her. She ought to have been ashamed of that deliberate move, she thought, but if it were to mean Alix's happiness as well as her own, she wouldn't feel too bad about it. If it meant that it would be an agent to draw Alix and John Sayre together and Alix wanted that, it would have been right. If it meant only unhappiness for Alix and if she believed that Alix might care for Kim, it would have been very wrong. For she had deliberately suggested the idea of Alix's learning the game because she knew it was a social weapon.

Coincidence, scheming were not in Kathleen's make-up and she surprised herself by having any part of it. But she had believed that Alix's interest in John Sayre was more than the admiration of an employee for her chief. And while Kathleen felt a very real affection for Alix, Alix was hurting her. Unconsciously, Kathleen knew. Because Alix didn't know how bringing her loneliness and appeal into the lives of Kathleen and Kim, she had threatened the life-long structure that had been so long building between the second cousins.

Had Kathleen been another kind of girl, she might have done one of two things: She might have brought her love for Kim out of hiding, confided in Alix the love that had been there ever since she could remember. Not the easy, careless cousin-and-cousin love but the love of a woman for the one man she knows surely to be her heart's choice forevermore. If she had done that, both of them might have been spared the unhappiness that lay so surely before them. But she couldn't. Her love was inarticulate and shy, and she had no premise on which to assume that it was her right to come into their lives, there had never been a woman other than herself in Kim's life. Kim had made love to her in silences. Silences that needed no words. It was as much a part of them as their manners, the things they did as well as the things they thought. No, she couldn't have told Alix.

For she could have taken the other way to banish Alix from the circle of her life. It would have been so easy to safeguard herself and Kim by simply dropping Alix with the easy, deadly politeness of her class. But she liked her, she couldn't be unfair to her. Even now when she couldn't be sure that Alix was intrigued sufficiently with John Sayre or not intrigued with Kim. Because she loved Kim, she couldn't understand why every other woman in the world didn't.

She was hurt by Kim's failing to tell her when he saw Alix. Hurt, not because she thought that he was deliberately keeping something from her, or because she thought she had any right to know. She was hurt because it seemed so natural for him not to include her, to forget that she might be interested. All of which was of no doing on Alix's part. She smiled sweetly and sincerely at Alix. "You're like a kid with its first doll, Alix. Tell me all about it."

"There really isn't an awful lot to tell. It happened to come into my office on business." "Does he make a habit of calling around at the offices of his copy writers?" Kathleen asked interestedly. "I've never seen him do it before. Alix answered after the briefest hesitation. "Anyway it just happened. He asked me to play with him the next afternoon. I've never been in such bad form! Then when we were playing the last hole, a man named Hank Powers."

"Stoutish? Red-haired?" Kathleen asked, and Alix said he was, "a very good friend of mine. Well, go on, Alix." "He was very casual, didn't know that I'm not a friend of Mr. Sayre's and he asked me if I were coming out to the putting contest on Saturday. Then, John... Mr. Sayre turned to me and said he'd like to have me if I'd like to come, and he called me 'Alix.' Naturally, in front of a stranger, I wasn't going to say, 'Oh, this is so sudden!' or 'I didn't expect he meant it.' 'So you're going?'"

"It seems that I am, Mr. Powers walked back to the clubhouse with me and with us all during supper. It was a buffet and simply grand. It got chilly at night and we sat around the hearth in the trophy room."

"And you drove home by moonlight?" "Kathleen, I think you're having fun with me. Please don't try to turn what was just a pleasant afternoon and evening into a romantic adventure. There wasn't a moon. Or at least, not much of a moon." "Hurry and go on. So then what happened?" "So nothing happened! I nearly fell asleep on the way home. Fresh air and too much food made me sleepy and first thing I knew, we were at the door of my apartment and it was saying, 'Saturday, it is then? Can you catch the 2:10 from Penn? There are some others coming on that train and you'll be met. I started to say 'but a few times and he said, 'So, it's all settled?' and it seems."

"And why not? It sounds jolly to me. Obviously he is having a huge party and why not have another attractive girl? By the way, are you still calling each other 'Mr.' and 'Miss?'" "Certainly. He did call me once, but I guess that sort of slipped out. I managed to avoid trying to call him anything. Are you quite sure you think it's all right for me to go, Kathleen?" "I certainly do. And knock them cold. Also, Alix, be careful you don't get an inferiority complex over the thing. Try and forget, if you can, that the relationship between you and Sayre is a business one. Make up your mind that he sought your company because you are attractive to him. And don't get any funny ideas about the difference in your worlds you were talking about one day. I've been on lots of those parties out in that part of the island and you'll run into girls in his own set with manners you'd have been spanked for displaying."

