

Grey Roses

by PETER BENEDICT

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

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 X (Continued). A VERDICT OF MURDER

Yes, said Charles, he had been on bad terms with Hart. He'd never done anything to the man, hardly knew him at all. He'd asked if he could paint Mrs. Hart's portrait after first setting eyes on her, simply because she was a good subject, and had a beautiful face. Hart had consented, but at the third sitting he had interrupted them and made a frightful scene, accusing them of intriguing behind his back.

No—indignantly—there wasn't a word of truth in it. He had hardly spoken to Mrs. Hart. He was a workman, and she was the subject on which he happened to be working.

Yes, that was why he tried on two or three occasions afterwards to see Hart and argue him into permitting the sittings to be resumed.

Why go to such vehement trouble? The portrait was shaping well; it was good work, among his best; naturally it was important to him.

He was led thus, and gradually, to the morning of Austin Hart's death. Yes, he had been in the garden. Yes, he had threatened Hart. It was not a sane thing to do but he was angry. Yes, at the time he had meant it. The man had spoken disrespectfully of his wife, and he, Charles, did not choose to have that done in his presence. But he had not hit him. He had not laid a finger on him. Yes, of course he was sure. Did they think he wasn't capable of remembering if he'd knocked a man down or left him standing? He hadn't touched Hart. He had run away so that he shouldn't touch him. They could believe it or not, as they chose. It was all one to him.

But it was not all one. He looked at Thea as he said it, and knew that it was a lie. Her face was mute and still, unable quite to express faith in him, unable to acknowledge by any softening or kindness the unhappy, frowning glance he bent upon her. While she hid behind that pale mask Charles was a lost man.

And indeed many thought so; Jane could see it in their covert exchanges of glance with glance, significant all. She pressed Jim's arm.

"Jim—they'll make it murder, won't they?"

"The doctor alone saw to that," said Jim very softly.

"Yes, but Jim—they'll find against Charles. I know they will. I can see it in their faces."

"Don't be too sure," he urged, though he was beginning to be horribly sure himself. "It takes a lot of courage to do that. It's much simpler to pass the buck by bringing in a verdict with no names attached. Person or persons unknown—I stake my hopes on it."

"Yes, I know. But this is so obvious I mean, to them it must be. He admits he was there, and threatened him. Two people heard his voice upon the scene only seven or eight minutes before the murder was discovered. And nobody saw him leave. Oh, Jim, if we weren't automatically on his side—if he was somebody quite different, somebody we didn't know—we should say, of course he did it."

To this Jim did not say either yes or no. It would have been foolish to try and coax her into a feeling of security, for secure they certainly were not, but to admit the inevitability of defeat would have been worse folly. She clung to him with a cold little hand when the jury were left to consider their verdict. Looking down at her, he found her face

pinched and pale with the effort of restraint. She must not even whisper in Jim's ear, much less betray her despair by tears, now that Charles was back in his place beside her.

But when the foreman of the jury rose at last to deliver the verdict, her breath came between her teeth in short gasps, and she felt for Jim's arm again, and did not withdraw when he closed his fingers over her hand and held it gently. Charles, for his part, sat hunched into himself, and waited with apparent phlegm for whatever he foresaw; and after the first dawning understanding of what could be believed against him it was probable that he foresaw the worst.

Yes, said the foreman, they had arrived at a verdict. They found that the deceased was Austin Hart, that he had died as the result of a blow or blows on the head, administered with some jagged, heavy instrument. They found that the blows must have been wilfully administered. They found a verdict of murder against Charles Sievier. He gave a great gasp of accomplishment, and sat down mopping his forehead.

Jane said: "No! Oh, no!" but so quietly that only Jim heard her. She caught at Charles as if she would hold him from them by force; but even that gesture, fierce as it was, was small and stealthy, so that the strangest thing about Jane just then was her immobility and silence.

As for Charles himself, he straightened up slowly in his chair, and put up a hand to smooth at his ruffled hair and disarranged collar. His face was dazed and sullen. He turned and looked at her when she touched him, and the shadow of a smile touched his lips.

He said, none too coherently: "Not nice for you, old girl. But it isn't finished yet, you know." And to Jim earnestly, over his head: "Get her away out of this. Foley. Much better—only worry her. She's got to go on with the work, you see—can't have her worried more than necessary."

Jane understood that. She held him tightly by the sleeve. Oh, no! Oh, Charles, not now—not straight away, like this—you're coming with us, of course!

