



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...

CHAPTER V BETTY DEFENDS HIM Wherever two or three were gathered together in Cheriton during that pleasant summer—particularly if the two or three happened to be women—the name Paul Brereton was bound to crop up sooner or later.

References to him in the papers were passed from one to another, but perhaps the report that one of his pictures had been knocked down for nine hundred guineas in a famous auction-room impressed Cheriton most.

His wealth indeed, became as much a legend in the town as it had been in the Quartier. A large house, seven servants, several expensive cars, and, as Fossick put it, "nothing spared." People whose names were world-famous spent week-ends at Cheriton House but never more than one or two at a time—He disliked large parties. And in spite of his manifold qualities and advantages, it was generally agreed there was no side about him.

Betty Somers was one of his most devoted admirers—rather to her mother's annoyance.

"My dear, you mustn't rave about a man like that," Mrs. Somers protested. "It isn't as if he were a boy of your own age. He's old enough to be your father."

"What does age matter? He's intelligent! I can talk to him, listen to him. The ordinary boy bores me stiff. He's nothing whatever to say but insists on saying it. His one topic is himself. Mr. Brereton never speaks of himself at all."

"Actually we know very little about him," her father pointed out, looking up from his paper.

"It isn't natural for a young girl like you to be so taken up with a middle-aged man," her mother added.

"He is a very great artist! And I think it absurd for you to object to my going to see his pictures. It's stuffy and old-fashioned and undignified."

"You know what your father and I think of it," her mother said firmly.

"Look here, Daddy," his daughter said to him later on when they were alone. "Don't you thing mother's being unreasonable?"

"I've thought so for a quarter of a century, my dear, but she has a curious habit of being right. After all, in spite of your education, you have not had a great deal of experience. He's a very attractive man. You're sure you're not playing with fire?"

"What do you mean, Daddy?"

"You're at a most impressionable age. Not, I suppose, that it would matter if you did go and fall in love with him."

"Don't be ridiculous, Daddy."

"Is it ridiculous? You can't count on people as you can on chemicals. You've often told me so, remember. And we've always tried to be frank with each other, Betty."

She nodded. "I have a very great respect for him," she said.

"More than you have for any man of your own generation?"

"Far more. But he merely looks on me as a child."

"What did you expect him to do?"

"But I'm not a child," she said quietly.

The phone interrupted them: "It's for you," her father said handing over the receiver.

"Oh, hello, Raymond! I'd love to. Half-an-hour's time—here? Splendid!"

"I met him at the Selwyns a week or so ago. He can still play a rattling good game of tennis."

"He's not as old as all that!" she protested.

"How old is he?"

She shrugged her shoulders: "No more than forty."

"From what I can hear he's rather famous—in his own line."

"Tim says so. His pictures would fetch immense sums—hundreds of pounds—but he won't sell them."

"He must have lashings of oof."

"He has... everything," she said. "Excepting youth," Murray ventured. "I was awfully sorry to hear about your play, Raymond."

"Something else will turn up. I had an idea this morning. You remember the old cinema in the Parket Place?"

"Yes."

"It's been shut up ever since the new Super Palace opened its ugly gilt doors in the High Street. The Amateur Dramatic people used to hold their shows there. The stage and dressing rooms aren't too bad at all. I've heard that it was originally built as a theatre—long before the pictures cast their sickly thrall over the people."

"Well?"

"Repertory," he said, solemnly. "With professionals, you mean?"

"Yes. I know a dozen jolly good actors and actresses who would take anything which gave them a chance at it. We might even produce some new plays and get the critics down from London."

"Rather a come-down, isn't it, after being in London?"

"Yes. But it would be great fun if one could get just the right bunch. Linda Keen would come like a shot."

"The girl you brought here on Saturday? She was lovely."

"And what is more important, she can act. If we can pay expenses to begin with it would do. It's ever so much better than indefinite 'resting'."

She thought awhile before she said: "I believe you could make it go, Raymond."

"It's just a question of money..."

"I believe that Mr. Brereton might be interested. He has the most catholic tastes."

"He saw me in 'For no Man.' He was very recent about it although he said the play was bunk—as it was. But I couldn't ask him."

"I believe it's the sort of thing which would amuse him."

"MY HOPELESS ROMANCE" After lunch Betty Somers took her Airedale for a walk over the Common. At the top of the hill she took the path skirting the grounds of Cheriton House which led her to the wildest part of the Common. Half way along this lane a gate led into the orchard behind the house and here she found Brereton sitting on the gate smoking a cigar and watching the valley below, half shrouded in pearl grey mist.

"Hallo!" he greeted her. "More exercise?"

"Yes. Peter needs it."

"He's a nice beast. This is a lovely place. That moving mist in the valley..."

"You don't paint landscapes, do you?"

"I try to, sometimes. One of these days I might ask you to sit for me and call the picture 'The Chemist'."

"I should like you to. But why give it such an absurd title?"

"What would you call it?"

people who like my work. You promised to come in but you haven't been."

