

Grey Roses

by PETER BENEDICT

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AUSTIN HART: Strange but devoted rose-grower who evolves a grey bloom.
THEA HART: His beautiful young wife of whom he is madly jealous and after whom the rose is named.
JIM FOLEY: Writer and flower-lover who discovers the Harts.
DR. MAURICE WAYLAND: Austin Hart's doctor, a strange and dominating man.
CHARLES SIEVIER: A young, temperamental but gifted artist.
JANE SIEVIER: His sister who helps him in his work.

CHAPTER I

OF ALL ROSES, THE QUEEN

Jim Foley had walked round the tiered rose-bed three times, slowly, with a fixed-length stare of love which could not be pleasing to the custodian of the exhibit. At the third time, unconsciously elbowing a title and a stage queen out of his path, he halted and took a half-open bud of the grey rose into his hand. There was no doubt about it.

The rose was grey, the softest and warmest of lavender grey, veined with a deeper hyacinth, and royal purple at the heart. Of a startling colour, of a full and firm shape, and to judge by these specimens, of a remarkably sturdy habit, all in fact that a rose could or should be and until this moment quite unknown to him, which alone was a fast claim upon his attention; for there were few roses Jim Foley did not know.

The elderly man in charge of the exhibit moved jealously behind his darlings. "No touching the flowers, m'am, if you please!" he uttered anxiously, and catching Jim's quizzically lifted eyebrow, broke into a grudging smile. "That don't apply to you, sir, on the quiet like."

"The gardener who helped to perfect them," thought Jim; for he believed he would know by quite another look the face of the man who had really created the grey rose.

He held the opening bud in his hand very gently, and a full and unusual fragrance was stirred out of it as he lifted it to the light. The sun through the high glass roof shone upon the iris tinted outer petals and made his palm under them a soft translucent grey like a pigeon's breast.

Jim looked up at the gardener, and asked: "What is she? What's the name of her?"

"We call her Thea Vanhomrigh, sir. There's her name written down, if you should want to remember it."

They were in complete agreement, it seemed, upon the sex of the grey rose; for how could a thing at once so strange and so tender, so mysterious and changeable and lovely, be anything but feminine?

"Thea Vanhomrigh!" Jim repeated it slowly turning the syllables thoughtfully upon his tongue. "No, I never heard of her. Thea Vanhomrigh! That's a handsome name for a handsome creature."

The gardener smiled with pardonable pride. "Yes, she's a nice looking lass, isn't she?"

"Nice-looking? You've got the rose of roses there, and well you know it. How long did it take to find that colouring?"

"Been working on it for pretty well seven years, sir, off and on—mostly on. This is her first showing. Mr. Hart, he wasn't easy satisfied. She had to be a queen before he could bear to let people look at her."

"She is a queen." He took his fingers from the enchanting smoothness of her petals with a reluctance which was life a caress. "She appears to me to be having something of a triumph."

"Oh, them, sir!" The gardener dismissed a group of accomplished horticulturists and a very fashionable

crowd with one eloquent sniff. "Half of 'em come to these affairs because it's doing the right thing to be seen here. They like my beauty because she's a different colour from the ordinary rose, and because they see gentlemen like you, as knows what's what, making advances to her." He met Jim's fixed stare with a confident smile.

"I knew you the minute you came up to her, Mr. Foley. Saw you at the Rose Show last year, when you took the Challenge Bowl with them flame-coloured Mary Frohishers. Nice blooms they were too, but it's my belief they won't stand up to our Theas this year."

"They won't be entered," said Jim. "Why should I stand in her way, she's perfect. I don't see a flaw. Is she hardy?"

"Last year they bloomed right up to the frosts. And strong, you'd hardly believe. And the fly don't get her easily if you take farish care of her. I've been growing these things all my life, sir, and I never see such a rose."

"Nor I, and I've seen a few. I hope you'll have success with her. Are you going to market her? I should like to be among the first to see the lady in my own garden."

"And I should like for you to have her, sir, but she ain't mine, and what Mr. Hart will do with her is more than I can say. He can hardly abide to show her, and that's the truth. But then he's like that with all his got—hoards things, as you might say."

"To Jim Foley the creation of such a rose as Thea Vanhomrigh was a very great thing. Between roses and books he had been in love a hundred times during his thirty-two years. The birth of a book and the birth of a rose were momentous events both, and this, as he said, was the rose of roses. Why should not its maker be a little mad upon the matter of sharing his delight?"