"No—I don't think so. What's the use Jane? You heard the verdict yourself. Go home, my child—please, I want you to go. Make her go Jim."

Jim swung her away, lightly and firmly, in his arm. She went without complaint, but with tears gathering thick in her eyes; so that, though she turned her head at the most unhappy moment, she never saw Charles arrested. The sting of that came later, dulled by anticipation and filmed over by an outburst of tears.

CHAPTER XI CHARLES IN DESPAIR

"I didn't do it," said Charles. His voice was low and very stubborn. He sat slumped against the stone wall of his cell his face in shadow, but the glow of his eyes still fierce and hollow and hot like the heart of a fire. He would say little, but this one thing he had said over and over again, as if he himself needed reassurance.

"I didn't do it. They can't prove I did, because I didn't."

"But, my dear chap," said Jim, "they may imagine they've proved it. That would be just as deadly."

"If they hang me, they hang me. I can't help it. I've told the truth; nobody can confirm it, and there's nothing I can do about it."

"You can enlarge upon what you have said. You can justify your attitude by

telling the court exactly what sort of man Hart was, how he behaved to you and Thea that day he interrupted the sitting. You can enlist sympathy Charles. It's your right. And it makes the world of difference, believe me."

"What, by snivelling about being misjudged, and going into detail about the names he called his wife and me? No thanks! I'd rather hang decently."

Charles turned his face away upon the declaration, for it was not quite the truth. His sense of living was very strong and very bitter.

"I know exactly how you feel about it," said Jim patiently. "But you can't throw your life away just because a girl trusts the evidence of her ears and reason and thinks you committed a very understandable murder."

Charles cursed him and was instantly and boishly sorry. "Oh don't take any notice of me. I can't help being spiteful. I—it's the truth. That is what galls me. But I can't sear for sympathy, Jim, it just isn't in me. Not at her expense. It would be like stripping her in front of the court, as well as myself. Now, please, Jim, quit troubling about it. There's nothing you can do. It's decent of you to try, but there's really nothing. If I can feel that you're just looking after Jane, I shall be easier in my mind. Poor kid, I never made much of a job of it."

"You can serve her best by fighting this case tooth and nail. I know it's a business you're not good at. I know it goes against the grain, but you've got to play the gallery, Charles. You've got to let the public in on it. It isn't fair to yourself or us to give up. And it isn't fair to Thea. Do you seriously think she would be sorry to be convinced of your innocence?"

"I don't know. I can't think." He sat forward suddenly, and his hollow eyes were eager. "How is she, Jim? Is she very cut up? You know, I always had a sneaking feeling that she loved him very much in spite of everything."

Jim looked back upon the one sole evening he had spent in the company of both the Harts, and he had no recollection of any such impression.

But he said only: "I saw her yesterday. Naturally she isn't exactly enjoying herself, but she's bearing up pretty well, considering all of her difficulties. She asked after you."

"Did she?" Charles flushed faintly.

"What did you tell her?"

"That you didn't do it. What do you think?"

The old black frown came back to Charles's saturnine brows. "You'd no right to. Let her think what she likes."

Charles was subdued more easily since he had been behind bars; those flashes of the old authoritative temper were fewer and more brief. Nor was he altogether insensible of the tenor of his position.

Life held even more promise than the successful completion of the Ashton Paul murals. Charles was in no doubt as to the value of that promise, and by no means complacent in its loss. He said in a voice curiously young and hesitant:

"I don't want you to think I'm not grateful Jim. But I don't see what good I can do myself by playing for sympathy. I don't want to get off because my counsel's raised a sentimental doubt. I want to be proved innocent. I want her to know I didn't touch him."

"I know," said Jim heavily. His time was up and nothing accomplished. If only Charles would try to think back clearly, to remember if he had really seen anyone on that wild flight of his to the woods. Perhaps he had honestly tried, and could remember nothing.

"SHE CAN'T HELP BEING BEAUTIFUL"

There was no more to be done here. Jim took his leave in no happy frame of mind.

He found Jane just leaving the church with her satchel under her arm. She had worked faithfully, but miserably, and without inspiration through the day. Her eyes were hollow and dark-ringed. She had a smear of green paint on her cheek, and a cobweb in her brown hair. The smile with which she greeted him was wan and brief.

They walked side by side, saying nothing, for some time. Then she looked up at him with eyes which struggled to hide an eagerness foredoomed to disappointment. She was becoming used to having her hopes extinguished time after time.

"Well, has he thought of anything yet?"

"No," Jim shook his head. "It's no use, Jane. Our help isn't to come from there, that's definite."

