



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 woman. Certainly far more than...

Synopsis of Previous Chapters
PAUL BRERETON, a middle aged artist of great repute and personal charm, comes to live at Cheriton after a long residence in Paris.

BRERETON UNDERSTANDS—SHE WAS DELIGHTFULLY YOUNG
On his way back, Fossick noticed Paul Brereton reading the poster outside the town hall which advertised the exhibition of the work of the members of the local Arts and Craft Society.

"Can I help you, sir?" a young lady inquired politely. "I'm a member of the committee," she told him. She was delightfully young in years, dress and manners. Twenty, perhaps, with eyes of that rare lapis-lazuli which a painter would notice even more than an ordinary man.

"We are all willing to sell—we're all hard up—but we never do sell anything that is, excepting Mr. Heriot, of course. He's our big noise. He has actually had pictures on the line at the Academy."

"Really?" Paul Brereton said. "That's one, for example. A lovely sense of distance he always gets into his work."

"A very pleasant sense of colour," Brereton said as he contemplated the picture she had indicated. "That is his, too?" he added, turning to another picture.

"I mean that he's an artist, and it must be dreadful to attempt to teach art. It's the one thing which cannot be taught."

"I'm sure you're wrong. He's one of the happiest men I know."

"That's odd—if he is an artist."

"He loves his work—his real work. I mean. And he's quite fond of his teaching. He has a lovely cottage, and a lovely wife. He plays bridge splendidly and is extremely good looking, and they have two positively adorable baby girls."

"But I have. Isn't that one?" The sketch of the windmill. I mean?" "Yes," she said doubtfully. "You're quite right. It is insipid," he said. "You know, you're frightened of colour. But it's one of the few things you are frightened of, I should say. And now that you know my name, I think that you might tell me yours."

"Betty Somers. My father's the Town Clerk."

"And you're going to be a chemist?" he asked with a smile. "I'm reading chemistry—which isn't quite the same thing."

"No, I suppose it isn't. But isn't it an odd thing for a girl to be interested in?"

"You can rely on chemicals—far more than you can on people. Mix two of them, and you can count on the reaction. You know where you are with them."

"But would people be as amusing as they are if you could count on them?" "Perhaps not," she admitted.

"You certainly cannot count of them," he said, and she noticed the sudden touch of seriousness in his tone. He spent half an hour wandering round the exhibition, and just after he had gone, Heriot, on his way back from the school, looked in.

"Hi, Betty," he called. "What's all this? A joke?"

"No, Mr. Heriot," she smiled. "The picture has been sold. Thirty guineas was the price, wasn't it?"

"You're telling me!" said Tim Heriot. "Here's the cheque, anyway," she said. "The Society gets ten per cent, I believe."

"Paul Brereton!" he exclaimed. "Good Lord! He's a very great artist. The art master added solemnly, a famous artist; the ordinary reader of the ordinary paper had probably never heard of him. But among painters themselves he was recognized as a master and the few of his pictures which had come under the hammer had achieved prices very nearly a record for a living artist.

"And what does that mean?" "We are all willing to sell—we're all hard up—but we never do sell anything that is, excepting Mr. Heriot, of course. He's our big noise. He has actually had pictures on the line at the Academy."

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Brereton that her dancing partner meant nothing whatever in her life and he discreetly disappeared whenever Brereton appeared on the scene.

"They were not Cubans—they were not even Americans. Sadie's passport was British, and she had been born and received the early, inessential part of her education in a London suburb. She was, quite simply, beautiful. Everything about her—her figure, face, hands, feet and eyes—was beautiful, but, unhappily perhaps, physical beauty is not, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the most important part of a woman."

Sadie was always a woman apart where Brereton was concerned. For every man—somehow—there is the woman apart—

He painted her several times, although she hated the boredom of protracted sitting, and it was a portrait of Sadie which definitely established him as a painter of international reputation. There was usually a crowd in front of it at the Salon. He had called it simply "A portrait," but the face had a curiously haunting and disturbing beauty. There were reddish flecks in the brown eyes which were set rather wide apart and gave the face an uncertain quality. Innocence, some said, and others—mockery.

"I should hate any man to know as much about me as Paul does about that one," the Russian Princess said to her friend of the moment as they contemplated the portrait.

"You know best, baby," was the reply which, for some inscrutable reason, angered the Princess.

In cold fact the Princess was quite wrong. Of all the women Paul Brereton had known he knew least about Sadie—yet it was she who coloured his life more than any of them.

