

# 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 Boult, the Bartletts, and the Medways.

### PRIDE OF THE PETTIGREWS

She flushed and stood still, and the satchel of books did slip from her arm on to the fragrant grass at her feet.

"I wonder!" she replied. "I wonder if that does show how seriously you take me? I'm a human being, you know, Simon, not a chattel. I've got my ideas and my rights."

"Well, I suppose," he responded, glowing with satisfaction that she had not instantly refused him, "women always have had their ideas and their rights, that men have been proud to give them. Oh, I heard a good deal of that sort of thing when I was at Oxford, and even when I was at school. But all that's nothing, Hilda, compared to love, compared to the fact that I want you for my wife. I know I've not got much to offer—that's the conventional thing to say, but I mean it. But I am a Pettigrew—yes, even though it is on the mother's side," he added, defiantly.

"All this—the church, and the old mill, and the estate, belongs to me, and it does mean something, even nowadays."

"I know it does, Simon," she replied with sudden humility, "and I like you well enough. I don't think you understand me or what I'm trying to do. I'm willing to make a sacrifice for my ideals."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Hilda, it sounds so silly. Our families have lived on this spot of land for hundreds of years—"

"Lived here too long," he exclaimed, "sunk in convention and tradition! You should go to the cities—and learn."

"Don't talk to me as if I was a small boy, Hilda. I know what's going on. Then, seeing here defiant face, he added: "There may be a war, you know, and that will sweep away all this nonsense."

"Yes, and women will be called to take a part in it, I suppose. The men won't be able to win the war all by themselves even if they have muddled into it..."

"Feeling she had said too much and said it too violently, the girl paused. He caught hold of her by the shoulder and tried to kiss her cheek but she wrenched herself fiercely apart.

"Don't touch me, Simon! You don't understand me! I suppose to you I'm a silly girl who happened to take your fancy."

"Indeed you're not, Hilda! You're a very great deal more than that."

"Ah," said she, maliciously, "perhaps I'm the heiress of the Boult and the Medways?"

"You're not that, Hilda, either, I don't want your money. I'm trying to ask you, Hilda, to be my wife!"

He pressed his point with ardour, but

with a kind of hauteur too. As she moved away he held back.

"Don't you care for me, Hilda? I've treated you frankly."

"You're very imperious," said she, saving herself and the situation with a laugh.

"But, Hilda, let's stop talking all this nonsense—"

"It's not nonsense, it's most important." Then controlling her feelings, he asked carefully: "If you think this is nonsense, what do you think is important, Simon?"

"Only this, you and I, that we should be married," he answered, earnestly. "I don't know a better way. Do you with all your new ideas?"

"Yes, I do. I know about sex equality and women having a chance to make their own careers."

"Stop!" he cried. "You sound to me as if you were ranting on a soap-box at Hyde Park Corner. I can't bear to listen to it, Hilda, a lovely girl like you."

She smiled at that, and for a moment was a mere girl with a charming, spring background, looking at a young man who loved her—but she tried to be loyal to her ideals.

"Simon, you don't understand me, and I refuse you—yes, I do, even if you are going to stand there for another half-hour saying how much you love me, I refuse you."

"Hilda, you haven't heard me seriously, I love you!"

"What difference will that make?"

"Well, I suppose it might make you a little sorry for what you're saying now. There may be a war coming. There wouldn't be anything new in that, would there? The man going out to fight and the woman staying behind waiting for him."

"I shouldn't wait for you, Simon. Besides, if there was another war, women might help, too."

"Well, most of us would hate to think you'd have to do it. I don't know how we've got on to this talk, Hilda. I came here to ask you to be my wife."

"And I appreciate it, Simon, indeed I do. And I thank you, and your mother, too, for your kindness towards me."

Simon could hardly credit his ears. After all, he had always considered himself as a brilliant match, and Hilda was nothing but a girl of a modest origin with a certain amount of money—he was astonished—outraged.

"I've got some work to do, Simon. I know there are things that I can help with."

"That's spoken like a shrew and a vixen!" he retorted with sudden fury.

"And I suppose that I should be glad that you said no— I don't like all this silly stuff that you're talking, but I like you, Hilda."

She shook her head again—he could see that, even in the shadows.

"I'm tempted, Simon, I'm tempted, but I must be strong—"

She turned and ran, he stumbled after her a step or two then gave up the pursuit in hot indignation. His heart swelled with indignation and mortification as he turned his back on the disappearing figure of the girl. He hoped that there would be a war, he hoped that he would be killed in the first battle...

And with this burning sense of wrong in his baffled mind he went again up to the old Mansion House.

**"BECAUSE WE ARE POOR?"**

Simon Pettigrew's genuine distress was not mingled with the anger of hurt masculine pride.

