

ST. MARTIN'S FLOW

by MARJORIE BOWEN

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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.

"IF YOU LOVE ME"

She paused, shocked by his face that was turned aside from her. She had believed from his looks and glances, from his press of her hand, that he loved her, and did not dare to say so because of the distance between them—Why was he so tongue-tied? She forced her courage and added:

"I came to you, Harry—I believe I may call you that—to say that I care for you enough to offer you a post as my husband and my steward."

"Indeed," he cried, hastily, "forgive me, madam, I do not know what you are trying to say. Everything seems wrong—"

"Why should it be wrong?" she asked, clear-eyed. "Indeed, if we love one another—"

"If we love one another! Madam, I think there is some mistake!"

"Mistake!" she cried, forcing herself on. "What mistake can there be? I have seen your looks, your glances, what has held you back from me save that I am a Pettigrew and you are a Medway? If you love me—"

"If I love you! Oh, Mary, a pity, it is not true!"

"Not true!" she cried, drawing back from him in anger as much as in pain. "No, it is not true. If there is any whom I love it is—"

"Give me her name!" cried Mary Pettigrew, turning a pace away from him. "It seems to be that our families are fated always to make these mistakes. My father, your mother, indeed, I do not know what I am saying—"

She leaned against the trunk of a newly-budding tree and would speak no more, and the heavy man strode up and down debating with himself. At last he came out with the cruel truth.

"It's Martha Boult, Miss Pettigrew,

I've loved her. I suppose she's silly, and a fool in her way, not so young, I believe I love her. And, Miss Pettigrew, pray tell me what you would say to me before I make any decisions."

Now she had her chance for making an escape, for evading all that she had through many nights of cold vigils, made up her mind to do, but because of the blood in her, of the race to which she owned loyalty, she would not accept this but said coldly:—

"What I had to say, Harry Medway, was this—that I, as I know the meaning of the word, loved you, and would take you for my master."

She saw admiration and a gratified vanity in his fine features, and encouraged by this she spoke impulsively:—

"Oh, Harry, I know that all the past separates us, but all the future might join us!"

"Miss Pettigrew," said he, "Mary Pettigrew," and he spoke in some confusion. "Well, I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?" asked Marv, with a rising colour, but a rising courage, too. "I've tried to speak to you plainly. I suppose what I do is in a way outrageous, but you'll understand me, I suppose, if none other does."

"And what am I to understand, Miss Pettigrew?" said he, and they paced together up and down.

She looked up at the house, so new, to her so vulgar, so different from the old Mansion House. What was she forfeiting? What giving up, in offering herself and all that her ancient name stood for for this man?

But she put back these feelings, thinking that they were but commonplace and ignoble, and with truth shining in her eyes turned to him and said:

"Harry, I believe that you might have cared for me but did not dare say so. No, stop, don't say a word. I think more of the new than of the old. You must believe me, seeing me here now."

She spoke in a tone that was exalted, and the colour came and went in her noble face while the man looked at her astounded. "I've something to offer, Harry. Here I use your name freely. I've something to offer—an ancient race. Up to my father's time it meant something. I know my father's history, he had not the courage to be a rebel."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Pettigrew," he muttered, standing still and drawing with his stick a pattern on the gravel path.

"Don't speak to me so formally, Harry. I've come here to offer you myself, my estate, it's encumbered, I know, you'll find details of that from my law-

yer and the mortgagees. But there is something, it's a name, I am Mary Pettigrew."

"I can't understand what you mean!" he exclaimed.

"Only this, I'm offering myself to you as your wife, because I don't think that you'd care to do that yourself, I being what I am."

"YOU'LL COME BACK!"

She saw the hot colour mount in his face.

"I'm more than honoured, I'm astounded," he said awkwardly. "I think to volunteer in the war now going on in Africa. And there's Martha. I told you."

"You are going to volunteer?" Terror and pride mingled in her voice.

"Ay, I thought of it. But what you said has confounded me, I don't know what to reply. Martha, you know—"

She drew herself up then in her maiden pride as Rose Bartlett had drawn herself up a generation before beside St. Martin's Flow.

"If you don't know," she replied, "there is no more to say. I have made a silly mistake and must pay for it, in a hurt—well, vanity or pride, whichever you like to call it. I didn't think that Martha Boult could matter."

"Don't call it either vanity or pride, Miss Pettigrew," said he, looking at her with the flashing eyes that she so much admired. "I'm going for a soldier. Indeed I must, I feel it's an idle life here, for I've not got my roots in the land I like to travel to knock about. The house is new and my family's new. Indeed, Miss Pettigrew—"

Her breed enabled her to mock at him lightly.