"I don't think I know the name," he said thoughtfully. "Has he ever entered exhibits at the Rose Show?"

"No, sir. Mr. Hart doesn't show, as you might say, at all regular. He's never shown in a do of this size before. Knows the limitations of his roses, I will say that for him."

"And this one has no limitations. He knew that too. A man of judgment," said Jim.

"Yes, sir, that's true." "I suppose Mr. Hart is here to see his triumph, isn't he? I should like to congratulate him."

"No, sir. I'm sorry. I'm in charge of her, as you might say."

"I see," said Jim. "I'm sorry, too. I should have liked to compare notes with him. One doesn't find a Thea Vanhomrigh every day." He looked again, and long, at the grey rose with so frank and passionate an admiration that the gardener leaned forward and clipped a half-open bud from the bush.

"Would you like her for a buttonhole, Mr. Foley? I reckon one bud will never be missed."

Jim smiled and took it. "But this is princely! Thank you!" He threaded it into his buttonhole, and looked down at it with a blinding glance of pleasure.

"Should I be in order if I asked you for Mr. Hart's address, I wonder? I

should really like to drop him a line." "I don't see as I could be doing wrong in telling you that. It's a bit of a village in Sussex—no proper place to be raising roses if you're ever going to let the world see 'em, but it's done very well to keep secrets these years he's been experimenting with me lady here. Ashton Paul's the name of the village. Rose Lodge, Ashton Paul, Deepdene, Sussex. But Mr. Hart's an odd sort of man, sir, if you see what I mean, and I'd just as soon you didn't mention me, sir."

This insistence upon the oddness of his employer was a peculiarity which affected Jim's mind considerably. For the gardener's face, as he protested again how odd a man was Mr. Hart, had not the shadow of a smile, but rather a dull tightening of all its lines, as if he had been reminded of infinitely but discreetly hated. Was Mr. Hart really so odd a man that the sharing of his praises with a devout stranger was a thing to be hidden from him with ease? It was difficult to think of this lean-faced elderly gardener working with such a master for seven years.

"I couldn't do that," he said with a smile, "even if I wanted to. I don't know your name."

"No, sir. It's Woodford, sir, as a matter of fact, Joseph Woodford. But you needn't trouble to remember that sir, she ain't my work." His voice was regretful but firm.

"I gather," said Jim casually "that Mr. Hart isn't an easy man to get on with."

"Well, we all of us have our little peculiarities, sir, and I won't say he has more than most of us."

"Quite right, Mr. Woodford. I shouldn't have suggested the subject. At least he's done a fine job of work on Thea Vanhomrigh. She's magnificent, and I shall tell him so."

He nodded, and passed on slowly and regretfully along the coloured aisles of roses, threading the fashionable crowd with scarcely a glance and more than once, as he passed by the glowing bushes he looked down at the bud in his coat, and was reassured that he wore the queen of all the roses.

The knowledgeable growers who hunted him up in the exhibitors' room that afternoon found him curiously absentminded, and were mystified by the mood in which he appeared to have lost himself. The very charming lady who poured tea for him afterwards grew coldly certain before the first cup was drained that his mind was upon another woman; and was confirmed when he admitted hazily, in answer to her query, that he was thinking of Thea Vanhomrigh. What he wanted was to see Thea Vanhomrigh growing by her scores and her hundreds, in a walled garden in a Sussex village; and perhaps to discover for himself what circumstances had attended her birth, and what was the degree of her creator's oddness. Did one merely write to such a man? No, for the answering letter, if it came at all, would be a conventional not devoid of information. No one went to see him. The only way to learn was by means of one's own senses.

Why not? He had plenty of time at his disposal. As for Woodford, he should be safeguarded somehow; it must be possible to satisfy Hart and leave his gardener secure; and Jim had never found overmuch difficulty in doing what he wished to do.

By late evening the same day he was looking up the trails to Ashton Paul. (To be Continued)

Honoured at Arntfield on Leaving for Timmins

The following is from last week's issue of The Rouyn-Noranda Press:

Tribute to John Knox Jr.
 A pleasant party was held last Thursday evening at the Look-Out Hotel at Arntfield in honour of John Knox, Jr., manager at the Francoeur mine for the past five or six years and who was recently named as manager of the Kam Kotia copper property in the Porcupine area. The party was tendered by employees of Francoeur Gold Mines, Ltd., Aldermac Copper Corporation and the Arntfield Platoon of the Third Battalion R.C.E. (R.) and about sixty were in attendance.