He was thinking about her, indeed, twenty years later as he strolled from the Exhibition in the Town Hall at Cheriton, through the little town and up the hill to the Common. Betty Somers—the girl who liked things she could count on—for some obscure reason had brought her out of the dim background of his memories. So often, he had noticed, a girl or woman would do this.

He was thinking of Sadie and not of the very attractive girl he had just met—which in itself is significant—as he made his way through the soft greenness of the lanes to the house where a woman of a very different type awaited him. Libby McKee had been with him for many years. Nothing in him surprised her. He had left her for months at a time in his flat in Rio de Janeiro, and once for a full year in a luxurious apartment he had taken overlooking the Parc Monceau in Paris. She had accepted his sudden decision to return to England almost without comment.

"Well... you know what you want, Mr. Brereton," she had said. She was 62 and a spinster and although she would have indignantly denied it, poured out on her distinguished master the full flood of her latent maternal instincts. She stood no nonsense from anyone—excepting him, and in her eyes he could do no wrong.

The furniture had already arrived from the Paris apartment. The pictures were still unpacked in the big drawing room, but the small room leading from it was ready for him and it was in this room that his dinner was served by Libby herself that evening.

"It's good to be home, Libby," he said. "Aye," she said, ignoring the mildly ironic touch in his words. "We're going to like this place."

"It's cost a great deal of money. I'm thinking that you'll not see it back again."

"You're more interested in money than I am, Libby."

"That's because you've always had too much. That dealer has been on the phone again."

"Who, McFarlane?" "That was the name. He wants to come down here as soon as he can see your picture."

"You had no difficulty in getting them?" "Didn't I?" she said and turned to the door. LADY SELWYN INVITES... The apple pie, in its way, was as good as the chicken and the turkey had been excellent. When the solitary meal was over he switched on the electric fire for there was a touch of chill in the May evening.

"There'll be nothing else you're wanting?" she asked when she had cleared the table. "Nothing," he said. "I hope you don't find the place lonely?" he said doubtfully.

"It can't be lonelier than Paris and that outlandish American place," she said. "There is that," he said in surprise. "It never struck me that you were lonely there, Libby."

"Maebbe I'm satisfied with my own company."

"Jones is coming down with the other car in the morning."

"He might give Fossick a hand in the garden. It's a big place."

"He wants to."

"He was eating his head off in Paris."

"What a curious habit, Libby. Where are the books I brought down in the car, by the way?"

"Where would they be but in the bookcase?"

"Quite," he said with a smile. "But if I know you they won't be there long."

"But you don't know me, Libby. I'm a very difficult man to understand," he said with a sudden smile.

"In some ways that's true, Mr. Brereton," Miss McKee said as she turned to the door.

But the book Brereton was reading, although it was the work of one of the subtlest writers in Paris, failed to hold his attention that evening. Mocking brown eyes with red flecks in them persisted in coming between his and the printed page in front of him.

He switched on the light in the big drawing room. Packing-cases were piled here and there and the floor was uncarpeted. He found the big flat case he sought by the window and found his way down to the kitchen where Miss McKee provided him with a screw-driver. The case had been screwed down with elaborate care but at length he got the side off, and removed quantities of soft packing to reveal a picture.

He moved it round so that the light fell obliquely on it and for minutes he and the woman who watched him from the canvas contemplated each other.

The reverie was interrupted by Libby McKee opening the door. She stood in silence looking at the packing strewn about the floor.

"There's a person on the 'phone asking for you."

"Who?" "She gave the name as Lady Selwyn."

"What does she want?" "To talk to you."

"Who is she? Oh, I'd better speak to her, I suppose."

He crossed to the hall and Libby McKee, in her turn, walked over to the picture.

There was a grim look on her face as she watched it.

"That'll no be burnt," she said to herself. "And more's the pity."

Her mouth hardened as she watched the painted face with its mocking, laughing eyes.

As she turned away from the picture, Paul Brereton came back into the room: "There's nobody on the 'phone," he said.

"There was," she replied. "Oh, well, she must ring up again."

"All right, I'll answer," he went on as the bell rang again.

"Hello."

"Mr. Brereton?"

"Yes."

"We were cut off, apparently. This is Lady Selwyn. I hope you remember me?"

"I should, of course," he temporized. "We met last year at a tennis party at the American Embassy in Rio de Janeiro."

"Of course—" he said, politely. "You parted my daughter."

"Oh, yes. A very fine player."

Power Co. Report Notes War Work at Mines of the North

Strike at Kirkland Affected Mine Production, Says C.N.P.C. Quarterly Statement.

