



BREERETON UNDERSTANDS WOMEN

By Holloway Horn.



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PAUL BREERETON, a famous wealthy artist. At 43, as far as a man may, he understands woman. Certainly far more than...

HE TELLS OF THE HONEYMOON
The following morning Dr. Mary joined Breereton for bathing and in the afternoon, he took her to Dinan.

In the days that followed, the doctor saw Brittany under the guidance of one who knew and loved it. She made no further mention of Quimper, nor did he, in his turn, refer again to that honeymoon for which he had taken the villa in Brittany.

Towards the end of her stay, it was tacitly assumed that they would meet on the beach in the morning, and when their bath was over he would suggest something for the afternoon—a walk, or one, an afternoon on the beach or on a ride of the islands to which, in a small motor-boat he kept at the fishing port, they would sometimes go.

All things, particularly pleasant things, come to an end, and on the morning of her last day he asked her where she would like to go.

"The Island of the Tower," she said. It was, as last days so often are, perfect, and from the clear space in front of the Tower they looked over a sea of lapis lazuli. The world was full of the plaintive cries of gulls wheeling overhead and the gentle surge of the sea on the shingle below them.

"Usually, at the end of a holiday," said Mary, "I'm rather glad to get back and into harness again—but this time I'm not. But in any case, it's quite time you settled down to your work. I'm afraid you are cursing me under your breath all the time."

"I'm far too selfish to have allowed myself to get into such an idiotic state. If I hadn't been happy with you I should have fallen back politely but firmly on my work."

"I know that. But I'm glad you didn't. Are we going to eat—or aren't we?"

"We are. We will now see what Yvette has seen fit to pack for us." As he laid out the contents of the basket, he remarked: "You are, if I may say so, an exceptional woman in many ways."

"That's the first priggish thing I've ever heard you say, Paul."

"Then you're not interested in the ways in which you are so exceptional?" he smiled.

curious and thought-knowing you—that the only way to get you to talk was—not to appear in the least curious?"

"A most intelligent woman!" he smiled. "And there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you. It's an old story now, but there must be dozens of people who knew all about it."

"It's just as you like, my friend. If you wish, please tell me."

"I think I should like to tell you. There was a time when it hurt intolerably, and I could not have borne to tell it, but to-day I can think of her almost impersonally. I don't even hate her any more. Once she came to this very island with me, and after lunch we sat just where we are sitting now."

"This place must be painful for you," she said anxiously.

"No. But I can see her as she was that day—wearing a white linen frock and her hair blown in the wind. She had been sitting with head averted from me, looking out over the sea, apparently lost in thought. Suddenly she turned to me and said: 'Take me back!—take me away! I can't stand this loneliness any longer!'"

"It was like a blow in the face. I'd no idea that she felt like that about things. It marked the beginning of the end. Odd that I should be telling you about it just where it happened."

"It gives me rather a creepy feeling," on. Tell me where you met her—what I don't think I like it. But please go on, what is her name?"

"Sadie. An unlovely name, but she was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."

"Brown eyes with red specks in them?" she asked quietly.

"That was she. I met her in Paris. One night I had been to the Casino de Paris with some American painters. It's a kind of music-hall appealing to English and American tastes. She was in a 'Dancing Act' known for some inscrutable reason as Les Cubans. Her partner a dubious American.

"She was, I think, the loveliest creature I've ever seen," he went on simply. "You've seen her portraits. I always feel that I could never quite capture her beauty. But that came later. That first night I was crazy about her. One of my American friends knew his way about there and an introduction was arranged. I'm not suggesting that it was difficult; it wasn't."

"Her partner faded out—he never was anything but her partner—and she dined with me at the Tour d'Argent—an admirable restaurant then and now. She hadn't a great deal to say but I found that she was English. She came from—of all unlikely places—Pekham. It was a bit of a fact to find that the loveliest and most exotic creature in the world was the daughter of a grocer in Pekham Rye; she had a natural gift for dancing, I suppose and certainly a figure and face that were very nearly perfect. The odd thing about her was that she had never had a dancing lesson in her life. Dancing came naturally to her. She was happy only when she was dancing."

increasing and unreasonable hatred. "I begged her to marry me. My friends made no attempt to disguise their belief that I was mad. I suppose I was; it is idle to attempt to keep a butterfly in captivity."

