

# 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.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

JIM FOLEY, an enthusiastic young amateur, visits AUSTIN HART, the mysterious exhibitor of a perfect grey rose, named "Thea Vanhomrigh" after his beautiful young wife. A DR. MAURICE WAYLAND is the only visitor she is permitted without suspicion. Hart persists in torturing his wife with references to something that is connected with the parish church.

(Now Read On)

## CHAPTER IV

## IN THE PAINTED CHAPEL

It was at eleven o'clock next morning that Jim Foley pushed open the oak lych gate of Ashton Paul Church, and walked along the red gravel path between the dark green cypresses.

The sun was pouring a golden light over the massive stone fabric, and the place was so peaceful that the immidences of the former night seemed quite without meaning. Nothing could possibly colour this place with any suggestion of guilt or deceit. It was one of those most lovely and cheerful of churchyards, open to the sun on either side of its cypress walk, level, breezy and green, with more of contented life about it than of death.

An oak gate protected the porch. It was heavy, but well swing like much old woodwork, and it opened at a touch of Jim's hand, and let him into a small compact porch with black rafters and a neat notice-board.

Whatever he had to look for, of course, was in the painted chapel, whatever and wherever that might be. He might find the place and yet not recognize the thing; it might not even exist, for the jealous have strong imaginations. Even if it did exist, it might not mean what Hart had apparently read it as meaning.

He went into the church. It was lighter than he had expected it to be, streaming with the rays of the sun through the stained windows in crimson and blue and gold. Nineteen century windows for the most part, as Thea had said, but not unbeautiful in their richness of imaginative detail and frosty Burne-Jones women.

He stood in the aisle and looked

round him upon the wide-spread sturdy pillars, the carved pews ends growing black with age the gilded roof-bases. Behind him the curtained recess under the tower, from which the bells were rung; on either hand a narrow aisle laced with light; and before him the high east window, unremarkable but unassuming. Some heavy wall-tablets, presumably last century also, most of them grim with draped mourning urns, decorated spaces of a lovely creamy wall above the plack panelling.

Before him, upon his left, the dark bulk of the organ loft soaring into the roof in upright rigid lines of pillar and pipe; and under it a miniature chapel lit by a gay eastern window, a lunette vivid with blue and rose of skies and robes; a squat chapel, bulging with heavy monuments, among them a Crusader figure footed a chipped and defaced hound of strange ancestry. But this chapel was certainly not painted.

In the opposite corner, which was larger by the space the organ occupied, there was a quiet but busy noise of movement, the source of it obscured by pillars, the motive of it unidentified. There was also a voice which hummed softly a pleasant tune; but voices which hummed little of their owners, and this one gave him no picture of the active person among the monuments. He went forward soundlessly upon the felt-covered paving of the aisle, and knew that he had found the painted chapel.

There was a spidery frame of scaffolding climbing up one wall into the embossed roof. The altar was covered and screened from sight, and half the pews apparently uprooted and stacked as near as possible to the opposite wall. It appeared that the place was undergoing a very thorough process of restoration; and entreated above all this disorder, dangled his legs from a plank high up among the scaffolding, sat a young man in stained grey flannels and a polo-necked sweater, painting busily at the wall, and humming as he painted.

He had a large palette slung upon his left thumb, and a paint rag dropped from the plank at his side. The rest of his materials were laid out with peculiar neatness upon a trestle table on the ground, and apparently his taste was exacting, for there was a more than plentiful supply of brushes and a second palette, besides innumerable tubes of oils, palette knives, and other paraphernalia.

He did not hear the steps of the newcomer. Jim was able to stand in the shadow of the covering arch and study him at leisure, the slim back view of him easy and happy and off his guard. A very young man, and very slightly built; not much to be seen of him but a strong, straight, lissom back, and a head of rather long brown hair, with a wave to it which suggested art rather than nature; and swaying childishly below the plank a pair of feet in brown brogues, very much worn.

The young man was painting steadily without apparent effort, at the shadowy but bold outline of a woman in a white rough dress, with her skirts kilted above brown strong ankles, and her left arm steady upon her hip the

bundle of her gleanings. A fine woman, sketched in Boaz' field. Interesting work of an odd, pastoral kind very fascinating to watch. The artist leaned back to see it better, forward again to deepen a line of shadow, and forthwith swing himself up on the plank, and walking along it to the scaffolding, began to descend lightly.