"You make it all sound reasonable," Alix said. "Up to now, it's all seemed so little, fantastic. You know, too good to be true and all that sort of thing. Cinderella invited to the palace. The impossible achieved so easily." "I told you once that nothing was impossible for you if you really wanted it." Kathleen's eyes were on the ceiling and her expression rich with meaning. "And I told you that I have everything wanted."

"Don't tempt Fate that way, Alix. I wouldn't dare say a thing like that. Oh, one more thing!" "Yes," Alix called their waitress. "Don't take too many clothes and don't try to outdress anyone." Kathleen had made John's invitation to Alix sound reasonable. "Thinking it over it didn't sound reasonable to John Sayre. He regretted it but he wouldn't have recalled it for the world. He wasn't a snob, but it was simply that he knew it wasn't a good idea to cultivate personal relationships with any girl who worked for him."

The invitation had come as naturally as his first invitation for her to play golf with him. He hadn't intended doing that either yet he knew that Bill Warner had crystallized the thought in him that she was lovely and desirable to be alone with her was inevitable. She was a surprising girl, different from any he knew. He never knew what to expect from her. Hers was a strange mixture that was both shy and extraordinarily poised. She was a gentlewoman, from where he did not know. She had brains and beauty and he didn't think for a moment that she would misunderstand his casual invitation.

Nevertheless he was more than momentarily disturbed when his man told him that Miss Cushing had telephoned from Boston to say that she would be in New York, Friday, and would like to join his party. CHAPTER 13 Carola Cushing had been in John Sayre's life nearly as long as Kim had been in Kathleen's. John's father had been her guardian and, when he died, John had accepted the responsibility. It was John who had

the broad staircase, the halls as wide as her own living room. "Here we are," Carola said, opening the white door that led to a high-ceilinged room that was to be Alix's. "Your bath is on the left. Here's the bell if you want anything. By the way, leave a note on the telephone table before we go out to tell the maid what you want for breakfast. We have trays on Sunday mornings. One of the maids will be along to unpack your things in a few minutes. Well, I guess that's all."

She gave Alix a cordial smile which surprised Alix. She didn't know that Carola was always casual. "Thank you," she said, "I'm sure it is good. You'll probably want to change. If so, make it as snappy as possible. The match begins at 4.30." She was gone with another friendly smile. Alix had no intention of changing. She wore her melon-colored angora suit. She hung her light blue crepe evening frock on a padded, perfumed hanger beside her beige silk sports dress, shook the folds from her tailored negligee, slipped down her slippers. Then she washed her face, combed her hair and sat down on a satin-covered slipper chair to do a little thinking.

Who was Carola Cushing? Obviously she was John Sayre's hostess. She was thoroughly familiar with his house. So familiar with his house — and with him — that she had arrived the night before, changed his arrangements, ordered lunch. "Well," Alix got up and shrugged her shoulders philosophically. "That's that. And a good thing it is! There's nothing like rapping a foolish idea in the bud."

It was an Indian summer afternoon, an Indian summer night. The harvest moon was a luminous printed disk, red, warm and huge, rising slowly against a pointed drop of sky. The tall trees silhouetted blackly against the glowing ball rose higher and bigger as though drawn up by a celestial stage-hand. It created magic. A special kind of magic that brought the flowers from the floor, from their tables to drink in its beauty, to a wistful "but dinner-dance. To gaze with that never ending wonder at that age-old October ember."

Carola had become an-accepted fact in his life and the two of them were drifting toward the future with Carola at the helm. He was fond of her, but he was not blind to her feminine faults. He rather wished that Carola and Alix were not going to be under his roof at the same time because he had no intention of explaining Alix to the other girls. Carola was as surprising in her ways as Alix was in hers. She might take the younger girl under her wing and everything would be all right. John sighed and hoped it would be.

As for Alix, turning the pages of a magazine and seeing nothing on any one of them as her train bore her through Long Island, she was so completely anticipatory that nothing could have spoiled the weekend in view for her. She looked about her on the train, wondering which of her fellow passengers were members of the Sayre party. There were a number of them who got off at her station. She stood uncertainly on the train platform with her one bag at her feet. Then she saw him. He was in the centre of a group of six or eight, peering anxiously over their heads. When she saw that he saw her, she waved her hand gaily.