"We were married in the English Church. Imagine the scene. The building was filled with men and women I had known in the Quartier—artists, models... what you will. Utterly sophisticated, utterly cynical."

"That night we left Paris, she and I, and for a day or so stayed in Dinard. She liked Dinard, but to me, it was... well, Dinard, and I took L'Hermitage furnished complete with Madame Berger. And there we spent our honeymoon."

"I painted her... I could have gone on painting her for ever but all the time she was aloof—not really there at all. She was cold as ice. And one day in Dinard—we went into the Casino there several times a week for the dancing—she ran into some people she knew who were members of a concert party there. I did my best. I asked the whole party out to L'Hermitage on the Sunday, but when they had gone on the Monday morning, she seemed to wilt. She had no interest whatever in my painting. It was 'nice' or 'clever' and more and more she hated the inaction of sitting. Movement was life to her, I think."

"I can understand," Dr. Barnwell said quietly. "A day or so after the concert party's visit I brought her across to this island. She was sitting there by my side when she suddenly burst out that she couldn't stand the loneliness any longer."

"I knew then, in that most disquieting moment, that I had failed completely. 'You had failed?' the doctor asked. 'Yes. The failure was mine—not Sadie's. She never pretended that she loved me. I don't think she ever loved any man—certainly not as she loved dancing."

"She certainly wasn't your type," the doctor commented.

"I realized that afternoon the rather dreadful fact that she and I were strangers, and that if we lived together all our lives we should still be strangers at the end of it."

"That evening, without my asking her, she sat for me on the Terrace and I practically finished the picture which you have seen at Cheriton. I had been working for a long time in silence—there was nothing to say—when she suddenly stood up and stretched herself. I can see her now. And then she said, quietly: 'I shan't stay here, Paul.'"

"There was no passion in what she said, hardly any feeling. She had merely stated a fact. And I knew that it was no use my attempting to introduce any emotional factor into the situation."

"What do you want to do?" I asked. "I shall go back to Les Cubans. He's in New York, now. And he's going on to Hollywood. I shall find him there."

"For a moment I thought that she might have been in love with her dancing partner but in the same second I knew that it was not so. 'I'm sorry,' I said, 'I'm sorry, too. Only I can't help it. I shall go mad if I stay here.'"

"I shall go back to Paris?" I suggested. "No. It would be almost the same there. I suppose you won't help me to get to America? Why should you?"

"But, of course, I did help her. I booked her passage to New York. Indeed, I begged her to let me go with her but she was adamant. 'It's no use,' she insisted. 'You will only spoil your own work as well as mine... I'm sorry Paul.'"

"And that was that. She went. I saw her off on the boat at St. Malo one evening. I'd given her five hundred pounds and begged her to write to me when she wanted more. I stood on the quay. The boat was full of trippers who were returning to Southampton and England and she stood white-faced, by the rail, looking down at me."

"The tide was out, and as St. Malo, the boats have to go through a big lock at such times. When the boat moved from the quay I walked along to the lock for a last glimpse of her as the boat went through. When at length it slowly edged itself into the lock she wasn't to be seen. She had gone below. I never saw her again."

"Never?"

"But you heard from her?"

"No. Not a word."

"Is she dead?"

"I don't know."

"But this was eighteen years ago! Did you try to find her?"

"Yes. I put enquiry agents on the job. They tracked down dozens of dancing acts—including Les Cubans. She had not rejoined her old partner after all."

"She is still your wife?"

"Legally, I suppose. I'm almost certain that she was appearing some years after she left me at a cabaret show in Buenos Ayres. But I heard of it months afterward and although I attempted to pick up the trail there, nothing came of it. It may not have been she at all, but a man I know thought he recognized one of the pictures that I had made of her."

"She would be about forty now?"

George MacLean, of Arnprior, Passes at Age of 76 Years

Father of Mrs. R. A. MacFayden Dies Suddenly.

