



BRERETON UNDERSTANDS WOMEN

By Holloway Horn.



Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

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 of an actress but had other and 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 PAUL BRERETON, a middle aged artist of great repute and personal charm, comes to live at Cheriton after a long residence in Paris.

When he went to Cheriton, Paul Brereton was 48. In the spacious days of Queen Victoria, a man of his age would probably have flaunted side-whiskers and long since have performed the operation known as settling down.

Brereton did not flaunt whiskers of any kind and although the purchase of Cheriton House indicated a degree of permanence which had previously been lacking in his life, he was far from the Victorian idea of a man of 48.

Years in France had given him an understanding of wines and much of the Frenchman's subtlety in dealing with women. If a woman were looking her best he told her so and if she were dining with him he never made the mistake that so many Englishmen do—of asking her what she would like.

He did not make the too common mistake of clutching desperately at the passing years, of retaining the manner and attitude of youth when youth has departed. He was a middle-aged man and content to be taken as such.

Brereton had played in several tennis tournaments in the South of France and knew that in all probability he would be able to hold his own with the youngsters at Lady Selwyn's party.

There were several other cars in front of the house when he parked his rather spectacular model. Lady Selwyn was in the hall and welcomed him warmly.

She was one of those well-upholstered women of perhaps fifty-five, and Brereton realized with something rather like a shock that in years at least he was much nearer to her than to those whose flannels indicated that they were players.

Murray, clearly, was a player in a different class from the Flight-Lieutenant, and it soon became evident that Jeavons and his partner were in for another beating.

"I think I must have seen Mr. Murray before," said Brereton. "He's the vicar's son," said Lady Selwyn, and then added as if the fact were not quite so reputable: "An actor."

was characteristically impersonal but every now and then Lady Selwyn took charge of it.

"Bad luck Raymond, that play of yours shutting down on you," the elder Selwyn girl said.

"I thought you were admirable," Brereton said. "But the play should never have been put on."

"My part played itself. I loved it. But it was a bad play—particularly after the first act."

"Too serious for me," the Flight-Lieutenant put in. "If I go to a theatre I like to find something to laugh at. Plenty of action and a laugh. Life's grim enough as it is."

"No war talk, Ronny!" Lady Selwyn said firmly, and changed the subject. "Let me give you some more tea, Mr. Brereton," the hostess suggested.

"Thank you, was 'For No Man' your first play?" he went on to Murray.

"My first real part in London. I've been in repertory and on tour and I was a member of the Dramatic Society when I was at Oxford," Murray replied.

"Things are very difficult in the profession now," "Very difficult," echoed Linda Keen. "Almost impossible."

"It's true of most of the arts, I'm afraid. My own—painting—is in the slough of despond. People nowadays are satisfied with wall-paper on their walls."

"In my case it's the pictures. One is up against the cinema-sodden brain. Rather like wall-paper to an artist."

"I love the pictures," said the younger Selwyn girl in rather pained surprise. "Same here," said the Flight-Lieutenant. "I saw one the other evening. Wonderful aeroplane pictures. Marvellous stunting. Yank, of course."

"It is the characteristically American art," said Brereton in his most serious tone. "But the best film I ever saw was in the Ufa Palais in Berlin—a Russian picture. Wonderful photography. There was no story in it. It was a film—something unconnected with the theatre, something on its own. The people in it were peasants, not actors."

"Have you ever exhibited, Mr. Brereton?" Lady Selwyn asked, changing the subject almost with a jerk.

"Exhibited?" he repeated. "In the Academy, I mean."

"No. I've never sent a picture to them. I've really spent a very small part of my life in England since I left the army in 'eighteen."

"There is a picture of yours in the Tate Gallery," Linda Keen said surprisingly. "Yes."

"I live quite near it, in Westminster, and I think I know almost every picture. It's a woman's head, isn't it?"

"Yes. I painted several from the same model—years ago."

"She is very lovely."