"There you are," he said giving her a big smile, and picking up her bag, he piloted her to the group. "Mike... Nancy... this is Alix Carey... Mr. and Mrs. Tilden and this," he introduced her to each of them in turn, "is Colonel Hardwick and Mrs. Jepson... Martin, Urquhart and Kelley Van Wyck." "May I remember the names later?" she asked, surrendering her big coat to one of them. "They piled into a station wagon and Alix found herself talking easily and not as though she were a girl from the office" but as though she had been one of them for a long time.

The first glimpse of Sayre's house was through the autumn trees, a white house with a tall-pillared porch, seen through yellow, orange and red lace of foliage. It wasn't at all the kind of house she had expected. It was something out of a story of the old south. It lacked only ladies in hoop-skirts, poplars and darkies. He had referred to it as "the cottage."

"They piled out of the station wagon and mounted the porch. 'Hi, everybody!' a high, cultured voice called from within. A woman's voice. Then she appeared to them. A woman in navy blue slacks with a bandana binding hair as under and lovely as Alix's own. A bold, beautiful face framed under it. She moved forward in a long, graceful stride and kissed John Sayre. They were all saying, "Hello, Carola, when did you get here?" and "How could you stand Boston so long?" and other things that were familiar among them. "I came last night," she said. "Anyone want lunch? There's cold food in the dining room. I didn't know what to order?" Sayre brought Alix from the fringe of the gathering to where the other girl was standing. "Carola, this is Miss Carey; Alix, Miss Cushing."

"So glad," Carola said giving her the merest glance. She got little more from Alix. "I've rearranged the rooms, John. I hope you don't mind," Carola consulted a small paper in her hand. "Colonel, will you and Kelley take the west wing? Mike and Nancy, you get the bridal suite. Tim in my usual room and, Miss Carey, you're in the blue room at the end of the corridor." They went indoors. Following Carola Cushing who offered to show her her room, Alix had a jumbled impression of the great airy rooms filled with flowers,

down the steps and along a path straight into the moon, without speaking. "Oh!" Alix caught her breath. They had come to the lily pond and that great red lantern in the sky took her breath away. "We do things right out here," he said and she saw that he was regarded her with that one-sided smile and the puzzling brows. "Don't you?" she said and remembered her humiliation again and remembering, she trembled. "Look here," he cleared his throat. "I heard it, but you mustn't take it that way. It's all my fault. You know how peculiar women are. I simply neglected to tell Carola who you were and she picked up information the wrong way. Carola is headless, thoughtless, factless at times, but she is never unkind and I imagine that at this moment she feels much worse about it than you do. Don't you think you could forgive her? If you're worrying about the others, I'll be forced to tell you all the compliments they've been paying you. In fact, you're the most popular girl on this whole party and the general opinion is that I'm a very lucky fellow to have you with us."

While he talked to her, Alix was becoming awfully thinning away was a pretty silly thing to do and going home would be harder than staying would have been. It was as though he read her thoughts. "Shall I take you home and say that you had a headache? The dance will be over in less than an hour."

She looked at him gratefully. "Please do," she said and gave him the smile he had been waiting for. She fastened her wrap at her throat and turned to go back the way they had come. Then suddenly she turned back to him. "Why," she asked, "did you invite me to come out here this weekend?" She stood looking up into his face. It was very close to her own that was so serious, so intent in the moonlight. "Because I wanted you to be here," he said so low she couldn't have heard his words had she not been so close. He bent his head and kissed her on her mouth until it was as though they had breathed together. Then they drew apart, their gaze unbreaking and Alix said, "We'd better go now."

"Yes," he said, and made a great to-do about lighting a cigar. He didn't say anything again until he left her at the foot of the stairs in the white house with the tall-pillared porch. "Good night, Alix," he said, holding her hands for a moment. "Pleasant dreams." "Good night—John."

From her pillows she looked out to the palling moon staring at an hour. Nothing... nothing... nothing could ever take it away. She closed her eyes and fell into bottomless slumber. John put his hand on Carola's arm. It touched the cold ice of her diamond bracelet. "Stay out here a minute, Carola. I want to talk to you."

She sank down onto a wicker lounge on the veranda, stretched languidly and raised her arms over her head. "Did she hear what I was saying?" "She did." "I'm sorry, John. Truly I am." "I know you are, Carola." "What do you want me to do?" "I don't know. An apology would only add to it. You're a woman, you ought to know what to do."