Mr. George MacLean, of Arnprior, died in that town on Saturday, May 29th, at the advanced age of 76 years. He was the father of Mrs. R. A. MacFayden, of 185 Spruce street north, Timmins, and was known to many here. In referring to his death and funeral, the Arnprior Chronicle of recent date had the following report:

George MacLean Dies Suddenly
The funeral of George William MacLean of 164 Elgin street was held Tuesday afternoon from his residence under Masonic auspices to Arnprior cemetery and was attended by a large number of friends. The service was conducted by Rev. D. H. Woodhouse of Grace-St. Andrew's church and Rev. H. P. Maitland of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. MacLean died suddenly Saturday in his 77th year. He was born in Stewartville, the son of George MacLean who came from the Isle of Mull, Scotland, and Elizabeth Fox, who came from Kildemond, Ireland.

He was married October 19, 1892, in Arnprior to Miss Sarah Oudbur Steele and came here to reside 38 years ago. He was a machine blacksmith by trade and was employed for a number of years with MacLachlan Brothers Ltd. From 1917 until 1939, when he retired, he was engaged in the Silver Fox industry. He was one of the original fox ranchers in this part of the country. He was a member of the Madawaska lodge A.F. and A.M.

Mr. MacLean leaves one son, W. G. MacLean, of Kingston, and four daughters, Mrs. R. A. MacFayden of Timmins; Mrs. J. E. Horner of Ottawa, Miss Mary MacLean of Ottawa, and Miss Jean MacLean of Montreal. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. M. D. Graham, of Arnprior and a cousin, John M. Bradley of Ottawa.

The honorary pall bearers were E. D. Osborne, Alex Reid, Dr. W. H. Steele, George Graham, John Hamilton and Angus Bethune. The active pallbearers were J. S. Pritchard, Godfrey Burwash, John Watt, George Clarke, George Murray and H. N. Osborne.

Friends who attended from a distance included Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bradley and Mrs. Polkinhorne of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. N. Lewis of Shawville, Fire Chief and Mrs. O'Kelly, of Ottawa and Mrs. Peter Carmichael and Miss Lillian Carmichael, of Renfrew.

Floral tributes were received as follows: Pillow, the family; wreaths, Madawaska lodge, A.F. and A.M., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Findlay, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McAdam, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Osborne; sprays, Order of Eastern Star, Mr. and Mrs. John Watt; Mr. and Mrs. William

recovery and not in danger. There was very wide sympathy ten years ago to the bereaved parents and family and to the husband and little child in the death at St. Mary's Hospital on Friday, May 27th, 1932, of Mrs. Chas. Spadafore. The late Mrs. Spadafore was formerly Miss Margaret Auger, of Timmins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Auger. Her sad death was the first break in the family circle of twelve. At the time of death Mrs. Spadafore was only nineteen years of age. Since her marriage she had lived with her husband at the Ankerite Mine. On account of serious illness she was brought to St. Mary's hospital where she passed away on Friday despite all that skill and care could do.

There was a report ten years ago in town that the R.C.M.P. headquarters for the North Land might be transferred from Cochrane to Timmins. The report further said that office and living quarters for the Dominion police officers would be made in the post office building, the janitor's quarters to be used for this purpose and a suitable house or flat to be secured elsewhere for the janitor of the post office.

Chief Jones and his men ten years ago showed that they had been checking up on reckless driving and other breaches of the Highway Traffic Act. Jerry Robitaille was given ten days in jail. The police told of his reckless driving in town some nights ago when he appeared to be well under the influence of liquor. Another man on a less serious case of reckless driving was assessed \$25.00 and costs. For speeding still another paid ten and costs.

Word from Pembroke on Tuesday May 31, 1932, was to the effect that three young men from Timmins, Eli Ranger, Noel Ranger, and J. Dubeau, had been arrested on a charge of stealing an auto and were landed in the Pembroke jail. On Sunday evening an automobile was stolen from in front of the home of Gordon Anderson, Pembroke taxi driver. The police learned that a car answering the description of the stolen one had stopped at a filling station some forty-two miles west of Pembroke. Those in the car were said to have obtained ten gallons of gas without paying for it. Provincial Constable Kenny, formerly of the Porcupine, was set on the trail and he started in pursuit. The provincial police at Mattawa was also notified and while Constable Kenny was pursuing the car from the east, the Mattawa police started east to head the car off. About eight miles east of Mattawa the police found the car at the side of the road, the three young men in it having taken occasion to have a sleep.