On behalf of the gathering V. A. Galbraith, of the Francoeur office staff, presented several gifts to Mr. Knox, including a valuable pipe, and a number of war savings certificates, and paid eloquent and feeling tribute to the worth and popularity of the guest of the evening, whose departure would be deeply regretted at Francoeur and in the Arntfield district. The good wishes of all were tendered by the speaker, with the hope that he would return in the future to resume his duties.

Mr. Knox made an effective reply in acknowledging the gifts and the kind words spoken, and expressing appreciation of the co-operation he had always received from his co-workers at Francoeur and the people of that area. He declared his personal belief that gold was still essential to Canada and his hope that Francoeur would continue to operate, asking at the same time for a continuance of full-co-operation by employees with those who will follow him in the management of the mine.

The party was an enjoyable one and among those in attendance were Drs. W. A. Turner and R. G. Kunkel and E. Lapointe, of Noranda.

Mr. and Mrs. Knox left on Tuesday for Timmins but have not yet moved their household effects and it is understood will return to Francoeur for a few days next week. No official announcement has yet been made regarding plans for management for the future, but The Press is informed that at the end of the month the position will be taken over by A. V. Corlett, manager, at Aldermac, for a time at least, in addition to his present duties.

Peterborough Examiner: Alcohol is being used in the manufacture of smokeless powder. That all very well, but can we afford to have guns halfshot.

Beauty and You

by PATRICIA LINDSAY

Some Old-Time Favorite Beauty Tricks

It is fun to experiment with our grandmothers' beauty tricks and if the war lasts long they might come in mighty handy!

For Body Beautiful

For instance take the starch bath — it is soothing and skin-softening. A cup of cornstarch is dissolved in a bowl with a little cold water and then boiling water is poured into it until it thickens into a paste. This paste is poured into the tub of scented water and milady's bath is ready!

For Pretty Face

Ida Lupino, of screen fame, claims her home-made masque is marvelously softening for the skin which had too much summer sun and wind. She makes a paste with one pint of good quality witch-hazel, a teaspoon of boric acid and enough powdered milk to make a creamy texture. This she spreads over her face and keeps on for fifteen minutes. It is rinsed off with luke warm water and her face is then splashed with chilled water.

To Correct B. O.

To keep fresh as a daisy a daily bath and fresh underthings are essential. As a preventive of body odor, use a little ammonia in the tub water or several spoonfuls of powdered borax. Salt baths are also recommended as they are especially good for the nerves so take frequent salt baths! Into a tub of tepid water throw a cupful of sea salt (get it in five pound packages) and wash the skin briskly with a brush or rough cloth. If your bath water is hard get a special salt water soap which will lather freely. Following every bath with a cool shower or sponge and apply a good liquid deodorant or powdered deodorant freely before dressing.

Good Lotion For Freckles

Chemical preparations for eradicating freckles are not only unreliable but are sometimes injurious so I do not advocate using them unless your skin doctor approves. A lotion consisting of one ounce lactic acid, one ounce of glycerine (perhaps unavailable now because of priorities) and six ounces of rose water may be applied with cotton two or three times a day on freshly washed skin. This is sometimes very effective.

To Bleach Skin

One of the old-time favored bleaching lotions is the juice of fresh strawberries. Apply it to your face as often as you desire and let it dry. Rinse off with clear water.

To Gain Weight

Go into the kitchen and blend two or three tablespoons of heavy cream with one heaping teaspoon of pure strained honey. Fill the tall glass to within two inches of the top with milk. Add ginger ale and stir until the drink foams. Take two times daily and you will soon bloom with health!

PLEASE CUT AND SAVE THESE FORMULAS. THEY CANNOT BE HAD BY WRITING MISS LINDSAY. (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



The siren of the screen DOROTHY LAMOUR, claims that cocoa-butter keeps her hands smooth as velvet. After using it she slips on cotton gloves and wears them to bed.

