

# ST. MARTIN'S FLOW

by MARJORIE BOWEN

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

## A TALE OF THE END OF AN EPOCH

### PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- 1st Generation:**  
**MILES PETTIGREW:** the headstrong young son of a typical English squire of the wars with Napoleon.  
**ROSE BARTLETT:** Beautiful daughter of a retired sailor who fought with Nelson at Trafalgar.  
**EMILY BOULT:** Vain and scheming daughter of an industrious yeoman farmer.  
**PAUL MEDWAY:** Young clerk of doubtful character from the pirates nest of Jamaica.
- 2nd Generation:**  
**MARY PETTIGREW:** Only daughter of Miles, an ardent young woman who seeks to rebel against the Victorian conventions of her time.  
**HARRY MEDWAY:** Quiet middle-aged man of the Victorian type, son of Paul.  
**MARTHA BOULT:** Ungifted but attractive daughter of Emily and her cousin.
- 3rd Generation:**  
**SIMON PETTIGREW:** Impracticable and lazy son of Mary, a young man disappointed in love who seeks an easy way out in the Great War of 1914-1918.  
**HILDA BOULT-MEDWAY:** Very "modern" young daughter of Harry Medway and Martha Boult.
- 4th Generation:**  
**BASIL and SARAH PETTIGREW:** Children of Simon and Hilda. They live in the present time, and in their veins flows the blood of the Pettigrews, the Boultts, the Bartlettts, and the Medways.

### What the Story Has Revealed

Three generations ago the aristocratic Pettigrews, the middle-class Boultts, and the proletarian Bartlettts lived as neighbours in Norfolk. Class distinction prevents Miles Pettigrew and Rose Bartlett, who love each other from marrying. Squire Pettigrew advises Old Tom Bartlett to marry his daughter, Paul Medway, a young clerk from Jamaica, and indignantly denies rumours that Miles is to marry Emily, the wealthy daughter of the Boultts. Medway asks Rose's father for her hand. (Now Read On)

### LOVE, HONOUR OR DUTY?

"Oh, Paul!" protested the girl, instinctively drawing nearer to her mother. "That's a strange thing to say, and so suddenly, and you never having breathed a word of it to me."

"Still, he's come right," pronounced Mrs. Bartlett, pressing her daughter's hand. "He's come here often enough, Rose, and been seen about with you often enough, and it's time for him to state his intentions."

"Well, I've stated them," said the young man, quietly. "Will you let Rose marry me, Mr. Bartlett?"

"I've brought up my girl to decide for herself," answered the old seaman, not without a look of satisfaction at the young man who spoke. Paul now had a spruce and gentlemanly air, was well-shaded, good looking, brisk and polite in his manners, not in the least like the rural swains who would in the ordinary way have been Rose's suitors.

This reflection came also into Rose's mind as she stood there with her eyes downcast. What had her father meant by saying that he had been to see Mr. Pettigrew? Was it possible that there had been some speech about herself and Miles?

That seemed wild and incredible, yet Miles had asked her to be his wife, even though she was only Rose of the Old Mill Cottage, and he was Squire's heir.

She remained motionless, her hands on a piece of fine embroidery that her mother had laid down.

And it seemed that this same business was also in the forefront of Mr. Medway's thoughts, for he said, with an air that seemed to give him a mastery over the whole situation:

"I know that Rose is not the match that I might look for. Mr. Bartlett, nor for me, nor Mr. Hilton, either. He thinks I might marry—well, pretty satisfactorily if you take my meaning, that I might set up in King's Lynn when I've been through my studies and got my law degree, with a lady wife and a gentleman. Industry is coming along, and there won't be so much thought of landed gentry and book learning in the future. It will be money-making that will count."

Old Tom looked at him as if impressed and said slowly:

"It's books and learning that you're taking up, Paul Medway, unless what I hear of you be true and them books and learning be but a blind for something else."

"Why, what have you heard of me?" asked the young man.

"Why, I've heard that you're in with some doubtful characters, of which there be plenty at the old port, that you do help in smuggling the brandy and that brings you in money for your good lodgings and your fine linen more readily than your law studies or the little bit that you're supposed to have from your father in Jamaica."

"You've been discussing me pretty freely, I perceive."

