



# BRERETON UNDERSTANDS WOMEN

By Holloway Horn.



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PAUL BRERETON, a famous wealthy artist. At 48, as far as a man may, he understands women. Certainly far more than

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT RONNY VE-VONS, who is very much in love.

SONIA, who may not have been much of an actress but had other and perhaps greater qualities.

DR. MALV BARNWELL was not merely a good doctor, but a charming woman. She was in love with Brereton, and the woman in the picture which Paul Brereton painted in Paris.

### CHAPTER I MARRIED OR BACHELOR?

Cheriton House, standing high above the loveliest view near London, had been empty for many months when Paul Brereton bought it.

Dr. Mary Barnwell heard of the sale within a few hours of the agreement being signed. She had called at Cheriton House to see the gardener's wife, who was a patient of hers, and found her full not only of her usual asthma but of the news.

The gardener himself came in as the doctor was leaving.

"How is she, Mum?" he asked as he touched his cap.

"About the same, Mr. Fossick. This place is too draughty. I shall be glad when you get her back to the Lodge."

"Same 'ere, Mum. The housekeeper 'll be here next week, and we shall get back to the Lodge at once, I hope."

"The new tenant is a painter—your wife tells me?"

"And he seems a very nice gentleman, too. Brereton's his name—Paul Brereton. He's been living in the South of France, from what he said to Nixon, the house-agent. I should say the gentleman's a bachelor," he added.

"What makes you think so?"

"He's sending his housekeeper down here to get the place ready for him."

"A married man might have a housekeeper, surely?"

"Well—he looked a bachelor doctor. There was nothing harassed about him."

The doctor smiled again as she let in the clutch.

Mary Barnwell was thirty-five. She was not pretty, but nowadays fifty per cent of what is known as "prettiness" is synthetic. Her intelligent humorous face was not easily described in so many words—but there was sympathy and understanding in it.

She lived in an old house in the town and had built up one of the best practices in that part of the country. Usually she struck rather an austere note in her clothes, but at a bridge party or dance Mary Barnwell was always careful to give no indication of her profession.

The doctor was an extremely good bridge player, but people grew chary of asking her because she was so often called away in the middle of a game. That evening she was playing with some friends of hers who lived in a "converted" cottage on the other side of the valley. Tim Heriot was the art master at Cheriton School, and his wife had been a medical student with Mary. The four was completed by Colonel Winnington-Merson, a gentleman who played bridge superlatively well, did nothing else whatever, and yet seemed very satisfied with the hand which Fate had dealt to him.

They settled down into that absorbed silence which falls on good players and very little was said until sandwiches were brought in at the end of the second rubber.

"By the way, Mary, have you heard the news?" Mrs. Heriot asked as she poured out the China tea, which was invariably the doctor's drink when she was at a bridge party.

"Depends what it is," said Mary.

"There was a way of getting that little slam" the Colonel said suddenly as one who returned from a great distance away.

"No post-mortems!" said Mrs. Heriot sternly. "It's about Paul Brereton," she went on to the doctor.

"Paul Brereton? I've heard the name to-day—yes. He's bought Cheri-

ton House."

"You've heard it to-day? Is that all?" demanded Tim Heriot.

"Yes."

"He is one of the most distinguished living painters," said the art master in a despairing tone.

"Sorry!" said Mary Barnwell. "Should I have known the name?"

"If he had been a film star or a radio comedian everyone would have known it, but since he is merely a great artist the case is different."

"He must be a very successful artist to afford a place like Cheriton House," said the Colonel as he sipped the whisky and soda which was his drink at a bridge party.

"I saw a picture of his in the Salon last year," Tim Heriot went on. "It was a lovely thing and made one proud of being an Englishman."

"How do you mean?" the Colonel asked in the tone of a man who really wanted to know.

"Just that, Colonel," the art master said.

"What kind of a man is he?" Mrs. Heriot asked.

"I don't know. Very little is known about him. I was so interested in that picture that I tried to find out about him. He was living in the South of France at the time, and the picture was not for sale. What I did discover, however, was that his work is known wherever artists gather together."

"I mean, is he young or old? Married or single?" his wife pursued.

"He is an artist, my dear. Surely that is sufficient?"

"It certainly isn't, Tim."

"I can tell you, my dear," the doctor said. "He is a very nice gentleman."

"How do you know, Mary?" Tim Heriot asked.

"I have it on the authority of Fossick, the gardener at Cheriton House. Moreover, if the possession of a housekeeper is sufficient evidence, he is not married."

"Housekeeper? What's that got to do with it?" the Colonel asked.

"I pass on the information that was given to me," Mary Barnwell said. "But I'm afraid he's 'oldish'—that was also Fossick's word."

"Why 'afraid, my dear?' asked Mrs. Heriot with a smile.

"I thought it sounded rather dull—an oldish bachelor, apparently. It all seems wrong in that exquisite house. One feels the need there of a young gracious, and lovely woman."