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

At the meeting of Timmins town council twenty years ago J. D. MacLean was appointed sanitary inspector in succession to E. A. Roy. Authority was given for the purchase of the necessary desks and other equipment for the office of the chief of police, the offices having been moved into the quarters downstairs previously occupied by the town clerk whose offices had been moved upstairs after the alterations in the town building. The town engineer reported on the figures given by outside firms for the padded cell for the jail here, the figures were considered as altogether too high and it was decided to have the cell built by local men. Mr. Nelson was to be asked to give a figure on the work. The salary of the town scavenger was reduced to \$550.00 per month as there was less work under the reversion to the old plan of collections, once a week in the business area and twice a month in the residential area. There was a general discussion of the cemetery and the sale of lots there. A largely signed petition was received from the residents of Gauthier and Moneta asking for annexation to the town. The petition was referred to the town solicitor for further action, the council being in favour of the annexation. "If Rochester townsite would do the same thing we could clear up the whole matter at the same time," said Dr. McInnis the mayor.

The death of Capt. J. E. McAllister at Florida on Nov. 14, 1922, was chronicled by The Advance twenty years ago. "Friends in the camp," said The Advance, "were greatly saddened this week by the news received of the death of J. E. McAllister at Daytona Beach, Florida, on Saturday. The late Mr. McAllister was a resident of this camp for twenty years and was held in the highest regard and esteem. He was widely known here and none knew him without holding him in the greatest regard as a man and a citizen. To the bereaved wife and family the sympathy that goes out is very deep and very sincere. He will be much missed here. At the time of death the late Capt. McAllister was about 64 years of age. He was a native of the United States, coming here from Colorado, where he was engaged in mining work. He came to the McIntyre in October, 1912, and from then until the time of his last illness he was mine captain at the McIntyre and was held by the men and the management alike as one of the most valuable men on the staff of the mine. He had been in poor health for some time past and some months ago he found it necessary to go south for this reason, despite all that skill and care and medical attention could do he passed away last Saturday. He was buried on Tuesday of this week at Denver, Colorado, the funeral being with Masonic honours. A widow and two children are among the surviving near relatives. A son, Frank, is on the McIntyre staff,

Noted Prospector of the North Passed Recently

Newton Cryderman, brother of Russell Cryderman, and partner with him in many of his prospecting and mining ventures, died recently at Sudbury. The late Newton Cryderman was very popular in the Sudbury area where he was very popular as a prospector, a man with an original touch of mechanical genius and a famous story-teller. He worked as one of a notable team with his brother in the earlier days of Sudbury and later came to the Porcupine, Cobalt, Larder Lake, and other points in this North, being associated with a number of early discoveries in all the camps named.

In more recent years Mr. Newton Cryderman has resided at Lake Wahmipitac, where he operated a camp and a boat, and where he acted as a guide.

Sudbury Star: A small Kansas town most of whose population has either been drafted or gone to the cities to work reports that grass would be growing in the street if jackrabbits galloping up and down, didn't keep it worn off.

Make the most of your Tea..

warm the tea-pot first

"SALADA"

and a daughter, Mrs. Hill, is in the United States.

One of the police court cases twenty years ago was that of a woman fined \$50.00 and costs for illegally purchasing liquor.

Twenty years ago The Advance had reference again to what was termed "Mac Lang's beavers." A couple of winters previously Major Lang had prophesied what the season was to be like and by spring the people had forgotten whether he was right or not and so he got credit for hitting it exactly. The general Mac Lang had based his prophecy on the actions of the beavers and this was referred to in 1922 again because according to a folk lore the beavers were foretelling a mild winter because they were not hurrying the building of their houses.

Twenty years ago the settlers in the Connaught district organized an association, the association including Drinkwater Pit, Connaught and Barber's Bay. Martin Downer was elected president, F. Oulette vice-president, and H. Wheeler secretary-treasurer. The objects of the association were to secure co-operation and mutual help in the problems before the settlers.

The special feature of the regular meeting of the Calendonian Society of Timmins twenty years ago was a very clever and thoughtful paper on Robert Burns the poet, by A. J. Downie. Mr. Downie dealt with the life and work of Burns from an original standpoint. In the discussion after the paper a special point was made of the fact that though Burns was often discontented with men and conditions he always held the closest loyalty to King and Country. T. S. Clark, of Toronto, favoured the gathering with a poem of his own composition. A reading by J. K. Moore, songs by Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. McCulloch, and Mrs. J. K. Moore completed the very attractive and interesting programme. Dancing was also enjoyed during the evening.

