

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.

SUBTLE TORMENT

Thea stood staring at him in silence and her face was stony and her eyes quite blank, like dark glass.

"Is it Norman, Thea?" pursued Hart. "Come along dear, now's the chance to air your knowledge. I shan't be able to correct you. I haven't had your advantages. Tell Mr. Folely what he wants to know. Is the church Norman?"

She opened her lips in a mechanical manner, and said with a calm which was not achieved without effort: "It's Norman building, but the foundation's Saxon. There's just the masonry of one pillar left of the old fabric. But you'll probably be rather disappointed in the glass. It's not bad, but not interesting; most of it is last century—so you'll know what to expect."

"And the church itself?" Come along, I'm sure you can go into more detail than that, or you're not the apt pupil I take you for."

Jim could not look away from the girl. She was rigid but controlled, and no longer looked nearly so young and childish as if the mature woman in her must take command now or she was lost. Probably there had been such scenes before; at least she was rigidly invincible in sustaining her pretence of normality, and hers as not a cold nature adept at preserving the facades of life. This was a calm she had learned from former bitter encounters.

"He's throwing something at her," thought Jim, "something she's supposed to have done or be doing. Prodding her, reminding her he knows about it. Some non-existent thing."

He could think of nothing but to acquiesce in her fiction, to go on talking as though no undercurrent flowed through his words or theirs, as she was doing, and at what an effort probably only she knew.

"I'm no expert on church architecture myself, but I like pottering about those old places. They have a flavour you don't get in modernity."

"Oh, but we are not altogether a silent revival from the dark ages," said Hart quickly. "We're modern too. Tell Mr. Folely about the painted

chapel, Thea, my dear. I'm sure there's nothing you don't know about that."

Her face was shaken by a tremor of anger and despair, but she suppressed it at once, and answered quietly: "I'm sure Mr. Folely intends to see it for himself, and in any case I am not the person to instruct him. But it really is worth a visit, and I do hope you'll like it, Mr. Folely."

"I'm quite sure I shall. Perhaps in the morning, before I go—" He rose, this was a good time to take his leave, before the tormentor could think how to turn them back again and again upon this old, vexed subject of the church. "I feel I shouldn't presume by tiring you any more to-night, Mrs. Hart. It's been extraordinarily kind of you to receive me like this."

"Oh, but naturally—a fellow rose-lover—" She smiled, and her face was eased of its strain. "It was very good of you to come, just for love of a rose. Austin appreciates your kindness, I know, and so do I."

She turned and looked straightly at her husband. He in silence accepted the hand Jim offered.

"It was good of you to let me see your garden," said Jim. "Thank you!" "On the contrary, it was good of you to take so much trouble to show your appreciation. I had always heard of you," said Hart with a thin smile, "as a connoisseur of beauty, and I see you were not misrepresented."

Jim contented himself with a perfunctory smile, and took his departure with all decent speed. To linger was to subject himself to irritation, and Thea to torment. When he was gone she could at least open her lips and scream at her husband, or burst into tears if she felt like it.

But when he was well out of the house, walking slowly down the lane through the deepening dusk, he was not so sure that he would leave Austin Hart next day. The difficulties of the Harts, which were no business of his, had been thrown into his hands recklessly by Austin Hart himself. To present them so openly was to invite interest, and Jim had a certain amount of human curiosity. Perhaps after all he would stay in the village for a few days. His time was his own, and there were things to hold him there. For one thing, he must have a look at the church.

"Yes," said Jim to himself thoughtfully, as he paused to light a cigarette, "yes, decidedly I must have a look at the church."

(To Be Continued)

London Daily Telegraph: It is the first time for over a century that the Germans have been made to learn in their own land what war means; and the taste and memory of that very bitter medicine is an indispensable condition of a really permanent peace. There can be no permanent peace until all nations—and the Germans most of all—realize that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword.

