

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 XIII
"HE DIDN'T DO IT!"**

Dr. Wayland came down from the path with the decisive step of a man whose patience has been tried beyond bounds. Thea followed very slowly. She looked at the three of them, Jane white and trembling, Hughie feebly staring from the ground, Jim alert and completely self-possessed. She said helplessly:

"Mr. Foley, please—whatever has happened?"

"A little experiment," said Jim calmly, "that's all, Mrs. Hart. A little experiment that went wrong and came right again."

Wayland was at Hughie's side by then, on his knees by him, with one hand propping the boy's head and the other exploring his pulse. He looked up with narrowed eyes against the sun.

"What in the world have you been doing to him? What's the matter with him?"

"Ah," said Jim, "that's for you to tell me. You're the doctor. What is the matter with him?"

"Some kind of a fit, I should say." "But what kind, I wonder? Can't you identify it any nearer than that?"

"Not until I make a thorough examination. I can't make out," said Dr. Wayland, staring heavily upon Jim, "what in the world you are doing here; but since you did bring or find this poor creature here, you may as well help me to carry him into the house."

"Thank you, I can manage him alone, if you will do your best for him when we get him indoors," Jim looked over his shoulder at Thea, who stood watching them, and said no word. "I'm sorry, Thea—do you mind?"

A faint flush of colour touched her pale cheeks: "Oh, please! The poor boy, of course he must come in at once. Dr. Wayland—Maurice will do all he can for him." She looked again at Jane and hesitated to comment upon her white and distraught face; but when Jim had led the way towards the house with the boy's light weight lying easily on his shoulder, she took Jane's arm in a shy, almost childish manner, and drew her after.

Jane felt soft sidelong glances devouring her tear-marked eyes and still trembling lips.

She was aware that Thea's mind was full of unformulated questions, for which she could not find the appropriate words: aware, too, of a sort of hunger in the other girl to talk about Charles. Exactly how this longing communicated itself she did not know, but she felt it most deeply and poignantly, and found herself wishing that Charles could have felt it with her. Yet Thea did not speak of Charles. She asked at length, and almost timidly:

"What happened to Hughie, Jane? I don't understand. Why did you come here and bring him into the garden?" Mr. Foley said an experiment, but I don't see how it could have been—"

"I don't understand myself," admitted Jane shakily. "It was Jim's idea, and he says it worked, but I don't know what he means by that at all. We were trying to get Hughie to talk about—about your husband's death, if you want to know. Because it's our belief he can prove that Charles had nothing to do with it, if only he would just confide in somebody. But he won't. He's afraid to talk or think about it."

She cast a glance at Thea, and found her face motionless and sad but quite unrelenting.

"He didn't do it, of course," she said, stiffening. "Charles, didn't do it, you know."

The soft lines of Thea's mouth tightened painfully. If the silence of Charles could not convince her, all the words of Jane were foredoomed to be of no effect.

The lovely eyes, dark purple in the shadow of her hair, looked steadily down at the ground; and Thea was silent with a silence which spoke and could not effectively be contradicted. Jane gave it up. As well defend Thea to Charles, it seemed, as Charles to Thea. And yet she felt in an unbearable intensity her companion's pain of heart; Thea was suffering for her unhappiness. In the airy morning-room Jim laid Hughie down upon a couch, and put a cushion under his pained head. The boy was very quiet now; all the energy gone out of him; but he was conscious and no longer in fear. His eyes were strangely calm and wide open, as if they had ceased to contemplate a bogey he could not forget. He lay where he was placed, utterly docile, and apart from the shock and a few bruises, quite unhurt.

"Oh, Jim," said Jane in a whisper, feeling for his sleeve with an unsteady hand. "Whatever shall we say to his mother? How can we face her?"

"Don't worry," said Jim in a low voice. "We've done him no harm. I believe he's got it out of his system now—the whole thing. Look at him. He's in a daze, but he's not scared."

She looked over Maurice Wayland's shoulder at the small, pinched, child's face. Certainly his submission to the doctor's hands now was a different thing by far from the rigid, fascinated horror with which he had entered the garden.

"But what really happened?" she asked. "Was it a fit?"

"I'll tell you all about it later," said Jim.