He was still several rungs from the floor when he looked over his shoulder, and saw Jim standing not five yards away. Startled, he stepped carelessly, and his foot slipped; and down he came in something between a fall and a slide, plumb into Jim's arms.

It was an odd experience. To contemplate the work of a competent young man is one thing; to reach for him and find yourself embracing a girl is quite another.

She was shaken, and she had dropped her brushes, and her palette was making blobs of colour upon the floor. She clung to Jim for support, and stared up at him in a vague and comical way with large dark-blue eyes. An unmistakable girl, pretty girl, too, in a boyish manner, which somewhat excused his mistake. She smiled, bewildered and breathless; she had a dimple, deep in the middle of her brown bright cheek.

"I'm sorry," said Jim, retaining his hold of her because he was not sure how capable she was standing alone. "I'm afraid I startled you badly. Are you all right? Not hurt at all?"

She shook her head. "Well, I don't think so. I'm not sure. Do you mind if I hang on to you for a moment? I seem to have shaken up my brains rather—and they addle so frighteningly easily."

"Take your time," said Jim. "It was my fault entirely. I shouldn't have crept in on you like that; but I was watching you at work, and I hadn't bargained on your spotting me—at least, until you reached the ground. Some people don't like being watched."

She laughed. "I don't mind. Did you like her? That's Ruth amid the alien corn, you know."

"I don't notice any tears."

My Ruth isn't the weepink kind," said the artist. She steadied herself and drew away from him, and began to gather up her brushes, but Jim was before her.

"Please!—let me do that."

## THE VEILED PORTRAIT

She let him; and looked with disfavour upon the smeared floor, the ruin of much good oil paint. "I'm costly on colours—always was. Once in my student days I sat upon a brand new tube of rose madder. It hadn't any cap on either." Her dimple appeared again with disconcerting aplomb. "Thank you so much! So idiotic of me not to watch what I was doing—especially on a ladder. Do you like the effect? We were so afraid the whole thing would be impossible. On these old walls—I should hate to leave something that looked precious behind me. And I should loathe being consciously archaic."

She had not been archaic, and most surely her Ruth was not precious. The effect of the walls, newly and incompletely covered with those bold figures and muted colourings, was antique as humanity and worship are antique, and modern as they are modern, and could not be timed by any other reckoning, or fitted into any defined category.

It was individual work, and took to itself its setting with the assurance of simplicity. She could have set it anywhere, and it would have carried its own grace into a look at them. Where did she care greatly?

"In the church," said Jim, smiling. "Very nearly startled her clean off the ladder, but luckily she falls lightly."

"Ch, so she was on the scaffolding, was she?" Charles turned upon her with a frowning face. "What in the world made you go up without me? You know you haven't the head for it."

"Oh, my dear Charles, don't be a heavy father to-day. I brought Mr. Foley to be amused, not bored to death. Come and show your paces, like a good child. How did that memory sketch come up?"

She could, it seemed, cajole him when and as she pleased, at least while he was in a normal mood; but by his voice and his brows he was a young man with a temper and, not always manageable by other people. She took him now by the hand, and drew him back to the easel. He shook her off with some impatience, and seizing hurriedly upon the draped canvas, stacked it aside against the wall.

"That isn't it. I finished Perry's love an hour ago. It's here—there you are, I am it as much as you like. I've said it all before you."

Jane stood and looked upon it critically, her head upon one side. "Hm! it is bad, isn't it? Your mind wasn't on what you were doing, my sweet. Why not, I wonder?"

She might wonder, but Jim Foley knew. For while he had watched her bright intelligence summing up wordlessly the shortcomings of a violent and compelling piece of work, he had seen from the corner of his eye the wrapping fall from the draped canvas, and turning had looked full into the haunting face of Thea Vanhomrigh!

She laughed. "That isn't so difficult. They all come to church here, you know."

"Well, you're quite right. I'm a Londoner. I came down only yesterday. My name's Foley—James Foley."

It meant nothing to her, of course. She did not grow roses, and she would scarcely be interested in the new cynical romanticism of his "Rapunzel". But she gave him a flash of her smile again, and returned his confidence in kind.