Northern News: But how'll we ever persuade the lady welder, after the war, that her place is in the home?

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

While at work on the farm of Fabian Boissonneault, Mountjoy, on Saturday, Dec. 2nd, 1922, Charles Desormier met sudden death through an accident. A log which he was cutting got too far ahead and while Mr. Desormier was pushing it back the saw broke. The broken edge caught on the edge of the log and tore the shaft from the carriage. The shaft caught Mr. Desormier's right arm and wound him round it three times, practically tearing the arm from the shoulder. He was thrown on the wood pile, receiving a serious but not fatal blow on the head from contact with the wood. The injury to the arm and the consequent shock, however, proved fatal. The injured man passing away in a few minutes from loss of blood, the arteries being severed by the terrible twisting of the arm. The late Chas. Desormier was a well-known and highly-esteemed resident of the camp for many years and his death was mourned by all who knew him. He lived for several years about half-way between the limits of the town at that time and the Mattagammi river. He came originally from Mattawa. He was a cousin of W. J. Fraser, formerly of Timmins, who came up here from Barrie to look after the funeral arrangements.

A very successful lodge of installation under the direction of D. D. G. M. W. Bro. Frank K. Ebbitt, assisted by Past D. D. G. M. W. Bro. C. G. Williams was conducted at Golden Beaver Lodge rooms, Timmins, on Nov. 29th, 1922, afternoon and evening. There were visiting brethren from Porcupine Lodge, A. P. & A. M., South Porcupine, and Abitibi Lodge, Iroquois Falls. Dinner was served at 6 p.m., the catering being very efficiently done by the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid.

Jack May, a well-known resident of South Porcupine, died at the Dome hospital on Dec. 3rd, 1922, from pneumonia, a death taking place a few hours after entry into the hospital. The late Mr. May was found by friends to be very ill with pneumonia and was at once hurried to the hospital, but despite all the medical skill and care that could be given he passed away. He was well known and popular having been a resident of the camp for many years. He was an employee of the township of Tisdale. He was a man of fine physique and his death seemed all the more regrettable on this account.

Twenty years ago John Jones sent a quantity of coal from his claims north of Cochrane to Toronto to be tested. He had a letter from the mayor of Toronto that year, saying that if coal could be secured from the north it would be gladly purchased by Toronto people. At the time Mr. Jones was not able to interest sufficient capital to get the new coal field going and soon his attention turned back to gold.

As an item of interest The Advance twenty years ago noted that on an ordinary band night at the skating rink there was an attendance of over 400. The manager of the rink, Jack Marshall, had everything running smoothly. At a private dancing party at King's hall twenty years ago the young people had the fun and distinction for those days, of dancing to music heard over the air from the orchestra at Drake hotel, Chicago. M. J. Cavaney installed a radio set and by means of an amplifier the music came through clear and strong.

The officers and members of Golden Beaver Lodge, A. P. & A. M. gave an at home in the Masonic hall, Timmins, on Dec. 1st, 1922. It was a very pleasing event. There was a large attendance, Wolno's orchestra supplied good music for the occasion. A very attractive luncheon was served by the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid. Cards, dancing and other pleasures featured the evening.