In the Advance ten years ago—"Due to the fact that Mrs. A. Lappala is leaving Timmins this week, a farewell reception was held at the Finnish United Church last Sunday afternoon, for Rev.

and Mrs. A. Lappala. A large gathering was present, not only from Timmins but also from Schumacher and South Porcupine, proving that during their stay here, Rev. and Mrs. Lappala have made a great many friends.

The ninth annual Lodge of Instruction of Cochrane District No. 59 I.O.O.F. was held in the Oddfellows hall, Timmins, on Tuesday May 24th, 1932, the following Lodges of the District being represented:—Cochrane No. 418, Porcupine No. 453, Matheson No. 461, Cochrane Falls No. 468, and Timmins No. 450. The Lodge opened at 11 a.m. Bro. J. Finlay, N. G. in the chair. Bro. George Drew P. G. in a brief address extended a cordial welcome to the visiting brethren on behalf of the members of the Timmins Lodge. The competition for the Morrison Shield which was competed for annually by the Lodges of the District followed.

Local items in The Advance ten years ago included: "A. P. Kenning, M.P.P., was called to Pembroke this week on account of the serious illness of his sister. Mr. Kenning left at an early hour on Tuesday morning to motor to Pembroke." "Mrs. J. P. Geddes, who underwent a serious operation at St. Mary's hospital last week, is making good progress toward recovery."

"Miss Church, R. N., is relieving in the hospital at Matheson for a month." "Mrs. W. G. MacLean, Sr., of Arnprior, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. A. MacFayden." "Miss Burke, R. N., of St. Mary's hospital, visited friends in Ottawa over the week-end." "Mr. and Mrs. C. Lacy left on Monday for Ottawa to attend the graduation of their daughter, Violet, at the Ottawa Civic hospital."

Sudbury Star—The fellow who used to engrave the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin was seen lately filling in "deductions" in the space allotted in the income tax blank.

Peterborough Examiner—The Japanese maintain that the Allies are waging a war of hate. Whereas the Japs just want to love everybody to death.

Braillieu, Mr. and Mrs. William Loubert, Ida Robertson, Mission Circle, Mr. and Mrs. John Rodgers, Col. and Mrs. M. D. Graham, Major C. R. Graham, Miss A. Steele, Nursing Staff of Grace Dart hospital, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dodd, "454 Gilmour Street Ottawa," Mr. and M. Miller; baskets, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bradley, Mrs. Polkinhorne, Vic. Ina and Marion, Mrs. M. D. Graham and family, Chris, Mrs. Schneider and Margaret, Miss Jessie Mackey and Miss Catherine McNaughton; cut flowers, Mrs. John Slater, H. Leitch, Soldiers' Settlement Board, at Ottawa.

Jury Finds That Death of F. Falica Was Accidental

South Porcupine, June 3rd Special to The Advance.
An inquiry into the death of Frank Falica, who died on May 7th following an accident at the Buffalo-Ankerite mine on April 28th, was held in the Township Building on Wednesday afternoon of last week under Corner P. C. Evans.

Jurors under the foremanship of W. G. Skinner were—Ross Byway, Ivan Lang, Tom Noel and W. G. Butler.
Crown Attorney S. Caldwell and Mining Inspector Weir were both present and evidence was given by doctors, mine workers and Captain Stealy.

Falica was working as a scaler with Ell Jarvi underground. They had erected a platform to work upon when a large piece of rock fell upon the platform tearing it from its support and Falica fell some fifteen feet on to rock below. His injuries were internal following fractured ribs, death following later from internal haemorrhage, in Porcupine General Hospital.

Falica had been working in several places in the mine and was supposed to be an experienced worker.
A. Sgro, gave evidence of assisting Falica after the fall.
The jury brought in the following verdict:—"We, your jury set to inquire into the death of Frank Falica, find that deceased died in the Porcupine General Hospital at 12 p.m. on May 7th on April 28th while working in 1703 slice and fill stop No. 2 section of Buffalo-Ankerite Mine in the Township of Deloro. Death was accidental."

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Toronto Telegram—There would be no trouble getting out a huge vote if electors could answer the query, "What do you think of the plebscite?"
Ottawa Journal—MaKa called it a quiet day when there were "only three air raid alerts" and went to the beaches.