"One doesn't act on a casual invitation," she said with a smile.

"Then come in now. That is as much of the cigar as I want anyway."

He pitched it away and got down from the gate.

"I should love to," she said and any hesitation in her manner was lost on him.

"The place is a museum," she said from the doorway of the lounge. "I hope that isn't being rude?"

"No. I think it is a fair criticism. It's not a home, you mean?"

"I suppose I did."

"I live more in my workroom."

"These are all your pictures?"

"Nearly all. That one is a Luini. It's the gentlest face I know."

They went almost in silence from one picture to another: "I'm sorry but I can't talk about pictures very well," she said.

"Thank goodness," he said. "One gets so tired of the matter."

"She must have hated you," she said, pausing in front of a picture of woman in a black mantilla.

"No. She was a professional model. She wasn't interested. She was beautiful but 'dumb'. So long as she had her money at the end of the sitting she was content. Her lover cut her throat a few weeks after that picture was finished. I wasn't altogether surprised."

"Vacuity... it was cruel of you to make it so obvious. This is the picture that Mrs. Heriot was talking about. Was she a professional model?"

"In a way."

"What curious eyes. How do you get that effect? Is it a trick of technique?"

"You might call it that, I suppose."

"Whatever she was she wasn't vacuous!" she said at length.

He smiled but did not reply.

"You make me feel as if I were twittering!" she said. "I wish you wouldn't."

"Think what you could do with me in a chemistry lab!" he said.

"I don't know quite what to think about her. The eyes seem uncannily alive—almost as if she was laughing at something. I remember the same effect in Mona Lisa."

"No. She's too smug. She isn't smug but she has a sort of private joke just as Mona Lisa has."

She watched the face in silence before she said: "I wouldn't trust her with twopenny."

"So, all things considered, you don't like her?"

"It's rather a compliment to your work, Mr. Brereton, but I've been thinking of her as a woman and not as a picture," she said.

"She was very beautiful," he said. "Most women would be satisfied with that as an epithet. Now would you care to see my work-room?"

"That is where Tim Heriot's picture is!"

"You can't call this a museum," he said as he opened the door and stood aside for her to enter.

has a hopeless romance in the background of his life is safe," he said. "He never wants to make love to another woman and it saves all sorts of complications and bother."

"Who was she?"

"The unattainable. Beauty..."

"She was a real woman?"

"Oh, yes."

"So it's no use anyone else falling in love with you?"

"Not the least bit in the world."

"I believe I could have fallen in love with you," she said calmly.

"And as it were going to be kind and understanding friends."

"That's a kind of equality, isn't it?" she said thoughtfully.

"Surely?"

She stood up from the soft black Chesterfield on which she had been sitting. "I'm going home," she said. "I'm playing bridge tonight. I shall think over what you've said to me."

"I shall really like to paint you as you are now. We'll call it—what shall we call it?"

"Not 'A Portrait', please!"

"Where's Peter—my dog? I'd forgotten all about him."

They found him asleep beneath a copper birch on the lawn.

"Good-bye," she said and held out her hand to him.

"I'm going to fix up a tennis party in a day or two. I'll ask young Murray, the actor. Will you come?" he asked as he took her hand.

"I'd love to."

"Then au'voir, my friend!" he said. "Who can earth is this?" he added as a large, shining car turned out of the main road.

(To be Continued)

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

The Advance in its issue of May 3rd, 1922, said:—"Major Mac Lang, M.P.P. for Cochrane riding, completely showed up the Premier of Ontario so far as the latter had quoted wrong figures in regard to the provincial receipts and expenditures in connection with the North Land. In a recent speech in the Legislature Mac Lang proved by actual figures from the Government's own blue book that instead of the North Land's receipts being a million less than expenditures, the receipts were actually more than three hundred thousand dollars in excess of the amount spent in the North Land. In making this clear, Major Lang accepted the figures of the Premier as to expenditures, though some of the expenditures could not be rightly charged all under the one year, many of the items coming under the head of capital expenditures that would necessarily be charged against a number of years, but the member for this riding did not stop to question the expenditures but rather centred on showing that in giving the receipts the Premier for some reason or another omitted a number of important items. When these were included, the receipts from the North Land exceeded the expenditures by over three hundred thousand dollars for the year. The year under discussion was the year ending Oct. 31st, 1920."