"If you're going to play again—"

"You youngsters make up a four," suggested Brereton. "I'll come in presently if there's time."

He remained with Lady Selwyn on the terrace.

"Both those boys are very young," she said when they were alone.

"Very. Jeavons will probably never grow up at all, but Murray will. I like Murray very much."

"The modern youth always seems to me to be so much younger than girls of his own age."

"He usually is. But when all is said maturity, experience, poise—the advantages one acquires with the years—are as nothing compared with youth."

"It was for my pictures, Lady Selwyn. You see, I practically never sell any of them. I'm rather like the sailor who took a pub for himself—he didn't want any customers."

"I never quite know when you're joking, Mr. Brereton. I see the set is finished. I'm sure you'll like to go in again. I wonder where Mary is?"

"I haven't seen her since tea. I hope her eye isn't causing her inconvenience."

"Her eye? What do you mean?" "She evidently didn't tell you. She was stung on the eyelid by a gnat or mosquito while we were playing. It was rather swollen during tea. I noticed."

"I'll go in and see. You'd better fix up a set without her."

The actor and the Flight-Lieutenant tossed for odd-man out, and the latter was unlucky. Brereton partnered Linda Keen, who was not as good a player as the younger Selwyn girl.

They were just beaten—seven-five—and at the end of the set, Brereton announced that he had had explained.

"I'm an old man," he explained. "Don't you believe it, sir," Murray protested. "You very nearly did it on us—and my partner was splendid."

As they were talking Lady Selwyn came down the steps from the terrace. "I've sent for the doctor," she told them. "Mary's eye is dreadful."

"I didn't like the look of it at tea-time," Brereton said. "Dr. Mullard is out—both her. The lady doctor is coming. I suppose she's all right? Does anyone know anything about her?"

"She's a very charming woman," said her daughter. "What on earth has that to do with it?"

"The swelling will probably go down in an hour or so whether the doctor sees it or not," Murray said. "I hope so. Aren't you going on playing?"

"I shan't play any more, Lady Selwyn," Brereton said. "The others played again, and he was watching them when the lady doctor's car drew up along side the others. He saw Lady Selwyn greet her on the terrace, and the two of them disappeared into the house."

Afterwards towards the end of the set, Lady Selwyn came out with the doctor.

"Mary's more comfortable, Mr. Brereton," she said. "Do let me introduce you to Dr. Barnwell."

Brereton bowed: "It's a pity that in such delightful surroundings there should be such things as mosquitoes," he said.

Mary Barnwell knew the young people and Brereton noticed that they accepted her as one of themselves far more readily than they had accepted him.

She went soon afterwards, and as he drove slowly back to Cheriton House, he found himself thinking of her to the exclusive of others. The Selwyn girls were just healthy girls, but Linda Keen was a very beautiful and intelligent young woman. Yet it was of the doctor he thought.

She was, he realized, perhaps the first highly-educated woman he had ever met. What would be the effect, if any, of such a training on her as a woman? It opened up an interesting speculation, and as he was still dwelling on it as he reached his new home.

Libby had just returned from the chapel of her persuasion and eyed him grimly. She was the one person in the world who could still make him feel like a naughty boy on occasion.

"Mr. Rosenberg has been on the phone this afternoon," she said. "What's he want?"

"He said he wanted you to go to some place in Wales, but I doubt if that was what he really wanted. He left a 'phone number. It's on the desk in the studio."

"Righto. I may ring him up later, Libby. Been to church?"

"No. To chapel!" "Excellent! I'll have a bath and then if there's any sustenance going I shall be pleased."

