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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

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT RONNY VE-VONS, who is very much in love. SONIA, who may not have been much things you are frightened of, I should was British, and she had been born perhaps greater qualities.

DR. MARY 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.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters FAUL ERERETON, a middle aged artist of great repute and personal in?" charm, comes to live at Cheriton after

a long residence in Paris. The fact that he buys a large house and exhibits every sign of being wealthy, excites a good deal of interest locally; but there is even greater interest in the report that he is a bachelor.

(Now Read On) BREALTON 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. The gardener had spent his life in Cheriton without visiting this annual show. Eut Brereton was always ready to do anything once.

It was faintly depressing, like all such exhibitions, and consisted in the main of the work of earnest amateurs and the product of surplus feminine energy. Pottery, needlework, metalwork, word-cuts, pictures and photographs were optimistically arranged, and perhaps a dozen citizens were contemplating the exhibits with varying degrees of interest and intelligence.

"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. Her hair was long and coiled round her shapely head in a lovely plait.

"Is there any of your work in the show?" he asked.

"One or two very insipid watercolours," she said. "Why insipid? Why consciously

paint insipid pictures?" "Because I can't paint," she said. "I like doing it, but actually I'm a chemist."

"Good gracious!" "I'm an undergraduate at Oxford. "On mature consideration, I think I do need assistance." Paul Brereton said. "I should be obliged if you would show me round, Is anything for sale?" "Yes and no," she smiled.

"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.

"Really!" Paul Brereton said.

sense of distance he always gets into his work.' "A very pleasant sense of colour,

Brereton said as he contemplated the his, too?" he added, turning to another picture. "How did you know? It's quite

different type. "But the same feeling for colour."

"Are you an artist?" she asked. "In a way."

"Mr. Heriot is the art master at the local school." "Poor devil!"

She glanced at him in silence. "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 cdd-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. "You made it all sound quite fasci-

nating. That picture of an old workman in a barn is also his?" "Is that for sale?"

"It's marked in the catalogue at thirty guineas." she said with a smile. "He always puts an absurd figure like that on his pictures. It's one of his jokes."

"He has a sense of humour, too?" "He certainly has.

"I should like that. Do I give you a cheque?" "She looked at him in amazement

"Thirty guineas-are you serious?" "Quite." "I don't suppose that you can have i

until the exhibition is over. It finishes on Saturday.'

"Of course not. To whom do I make out the cheque?" "I really haven't the faintest idea.

To the secretary, I imagine. Anyway, Breretch's age falls in love. There is I can give it to him."

"Then I'll make it out and collect the picture on Saturday, if I may.

"There are some little red labels somewhere with 'Sold' painted on Truman succeeded. them," she said. "I'd better stick one on. I do hope he comes in while I'm here. 'Paul Brereton,'" she went on Paris when Breretan first saw her. She as she glanced at the cheque he hand- and a dubious American were appear- intelligence behind it can't be very celebration, remarked Monday: "No, ed to her. "Paul Brereton. Are you ing in a dancing act under the name bright, or he wouldn't be a gardener." keep me away from paper! I don't the Paul Brereton? But I can see that you are. I heard that you had taken ficiencies, there was no doubt that they points like that. I'll be getting the don't want to handle it! I read in a Cheriton House. Thank goodness you knew their stuff and could dance, pie. The servants will be here in the magazine a few days ago about paper haven't seen any of my pictures."

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 of an actress but had other and say. And now that you know my name, I think that you might tell me yours."

> Town Clerk." "And you're going to be a chemist?" he asked with a smile.

quite the same thing." "No, I suppose it isn't. But isn't it part of a woman. an odd thing for a girl to be interested

more than you can on people. Mix two woman apart. of them, and you can count on the

with them.' "Perhaps not," she admitted.

sudden touch of seriousness in his tone. from the school, looked in.

He noticed the red label at once. "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 "And he's an absolute darling!" life more than any of them. Betty Somers said. "He has one of

those kind, clever faces." "Paul Brereton!" the art master rebeated, softly.

CHAPTER II THE MAKING OF BRERETON

The placid life of the little Hertfordshire town was considerably ruffled by the arrival of Paul Brereton, although in spite of the enthusiasm of the local do this. painters, very little was known about him. Heriot's word was law as far as things artistic in Cheriton were concerned, and since he had said that Paul Brereton was a great artist . . such was henceforward his status.