Twenty years ago under the able leadership of Fred Wolno, the Timmins Citizens' Band was making much progress and gaining considerable popularity in town and district. In reporting one of the Sunday evening band concerts, The Advance had the following report:—"The New Empire theatre was filled to the doors on Sunday evening after the church services, for the sixth band concert by the Timmins Citizens' Band. Previous band concerts have proven successful and popular, but the event Sunday evening is generally recognized as the best yet. G. A. MacDonald acted as chairman and in opening the programme referred to the increased size of the band and to the constant improvement evidence in their work under the capable leadership of Bandmaster Wolno. The selections by the band included:—"March, 'The Contemtable', 'Il Trovatore', fantasia, 'Darkey's Dreamland', waltz, 'Eileen Alannah', and 'Ould Oireland'. In these selections the band showed a talent and effectiveness that pleased the crowd and made them justly proud of the Timmins Citizens' Band. An outstanding number on the programme was the cornet solo, 'The British Cornetist' by Mr. O. Brown, a recent acquisition to the band from Sudbury. A solo by Miss Jean Roberts won a well-deserved encore, and the response in the form of a duet by Miss Roberts and Mr. Jas. Gellis made an equally decided hit with the audience. Mr. Jas. Gellis rendered 'The Admiral's Broom' in very effective way and was enthusiastically encored. The big audience gave little Miss Murdock the quietest and closest attention in her rendition of a humorous reading and found themselves well repaid, for the young lady gave a very clever and attractive recitation. An encore was insisted upon and the response by the talented young lady, a description of a Dude, was much enjoyed. A couple of stories by the chairman also seemed to amuse the audience while the film shown at the opening was an appreciated item on the programme. After an expression of thanks to the big audience for its attendance and interest, to the special artists on the programme for their gifted contributions, and to the theatre management for the courtesies extended, the event closed with the National Anthem."

Twenty years ago The Advance noted that the hockey executive for the coming season had visited all the mines in the district with a view to securing the support of the mines for the hockey for the next season. All the mines promised financial support to the hockey committee, the hockey club to get all the proceeds of games, skating, etc., and only paying insurance and taxes and maintaining the rink.

The production for the Hollinger for the period ending April 22nd, 1922, was 107,841 tons according to the official figures. This meant an average daily tonnage of over 3881 for each of the 28 days in the period. This was maintaining the fine record made after the power difficulties of the previous year were overcome. The April record for the year was about 50 per cent. Increase over the previous year at the same time. For the April period in 1921, 73,123 tons were milled. Another evidence of the steady expansion of the Hollinger was given by the number of men employed. In the 1921 period the average number of men on the roll was 1132. In 1922 the average number of men employed was 1963.

Twenty years ago The Advance was urging upon the Government the fairness of turning over to the municipality all money received from mining royalties.

The Advance twenty years ago said: "Semi-official announcement has been made regarding the geological surveys to be made in the North Land this year by the Department of Mines for Ontario. Mr. A. G. Burrows who surveyed the Porcupine Area some years ago, is again to visit here this summer to make further survey of the district. Mr. Percy Hopkins, of the Ontario Dept. of Mines will be engaged this summer in examining and mapping the Kirkland Lake gold area. The importance and necessity for geological surveys have been emphasized during the past few years. The Timmins Board of Trade has made special representations to the Government in the matter, and this year it is believed that the Porcupine and Kirkland areas will be fully looked after in this matter. Geological surveys by the Government are of great assistance to prospectors and mining men in general. Porcupine camp was partly reviewed some years ago, but many sections were not included in this survey. Some years ago Mr. Burrows mapped out the Porcupine area."

Sudbury Star—Providing the new gasoline rationing policy is administered equitably, Canadians will take the restrictions without grumbling. If it is necessary they will give up driving entirely for the duration of the war. But they demand equal treatment and Oil Controller Cottrelle's main job is to ensure that they get it.

Sudbury Star—We wouldn't miss the cuffs in the pants if we could get a bigger roll in the pockets.

Separate Dept. of Mines for Province of Quebec

An Act has been passed in the Quebec Legislature incorporating a Department of Mines which will be headed by a Minister of Mines. This is an indication of the position to which mining has grown in Quebec affairs and an acknowledgment of that fact by the government, says The Northern Miner.

Up to the present a Department of Mines has been attached to different other departments such as Colonization, Roads; for a time, Game and Fisheries and, later, Maritime Fisheries. It is understood that the setting up of a department of mines distinct from any other branch of government will be carried out as expeditiously as possible. Hon. Edgar Rochette, it is expected, will continue as Minister of Mines and A. O. Dufresne as Deputy Minister.

The announcement will be received in mining circles with gratification.

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Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, featuring an image of a woman and child, and text: 'For NEW PEP AND ENERGY. CONTAINS VITAMIN B1 AND ESSENTIAL MINERALS. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food'.

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.

Business Directory listing various services: AUTO SUPPLIES (Pigeon Auto, Wrecker and Garage), CLEANERS (Burton Cleaners), GROCER (Pearl Lake Hotel), MEAT MARKET (Empire Market), STORAGE (United Movers), TAILOR (International Tailors), TAXI (Dwyer's Taxi & Bus Line), JEWELLER (F. Bauman), LUMBER DEALER (Rudolph-McChesney Lumber Co., Ltd.), FURNACE REPAIRS (A. Vercival), and others.

Automobile Insurance advertisement for SULLIVAN & NEWTON, REAL ESTATE, located at 21 PINE ST. NORTH, TIMMINS. Text: 'Our long years of experience will assure you of correct information, fair rates and prompt claims attention. Do not take the risk of driving your car or truck without proper protection.'