Well, this will be a shock for mother if nothing else, this was really his one consolation. He tried to put his disarranged thoughts into some sort of order. He truly loved Hilda as much as it was in his nature to love anybody; but at the back of his love had been the thought, the hope, nay, the conviction, that the money of the Boult and Medways, their property, their businesses (he did not know how many these were but he believed that they represented a considerable sum) would bolster up his own sinking fortunes.

There was a discontented droop in his shoulders and a slouch in his step as he approached the house.

The young man passed into the hall, and turned at once into the small room at the right where his mother sat. Yes, he knew she would be there, and there she was at her accounts.

She put the bank books aside now, as if with a guilty air, and laid across them a handsome blotter of stamped leather-work.

"I've seen Hilda," he broke out at once.

"Yes?" she said. "Yes, dear? Well, I hope it's happy news?"

"I daresay it will be happy to you, mother," replied Simon with a malice that he could not control. "She's refused me!"

Mary Pettigrew looked down and waited for him to continue, and her silence irritated him further.

"Well, haven't you got anything to say about it, mother? You're pretty astonished, aren't you? Your precious son, the heir of all the Pettigrews, refused by Hilda Boult—and you know what her descent is! But she did refuse me, and defiantly."

Mary Pettigrew spoke then, carefully for she knew she was dealing with one whom anger and disappointment was making unreasonable.

"I suppose she doesn't care for you enough, Simon. One must respect her for that. Perhaps if you wait—"

"Oh, that's old-fashioned sort of talk, mother! It isn't a question of caring—as for that she admitted she did, she said she liked me, almost loved me. Well, I don't remember her exact words, but it seemed to come to that."

Mary Pettigrew could not control her surprise now. She looked at her son sharply.

"What's the obstacle then, Simon? Because we are poor?"

(To be Continued)

**Search for Flashlights to Last for the Duration**

Search basements, attics and workshops for old flashlights and get them reconditioned. This advice is given by the Department of Munitions and Supply, for metal is used for flashlight cases and it is important that metal should be conserved for use in munition works.

Flashlights and electric lanterns are being used to a far greater extent by farmers and rural residents generally. With increased farm production and the inability of the farmer to secure repair parts, it becomes necessary for him to repair his implements at night in preparation for the next day's work.

Sudbury Star:—War is like a game of poker. Knives open, cards win, many a king of queen is discarded, pairs are split, nations are flush with victory or in dire straits, there is a lot of bluffing, and the continual ante empties people's pockets.

North Bay Nugget:—According to an old legend, there once was a radio announcer who didn't know how to pronounce place names and said so.

## GREAT WAR COMRADES MEET



Major General J. V. Young, Master General of the Ordnance, is shown with William Barnacal, of Peterborough and Winnipeg when they met for the first time since they had been together in France in 1915. They were in Petawawa this week. Mr. Barnacal is superintendent of one of Canada's largest factories. —C. A. Photo

## TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The Advance said ten years ago that the football match on Timmins grounds on Tuesday evening between Dome and McIntyre in the Byrne Cup series was spoiled by two causes. One was the condition of the grounds, and the other was the unfortunate injury to Pryor, who had his leg broken in two places. Word that morning from South Porcupine said that the fractures to his leg were clean and uncomplicated and that he was making good recovery, but it meant that he was out of football for that season at least, in addition to the suffering and inconvenience to be endured.

On Wednesday afternoon in September ten years ago, literally hundreds of people in town watched the eclipse of the sun. There were no scientific observations made, so far as known, but amateurs by the literal hundreds watched the phenomenon with great interest. It was seven years since there was a similar occurrence observable in Timmins, the event being in January, 1925. Scientists said the next similar eclipse to be visible in this part of Canada would be in 1963. Observations here were made by the use of smoked glasses, photographic films, etc. The phenomenon could not be observed by the naked eye, and the scientific gentlemen had warned against the attempt to watch the eclipse without the use of smoked glasses or other protection to the eyes.

The Advance had the following ten years ago: "The Hollinger Mine now has a uniformed police force of its own, consisting of a chief constable and nine men. The new police force at the mine started duty this week, and their uniforms and helmets along the same lines as the Metropolitan police, attracted much notice on their first day or two on duty. The chief of the new force is Chief Constable Hitch, formerly of Sault Ste. Marie and once serving as deputy police at Regina. Under Chief Hitch there are nine selected men, some of them with experience on the provincial police, it is understood. The force is said to have been organized with the assistance of Chief Constable James Ramesbottom, chief of police for the International Nickel Co."

"Last week," said The Advance ten years ago, "the crack box lacrosse team from the Dome Mines added another to their list of well-won victories when they defeated Timmins here by a score of 8 to 2. This leaves the Dome with three victories out of five games, Timmins making one win and tying another game. In view of the earlier start of the Dome team this season, Timmins is making a good showing. The Dome team is certainly a good one and coached and trained to perfection and the team that can beat them even once or tie them, is certainly going some."