Brereton, however, was not, in the general sense of the word, a famous artist; the ordinary reader of the heard of him. But among painters themselves he was recognized as which had come under the hammer had achieved prices very nearly a record for a living artist. There were those who said that if it had not been for his money he would have been one of the best known of contemporary painters. His father had been in oil, in the days

when fortunes were far more easily made in that commodity than they are today. In 1914 Paul joined the Army "That's one, for example. A lovely business which had absorbed his father and threatened to absorb him. father, by a curiously ironical touch. was one of the comparatively few people killed during the air-raids on Lonpicture she had indicated. "That is don in that but Paul came through unscathed. At twenty-eight, he was a Major and a D.S.O., and, in-

cidentally, an exceedingly wealthy man. He returned to London, his holdings in the great firm were sold and the masses of money carefully invested, under skilled guidance. This done, he took a delightful studio in Paris jast off the Boulevarde St. Michel, and settled down to become what he had

a'ways wanted to be-an artist. The popular conception of an art student in the Quartier is one of remantic poverty, but Paul Brereton had done all the roughing he wanted in the war years. He never attempted to sell a picture, but if a visitor admired his work intelligently the picture unless it happened to be one that Brereton particularly liked would be given to him. It was, in the main, these pictures which occasionally appeared in the sale-rooms of London

and New York. The studio inevitably became a rallying point for his friends and acquaintances, not all of whom were particularly desirable. His wealth, indeed, was almost a legend in the Quartier and attracted many of those who lived on art rather than for it.

Innumerable women flitted in and out of his life in those tumultuous days and generally were of a type which did not improve his opinion of the sex. Brereton, however, was already twentyeight, at which age an intelligent man has developed certain defences and is not quite so easily fooled as in the more immature years. Art students, models the inevitable actresses and the still more inevitable Russian aristocrats all graced his studio and many of them

laid siege to him, but unavailingly. Sooner or later, however, suspicious as he may be, a normal man of always one woman who can knock his theories endwise. And where the alleged niece of a Grand Duke had failed as conspicuously as Yvette, the notice the line of his chin and jaw. loveliest model in the Quartier, Sadie Libby?"

Sadie was appearing at the Casino de of Les Cubans and, whatever their de- "I'm too busy to-night to take up want to have anything to do with it-Early on, she made it quite clear to morning."

"But I have. Isn't that one?" The Brereton that her dancing partner meant nothing whatever in her life and he discreetly disappeared whenever Brereton appeared on the scene.

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They were not Cubans-they were not even Americans. Sadie's passport car in the morning. and received the early, inessential part the garden. It's a big place." of her education in a London suburb. "Betty Somers. My father's the She was, quite simply, beautiful. Everything about her-her figure, face, Paris. hands, feet and eyes-was beautiful, "I'm reading chemistry-which isn't ty is not, in spite of all the evidence car, by the way?" to the contrary, the most important

Sadie was always a woman apart where Brereton was concerned. For "You can rely on chemicals - far every man-somewhere-there is the there long."

He painted her several times, al- a very difficult man to understand," he reaction. You know where you are though she hated the boredom of pro- said with a sudden smile. tracted sitting, and it was a portrait of | "In some ways that's true, Mr. Bre-"But would people be as amusing as Sadie which definitely established him reton," Miss McKechnie said as she they are if you could count on them?" as a painter of international reputa- turned to the door. tion. There was usually a crowd in "You certainly cannot count of | front of it at the Salon. He had callhem," he said, and she noticed the ed it simply: "A portrait," but the face had a curiously haunting and disturb-He spent half an hour wandering ing beauty. There were reddish flecks round the exhibition, and just after he in the brown eyes which were set rahad gone, Heriot, on his way back ther 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 ture Sadie-yet it was she who coloured his 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 Betty up the hill to the Common. Somers—the girl who liked things she strewn about the floor. 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

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. Litby McKechnie had been with him for many years. Nothing in him surprised her. He had left her for ordinary paper had probably never | months at a time in his flat in Rio de Janeiro, and once for a full year in a luxurious apartment he had taken overmaster and the few of his pictures looking the Parc Monceau in Paris. She had accepted his sudden decision to return to England almost without

"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 as an obvious way out of the great no nonsense from anyone - excepting him, and in her eyes he could do no

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 even-

"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 no 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." "Give him my compliments and tell him to go-you know where." "Aye. Have you ever considered

what will happen to all these pictures when you pass on?" "'Pass'-on, I see what you mean. Of course I've considered it. I've made my will. Many of them will be destroyed. I only want the best ones left. A man is far more likely to achieve immortality with a dozen really good

pictures than with a hundred indifferent ones. She sniffed. "Don't do that," he said irritably, She sniffed again: "And they're

worth real money," he said. "Of course they are. But I tell you that doesn't matter. Nothing matters ut Beauty."

"Was the chicken all right?" "Then I'll be bringing in the apple pie. It was the most English thing I could think of to suit your present

mood." "Good!" "Fossick, the gardener, has got the boiler going, so the water'll be hot." "Splendid, I like Fossick. Did you

"I did not," she said. "Why should =

"You had no difficulty in getting them?"

the door. LADY SELWYN INVITES . . . The apple pie, in its way, was as good as the chicken and the turbot 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

"Didn't I?" she said and turned to

"There'll be nothing else you're want- | the picture. ing?" she asked when she had cleared the table.