"Why, of course, we've been discussing you, Paul Medway, since it was clear you were after our Rose," said Mrs. Bartlett.

"Mother, dear, don't speak like that about these things. I'll go up to my room now. I can't be discussed like this as though I were a chattel. There's many things to be thought of. I don't say I favour Paul, I don't say I won't have him. Good night, mother."

"Good night, Mr. Medway," she added with a shy parting glance towards the young man. "You won't be expecting my opinion on what's being said to-night?"

"Why, no, Rose," he said, opening the door for her, the door that led up the little ladder-like stairs that approached her small chamber. "I'm a patient man and long-suffering."

Half-incoherently Rose gave her thanks and went upstairs in the dusk to her room.

Rose lit a farthing dip, and sat down by her bed. She was, like all women in love, quick and acute in her judgment. She faced the fact that Mr. Pettigrew and her father must have decided between them that it was impossible for her to marry Miles.

**MILES REBELS**  
 When Miles Pettigrew was summoned to the library he knew that his father wished to speak to him on some grave matter. His face wore his least attractive expression as he sat in the chair that his father had somewhat curtly indicated.

Henry Pettigrew was what Miles called with some contempt "of the old

school," rooted in the land, in the traditions of his family, in the politics of a Cavalier, and a Tory, one who had more than once muddled his finances, who had this one son only, and a sickly wife, and who had lived much apart from a world in which his ancestors had obtained a considerable position.

On the other hand, Miles was restless, rebellious, and, as his father considered, idle and lazy, since he had refused either to learn the business of a landowner or to enter the army or navy.

"The position, in a way, Miles, is rather absurd. It seems you've made an offer for the hand of Rose Bartlett, I suppose that was done in a moment of romantic frenzy, shall we call it that? The old fellow is sensible enough; he knows his place. On the other hand there's another situation, almost as absurd. The Boultts, they've got one daughter only, you know—Emily. They've offered for you. They're making money, quite how I don't know—"

"I do put in Miles. 'Is business. They're interested in industries. If things go on like this, in a few years they might be able to buy us up. They're making money while we're losing. I suppose things'll last your time, but what about me?"

"Learn your business, be a country landowner, you take no interest in the estate at all."

"I can't," protested Miles gloomily. "What's the use of decaying here?"

"I tell you that your mother and I refuse for you both these absurd matches."

"I suppose," asked the young man with a faintly bitter scorn, "that you and my mother have found some suitable match for me?"

"Yes, we have, Jane, the Grants' only daughter. They are people of our own rank."

"And in much the same situation," sneered Miles. "The estates are losing money, the Grants are selling timber, they've got mortgages, I suppose."

"Whatever there is," put in the older man, obstinately. "She'll have—she's the sole heiress—It's an ancient family. The Grants and the Pettigrews have intermarried before. The estates march. It is very suitable."

Miles listened wearily with an increasing sense of tedium and dismay, a sense of defeat, too. How stale all this talk was, how out-of-date this attitude of mind!

Now the romance with Rose Bartlett seemed a mere whisp of a fairy-tale, lit by a rainbow.

Why, of course, that had been a folly! He was a Pettigrew, a gentleman. And who was Rose? Daughter of an old tar and his wife.

"The time will come when there won't be such a difference between peasants and gentry," muttered Miles, suddenly, defiantly, but without much hope.

"Old Bartlett saw it was absurd himself, and so the girl would—, You ask her in broad daylight, you put the case before her then as it is only honest to do. Supposing you did marry her in a moment of crazy infatuation—it would be nothing more or less—how do you think she would endure this life up here? Just the same as you could endure life in the old Mill Cottage."

"We do not want to stay here, either of us. We would go abroad—"

"And where's the money coming from?" asked Mr. Pettigrew, sternly. "You've nothing but what I allow you, and I suppose I'm good for another 20 years yet. There's your mother to be thought of and, as you say, the estate—well, it's not bringing in the returns it did once—and Jane Grant has some useful dowry."

"If all that you are wanting is the money, sir, what of Emily Boult! She has more than Jane."

"You know what I have against Emily Boult, you know how I consider that proposal. I am against it, I tell you, and so is your mother. We can get the money to help the estate without marrying into the yeomanry. Miles have you thought what it would be if you took Rose to wife! It would be a nine day's wonder, a nine-day's scandal."