In the quarterly statement of the Canada Northern Power Corporation for the quarter ending March 31st, 1942, the vice-president and general manager, B. V. Harrison, says in part:—

"Following is a comparative statement of the earnings of the Company for the twelve months ended February 28th, 1942, and the corresponding period of the preceding year:

Table with 2 columns: Item, 12 Months Ending February 28, 1942. Rows: Gross Earnings (\$4,977,334.52), Purchased Power, Operating, Maintenance & Taxes (2,708,911.91), Net Earnings (\$2,268,422.61).

Table with 2 columns: Item, 12 Months Ending February 28, 1941. Rows: Gross Earnings (\$4,985,332.48), Purchased Power, Operating, Maintenance & Taxes (2,606,051.68), Net Earnings (\$2,379,280.80).

"During the past quarter there has been but little change in conditions in the territory served by your Company. The Miners' strike at Kirkland Lake, which was declared on November 19th, and materially curtailed production at most of the mines in the Camp, was discontinued on February 11th. Operations at the various properties are gradually returning to normal."

"At several mines work is being carried on in their machine shops, contracts for the manufacture of engines for the cargo vessels being built for Wartime Merchant Shipping, Limited, having been secured."

"A contract has been entered into with Queenston Gold Mines, Limited, whose property is adjacent to Upper Canada Mines in the Larder Lake area, for the supply of power to that property and a short transmission line has been built to provide connection with the company's system."

"Who is Lady Selwyn?" "She's a lady, sir," Fossick said. "So I gathered. Is there a Lord Selwyn?"

"Don't think so, sir. I think it was Sir John Selwyn. A business gent. She's got two daughters—getting a bit long in the teeth, sir, if you follow me."

"Yes, I follow you," said Paul Brereton.

(To be Continued)

Definite Ruling About Cuffs on Men's Clothing

A definite and comprehensive ruling in regard to cuffs on men's trousers is given by H. R. Cohen, Administrator of Fine Clothing, in a statement issued this week for the purpose of clearing up evident misapprehension of the new regulations of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

No person is permitted to finish with cuffs a pair of trousers made of wool cloth, or cause such to be finished with cuffs by others for his account with retailing, prior to and including April 6, but these alterations must be completed by May 1, when Order A-39 becomes effective. In the case of sales from stock on and after April 7, retailers are to finish trousers at the required length without cuffs, and are not to deliver suits with unfinished trousers.

In the case of cuffed trousers in stock, retailers may continue to sell these until stocks are disposed of. All savings of cloth are to be retained by the retailer and in turn disposed of for much-needed salvage.

Wartime Prices Board Clarifies Sugar Ruling

The sugar rationing regulations are now clarified for housewives in various parts of Canada who have been purchasing icing sugar, brown sugar and beet sugar in excess of the three-quarter pound per person per week ration. Two Wartime Prices and Trade Board sugar ration regulations states no person may buy more than three-quarters of a pound per week of the combined cane or beet sugar with the exception of maple sugar. In other words icing sugar, brown sugar, beet sugar and other sugar processed is to be included in the weekly ration for each person.

GOOD ANSWER

The only reason why Willie remained always at the bottom of the class was because he could go no lower. "Oh, Willie," cried the teacher one day, after 10 minutes of useless explanation, "whatever do you think your head is for?"

"Please miss," was the reply, "to keep my collar on!"—Sudbury Star.

Men of 30, 40, 50

PEP, VIM, VIGOR, Subnormal? Want normal pep, vim, vigor, vitality? Try Oxtrox Tonic Tablets. Contains tonics, stimulants, oyster elements— aids to normal pep after 30, 40 or 50. Get a special introductory size for only 35¢. Try this aid to normal pep and vim today. For sale at all good drug stores.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Timmins and District business establishments enjoy a good patronage from the residents of this community because through the years they have earned the confidence of the public and are co-operating to retain it. You are invited to inspect the values offered by the firms listed below.

Grid of business advertisements including: AUTO SUPPLIES (Pigeon Auto, Wrecker and Garage), CLEANERS (Burton Cleaners), GROCER (E. L. URQUHART), MEAT MARKET (Empire Market), BAKERIES (National Bakery, Schumacher Bakery), DAIRY (Northland Producers Dairy), HOTELS (Pearl Lake Hotel), STORAGE (United Movers), INSURANCE (P. J. Doyle), JEWELLER (F. Bauman), LUMBER DEALER (Rudolph-McChesney Lumber Co., Ltd.), and TAXI (Dwyer's Taxi & Bus Line).