"I'm Jane Sievier. You may not have heard of me, but I think you will have heard of Charles—my brother, Charles Sievier. Most of this work is his really. He carries me along on his shoulders, you know. I like playing with paint, but Charles is the artist."

"I see," said Jim, and it was true than she knew. The male edition of this very pleasant person should be worth a madly jealous husband's notice, certainly. "Your brother is older than you is he?"

"Oh, yes, six years older," she said blithely.

Six years upon her probable twenty-three or four should leave the absent

Charles young enough to charm, old enough to be taken seriously.

"But you'd never heard of either of us had you?" said Jane twinkling.

"That pleasure was reserved for this morning. Where are you both staying?"

"At the Swan. There's a lovely room up in the roof, with the best light in the village. We've both of us done some quite decent sketches since we've been here. It's very good for painting—the air or something. Come and have a look at it, if you'd care to. Oh, but I forgot," she said, checking, "you came in to look at the church, of course."

Jim was quick to disallow any claim the church might have upon him. He had already seen, or at least heard of, what he had come to find. "I really came to see this. The village talk about you, you know." And that was true enough, if the truth entered it by devict ways.

"Then if you'd be interested—"

They left the church together, she stepping bohemian beside him with her hands in her pockets. The Swan, like all the inns of Ashton Paul, was not a home's throw from the church, an old mottled stone house settling comfortably into sleepy age, like a cat in the sun gathering herself luxuriously to rest.

Jane lead him in and up the stairs, round and round the oak well, until they stood upon the topmost landing, with the sky staring at them through a skylight above.

"In here, Charles is probably up to the eyebrows in cobalt by now. He was touching up a seascape from memory when I came out—we spent yesterday evening by the sea. But he doesn't mind being watched, either."

She brought him into a long, low, bare boxroom, alry with windows along one side and skylights above. In one corner was a miscellaneous heap of junk pushed hurriedly aside to make room for the properties of Charles and Jane. In the opposite one was an easel, and standing before it with a sheet over his arm was Charles Sievier.

"At the same meeting of the town council twenty years ago, the mayor, Dr. J. A. McInnis, brought forward the scheme to make the town a regular janitor or caretaker for the municipal building. Why not make the prisoners keep the place clean?" one of the councillors asked.

To this Chief Greer replied that convicted men were not kept here and as all men awaiting trial were considered innocent until proven guilty, there was no authority for asking any of the prisoners here to do any work. Some of them volunteered to do little chores around the place to pass away the time, but there had to be care taken even in allowing this. The question was left over for a further meeting.

In The Advance of Dec. 13th 1922, there was further reference to the fact that public recognition should be given to the cool courage and daring of George Fields, who risked his life on Nov. 20th, 1922, to save the life of a young lady at Gillies Lake. Only for the young man's bravery and resourcefulness, the girl would have been drowned. The Advance also added to the good words for George Fields, a special reference to the work of Bert Studor, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Studor, who figured in the same rescue. It was Bert's cleverness and quick thinking that enabled Fields to succeed in the attempted rescue of the girl, and perhaps had it not been for Bert Studor, Fields also would have been drowned. Bert was near the scene of the accident and at once got into effective action. He borrowed a scarf and made his way out on the ice, throwing the end of the scarf to Fields and dragging him and the girl to safety. In going out on the treacherous ice Bert risked his own life, but he took the risk coolly and promptly. The Advance suggested that both Studor and Fields should be publicly recognized for their life-saving work at the risk of their own lives.

Timmis was advertised twenty years ago as an ideal place for shopping. The stores had an unusually large array of stocks for Christmas, and The Advance urged all to note the window displays, to read the announcements in The Advance, and to profit themselves and the town by doing their Christmas shopping in Timmins in 1922. What was said by The Advance twenty years ago is still more applicable to the up-to-date Timmins stores to-day.