"What is it you want to say to me—some explanation, perhaps, of your refusal?"

"Don't call it a refusal. I've hardly understood what you've said to me. Indeed, I've noticed you and your beauty and your brightness and admired your rank—"

"I did not know of Martha."

"You'll let it go at that, I suppose?"

"Indeed I'll let it go at that," replied Mary Pettigrew, standing erect in the cold spring air. "I have made a mistake, as I suppose most women do when their sincerity outruns their pride. I thought, seeing that the races we came of—"

"Stop!" he cried, holding up his hand with some dignity. "I know what my race is. We made our money in Jamaica when sugar sold well. And my father did a bit of smuggling, too, with brandy and lace. And my poor mother—well, as far as I've heard the story, it was your father she was in love with and dreamed of. And we criss and cross."

"And so," remarked Mary Pettigrew, turning aside wrapped again in her serene dignity, "I thought that we two might have come together."

"Ay, so we might," he agreed, "and though I have never thought of it, or looked so high, if there had been love and liking, and I had not seen Martha—and you not been too young to know what you do—"

He looked at her for a while, then he said slowly, choosing his words with deliberation:

"There's a gulf set between you and me, my lady. And it did not jar on either of them that he used this old-fashioned term, as a yeoman or a peasant speaking to the mistress of the manor. 'I've of lower stock, and though I have the money, and your estates are slipping downhill, that don't make any difference now. And I'm in a false position. I'm neither a peasant nor a yeoman nor a gentleman, and so I am away to see if I can make my fortune in the African war."

"And if you come back?" cried she, suddenly, all the terrors of a woman in love colouring her voice and flushing her cheeks.

"Why shouldn't I come back? And if I do, well—"

"You'll come back to the woman you love," said Mary Pettigrew, turning towards the gate. "I see the groom has my horse ready. I understand."

"You're so young. You'll forget this—it will soon be—"

"Dead and gone, as I suppose, Mr. Medway." She was able, even now, to redeem the moments from degradation. "I spoke to you but of a play, a fancy."

"I ought to tell you this—if I come back and she'll have me, it will be Martha Boult who'll be my wife."

"I commend your good taste," said Mary Pettigrew mechanically. She thought at once of the handsome woman whom she had seen but a few hours before standing by the hedgerow, pretty, unlettered, stupid in a way, with her

handsome dowry and her yeoman descent... and so she was Harry Medway's choice, and so, as he had said, criss-cross their destinies went.

SUNSET OF HOPES

And yet Mary had never thought of this. He had seemed to her so strong so bold, so clever, so above the multitude and Martha Boult but another hedgerow blossom, rather overblown for all the fat acres that went to her dowry. She glanced at him with a certain scorn as a woman will glance at a man who puts the best by and takes the lesser. But she had no thought now but to gloss over the moment.

"Why, I knew," cried she, lightly, "that it was you and Martha all the time, and we had a certain wager between us, as women will, for Martha is a friend of mine."

And so she went on talking lightly, and he was bewildered and in a sense disappointed for he would like to have thought that the heiress of the Pettigrews, impoverished as she was, might have been his for the taking. And so in confusion and duplicity they parted, he setting her in her saddle, putting his hand for her foot, as she mounted on her roan mare, and she saying goodbye to him with a curling lip of scorn and riding slowly home.

And as she came along the high road unattended and the setting sun was towards her face, she thought of how her dreams went down and this was the end of much high romance.

"And what's there for me?" asked Mary of the cool evening air as she rode slowly.

She thought of the staid, sober match that had been proposed to her by her lawyers—a neighbour, a small squire, a staid, middle-aged widower, Timothy Thorpe, who was willing to take the name of Pettigrew and so continue the old line.

"And so," mused the girl, "I shall set myself to a fraud and try to keep going that which is already decayed."

The winding road came out to the upland past the church that she saw below, and beneath the graveyard was St. Martin's Flow, the dark river, with the budding alders either side, that swept swiftly past the mill.

Mary took her destiny in her hands as Rose Bartlett had taken it a long generation before, and decided:

"I'll marry Timothy Thorpe, and he'll take the name of Pettigrew. And this romance can go its way. And I suppose if Harry Medway volunteers for the war, when he comes back he will marry Martha, as he said, and whether or no, I can never see him again."

"And I must be married first," thought Mary, "because of the sheer dignity of my race, the respect I owe to those who went before me—knights, cavaliers and legislators."