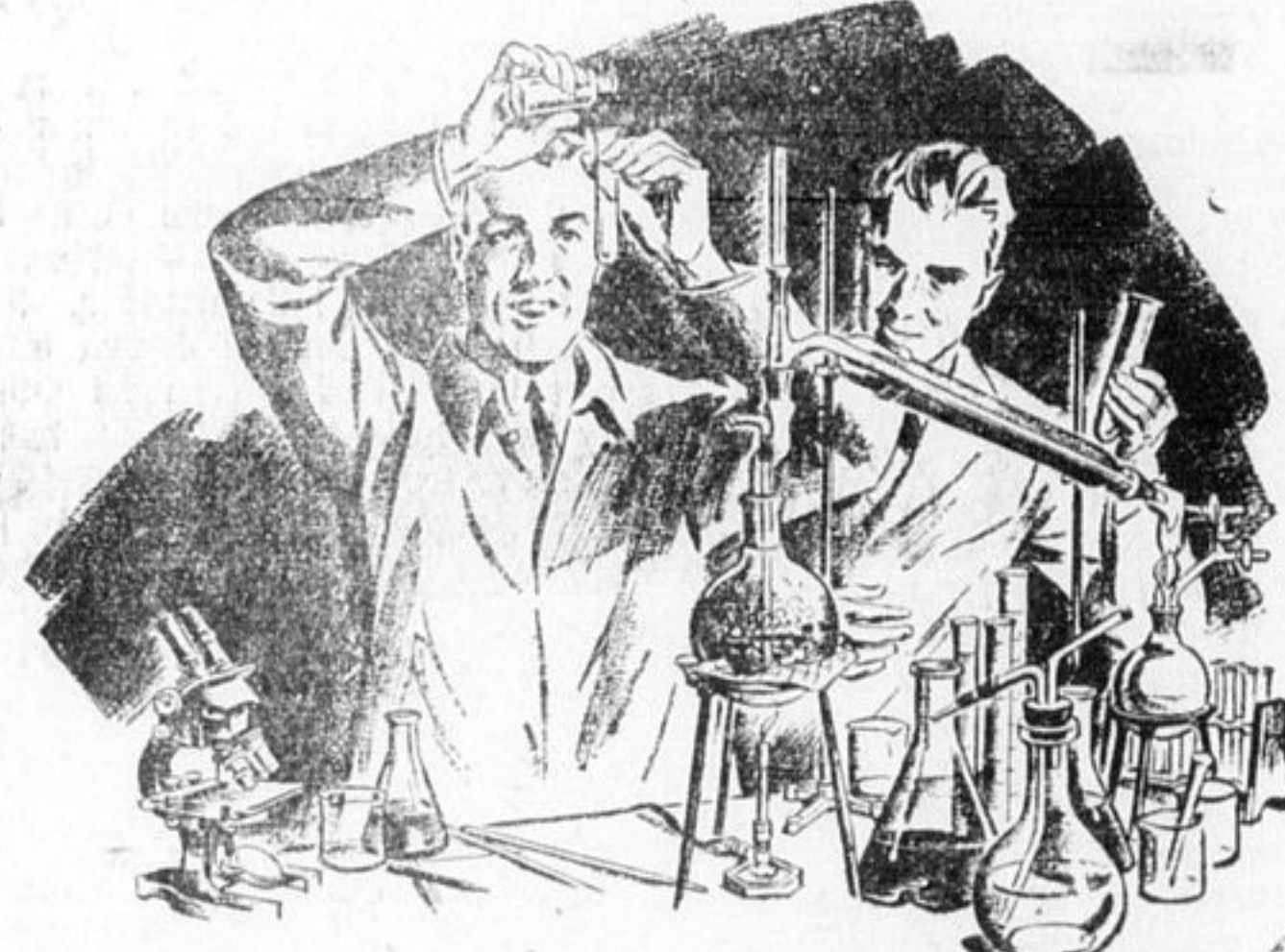
On Thanksgiving Day, Monday, Nov. 6th, 1922, the fifty-first anniversary of the wedding of the bride's parents, Miss Catherine Boyle, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Boyle, Cobalt, was united in marriage to James Hood, of

Keneston, Sask. Miss Henrietta Boyle was her sister's bridesmaid. Following the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, the happy couple later leaving for their new home in the West.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following:—"The many friends of Capt. Magladery read with sincere regret and sympathy the news of his bereavement through the death of his wife at Edmonton." "Mr. and Mrs. Stan Pearce returned to South Porcupine on Sunday and are being warmly welcomed there by their hosts of friends, both these young people being very popular in South End. The bride was formerly Miss Dupuis, for some time the talented and popular head of the millinery department of Sky Bors' store. The marriage took place last week at Toronto, Rev. W. J. Armes, formerly of South Porcupine, officiating." "Born in Timmins, Ont., on Wednesday, Nov. 8th, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. W. McCord—a son."