"I think I do. You can count on me if it means anything to you." She waited when she said that. "It doesn't mean any more to me than making a guest comfortable," he said evenly. "A very beautiful guest." She stressed the adjective. "Is she? I hadn't noticed particularly," he said, not quite truthfully. "Of course! How is it and of course you've noticed! How did it all happen?" "Nothing happened," he said impatiently. "Miss Cushing has a book of reasons for inviting people to my place?" "No, darling, of course you need not. I merely thought it was a trifle unusual for you to... well pick up someone from your office and single that person out for such an honor."

"She happened to have done a particularly fine job that netted me an account that will run a half a million this year. Naturally all would be thrown together. That's all." "See that it is, pet." She pulled herself up and yawned. "Then suddenly: 'John, my bracelet! It's gone!'" "I can't be very far. You had it a moment ago."

He switched on the hall lights. They made a fan of white on the veranda floor. Glimming beyond the circle, was the inch-wide cord of bracelet. He picked it up. "Bad clasp," he said. "I've been meaning to do some-

thing about it, but I rather thought I'd have two emeralds put into it. That would mean a new design but my allowance doesn't permit of things like that at the moment."

"Haven't you enough baubles without that expense?" he asked sternly. She pouted and then she laughed. "Darling, John, when are you going to get over acting fatherish with me? You're cute when you do it."

She held the bracelet in her hand while she slipped her arm through his and leaned her body toward him. "Yes." "Carola has a birthday next month and John always gives Carola a birthday gift. Would John like to take this and have Carola send him her emeralds?" She dropped the bracelet into his hand. "What for?" he asked guardedly. "Wouldn't it be a nice present—and not a very expensive one—for you to have it re-made for me?"

He laughed. "You had me frightened for a minute, my dear. It's a good idea. It will save me a lot of trouble." He slipped it into his pocket with nothing to warn him that that very bracelet was to be the instrument to bring trouble into the lives of people he'd never known. And to himself. (To be continued)

CHAPTER 14 Alix skirted the groups standing in the corridor leading to the great hall following Carola's insulting remarks. Her heels clicked angrily on the hard floors and up the stairs to the cloak-room. She fumbled in her purse for her check and a coin. She found the check but the coin evaded her. A piece of silver—not hers—made a clinking sound on the china saucer. She looked up. "May I?" John Sayre said, taking the cloak from the maid and holding it for Alix. "Thank you," she choked, slipping into it. "You may need it. You may not. It may be chilly by the lily pool. You haven't seen it, have you?"

She rang her tongue over her dry lips and didn't answer him. She was ashamed of her childish behavior but she didn't know what to do. She only knew that she wanted to get away from that table, to get away from ever having to face those people again. To them she was no longer one of their own people, she was "some girl from John's agency."

"You weren't going any place specially, were you?" he asked, tucking her hand in the crook of his arm. He could feel it trembling there. "I don't know where I was going," she said. "Just away from here. Please don't ask me why."

"I know why," he answered gently. They went out of the club,

Funeral services for Gerald M. Pearson were held Tuesday, Nov. 27, at Owosso, Michigan, Rev. Rex Holman officiating. Burial was made in the Bennington cemetery near the deceased's home south of the city. Mr. Pearson was born at "Maple Grove," Newmarket, on April 20, 1880, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Pearson, and only brother of Ida, Mrs. (Dr.) H. S. Watson, of Detroit, who passed away in May, 1934, and Clara (Mrs. C. W. Armitage) of Harbor Beach, Mich.

Mr. Pearson attended the model and high schools in Newmarket, where he lived until he went to Detroit 18 years ago, later moving to his farm just outside of Owosso, where he has since conducted a model dairy farm. His sudden and unexpected death has taken a friendly and happy personality from the community, which, his many friends and neighbors feel, can never be replaced. His genial smile endeared him to all who knew him.

Among those attending the services were relatives from Waubesa, Ill., Windsor, Ont., Detroit, Mich., and Royal Oak, Mich.

He leaves his wife, two children, three grandchildren, and one sister. Mr. Pearson had been in his usual health, and returning home at dusk had some difficulty with his car. After some delay he started to walk to a garage three blocks away. Apparently he decided to take a short-cut across the river where children had been skating that afternoon. When in the centre the ice broke, letting him into the water. Physicians pronounced death due to shock. After working with his car and getting over-heated, plunging into ice-cold water was too much for his heart and he collapsed when partially out of the water.

Years ago there were lots of Pearsons in and around York county. Peter Pentz Pearson, the grandfather, came from Pennsylvania and bought the "Maple Grove" farm at the same time the Webbs, Armitages, Widdifields, Haight's, and many other pioneers settled within Whit-church. Gerald was an only son of Robert, and this leaves Peter W. Pearson, the only male descendant of this branch of the Pearson family.

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