Mary could visualize what her life would be with Timothy Thorpe, dull, staid, conventional. He was a plain featured man, who, though not repelling to her was no means pleasing. She knew that he wished to marry her for no romantic motive, but merely that he might be able to consolidate his falling fortunes with hers.

"And mine, thought she, looking towards the altar that was dimly seen, 'are falling too. With Harry Medway I might have raised them to some semblance of glory, but it seems that one is not allowed to step outside the accustomed paths."

She made silently, without drama, her renunciations. She had been a fool to suppose that she could ever do anything splendid and out of the way. Times were changing, but not so much as she had hoped. No, she would marry Timothy Thorpe, who was a good, kind man. To him she would be a sensible wife, and perhaps in time she might bear a child who would be able—"to do" said Mary Pettigrew aloud. "what I could not do—get out of the rut to which the centuries have condemned me. He can't understand what a woman like me is worth, and neither can Timothy Thorpe, either, or anybody who knows me. And I suppose I shall have to be quiet and surpressed all my life, and just do what I can to keep the old estates together."

As she rode quietly home, in her deep mortification and her sense of love stifled and lost, she got some consolation from the crescent moon that rose pale as a chip of ice above the distant woods, and was reflected like a sparkle of silver in the dark waters of St. Martin's Flow.

So Mary came back to the old Mansion House, denuded of so many of its splendours and the old maid servant who stayed more for love of the Pettigrews than from any hope of gain, saw her to her bedroom. Mary, sending the old woman away, drew the curtains across the moonlight and sat down at her little bureau and wrote to her lawyers, and said that she would accept through them the offer of Mr. Timothy Thorpe to be her husband and the master of the decaying fortunes of the Pettigrews and the old Mansion House.

(To be Continued)

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files.

"A long-felt want has been supplied by Leo Mascioli with his usual enterprise in the erection at the Mattagami river, just across the bridge, of a large and modern swimming tank that daily is attracting literally hundreds of youngsters and many grown-ups," said The Advance ten years ago. "The use of the tank or pool is given free at present, to all, and Mr. Mascioli intends that it will remain free to the youngsters, though a small charge may be necessary for adults, more for control of the pool than for revenue. In the meantime the youngsters are having a glorious time in water that is always fresh, renewing itself constantly from the river, and the depth of the tank being graduated there is also perfect safety for the youngsters and others. Mr. Mascioli's plans for the immediate present are not definitely decided upon, but it is certain at least that the public has a new and valuable asset in the swimming pool erected at the river. Something along this line has been proposed time and again for many years, but it remained for Mr. Mascioli to put the matter into actual existence."

He expects to be away for a week or two." "R. M. Grey, of Englehart, motored here with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Parsons and spent a few days at their home. He left here Wednesday to visit friends at Toronto." "J. E. Grasset, formerly manager of the Timmins branch of the Bank of Commerce, but now conducting a stock brokerage business at Toronto, was a visitor to town this week and was warmly welcomed here by hosts of old friends." "Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haggerty of Montreal, were visitors to the camp last week." "Mr. Geo. Vary left last week for Morrisburg to take treatment for his feet at this famous place." "Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Blackman arrived home this week after spending their summer vacation at Sand Banks, near Picton, Ont."

Funeral at Liskeard of Former Resident Here

The funeral was held at New Liskeard on Monday of last week of the late Jerome St. Louis, who died suddenly at his home in Dymond township on the previous Friday night. Requiem Mass was celebrated by the parish priest, Rev. Father Poquin, and burial was made in the Roman Catholic cemetery.

The late Mr. St. Louis was born in Renfrew County some forty-four years ago, a son of Mrs. St. Louis and the late Charles St. Louis. The family moved from Renfrew County to Parry Sound and then to Timmins, the earlier years of the late Jerome St. Louis being spent in these two towns. In 1919 Jerome St. Louis and his brother, Joseph, took up a farm in Dymond township and the late Mr. St. Louis resided in that district until the time of his death.

The late Mr. St. Louis is survived by his widow, the former Bernadette Landriault, and two young daughters, Jeanne and Irene. There are left also his mother, for many years also a resident of Dymond township but for some months past living in Timmins, a brother, Joseph, on the farm in Dymond, and five sisters, Mrs. Osias Villeneuve, Mrs. M. Morgan and Miss Elizabeth, all in Timmins, Mrs. Thomas Lahey of Penetanguishene, and Mrs. McEnemy of Mactier.