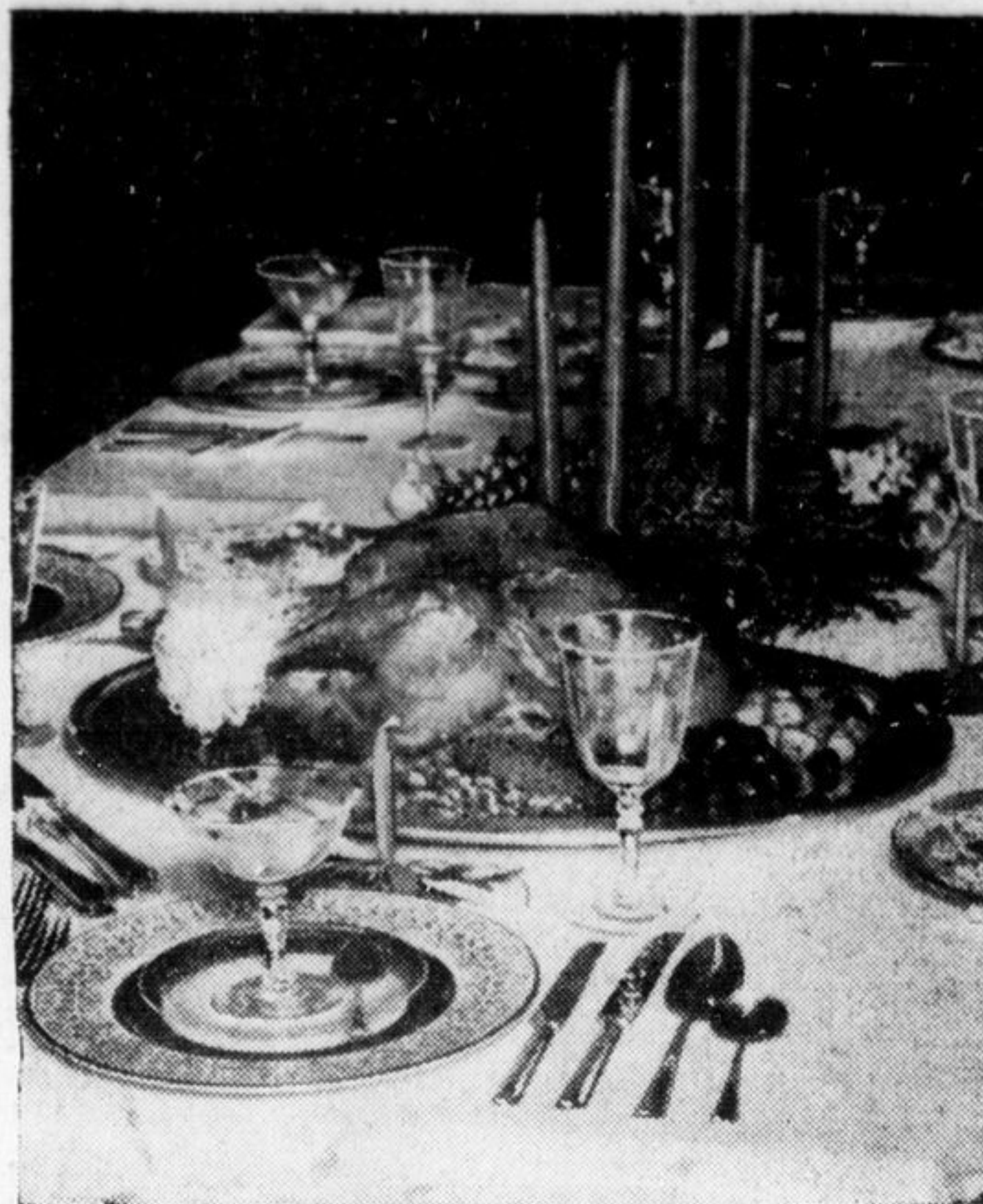
In sarcastic fashion The Advance noted twenty years ago that among all the licenses required under the Farmers' Government, there was no license required to pay taxes or to kill mice. In referring to some incidents in regard to fish and game laws, it was also mentioned that no open season for hunting the wild blindpig had been announced.

Twenty years ago the people of Timmins were very pleased at the new train service on the T. & N. O. which was in effect better than to-day. Perhaps, the traffic was better too. Numbers 46 and 47 were known as the Timmins-Toronto trains, the trains coming directly here and leaving here.