"I daresay what you say is sound commonsense enough, and yet you are wrong, too. You are looking backward instead of forward, you are fighting for something that's got to go—"

"Fighting for something that has got to go? What do you mean, Miles?"

"What I say. Places like this, the old Mansion House, as we call it, the Pettigrew estates, the church, the tombs, the coat-of-arms, and this library, and all that you value so much. I say that it has got to go, and these other people are coming along, and we might as well recognize it at once. Why, in another couple of generations Rose Bartlett's descendants might be above ours."

"We've all of us—the Pettigrews, the Bartlettts and the Boultts—been here for some centuries now," the father remarked drily. "The Pettigrews have always been at the Old Mansion House and the Bartlettts have always been in a cottage and the Boultts have always

been at the Mansion Farm."

"For ever and ever, amen!" cried Miles, impetuously. "You're blinded sir! Because a thing has stood for so many hundreds of years it does not mean it is going to stand for ever."

"That'll do, sir!" replied the Squire, rising with dignity. "Let me hear no more of this nonsense from you. We shall expect the arrangements for your marriage to Jane Grant to go through immediately."

ON A FAIR SPRING EVENING Miles went out gloomily into the fragrant spring evening, he knew he did not dare to be a rebel. And however he might fret—nay, even though he might realize that a life's unhappiness would pay for his decision, he could not defy his father and mother and marry Rose Bartlett.

He knew Jane Grant was a dull pleasant young woman, well bred and amiable, no doubt, but in whom he felt not the least spark of interest. Why, he even preferred Emily Boult, with her dark eyes, quick ways, and flashing glances, who had shown so clearly that she was enamoured of him, and would put all her family's rising fortunes into his hand in return for a wedding ring. But Emily was not for him, either. She, no doubt, would marry her cousin, the stupid-looking, heavily-built young man, Jeremiah, who often came to stay at the Mansion Farm. Yes, he would get Emily, Emily's dowry, and in increasing prosperity with those shrewd, business-like people the Boultts.

And he, Miles, he supposed dully, would marry Jane Grant—and yet, how difficult to relinquish not only all the joy and loveliness that was implicit in his love for Rose Bartlett, but all those now ideas in which he believed, in which he had faith.

He walked through the freshening fields and down to the old mill by the stream, St. Martin's Flow. There, as he had half expected, was a sad-familiar figure.

It was touch and go then, with Miles Pettigrew; a word this way, or a word that and he might have thrown in his fortunes with Rose Bartlett and defied his father and all the conventions. For he was much in love with her, and it was a fair spring evening and a great deal in his being revolted against all that his parents stood for, revolted even against the symbol of the ancient church that rose up into the pure twilight sky, the church where his ancestors slept in their cold dignity.

But he had not enough force or fervour or moral courage to at once and openly defy all his enemies, to draw the girl to his bosom, entreat her to be his wife, and take her away with him, at once and marry her, as he could have done, and as he might have done.

For this passionate decision on her lover's part Rose waited instinctively. Then she sensed his faint quiver of hesitation, even though he did not voice it as he took her hand with a loving pressure, and both proud and understanding, she said:

"Mr. Miles, sir, my father spoke to yours to-day. What am I saying, it was yesterday, wasn't it?—I forgot."

"Never mind about the days, Rose, I was in the library too. My father spoke to me. What did your father say to you? And how stupid that we should concern ourselves," he said petulantly, "about what our fathers say. You love me, don't you, Rose?"

"You know what I said," she replied, and drew her hands from his and put aside the alder bushes and peered down into the darkening stream. "But I suppose love doesn't matter as much as all that?" She waited for a passionate denial on his part, but it did not come, so she was steeled to continue:

"My father is a very simple man, though a brave one, not learned, as you know, sir."

"For Heaven's sake, Rose!"

"Well, I've got to put it clearly, haven't I? It doesn't seem as if you'd helped much, sir."

"What do you mean? Has everybody gone crazy?"

"She knew that his impatience was a sign of weakness and it caused her to withdraw herself further."

"If you loved me and wanted me for your wife, you wouldn't argue."

He was silent. If he was not in love what was the emotion that was possessing him? He believed that he would be happy with her as a wife.