"He isn't helpful, is he?" said Jane, smudging at the smear of green on her cheek.

"It isn't altogether that. I don't think he can help us, Jane. I don't believe he saw anything or anyone when he rushed out of the garden. I don't think he knows how he got into the wood at all, or how long he stayed there. He didn't realize he was leaving it behind him. No, we mustn't look to him. We shall have to go on hunting on our own for someone who can shed light on it, someone who heard the scream, someone who even heard the garden gate shut when Charles rushed out."

"But we've tried and tried—besides, if anyone could tell, they would. People like us here, Charles is difficult. I know, but he wins friends. Anyone in Ashton Paul who could help him would jump to do it." She added bitterly: "No one cares about Hart, being dead, you know—not even Thea."

"You're wrong there," said Jim quite gently. "She's terribly sorry for him. It hasn't occurred to her yet that she can afford to be glad for her own sake."

Jane was ashamed. She felt for his arm with a small insinuating hand, for the touch of somebody who understood her troubles was comfort to her just then. They walked between the neat stone cottages of the single rambling street towards the triangular green, he curbing his strides to hers; and they were very quiet together.

Presently said Jane in a stiff voice:

Beauty and You

by PATRICIA LINDSAY

Feet Tired? Get Relief This Way!

Legion are the women who request that I write more columns about foot care. They are having new troubles with their feet since they are forced to use them more.

Feet should be regularly exercised through calisthenics, not by walking only to keep strong and flexible and comfortable. One of the best exercises to do at the end of the day is this: Place a medium sized bath towel on the floor. Place toes of both feet over edge of it. Keeping your heels on the floor, strive to pull the towel inch by inch under your foot. Relax and shake your feet.

For Immediate Relief

The good old epsom salt bath is the best for quick relief for tired and burning feet. Take a basin of quite hot water and a cupful of epsom salt (which you buy in the 5-pound package at any drugstore for a few cents). After your feet have soaked a couple of minutes take one at a time and rub them with handsful of the salt—letting the salt drop into the water. Soak for a few more moments and then plunge the feet into much cooler water. Dry and massage well with a foot cream or lotion. Some women prefer to remove excess lotion with a good cologne and then sprinkle the feet with a cooling foot powder.

About Foot Supports

I have been told that very few people need cumbersome arch supporters or especially styled shoes. Supporters are more or less like crutches—if you use them constantly the foot muscles will not be exercised and they will become stubborn and lame. Small metatarsal arch pads are the exception for they do ease the pain and as they should not be more than one-fourth of an inch thick, they are not crippling. They should be placed just in back of the ball of the foot. But do continue to exercise and massage your feet so in time you will be able to get along without even these.

A New Foot Stick

There is a creamy white foot stick which looks like an oversized lipstick, which contributes to foot comfort during the day if it is applied in the morning before putting on hose and shoes. It contains an active-ozone which is soothing and refreshing, and should be smoothed all over the foot and between the toes. It does not injure your hose and it does keep your feet feeling mighty nice all day. Of course, there are several other marvelous aids on your cosmetic counter—ask the salesgirl to show them to you so you may have a choice.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Globe and Mail:—An interesting and significant contrast: Field Marshall Goering travels in his own armored car equipped with batteries of anti-aircraft guns. Prime Minister Churchill, with the crowd pressing about him, delivers an address from the steps of Bradford Town Hall.

"I like her really. It's just that—oh, if she hadn't been the person she is, this couldn't have happened. Not any of it—right from the beginning. He wouldn't have noticed her. He wouldn't have wanted to paint her—"

"If Helen of Greece had had a face like the back of a cab, Troy wouldn't have burned. Poor Thea Vanhomrigh! She can't help being beautiful."

"No, I know. And I can't help being worried over Charles. But those few days when she came to the studio—Oh, Jim, I'm not really such an unfair beast. I loved her. I couldn't help it. She was so sweet."

Her fingers tightened on his arm. Tears dimmed her vision of the road and she walked clumsily against him, and was drawn close and kindly to his side. She said, looking round her in a puzzled way at the blurred vista of quiet cottage and gay garden and bland sky: "It doesn't seem possible, does it, that things should go on just the same? People are going about in just the same old way. Look, the gate at Number Eleven is still hanging on one hinge. And here's Hughie out for a walk with his mother, as usual. I met them the first day I was here—at nearly the same spot, too."

She straightened her shoulders with a perceptible effort, and threw up her head. "Well, I suppose it's good for one to remember sometimes that there are people worse off than oneself."