Twenty years ago The Advance gave space to the ideas of a citizen of the town. The growth and development of the town were urged as reasons for an improved mail service and this feature of the argument was very heartily endorsed by all. There was some question, however, as to whether the best service would be through mail delivery. The large number of changes occurring daily in street addresses was against the mail delivery plan, and some of the business men felt that improved service at the post office was the chief need. The question of mail delivery in town, however, was brought before the authorities, but after investigation it was decided that it would not be the best way to serve the town in the matter of mail service.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following:—"Her many friends in the district will regret to learn of the illness of Miss Giffen, and all will hope for her a speedy and complete recovery." "F. M. Burke returned on Sunday from a visit to the South." "Born—In Timmins, on Monday, Dec. 4th, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Neil O'Connor—a son." "At the annual meeting of the Iroquois Falls board of trade F. K. Ebbitt was unanimously re-elected as president, and Alex Dewar as secretary." "Miss Kathryn Delaney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Delaney, of Massey,

SIMPLICITY IS PASSWORD



The turkey, with its "fixings" is perhaps the centre of interest at the Christmas dinner table, at least for the younger members of the party. Other decorations this year should be simple and inexpensive as extra money should go into war savings. The centerpiece and place cards in this picture were made at home for a trifling outlay. Red candles of varying lengths (some of them left over from last year) were grouped in the centre of the table, and the low candlesticks were concealed in a base of cedar twigs with a few silvered pine cones. The candle place cards were the result of an evening's work with crepe paper, scissors, a pot of paste, cardboard and yellow paper. The latter tightly rolled to a pencil thickness, with a twist representing the flame, shaped the candle which was then covered with red crepe paper and set on a covered cardboard base. Tiny sprays of cedar and narrow name cards added the finishing touch, and the effect of the completed table was festive indeed.

Story of Whiskey Jack that Became a Rum Hound

Geologist and Prospector Collaborate on Yarn About a Bird of a Bird.

This is the sort of a story that will bring joy to the hearts of any good pair of prospectors. It has nearly everything. Chiefly it gives all sorts of grounds for argument. There is the natural history angle and the mining angle, and everything else. Would a bird like the Whiskey Jack, actually imbibe enough rum to get spifficated? Is there any rum as potent as that? Still further, would any two or more mining men agree to the sacrifice of so much good rum, or any kind of rum? Anyway here is the whole story as told by W. J. Gorman in "Grab Samples" in The Northern Miner:—

Taming Whiskey Jacks
Chris. Riley, well-known Canadian geologist, who related several of his entitled "The Case of the Drunken Whiskey Jack." It was told to him by Vic. Stephens, one of the able prospectors of the Dominion.

Vic worked in the Northwest Territories during the late 20's and early 30's, mostly teamed up with another well-known prospector, Ed. McLelland, who later lost his life in a rapids in the Gogama country. The setting of this tale is in the Gordon Lake area, some fifty miles northeast of Yellowknife, the year 1936.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, Chris explains, a whiskey jack is a bird, also known as a Canada jay and one of the black sheep of the jay family, none of which have thus far been noted as being too respectable. Another member is the Blue Jay, common to all Canada and another the mountain jay which lives only in British Columbia. This one sports a beautiful indigo coat. A family of magpies, whose behaviour has not helped the jay reputation any. The Jays really first became well known when Mark Twain told of one trying to fill an old cabin with pine cones by dropping great numbers of them through a knot hole in the roof.

Most members of the family are fortunate in being able to move south for the winter where they frolic in the warm sunshine. The dissolute whiskey jack, however, wastes his substance and has to remain the year round in the frigid north. He may be found even beyond the Arctic Circle in the dead of winter. How he lives through the intense cold and darkness of the Great Bear region is his own secret. One big help is his food caches in tree branches. If you are walking through the woods come fine summer's day and see a mushroom or other fungus set up to dry in a tree, you can be pretty sure a whiskey jack or a red squirrel put it there.

The answer to the conundrum "Why is a Whiskey jack like a blow fly?" is that both will materialize out of nowhere whenever a person sits down in the bush to eat a meat sandwich for lunch.