A. J. Kennedy Giving Up His Farm Near Liskeard

A. J. Kennedy, former M. P. P. for Temiskaming district, is well known throughout the North. He has many friends in this part of the North, having been on one occasion in the early days of the Porcupine a candidate for a seat in the Dominion parliament, when the present riding of Cochrane was a part of the riding of Temiskaming for Dominion election purposes. Mr. Kennedy has always taken keen interest in public affairs, and his success as a farmer has been an inspiration to many in the North who were struggling to earn a living from the land. Because of all this, there will be general interest in the following paragraph from last week's issue of The New Liskeard Speaker:—

"A. J. Kennedy, former M. P. P. for this riding and one of the best-known citizens of Temiskaming district, whose

Former Resident of Camp Passes Away at Beachburg

Pembroke, ug. 19th—J. Lorne Hazelton, a well-known resident of Beachburg, died this (Thursday) morning after a brief illness. He was 60 years of age. The funeral will take place Saturday, with burial in Beachburg, Union cemetery.

A son of the late John Hazelton, for many years a merchant in Beachburg, and Mrs. Hazelton, the deceased spent his early life in the village and later was in Northern Ontario for several years, returning to Beachburg about two years ago. He had intended returning to the north, but had delayed doing so because of the effect of the war on the mining industry.

He was unmarried and is survived by his mother, now in her 90th year and two sisters, Miss Clara Hazelton Beachburg, and Mrs. J. W. S. Wilson, Arnprior. He was a member of the Presbyterian church.

SERVED FOR COUNTRY

An employer was interviewing an applicant for a vacant post. "What references have you?" he said. "Didn't have no references from my last job."

"How was that?" "It was a government contract." "Indeed. How long ago?" "Three months, sir." "What were you doing?" "Six." —North Bay Nugget

Winchester Press—Fathers—urge your children to pay special attention to algebra and trigonometry this year. You will probably need their assistance in figuring out your income tax.

big red Glengary Stock Farm barn close to the main road four miles north of New Liskeard long has been a landmark for travellers along Number Eleven Highway, is retiring from his Dymond township housing in the latter part of the present month. The one-time representative of Temiskaming in the Ontario Legislature will take up residence in town again. Mr. Kennedy has sold his farm and later in August is to dispose of its stock and equipment by the usual route of an auction sale."

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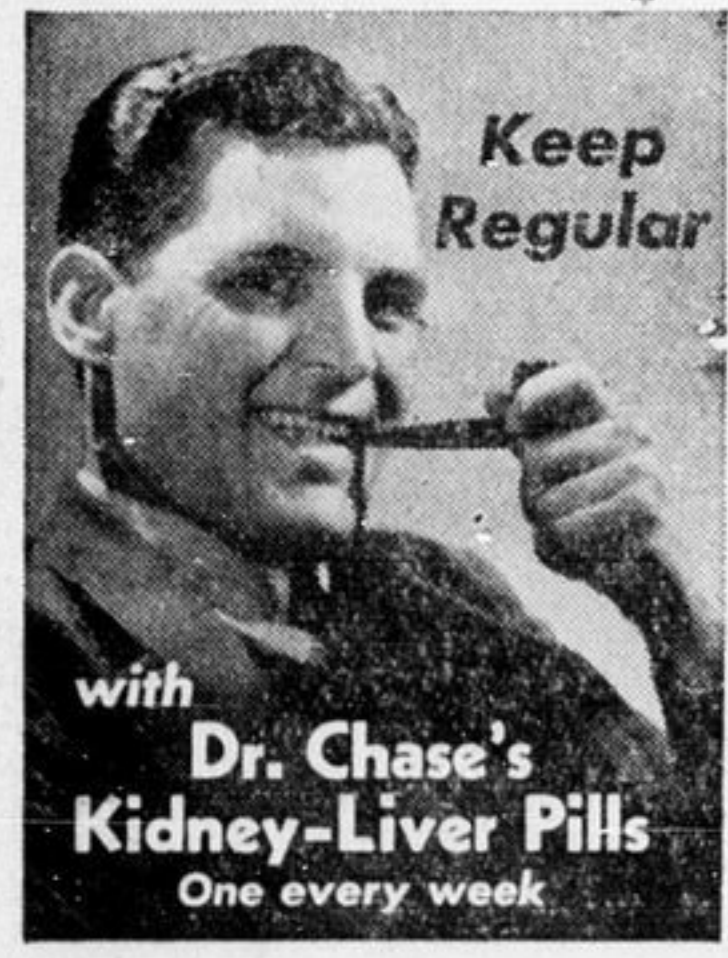
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Globe and Mail:— Many place names unknown before the war will come to take their place with Getsysburg and Waterloo, similarly without fame till war made them immortal.
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