"Why?" asked the Colonel earnestly.

"Woman like that can never play a decent game of bridge."

"Colonel," protested both of the women at once, and Tim Heriot grinned as the Colonel attempted to blunder his way out.

The following week when Dr. Barnwell next visited Mrs. Fossick she found the gardener and his wife back in the Lodge.

"Has the new tenant arrived yet?" she asked as she rose to go.

"No doctor. Not Mr. Brereton. The housekeeper's here. Miss McKechnie, her name is. She's getting it all ready for him."

"A Scotswoman, apparently?"

"Very," said the gardener. "And a strong-minded one at that. Knows what she wants and doesn't mind asking for it. The place has been kept in apple-pie order, as you know, doctor. But she's found things to complain about. There's a lot of furniture here—expensive stuff, too—and there's more to come from other places, I believe."

"You're staying on, of course?"

"So far. Miss McKechnie seemed to assume that I was."

"When is Mr. Brereton coming?"

"I can't rightly say. There's a lot more furniture coming down from town to-morrow and more from abroad next week. And a lot of valuable pictures. Miss McKechnie has been with him for more than twenty years, she told me."

"It will be good to have somebody in the old house again," the doctor said as she turned to the door.

"Isn't there a Mrs. Brereton?" she went on.

"Can't say. Doesn't look like it, but I didn't ask her. She's not the kind of woman who welcomes questions."

Dr. Barnwell was getting into her car at the Lodge gate when she noticed the big car. It had turned off the main road into the narrow carriage-way which led to the Lodge, and she waited for it to pass before she started her own car. It was a low, rakish sports model, and the man driving it glanced at her as he passed. He was forty-five or fifty, and was wearing a big, woolly, yellowish coat with a black felt hat. She knew it was Paul Brereton before Fossick's startled face confirmed her impression.

"That's 'im!" she said hurriedly. "I'd best get along and see what's to do, doctor."

He turned away and hurried down the drive after his new master.

The second gardener and the boy had both observed their master's arrival and were busily at work. The daffodils and crocuses which bordered the suave lawn satisfied even Fossick's critical eye as he made his way to the seed beds at the side of the house.

He was very busy indeed a few minutes later when Mr. Brereton followed him.

"Hallo, Fossick! I'm here sooner than I said. The garden's very attractive."

"Though I says it as shouldn't, sir, you'll go a long way to find a better. It's a summer garden really, sir. The roses are fine. The rose garden's through this way."

Master and man walked round together and Fossick smiled inwardly at the almost unnatural industry exhibited by his two colleagues as they passed.

"That's why I bought the house," Paul Brereton said suddenly, indicating

an immense cedar tree at the far end of the garden.

"There's not a finer one in the country," Fossick agreed.

"It's sheer beauty," Brereton said quietly.

"It does seem to stand out, as you might say, sir," Fossick said.

"There are so few satisfying things in life, Fossick, and that is one of them."

"I remember that Mr. Heriot—he's the drawing master at the school, sir—went in orf the deep end about the old cedar. There must be something in it for artistic gentlemen."

"It's like a Japanese print. I'm going to like this, Fossick."

"I hope so, sir, I assure you."

"Have you been here long?"

"I came here as a boy of fourteen. That's thirty-five years ago."

"I shouldn't think you'd get tired of a place like this."

Fossick glanced at his employer and said: "Get bored, you mean, sir? Dr. Barnwell told my missus that boredom was the greatest modern disease."

"That the local doctor?"

"It's a lady, sir."

"So far I have always got bored with places. I've spent the last twelve months in the south of France. The hard brilliant sunshine got on my nerves. I wanted this soft weather."

"You're staying here now, sir?"

"I think so. Miss McKechnie will look after me until she finds maids and so on. Thanks very much for showing me round. I take it that the gardeners will stay on?"

"We all want to, sir."

"That's excellent. I'm going down the lane to look around the town."

Miss McKechnie came out to Fossick shortly after Brereton had sauntered off.

"It's just like him," she complained with a helpless gesture. "Not a word to me! He said he would not be here until Saturday. It means getting dinner for him to-night, and it's early closing in the town."

It was a more human, slightly flustered Miss McKechnie.

Fossick was helpful, and in his quiet way achieved equality with the dour Scotswoman. He knew Cheriton, and in spite of the law of the land, offered to cycle into the town and interview the local dealer in fish and game.

(To be Continued)

accompany the boy to the city, his sister to remain with him until he is sufficiently recovered to return to town."