Yet there was another side to the prospect. Rose would be timid, awkward, perhaps foolish. Women like his mother would know how to be cruelly unkind. He would lose his temper and Rose would lose her courage, and there would, perhaps, be quarrels.

"THAT CHEAPJACK ADVENTURER!" Yes, he was able to think of all these mundane matters, and Rose knew that he was thinking of them and hoped died in her heart. She leaned to give herself strength, against the curving trunk of the willow.

"You made a mistake when you asked me to marry you, Miles," she said. "And it was equal speaking to equal now. And I made a mistake when I let you do so. And this is the last time we'll meet like this, or any way at all."

## Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

The Advance of July 26th, 1932, published the high school entrance results for that year. At Timmings and South Porcupine centres there was a good list of pupils passing. The highest marks for the inspectorate were taken by Jack Cuthbertson, Dome Mines aged 12, and second highest standing by Isabella McWilliams also of the Dome Mines school aged 13 years. Pupils at Dome and South Porcupine always do well and have reflected credit on the Tisdale Schools, Schumacher also holding good place in the inspectorate.

For the first six months of 1922 the production at the Dome was \$1,973,000, or more than double the output for the same period in 1921. That the first four drivers were warned in police court twenty years ago for passing a funeral procession, contrary to the law then in force in this regard.

The sad drowning of Matti Hill, a well-known resident of the district, was referred to in The Advance of July 26, 1922, as follows:—"Matti Hill, a well-known resident of the district for some years, was drowned in the Mattagami river on Friday evening when he upset the canoe in which he was crossing the river. He, with some others, had been living in a shack across the river, and it is understood that he was attempting to get home when the accident occurred. A woman who saw the accident from a distance says that the man upset the canoe but seemed at first to be in shallow water. Later he seemed to struggle out to the deeper part of the river and before help could reach him he had gone down. The body is understood to have been recovered from the deep water on Saturday. When the body was recovered a bottle of homebrew was found in a pocket of the clothes worn by the unfortunate man. As soon as the tragedy was known word was sent to Provincial Officer Gardiner at South Porcupine. The officer came out at once and took charge of matters. The coroner was notified but in view of the facts a jury inquest was not necessary."

The Advance twenty years ago said—"Mrs. Morrisset, a highly esteemed resident of Mattagami for several years, died on Monday at the home of her son, Mr. Joseph Morrisset, death being due to pneumonia. The late Mrs. Morrisset was 58 years of age. The funeral took place yesterday at the R. C. Church and cemetery. The sympathy of all will be extended to the family in their loss."

In 1922, Monday, August 4th, (the first Monday in August) was civic holiday in Timmings. The same day was civic holiday in Tisdale township and was observed by another day of sports.

For many years The Advance advocated a market for Timmings. One feature in the success of the urging of the desirability of a market here may be noted by the following paragraph from The Advance of July 26th, 1922:—"At Monday's meeting of the town council final arrangements were made for a market at Timmings. The Hollinger has kindly agreed to allow the use of the lots alongside the rink for the purpose, and these lots will be cleared off at once. In case of wet weather permission has been given for use of the rink itself. Thus, through the kindness of the Hollinger, the town is enabled to have a market this year with practically no expense except for the taking care of same. The market will be held every Wednesday and Saturday, and in case of either of these days falling on a hol-

"Why not? What do you mean, Rose?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm going to do something definite. You asked me to be your wife. It was kind of you, but I say 'No.' I'm going to marry Paul Medway."

"That cheapjack of an adventurer!" cried the young man with a burst of jealousy.

"How dare you speak so?" exclaimed Rose Bartlett hotly. "My father lets him offer for me, and my father's no fool!"

"I'm sorry, Rose—I didn't mean to offend you. But the fellow's no good—a low character."

"There's nothing against him," protested Rose stoutly. "He's above me—not as much as you are I know, but still above me. And he asked to marry me in front of my father and mother."

She went on trying to justify and exalt the man whom she did not love whom she was thrusting between herself and the man she did love. Miles resented it that now his offer, so generous so princely, so chivalrous, had been refused, and this cheapjack of a clerk had been preferred to him—a Pettigrew.

"Very well, Rose," he said, with the parting air that he had clearly learnt from his father. "I think you're a very silly girl. I suppose you are crazy about this young whippersnapper. I hope he doesn't get into trouble."