Jim saw an underized boy who went heavily on one short leg, and stared before him from vacant blue eyes; a boy with the face of a young man upon a youth's body, but with only a child's mind to animate the grotesque and pathetic caricature. By this time many of the natives of Ashton Paul were known to him, but this boy he had not seen before. He came leaning upon a middle-aged woman who led him solicitously, and seldom turned her eyes away from her charge. Her face, loving to foolishness and anxious to obsession, was certainly one of the saddest things Jim had ever seen.

"I recognize the type," he said in a low voice. They were still sufficiently far away to be out of earshot.

"Yes—it's pretty obvious, isn't it? The father's a drayman on the railway. They won't have the child—he isn't a child really, he's twenty-one—they won't have him cared for in an institution. These people get blamed for that. But I don't blame them. Hughie's harmless as a kitten. Everyone knows him round here, and he knows everyone!"

She pressed Jim's hand. "Let's stop and talk to them, shall we? Hughie likes it."

(To Be Continued)



A giant cream-stick containing active ozone is refreshing for tired feet. Apply it mornings, after your shower.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

Storage Fat

What many of us forget at times is that Nature meant that we should all have considerable fat in and on the body. The amount may vary from 15 to 30 pounds according to our build. This fat is actually needed by the body for various purposes such as (a) regulating temperature so that too much heat will not be lost suddenly by the body, (b) holding the various abdominal organs up in their proper places, (c) serving as a cushion for the large and small nerves of the body which without this protection would suffer from pressure or injury of various kinds, (d) filling and rounding out the shape of the body so that we would not look like a hatrack, scarecrow or other unsightly object.

This necessary or useful fat is found on everybody—large and small, thin and fat—and because it is always needed remains always about the same except under extreme starvation. Because it is always found in these certain spots—under skin, around abdominal muscles, in the buttocks—it is called stationary or "fixed" fat. Another important use Nature finds for fat is storing some fat in and on our bodies because it has twice as much heat or fuel value as either of the other two types of food—proteins and starches. However, in our present day civilization where meals contain all the different kinds of foods needed by the storage fat, and because there is no need for storage fat it is a liability not an asset.

It is, then, because fat is such a rich food or fuel that physicians and others, trying to reduce the weight in overweight individuals, try to make use of the "storage" fat in and on the body. Generally speaking meats are not reduced, starches are reduced 25 per cent and fat foods 50 or more per cent, the energy needs and the special fat needs being supplied from the "storage" fat of the body. The liquids are likely reduced by at least 50 per cent as storage fat absorbs and holds water almost like a sponge.

Why does Nature permit this great accumulation of excess fat when it is not needed?

When man was created he was, and still is, covered with muscles from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. These muscles are "active" tissues or meant to be active, and if used for work, searching for food, play, they create heat which heat uses up or melts the storage fat. Man was meant to eat a certain quantity of food daily to maintain the strength and working ability of the various body processes. Man was meant also to eat a further amount of food—to supply energy for the muscles used in work or play. What do we find today?

Man eats the amount needed for actual body needs, and also the amount needed for work or play. However as he does not have to work as hard as when first created, this extra food eaten is stored in and on the body as fat.

In the early days of man's history his appetite, told him when to eat; the man's appetite is guided by his eyes, his taste, his sense of smell, his remembrance of the foods he likes best. He does not need to be told when he needs food, does not have to wait for an appetite caused by actual need of food. Because of this improperly guided appetite he overeats and the excess food is stored as fat.

The above fact, that is eating unneeded food because he does not exercise to use up the food eaten explains overweight. It also explains the idea behind proper reducing methods, that is (a) reducing the food intake, and (b) increasing the exercise.

Eating Your Way To Health

Do you know which foods contain

Kirkland Lake Council Cuts Number of Meetings

One of the first things done by this year's council at Kirkland Lake was to cut the number of meetings of council from four to two per month. In this Kirkland Lake is following the example of Timmins, the council here last year deciding that two council meetings per month were sufficient to handle all the business. If committee meetings of the whole council were held before the council meeting. It was also found here that if any pressing question arose between regular meetings it could be dealt with at a special meeting. At Kirkland Lake, Councillor McGuire opposed the cutting down of the number of regular meetings at Kirkland Lake and he was supported by Councillor Ames, the latter stressing the idea that the resolution passed by the Teck Council last year at Kirkland Lake cutting regular meetings to two per month, was only a temporary measure due to the small amount of business at the end of the year, and that it was not designed to bind the new council. Councillors C. W. Tresidder and Perry supported the motion, thus making the vote a tie. Reeve Anne Shirley voted for the resolution and accordingly it was duly passed. The new reeve of Teck township, Mrs. Ann Shipley, has apparently started the year well with a number of plans for economy and meeting the other difficulties of the situation. Councillor McGuire, who has several years' experience on the council board at Kirkland Lake, has apparently found something to oppose in every suggestion brought forward by the new reeve, and the meetings of the Teck township council accordingly promise to be interesting and lively.