At the regular meeting of the Caledonia Society of Timmins on Dec. 8th, 1922, there was a social evening in honour of the Caledonian Choir and the others on the programme of the musical festival in the New Empire Theatre on Nov. 28th, 1922. Practically all the members of the choir were present, and there was a large attendance of the members of the society. On behalf of the musical committee, J. K. Moore read the very pleasing report regarding the musical festival. About \$225.00 was netted from the event. The president of the Society, G. A. Macdonald, briefly expressed the very general appreciation felt for the unusually good work of the Caledonian Choir, musically, financially and every other way. He gave the talented artists and their leader, Jas. Geils, very special welcome to the social evening in their honour. Dancing, old and new, was enjoyed; also refreshments; and a very attractive programme. Solos by W. Shewell, A. J. Downie, P. Larmer, Mrs. Shewell, Miss Jean Roberts and a duet by Messrs. W. Ramsay and J. H. Skelly were notable features of the evening. An impromptu by W. M. Whyte was another pleasing number. There were rousing cheers and a tiger for Leader Jas. Geils and his talented Caledonian Choir.

One of the interesting features of The Advance twenty years ago was the report of the Medical Health Officer, Dr. H. H. Moore, for the year 1922. Dr. Moore noted that the year had been free from epidemics so far as Timmins was concerned. There were 192 births and 60 deaths. He urged the purchase of a suitable place as an isolation hospital to guard against any danger of an epidemic of small pox or other contagious disease. Dr. Moore pointing out that prompt and effective isolation measures often prevented all danger of an epidemic. Dr. Moore in his report also referred to the new chlorination plant, which he believed had added to the health of the town by assuring pure water. Dr. Moore recommended the appointment of a full-time sanitary inspector in view of the large growth of the town. The M. H. O. had good words for the good work of the town nurse and the clinic. "The milk supply of the town," said Dr. Moore in his report, "is still a matter of serious consideration and any prospect of securing an adequate supply of wholesome milk of standard quality should be encouraged."

Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following: "There is certainly

Twenty Years Ago  
From the Porcupine Advance Files

## Dominion Bank in Strong Position

Deposits Substantially Higher. Investments More than Doubled. Assets Up Over \$43,000,000.

The annual meeting of shareholders of the Dominion Bank was held at the Head Office of the Bank in the City of Toronto on Wednesday, 9th December, when the 72nd annual Statement covering operations for the twelve months ended 31st October last was presented.

The outstanding features of the Statement were: a strong liquid position, substantially higher deposits, and another large increase in the Bank's investment in Dominion Government Bonds.

After allowing for Dominion Government taxes of \$537,246, an increase of \$88,242, over the previous year, net profits were \$92,990 for the year under review as compared with \$93,932, for the previous year.

After providing \$665,000. for dividends, making a contribution of \$105,000. to the Officers' Pension Fund and writing \$150,000. off Bank Premiums Account, Profit and Loss Account stands at \$86,501. Capital \$7,000,000. Reserve \$7,000,000., remain unchanged.

Deposits by the public, not bearing interest, show an increase of \$34,099,000. and now stand at \$83,520,000. Deposits by the public bearing interest, of \$88,653,000., have increased \$5,391,000.

Dominion and Provincial Government Deposits of \$12,465,000. increased by \$1,236,000.

Total Deposits of \$184,639,000. have increased \$41,438,000. during the period under review.

Cash Assets of \$39,791,000. represents 20.6% of public liabilities. Immediately available assets of \$130,460,000. are 67.71% of total liabilities to the public.

Investments in securities were the highest in the history of the Bank and totalled \$87,168,000. compared with \$42,648,00. a year ago. Of the total \$83,632,000. was in Dominion and Provincial Government securities and includes approximately \$35,355,000. Dominion of Canada % Deposit Certificates. Other investments consisting of Municipal and high grade securities, have shown little change.

Commercial Loans and Discounts in Canada aggregating \$70,495,000. have decreased, \$8,321,000. indicating lessening

nothing wreckage about the T. & N.O. railway." D. L. Jemmett, Cobalt, was a Timmins visitor last week." "Mrs. J. Heppleston and baby returned last week from Barrie." "Miss Klelah Brown is ill with an attack of diphtheria. Her many friends will wish her a speedy and complete recovery." "Mr. and Mrs. Helaine Charette, Pine street north, announce the marriage of their daughter, Marie Jeannine to Mr. Harry Lloyd, the ceremony to take place on Monday Jan. 1st." "His Lordship Bishop Latulippe was reported as very seriously ill this week."

Reader's Digest: He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth but he's never made much stir with it.

ing demands by the Bank's borrowing customers.

Call and Short loans in Canada