The particular whiskey jack referred to here as noted above, lived in the Yellowknife district. A warning must be issued here that he must not be confused with Whiskey Jack Smith who also lived in the same country, even if there were similarities as will appear later. In these years there was a plague of Smiths in Yellowknife and Whiskey Jack Smith was so named because it was descriptive and also to distinguish him from other Jack

Ont., and Mr. Harry J. Murray, of Montreal, were married at South Porcupine by Rev. Fr. Pelardeau. The young couple are taking up residence in Timmins.

Smith's. In passing, it is interesting to note that at the same time there was a plethora of McLeod's in the district much to the confusion of Tom Asbury, the boy in the post office.

Returning to Vic Stephens, Ed and he were camped on their claims on Gordon Lake, doing some intensive prospecting. Hence they were in the one camp for some time. Thus it was that several whiskey jacks, or Canada Jays, or camp robbers, or meat birds, attached themselves to the camp with the object of keeping things tidy by scrap gathering. Vic soon tamed the boldest of these chaps so that he would hop around the table at meal times. Ed was not much on animals, especially whiskey jacks, and it annoyed him when this one would suddenly snatch the tastiest morsel from his plate when he was not on guard. Ed was really mad one morning when the bird nabbed an entire slice of bacon which he had just cooked with loving care, for he was fussy about his bacon. Ed grabbed at him then and later but never could catch him so decided on guile.

The boys always carried a small bottle of rum with them, just in case. So one Sunday morning Ed soaked some hard tack in rum and set it out on the table. Jack was in a nearby tree squawking as usual. He very soon saw the tid-bits and hopped from one limb to another, ever closer, cocking his head from one side to another as jays do. Then down he went onto the table with the intention of carrying off the food but, it being soft and incompetent, he had to eat it right there, as Ed had foreseen.

The first notable effect of the alcohol was that in making an energetic peck he fell forward or overbalanced and landed on his chin in the soft biscuit. Finding it increasingly difficult to peck, and still keep balanced, he lost his temper and sprang up into the air and came straight down hard with his beak just to show the biscuit who was master. This falling, he decided to go up into a tree to size up the whole situation but misjudged the height of a limb and made all the motions of landing three inches above. On flopping down on the branch, he took hold alright but again losing his balance pivoted around like a spring clothes peg on a line. On this he decided that the tree was too risky so flew to the ground where he staggered about solemnly for a while. Suddenly feeling elated, he took off and executed a series of aerial acrobatics of which Vic, a flyer himself, said he had never seen the like before or since.

Just then Jack spotted a raven about 20 times his own size flying by peacefully headed out on some Sunday raven enterprise. Jack let out a squawk of defiance, took off and speedily overhauled the raven, tearing into him beak and claw. The raven, enormously surprised at this unusual event, stepped on the gas. The last Vic and Ed saw of the jay that day was one of two specks disappearing into the blue.

Next day Jack was back but not looking very perky. Every now and then he scratched his head with his foot as though he could thus remove the agony within. About every five minutes he dropped over to the lake for a drink. He gladly took another feed of rum soaked biscuit prepared for him by Ed, which only postponed the hangover till the next day. To make a long story short, Ed corrupted the poor bird until he became a confirmed and bleary-eyed drunkard, and became so tame that he would ride about on Ed's shoulder, especially if he thought that there was a bit of rum in prospect. At the end of the season the boys took him to Yellowknife and gave him to Whiskey Jack Smith.

North Bay Nugget: Because he "wasted" bread by throwing it to the birds, a Cambridge man has been fined. No doubt he did it for a lark.