Funeral at Cochrane of Mrs. Emile Benedetti

The Cochrane Northland Post last week says:—"A lengthy illness ended in death in Lady Minto hospital last Thursday for Mrs. Emile (Arezza) Benedetti. Born in Italy, the deceased had lived in Canada for many years, and was held in high esteem by her neighbors and friends in Cochrane. She was in her sixty first year. Surviving are her husband, six sons (Frank, of Kapuskasing; Joseph, of Noranda; Marino, signalman R.C.C.S., Kingston; William, signalman R.C.C.S., overseas; Victor, wireless operator, somewhere in the Pacific; and Emile, of Cochrane) two daughters (Victoria and Helen, of Cochrane, the latter having just received her call from the R.C.A.F.), and one sister, Mrs. Paul Benedetti, also of Cochrane. The funeral service was conducted in the Church of the Transfiguration on Saturday, by Rev. Fr. Cournoyer. Relatives from Timmins, Coniston and Kapuskasing attended. A large number of wreaths and cards of sympathy were received."



TWO YOUNG MEN

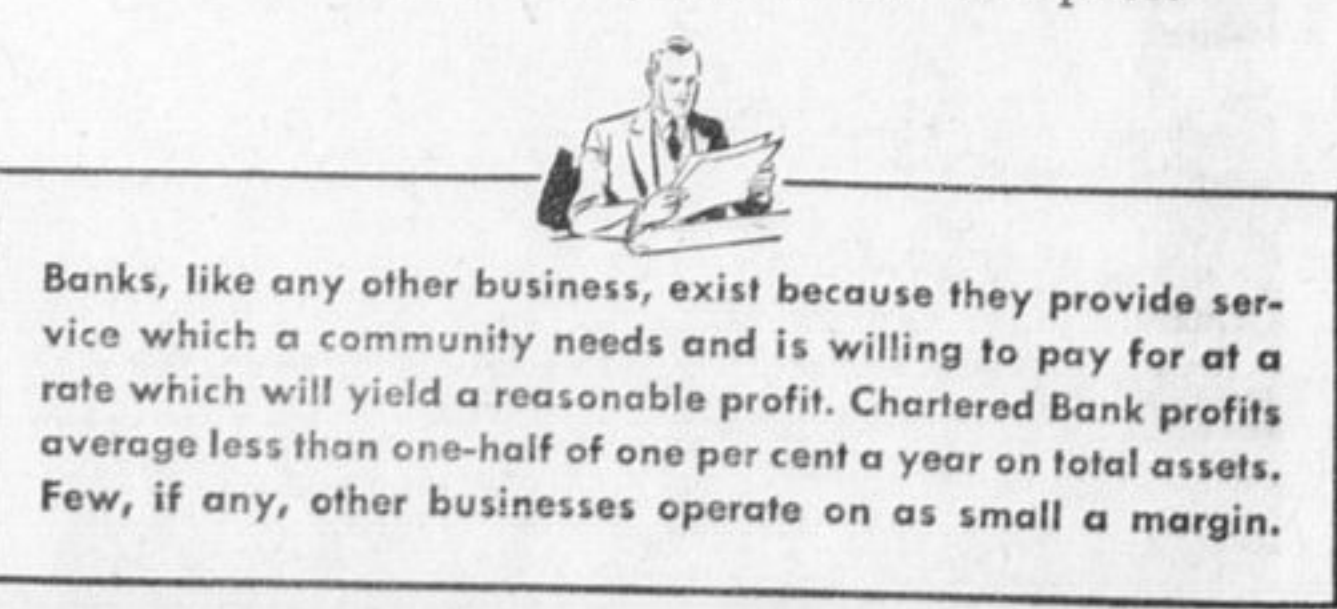
with faith in themselves

BEFORE the war, two young graduates in chemistry faced the future with no assets but technical training and unbounded faith in themselves. They planned to capitalize on their years in college by manufacturing a certain chemical product. "But we'll need some money to get started," they said. "Let's put it up to the bank."

Their banker decided that their faith was well founded in character, ability, energy. "We'll finance you to start in a small way," he said. "Make a test on the local market first."

Presently the product was being sold all over Canada and exported to the United States and overseas. Now it fills a wartime demand. The enterprise employs a large number of people.

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