"Nothing," he said. "I hope you don't find the place lonely?" he said herself. "And more's the pity." doubtfully. "It can't be lonelier than Paris and the painted face with its mocking,

that outlandish American place," she laughing eyes. "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 "He might give Fossick a hand in

"He wants to."

"He was eating his head off in "What a curious habit, Libby. Where me?" but, unhappily perhaps, physical beau- are the books I brought down in the

"Where would they be but in the bookcase?"

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

"But you don't know me, Libby, I'm

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 pe--

printed page in front of him. drawing room. Packing-cases were pil- Lady Selwyn, but he remembered her ed here and there and the floor was daughter, a very husky young person uncarpeted. He found the big flat case | who used the wrong shade of powder, he sought by the window and found his but might easily become an internaway down to the kitchen where Miss McKechnie provided him with a screwdriver. The case had been screwed down with elaborate care but at length | there might be some amusing people he got the side off, and removed quan- | there. tities of soft packing to reveal a pic-

He moved it round so that the light already at work. fell obliquely on it and for minutes he and the woman who watched him from Mile,' Fossick?" he asked. "It's across the canvas contemplated each other. The reverie was interrupted by Libby McKechnie opening the door.

"There's a person on the 'phone ask-

ing for you.

"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 Mc-

Kechnie, in her turn, walked over to There was a grim look on her face

as she watched it. "That'll no be burnt," she said to

As she turned away from the picture Paul Brereton came back into the room:

"There's nobody on the 'phone," he "There was," she replied. "Oh, well, she must ring up again. "All right, I'll answer," he went on as

the bell rang again. "Hallo." "Mr. Brereton?"

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

"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 partnered my daughter."

"Oh, ves. A very fine player." "I heard that you had come to live here. As it happens we are having our first tennis party of the season next Sunday afternoon, and I wondered you'd like to come. Just a few friends of course.'

"It's very kind of you, Lady Selwyn I shall be delighted. About three?" "Yes. I shall look forward to meetng you again, Mr. Brereton, My house is called Fair Mile; it's on the other ide of the common—only a mile or so sisted in coming between his and the from you.'

Thoughtfully he replaced the receiv-He switched on the light in the big er. He had no clear recollection of tional player in spite of it.

In any case he needed more exercise than he had been getting lately, and He was in the garden before break-

fast in the morning, but Fossick was "Do veu know a house called 'Fair the Common, somewhere.'

follow the main road for a mile or so, stood in silence looking at the packing and then turn into a drive by a lodge Brereton. on the right."

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

Mine Production, Says C. N.P.C. Quarterly State- Trade Board. ment.

In the quarterly statement of the Canada Northern Power Corporation Her mouth hardened as she watched 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 on and after April 7, retailers are to period of the preceding year:

12 Months Ending February 28, 1942 \$4.977,334.52 Gross Earnings Purchased Power, Operating, Maintenance & Taxes 2,708,911.91

\$2,268,422.61 Net Earnings February 28, 1941

\$4,985,332.48 Gross Earnings Purchased Power, Operating, Maintenance & Taxes ... 2,606,051.68

\$2,379,280.80 Net Earnings been but little change in conditions in parts of Canada who have been pur-The Miners' strike at Kirkland Lake, beet sugar in excess of the three-quarwhich was declared on November 19th, ter pound per person per week ration and materially curtailed production at Two Wartime Prices and Trade Board most of the mines in the Camp, was sugar ration regulation states no perations at the various properties are of a pound per week of the combined gradually returning to normal.

gines for the cargo vessels being built in the weekly ration for each person. 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

"Don't think so, sir. I think it was Sir John Selwyn, A business gent She's got two daughters—getting a bit "Yes, sir. Lady Selwyn's. You long in the teeth, sir, if you follow me." "Yes, I follow you," said Paul (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 Strike at Kirkland Affected this week for the purpose of clearing up evident misapprehension of the new regulations of the Wartime Prices and

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. Retailers may, however, finish with cuffs any suit sold by them from stock 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 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 12 Months Ending for much-needed salvage. Wartime Prices Board

Clarifies Sugar Ruling

The sugar rationing regulations are "During the past quarter there has now clarified for housewives in various the territory served by your Company, chasing icing sugar, brown sugar and discontinued on February 11th. Oper- son may buy more than three-quarters cane or beet sugar with the exception "At several mines war work is being of maple sugar. In other words icing carried on in their machine shops, sugar, brown sugar, beet sugar and contracts for the manufacture of en- other sugar processed is to be included

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.

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