Rev. Crossley Krug, B. D., said The Advance ten years ago, assistant to Rev. Dr. Geo. Pidgeon at Bloor street church Toronto, who was the minister in charge at the Timmins United Church during the absence on holiday of Rev. Bruce Millar was the speaker at the Kiwanis Club on Monday. He gave an address that held the keenest attention of all, dealing with the social questions of the day, especially with unemployment. The effects of the dele in England were clearly outlined by the speaker, as well as the lills that were sure to follow indiscriminate efforts of

charity. The speaker urged study and attention to the social problems that face the people in general and that particularly touch service clubs seeking to better conditions generally.

T. E. Thomas, 59½ Wilson avenue, Timmins, presented The Advance ten years ago with two beautiful roses, one of the Miss Edith Cavel species, and the other a Mme. Car Testont variety, pink. These beautiful roses were from the second blooming for the season of these rose bushes. At the beginning of June these bushes at Mr. Thomas' place were in full bloom and he was proud of them. Then, in the later days of Aug. Mr. Thomas found his rose bushes once again in bloom, with the new roses just as beautiful as the earlier ones. Gardeners told Mr. Thomas that it was very unusual for rose bushes to bloom twice in the one season. Certainly it was not usual here, according to some of the few who had roses and were pleased to have them bloom once in a year.

Ten years ago in The Advance wide circles of friends in the camp learned with deep regret of the death at Schumacher of Mrs. H. Jensen and there was sincere sympathy felt for the near relatives and friends bereaved. The funeral took place Friday, Sept. 2nd, 1932, from the residence, 46 Second avenue, Schumacher. The Legion buglers sounded the "Last Post" at the graveside and all the members of the Canadian Legion and the Ladies' Auxiliary attended the funeral. Service was held at the house at 4 p.m. and all members of the Legion and the Ladies' Auxiliary living in Schumacher attended at the house, while the members of the Legion and Auxiliary in Timmins joined the funeral cortege at the Empire hotel and marched through with the funeral as a mark of respect and tribute of regard to the late Mrs. Jensen.

Local items in The Advance ten years ago included:—"Mrs. A. J. Shragge returned on Sunday evening from an extended buying trip to Ottawa and Montreal." "Mrs. E. F. Peterson, of Halleybury, is visiting friends in Timmins and vicinity." "Mr. and Mrs. D. Mackie returned last week from a holiday in the South." "Mrs. G. Mitchell and her mother Mrs. McIntosh, left yesterday for a holiday in the South." "Mr. and Mrs. Milton Irvine, of Hanbury, were Timmins visitors last week, driving here by motor car." "Born—On Aug. 29th, 1932 at 13 Cambrai avenue, Timmins, to Mr. and Mrs. Young, of the Coniarum Mine—a son." "Born—In Timmins, Ontario, on Friday August 26th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. David Bough—a son."

**Well-Known Sheriff of Renfrew Dead at Age of 75**

Sheriff Alex Morris, who succeeded his father as sheriff of Renfrew County in 1891, died at Pembroke last week at the age of 75 years. He was widely known in the province and made many friends during the fifty-one years he was sheriff. He is survived by his widow, the former Ida Mary Dickson, and one grandson, Alex Morris, with the R.C.A.F. overseas. Dr. J. L. Morris, of Toronto, is a brother.

Toronto Telegram:—"Many a hay fever victim wonders how Job would have stood up under the ordeal if he also had hay fever."



(By Lt. John W. Hughes)

They make 'em tough in Brockville the days. Tougher than ever before! The new officers of the Canadian Army who are now training at the Officer's Training Centre in Brockville have recently had instruction in what has been called "gutter fighting" by experts.

No trick is missed by the officer candidates, and the "daddy of them all" is at present at the centre instructing the future commando leaders. . . . He is Major Ewart Fairbairn, late of the Shanghai Municipal Police, the toughest police force in the world.

For thirty years prior to the outbreak of war, the Major was with the Shanghai police. His methods, now being used at Brockville, were developed in alleys and shadows of Shanghai. The famous Japanese Jude (ju-jutsu) contributed, and so did Chinese boxing, Major Fairbairn's methods can beat both.

Shanghai was filled with cut-throats and the police had to be tough. Tougher even than the killers they had to bring in.

Major Fairbairn made them tough. Since then he has instructed the British Commandos and parachute troops, and the American Armed Forces. Now he is in Brockville for a short time to give the instructors there an insight into his methods.

Knife fighting is one of the most important phases of Commando training, claims Major Fairbairn. . . . and he knows whereof he speaks. The "Commando knife" was designed by him. And he shows his followers how to use it.