Commenting on the growth of the gold mining industry, The Advance on April 5th, 1922, said:—"The growth of the gold mining industry of Ontario during the past ten years is remarkable. In speaking of Ontario's gold mining industry it is well to bear in mind that this industry is centred in the town camps of Porcupine and Kirkland Lake, with Porcupine far in the lead as a producer. In 1912, Ontario's gold output totalled 96,523 ounces. In 1913, this had grown to 219,601 ounces; 1914 it was 258,264 ounces; 1915, 406,577 ounces; 1916, 492,481 ounces; 1917 and 1918 showed slight decreases from 1916 the figures being 423,261 and 411,976 respectively. In 1919 and 1920 the figures climbed past the 1916 record, 505,739 ounces being produced in 1919 and 564,959 ounces in 1920. The year 1921 eclipsed all records showing a total production of 709,509 ounces. Even the latter imposing figure, however is only the beginning, as it were of the real record gold production of the North Land. From present indications the production this year will greatly exceed last year."

Twenty years ago The Advance on its front page featured the story of the renewed activity evident in the Porcupine camp in 1922. The V. N. T. and Crown had been re-opened, and it was expected that West Dome and Dome Lake would also resume, while there was considerable activity in connection with the Goldale. A number of new properties were also rousing interest.

At Haliburton twenty years ago three men from Schumacher, of Russian origin, were sentenced to five years in prison and Mr. Justice Logie recommended their deportation at the end of their terms as he considered them not at all desirable citizens. They were charged in connection with what the judge called the brutal killing of one of the fellow countrymen of the accused.

THOROUGHBREDS

"Are you a thoroughbred? It has been well said that the cart horse goes until he can't go another inch and then gives up; that the thoroughbred goes until she can't go another inch... and then goes the other inch."

WHAT HIT HIM

Joe: "Where did you get that black eye?"

Moe: "I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."

—St. Mary's Journal-Argus.

## Number of New Cars Still Available to Purchasers Here

### Still Possible to Buy New Cars, With Tires, Etc.

A few days ago a local automobile dealer called up The Advance to point out that he had some brand new cars for sale, and that the idea held by many that no new cars were available was completely in error. No new cars are to be made, but those in stock throughout the country will be available. It was pointed out to the local man that the motor companies should use advertising space to make facts like these known. There are too many concerns who are making the difficulties incident to the war an excuse to refrain from advertising. Instead of this attitude the proper stand at present is for the business concerns to see to it that the public are kept informed of such facts as those about cars. This plan has been followed in Britain with the best of results.

To return to the fact that new cars are available, however, The Advance this week received the following despatch from Toronto along the same line:—

Toronto, April 8: So long as they are for essential transportation purposes, Canadian motorists can still buy brand new cars—yes, with four new tires on them—and get a gasoline ration book, too.

So declared Howard B. Moore, general manager of the Federation of Automobile Dealer Associations of Canada, in a statement, following receipt of reports from widespread sections of the country, indicating that erroneous statements had gained momentum to the effect that all new cars had been "frozen" and that purchases of new vehicles had been banned.

"The facts are," said Mr. Moore, "that the motor vehicle controller has placed some 4,000 cars into what is termed an 'official pool,' and none of these cars can be sold by dealers without permission from the Motor Vehicle Controller. Those cars are being held in stock for later release, on orders from the Controller, and only then to those engaged in health and fire fighting services, maintenance of police service and such essential purposes. But outside the 'official pool' are thousands of other cars, manufactured before the stopping of car production, which have only recently been delivered to show-rooms. These cars are for sale, without restrictions."

U.S. Government regulations "freezing" cars in United States are believed

to have resulted in misinterpretation of the Canadian situation, Mr. Moore said.

There are sufficient new cars on the Canadian market today to supply the "necessary" requirements of purchasers for many months, it was learned. The cars are spread out in fair proportion in all parts of the Dominion, making them available in all areas.

Car dealers of Canada, from the commencement of transportation problems, have been co-operating closely with the Motor Vehicle Controller, and have assured him that precautions will be taken to see that cars are sold only for "essential" transportation purposes.

Motorists should not be stampeded into taking their cars off the road, declared Mr. Moore. "The wise motorist will first of all completely eliminate pleasure driving. He will use his car only for essential business. He will take every care of his tires, and use his car so as to extend the mileage over as long a period as possible. Essential war industries would suffer greatly if

HAND IT TO THIS ONE

"Why do all radio announcers have small hands?" "Why do they?" "We paw for station identification." —St. Mary's Journal-Argus.

all cars were laid up."

It was pointed out that there are thousands of high grade used cars, with tires on them, in excellent repair, available in markets across Canada. The supply is good particularly in urban centres, but dealers stated that shortly a heavy demand for used cars in rural areas would reduce the stock of used cars in cities and towns.

So, if you want to buy a brand new car, for essential transportation, or trade in your present car for a better used car, there's nothing to prevent you.

Mr. Moore, in concluding his remarks, strongly endorsed the motor vehicle policy laid down by the federal government, and pledged the co-operation of car dealers across Canada.

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TO

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### BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

THURSDAY, APRIL 9th, 1942

TO

Points in the Maritimes via North Bay and Canadian National Railways

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