"Dinner will be ready at the time you asked for it," she said stiffly. (To be Continued)

Death of Mrs. A. Levesque at Sturgeon Falls Last Week

Sturgeon Falls, April 22—There were many present in Sacred Heart Church, Sturgeon Falls, on Monday, April 13, when funeral services for the late Mrs. Alexander Levesque were held. Rev. A. Vallancourt officiated and interment took place in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Seventy years of age at the time of her death in Sturgeon Falls on Friday, April 10, Mrs. Levesque had been in poor health for more than five years. She was born in Lance au Griffon, Quebec, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Bois, and she was married in 1908 to Alexander Levesque following a previous marriage to the late Thomas Blanchette. A member of the Ladies of St. Anne, she resided in Blind River for several years before moving to Sturgeon Falls.

Palbearers at the funeral were Sam Simon, Joseph and Arthur Bois, brothers of the deceased lady; Ernest Patenaude and Charles Paquette.

The late Mrs. Levesque is survived by her husband and seven children. They are Wilfred Blanchette, Sudbury; Alphonse Blanchette, Timmins; Louis Blanchette, Detroit; Albert Blanchette, Windsor; Mrs. Albert Charron, Windsor; Aldege Levesque, Windsor, and Mrs. Paul Patenaude, Sturgeon Falls.

Two sisters, Mrs. W. Sylvester, Sturgeon Falls; Mrs. U. Chretien, St. Charles, and four brothers, Sam, Simon, and Joseph Bois, Sturgeon Falls, and Charles Bois, Paquette, also survive.

Fifteen Births Recorded at Town Hall Last Week

Born—on March 25th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Leblanc, of Middleton avenue—a son.

Born—on March 31st, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. August Bettiol of 88 Fourth avenue, Schumacher, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on April 7th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Cadieux, of 75 Commercial avenue—a son.

Born—on March 30th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allen, of Nighthawk Centre, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on March 30th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lassier, of 22 Banerman avenue, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on March 28th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Rantala, of 113 Laidlaw avenue, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on March 29th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lee Irish, of 167 Birch street south, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on March 27th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Rethier, of 28 Windsor avenue, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on April 2nd, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Cullhane, of 164 Pine street north—a son.

Born—on March 26th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Guenette, of 30 1/2 Wende avenue, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on March 26th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Steve Soroko, of 203 Birch street north, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on March 26th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. John Parsons Dick, of 262 Railway street, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on March 24th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. John Bruckman, of 108 Balsam street south, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on March 22nd, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wendover, of 36 Middleton avenue—a son.

Born—on March 25th, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard James Ramesbottom, of 31 Lakeshore Road, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

meeting opened with the forming of the Horseshoe and the singing of the National Anthem. Noreen Kirwan was enrolled and entered the Nightingale Patrol.

A business meeting was held at which it was decided to hold a Tea and Sale of Home Baking on Saturday, May 2, in the Church of Nativity Parish Hall. Geraldine Oglvie and Verna McKay will look after the tea room and Elaine Fleming and Margaret McDermott will be in charge of the bake table.

The meeting next week will commence at 6.30 p.m. and a full attendance is requested. The meeting was brought to a close with the singing of "Taps."

District Deputy is Honoured at Social Evening of Lodge

Mae Watts' Dancing Pupils Are Stars of Brief Programme.

The District Deputy of the Rebekah Lodge was the guest of the Gold Nugget Lodge on Thursday evening, during her official visit to the district. She is Mrs. Laidlaw, of Cochrane, and members here were pleased to welcome her to Timmins.

At the regular meeting of lodge, plans were made to hold a bridge party on April 30th. After the meeting, the members and guests made their way to the downstairs room of the Oddfellows hall, where a social evening took place.

Featured artists on the programme were the charming and talented pupils of Mae Watts' dancing class, performing intricate routines which delighted all present. Community singing and ball-room dancing were enjoyed, and a delicious supper brought to a close a very pleasant evening.

Girl Guide News



The regular meeting of the 1st Timmins Company of Guides was held on Thursday evening at 7.00 p.m. The

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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), TAILOR (International Tailors), JEWELLER (F. Bauman), LUMBER DEALER (Rudolph-McChesney Lumber Co., Ltd.), and TAXI (Dwyer's Taxi & Bus Line).