These words cast a chill of fear into Rose Bartlett's heart. She had always felt a slight sense of repulsion to Paul Medway, with his quick ways, his bright eyes, and his ready tongue, but she answered bravely:

"Father will look after that. Don't concern yourself, sir. Good-night—and good-bye!" She added with a native dignity: "It's all been a mistake but you'll forget it, as I shall."

Rose shed some tears that night, but with her tears came resignation. It had been impossible, it could never have been.

Yes, she would marry Paul. She liked him well enough, not in the same way that she lived—well that was not liking that was love—not with the same emotion she felt for Miles Pettigrew, but still she liked him and in a way respected him as one who had been successful and who had worked hard.

But she had not quite made up her mind before because she had thought that she might meet Miles, that there might be a chance, a hope. Then she had met him, and there had been neither chance nor hope.

She crept into bed at last and fell asleep, tired out with tears and brooding. She wondered if Miles Pettigrew would marry Emily Boult, who had, as the country saying went, "cast her cap" at him, and who, as the village gossip averred, had enough money to buy up the Mansion House and all the decaying estates.

(To be Continued.)

day on the day previous. The market will be in readiness after August 1st, so the first market day will be held on Wednesday, August 2nd. Farmers and gardeners in the district should make a special note of this, as the market here will provide them a splendid place for selling their produce. The general public will no doubt be greatly benefited by the market, as it will give excellent opportunity for the securing of fresh produce at favourable prices. The council has done its part in providing the market facilities and now it is up to the farmers and market gardeners and the public generally to make the Timmings market a success."

It may surprise some people to know that the Chautauqua had been coming to Timmings for some years twenty years ago. As a matter of fact, it was some Chautauqua was held here, and only twenty four years ago that the first year or two were missed for many years. The Daughters of the Empire were the first to regularly contract for the Chautauqua to visit Timmings. They never lost any money on the feature, but after all their work and effort they did not make anything worth while. They had the satisfaction, however, of bringing this first-class feature to town.

At the town council meeting twenty years ago the resignation of T. F. King as one of the councillors was accepted with regret as he had been an able and public spirited member of the board. The mayor reported that the Hollinger had kindly consented to give the strip of land on Spruce street near the station for park purposes. Chas. Pierce was given permission to leave the frame building owned by Messrs. Carson and Allworth on the lot next to the Dominion Bank until the Gordon Block was completed. Mr. Pierce wrote the council agreeing to remove the small frame building referred to not later than Dec. 1st. Councillor L. S. Newton was appointed acting mayor during the absence of Dr. McInnis on vacation.

## New Branch Handles Special Problems of the Soldiers

Organization for Special Attention to Soldiers' Problems.

Ottawa—Canada's Army now has an agency with a full-time morale-building job. "The Directorate of Special Services is concerned with anything and everything that will give the soldier greater peace of mind and a stouter heart for the job in hand.

National Defence Headquarters has long since recognized the fact that good morale cannot be improvised. It must be thoroughly planned and systematically promoted.

In the branch of the Adjutant General there has been established the Directorate of Special Services. This organization, with Col. C. R. Hill, D. S. O., E.D., as Director, is equipped to ferret out the pet hates and fondnesses of the men in Canada's Army.

Perhaps the soldiers are inclined to grumble because a certain condition exists. Sooner or later, and it is usually "sooner", Special Services hears about it. The situation is studied, by experts, from the psychological and the practical side. And steps are immediately taken by the Directorate and any other department which may be concerned. The result is that the soldier is becoming more acquainted with his Army and more appreciative of the machinery needed to make it run.

There are five sections in the directorate. They come under the general headings—Research, Information, French Canadian, Military and Social Action Section.

The work of each of the sections is just about what the names would imply. If the working of the sections are understood fully, however, a real appreciation of the advantages of such a directorate, to the Army and the Dominion, immediately develops.

The research section is vital. One of the first jobs undertaken by it was in the form of a questionnaire to the troops. In it they asked many questions. They were not required to sign their names to the papers, and because of this the answers were probably 100 per cent to the point.

At the bottom of the sheet, provision was made for the entry of general remarks. The result was most gratifying, and about 90 per cent of the criticism was constructive.