(By Flight Lieut. T. C. McCall)
R.C.A.F. Public Relations Officer

"Lefty" Dons the Blue

Four years ago off Canadian sandlots came one of the finest pitching prospects to enter the professional baseball field. He was Phil Marchildon, a lad who had been standing amateur teams on the heads in the vicinity of Penetanguishene, Ontario. After two years with the Toronto Maple Leafs, Marchildon was sold to the Philadelphia Athletics and was rated by the veteran Connie Mack as one of the most promising southpaws he had ever seen. This season Marchildon fully lived up to Mack's hopes for him and with a decidedly weak team won more games than he lost. The other day Marchildon turned up at an R.C.A.F. recruiting centre was whisked through the preliminaries and applied for enlistment as aircrew. He hopes to be a fighter pilot, firing plenty of stuff in the direction of the Axis.

Bush Pilots Helping Out

Long before the present war started, Canadians had hung up a remarkable record in aviation by using aeroplanes to traverse the vast unsettled distances of the far north and west, taking men and supplies to remote lumbering and mining settlements. When the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan came into being, most of the men who had been piling up thousands of hours of flying time flocked to the colours. A number of them will be found today at the huge Trenton Air Station, where as instructors at Central Flying School, they pass on their extensive knowledge to the R.C.A.F.'s instructional personnel. "C.F.S." as it is commonly called, is in reality the university of the air where experienced instructors go for advanced training to qualify for the coveted "A-1" rating which indicates their fitness to instruct on all types of training craft. On the staff at C.F.S. are three former bush pilots—Squadron Leaders Pat Twist, Herm. Langford and Lou Ingram. All of them key men in the instructor-training system, this trio represents a pool of diversified flying experience such as probably no other country in the world could duplicate.

Another Canadian Ace

Canada's prairies have produced another outstanding aviator in the person of Flight Lieutenant H. W. McLeod of Regina who recently received a bar to the Distinguished Flying Cross which he won a short time ago. Flight Lieutenant McLeod is the top scorer among pilots serving with the R.C.A.F. overseas, being officially credited with the destruction of 13 enemy aircraft. Like Pilot Officer George Beurling of Verdun, Quebec, who is Canada's Number One ace, although serving with the R. A. F., McLeod has been operating recently from Malta, the happy hunting ground of fighter pilots. In one week alone he shot down three Junkers-88 bombers, two Messerschmidt-109 fight-

ers, as well as inflicting severe damage on a number of other fighters and bombers.

A New Precision Squad

Royal Canadian Air Force precision drill squads have achieved for themselves an enviable reputation in the field of military smartness and drill. Determined to show that the lads in blue are in no way superior, members of the Women's Division have formed a precision squad which, on its limited appearance in the East, has won widespread acclaim. The squad is shortly on a tour of Western Canada where demonstrations will be presented in a number of cities and towns. Among other things, the W.D. precision squad performs 140 manoeuvres without a word of command. They were trained by Squadron Leader J. E. Dye, who has been in charge of the training of the men's drill squadrons.

Do You Know

That training planes of the R.C.A.F. fly more than two million miles a day? That equivalent ranks for the three services include—Lieutenant (Army), Sub-Lieutenant (Navy); Flying Officer (R.C.A.F.) and Section Officer (R.C.A.F. Women's Division)? That the first Distinguished Flying Cross awarded in the present war was won by a Canadian—Flight Lieutenant Alan C. Brown, of Winnipeg?

Over Half of Recent Mining Graduates Have Enlisted

In the six-year period, 1937 to 1942 inclusive, there were 157 graduated from the Dept. of Mining Engineering at Toronto University. Up to August of this year 79 of these men had enlisted for war services. Since August there have been still others enlisting. Nearly all the graduates of 1941 and 1942 have joined the armed forces for active service.

Reader's Digest: The epitome of Lincoln hero-worship is reported by Professor Helen White of the University of Wisconsin. "Abraham Lincoln," wrote one of her freshmen, "was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands."

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Sales Scrap Book: A Floor-Walker, tired of his job, gave it up and joined the police force. Several months later a friend asked him how he liked being a policeman. "Well," he replied, "the pay and the hours are good, but what I like best of all is that the customer is always wrong."



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