Kirkland Lake Workers Urge "Pay-as-You-Go" Plan

In view of the resolution sent here by the Moose Jaw City Council and endorsed by the Timmins Town Council at Monday's regular meeting, the following reference to the attitude of the Workmen's Councils at Kirkland Lake is of special interest. Timmins Council heartily agreed with the Moose Jaw resolution, asking the Dominion Government to adopt a "pay-as-you-go" policy in regard to income tax collections. A similar attitude is taken by the Workmen's Councils at Kirkland Lake. The Northern News last week had the following—

"By resolution a special committee of the Kirkland Workmen's Council, set up

proteins, minerals, starches, or fat? Do you know just what and how much you should eat daily? Send today for this useful booklet by Dr. Barton entitled "Eating Your Way To Health." It answers the above questions and includes a calorie chart and sample menus. Send your request to the Bell Library, P.O. Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., enclosing Ten Cents and a 3-cent stamp to cover cost of service and mention the name of this newspaper.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

to consider the Ruml plan of meeting income tax payments, urged upon government the immediate necessity of adopting a similar plan in Canada.

In the United States Beardley Ruml, of the Treasury Board, suggested the adoption of a "pay as you go policy" in setting it up he advocated the wiping out of previous income tax assessments and the inauguration of a new current payment program.

At the meeting of the committee it was stressed that it was of primary importance to keep the working people of Canada debt free, particularly during war-time and more particularly in the after-war years when much industrial adjustment might seriously affect the earning, and paying power of the individual worker.

"It works out this way," said O. E. Reese, Chairman of the Central Committee. "Every Canadian workman is actually six months in arrears of income tax. He is in debt to government over that period in relation to income tax. In other words payments do not become due until the account is, actually, six months in arrears. It means the worker, as long as his wage standard stays up, may be able to meet the payments, but should he suffer any reverses during the ensuing year he would be forced to pay the income tax for the preceding period out of reduced revenue."

Pay-as-you-go

"It would be far better to pay it currently out of a six dollar a day pay, as might happen once the war is over," commented a member of the committee.

It was pointed out, also, that should a man die the amount of income tax would be deductible from his estate and might create a hardship on his dependents. Accidents, illnesses might also affect the worker's earning capacity yet he would be expected to meet the income tax charges when they became due or sustain penalties."

Anonymous:—It was one of those platonic friendships—play for him and tonic for her.

Smart Girls
always carry
PARADOL
in their
Handbags

Dr. Chase's PARADOL
For Quick Relief of Pain

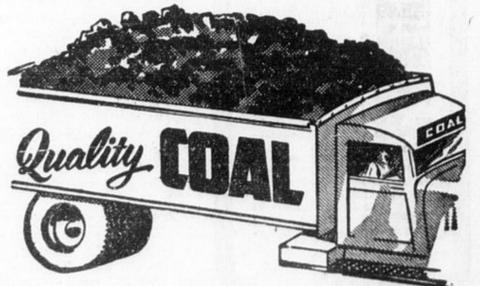
FIRE INSURANCE

At the present low rates you should be fully protected. The new form of policy for household furniture covers, fire, burglary, theft and travel risks. Let us quote you rates.

SULLIVAN & NEWTON

(EST. 1912)
INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE
Phone 104 TIMMINS, ONTARIO 21 Pine Street North
We Also Sell War Risk Insurance

Order Your Coal NOW from Fogg's



Pennsylvania Anthracite
Purity Egg Steam Coal
Pocohontas Marne 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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

F. BAUMAN

Swiss Watchmaker
Graduate of the Famous Horological
Institute of Switzerland
Phone 1365
Third Avenue Empire Block

O. E. Kristensen

CHIROPRACTOR
RADIONICS ANALYSIS
X-RAY — SHOCKWAVE
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. Caldbeck

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

MacBrien & Bailey

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS
2 1/2 Third Avenue
JAMES R. MACBRIEN
FRANK H. BAILEY, L.L.B.

P. H. LAPORTE, C. G. A.

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