Surveys are being made all the time by the research section. It might almost be called the Army's bureau of public opinion. It is just that. Analyses are made. The handwriting on the wall is studied. No article in any paper which deals, even remotely, with conditions among servicemen escapes the clippers. Reports are made out and received from time to time. This section concerns itself with everything which might reflect the thoughts of soldiers and anything which might affect them in any way.

The Information Section is the publicity branch of the Directorate. It specializes in publicity directed at the soldier. Various media are used, radio, the press, movies, camp newspapers and others. Booklets are being prepared to tell the soldier. In interesting form, some of the things most intimately concerning him and his Army. This is the section that executes the morale building plans developed by the others.

The French Canadian Section is interested in bi-lingual aspects of all tasks and problems. Its special concern is the French Canadian personnel in Canada's Army.

In this section, all the work of the directorate is considered as it applies to the French Canadian personnel of the Army. Special problems of that personnel are also handled here.

The Military section comes into play when tasks of the directorate require liaison with other Army branches. It develops new ideas for the promotion of the Army.

Just before the armistice in the last war the great Canadian soldier, General Sir Arthur Currier one night was heard to say "Thank God they're singing."

He was speaking of the Canadian troops who were singing as they marched up to the line for 100 days and night of the fiercest kind of fighting.

One of the enterprises upon which the directorate is working at present is a serviceman's song book. The directorate is anxious that Canada's Army be a singing Army.

The question of income tax for officers serving in Canada has been considered by this section, and certain recommendations have already been made.

The question of leaves and furloughs has been, and is being considered.

To put it briefly the Military Section works for the soldier. Anything that is in his interests of his efficiency is "pushed" by it.

The Social Section is the one that conducts liaison and other work between the Army and civil organizations and individuals. Other government departments which are not military branches are also contacted by it.

Because the welfare of the dependent or next-of-kin is one of the greatest concerns of the soldier, special efforts are made to look after them.

With the co-operation of the Dependents Allowance Board and the Dependents' Board of Trustees' civilian committees have been formed to aid, not only dependents of soldiers, but their relatives as well.

Registration of relatives of soldiers has been promoted, and work in this direction is continuing.

As an example of the work being done by this section. . . . Some dependents of soldiers have raised their voices, asking for a cost of living bonus.

As an example of the work being done by this section. . . . Some dependents of soldiers have raised their voices, asking for a cost of living bonus.

The claim is being studied carefully by the Social Action Section, research is being done. And when it is complete, if the request is deemed to be in the best interests of the public, certain recommendations will be made through the proper channels. In other words, the Directorate will "go to bat for it."

Many of the personal problems of the soldier are handled, with great success, by this section.

The Directorate of Special Services is the soldier's own Directorate. It has been created, and it operates for him. The soldier's problems are the problems of the Directorate.

It is a certainty that the fruits of its labours will be still tasted in Canada, many years after the Axis has been forgotten.

## Englehart Man Jailed for Stealing Tires, Gasoline

At Whitby, Ont., last week, Arthur Ernest Emmons Kent, who gave his home address as Englehart, was given jail terms totaling the unlucky number of thirteen months. He pleaded guilty to charges of stealing tire, and tubes, and also siphoning gasoline from cars parked at a munitions plant. Magistrate P. S. Ebbes, of Whitby, in sentencing the accused said that the convicted man had a very bad record, dating back to 1936, and that he had just completed a six months' jail term.

Carry Williams—A middle-aged man is the one who says he feels as good as ever, except of course, when his feet and rheumatism are not bothering him.

## Men, Women Over 40 Feel Weak, Worn, Old? Want Normal Pep, Vim, Vitality?

Does weak stomach, exhausted condition, nervous, tired, irritable, old, try Otrone. Contains 40. Stimulates, stimulates, often needed after 40. Sufferers from, indigestion, constipation, nervousness. Help you get normal pep, vim, vitality. Indispensable for, Otrone, Tablets, 50c. For sale at all good drug stores everywhere.

## AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

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.

We also sell Fire, Sickness & Accident, Life Insurance and Real Estate

## SULLIVAN & NEWTON

(Est. 1912)  
 21 PINE ST. NORTH  
 INSURANCE TIMMINS REAL ESTATE