The modern soldier can't carry the spirit of sportsmanship into a theatre of action. He has to be hard-hearted to last. It's himself or his enemy. And the Commando has already proven himself superior to his opponent.

**Royal Ontario Museum Tells of Chinese Jews**

"Chinese Jews" is the heading of an interesting little article in the Royal Ontario Museum News, just issued.

"No, the heading is not a misprint," says he News. "The Chinese Jews were not transients from other lands but Chinese citizens with Chinese surnames who actually were Chinese in language,

life and customs and differed from the rest of the people only in the matter of religion. They had rolls and sectional books of the Hebrew Scriptures, and Prayer Books.

Their leaders were Chinese rabbis, their places of worship were synagogues where the Sacred Writings were venerated, and they kept the Hebrew feasts, and observed the Hebrew rites, such as circumcision. They prepared their meats according to Kosher laws, so that they were known amongst their Chinese neighbours as the "Religion of Sine-walkers."

How long these Jews had been in China cannot be definitely ascertained, but probably since the first century of this era. Jewish merchant's doubtless came to China across the caravan routes from Palestine, mainly engaged in the silk trade, and bringing their Sacred Rolls and their rabbis with them, they established their synagogues in trading centres. They were on the whole tolerated and even highly favoured by the Court of the people, for it is now known that these Chinese Jews held high official posts in most of the provinces of China. But their last rabbi died about 1800, their last synagogue came to destruction shortly after 1850, and since then the remnant of Chinese Jews has become completely absorbed by the people amongst whom the dwelt, — probably the only case in history where such has occurred. The history of these Chinese Jews is now being published under the auspices of the Royal Ontario Museum, while relics from their last synagogue are to be found in the great Chinese collection of the Museum."

Ottawa Journal:—Army casualties at Dieppe show an increasingly heavy toll in killed, wounded and missing and have brought sorrow to many homes across the Dominion. The losses of the Army to date, however, are light compared to the fearful toll exacted in the same period during the last war.

As a Pick-me-up when Nerves are Jumpy and you are Tired Worried Irritable... use

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**  
CONTAINS VITAMIN B1

## 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  
TIMMINS REAL ESTATE

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**O. E. Kristensen**  
CHIROPRACTOR  
RADIONICS ANALYSIS  
X-RAY — SHORTWAVE  
Consultation is Free  
Bank of Commerce Building  
PHONE 697

**Langdon & Langdon**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
MASSEY BLOCK  
TIMMINS, ONT.  
and South Porcupine  
-14-26

**G. N. ROSS**  
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT  
60 THIRD AVENUE  
Phone 640  
P.O. Box 1591 Timmins, Ont.

**S. A. Caldbick**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.  
Bank of Commerce Building  
Timmins, Ont.  
-14-26

**Arch. Gillies, B.A.Sc., O.L.S.**  
Registered Architect  
Ontario Land Surveyor  
Building Plans Estimates, Etc.  
23 Fourth Ave. Phone 362

**Dean Kester, K.C.**  
BARRISTER SOLICITOR  
NOTARY  
13 Third Ave. Timmins  
-14-26

**P. H. LAPORTE, C.C.A.**  
10 Balsam St. North, Timmins, Ont.  
Accounting Auditing  
Systems Installed  
Income Tax Returns Filed  
Phones 270-228-286 P.O. Box 147

**MacBrien & Bailey**  
BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS  
2½ Third Avenue  
JAMES R. MACBRIEN  
FRANK H. BAILEY, L.L.B.

**F. BAUMAN**  
Swiss Watchmaker  
Graduate of the Famous Horological Institute of Switzerland  
Phone 1365  
Third Avenue Empire Block

**J. E. LACOURCIERE**  
LAWYER, AVOCAT  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Hamilton Block, 30 Third Ave.  
Telephone 1545  
Res. 51 Mountjoy St. S. Phone 1548

**DR. E. L. ROBERTS**  
SPECIALIST  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Empire Block Timmins  
-14-26

MacLean's Magazine:—Constable Ian A. MacRae of the Calgary police force had a difficult time of it making out his report on a day not long ago. It became Constable MacRae's painful duty to document the theft of his own gasoline ration book from his own car while it was parked in the police lot right alongside headquarters.

## Order Your Coal NOW from Fogg's

**WESTERN CANADA COAL**  
Alexo, Canmore Briquettes, Glocoal  
Michel, Western Canada and Glocoal  
Stoker Coals

**Pennsylvania Anthracite — Purity Egg Steam Coal**  
Pocohantas, Marne and Hempkill Stoker  
By Product Coke

### John W. Fogg, Limited

Lumber, Cement, Building Material,  
Coal and Coke, Mine and Mill Supplies

YARD HEAD OFFICE & YARD BRANCH OFFICE  
SCHUMACHER TIMMINS KIRKLAND LAKE  
PHONE 725 PHONE 117 PHONE 393