"But I don't see how you know. You're not a doctor. Are you sure you can tell me all about it?"

"I'm dead sure I can," said Jim with deep satisfaction, and went to lift Hughie, while a towel was spread upon the delicate primrose-yellow cushions under his head and shoulders.

Once the loam and grass stains were removed, Hughie's hurts proved to be few and small; an unbroken bruise upon his forehead over one temple, several scratches from the roses, and a small torn wound in one wrist where he had dragged it over the jagged edge of a stone; but for the rest he was whole and sound. Thinking of his mother, Jane was fervently thankful.

THE CYNICISM OF DR. WAYLAND

"And now," said Dr. Wayland, fastening a dressing upon Hughie's wrist, perhaps you'll explain, Mr. Foley, what you are doing uninvited in this lady's garden?"

Jim looked at Thea, and smiled. "If this lady asks me, I will."

"Dr. Wayland has some right to speak for me," said Thea flushing. "He is my friend, and I have no wish to negative any questions he may ask on my behalf."

"I see. You give him the right to be proprietorial. Very well, Dr. Wayland, I'll tell you. Miss Sievier and I suffer from a fixed idea that Charles Sievier did not kill Mr. Hart. Furthermore, we have a shrewd suspicion that Hughie here saw the death scene. We have found that on the day in question he was passing through the meadow beyond this garden. He rushed home that day frightened out of his wits, and since then he won't look at a grey rose."

"We conclude that he saw the murder, and got a shock which made him ill. But he wouldn't talk about it. So we

brought him into the garden to see if his reaction would give anything away. The results you have seen."

"Negative results," said Dr. Wayland sharply. "You succeeded in frightening the boy into a fit, and apparently that's the sum of your achievement."

"Apparently," agreed Jim. "You should have known you could do no good that way. Unfortunately for you, the evidence of a boy like this could hardly be of value in any case, as you should have seen for yourself. You could only, if you persisted, do just what you have done—frightened the boy out of what senses he has got. If that was your experiment, Mr. Foley, it was a criminal failure."

Jim smiled, not at all discomfited. "Yet you should sympathize with the attempt, Dr. Wayland."

"Certainly, but not with the method used. It was hopeless to begin it. Nothing the child could say would carry any weight at best."

"That was why we went in for reactions, not words. Well, what exactly did we do to him? Have you formed an opinion yet about the nature of Hughie's fit?"

"Frankly—no. It was apparently induced purely by shock and passed upon exhaustion."

"It had every appearance of epilepsy," said Jim, in a detached voice. "Impossible and absurd! He is not an epileptic subject."

"No," said Jim. "That's the whole point."

Jane came forward a step from Thea's side. She was quite composed now that contact with Thea's mind had soothed her own, though her face was still somewhat paler than usual.

"The main thing," she said, "is—'is Hughie going to be all right?'"

"Of course," said Dr. Wayland. "There's nothing the matter with him now except that he's exhausted, and I very much doubt whether he will be able to walk home. All he wants is a few days of quiet, and no more reminders of anything he may or may not have seen in this garden. Though, for my part, I must say I think your line of reasoning very tenuous—very tenuous indeed. However, you'd better think of getting him home to his mother."

"You're right," said Jim. "I'll get a car."

"There's my husband's," said Thea. "Please use that."

"You're very kind. I shall be glad to."

Hughie, helped by Jane on one side and Jim on the other, walked out to the car without difficulty. He had recovered sufficiently to accept a handful of flowers and to say that they were pretty. All trace of his former preoccupation was gone.

Jim said from the doorway: "Dr. Wayland—"

"Yes?" Maurice Wayland had his hand tucked into Thea's arm with an air which could only be described as one of ownership. And so Jane it appeared that Thea accepted the touch rather than suffered it. It was natural enough, after all. Here was a man, young, attractive and pleasant, who had been an invaluable friend and confidant to the girl during these troublesome days; no wonder she leaned upon him now as if he had possessed for years those rights in her which the dead man had misused. Charles had merely hurt her with his championship during her husband's lifetime, and tormented her with his arrogant silence afterwards.

"All the same," thought Jane, jealously. "I know I should like Charles best." And there she paused, for she was by no means sure that Thea did not like Charles best, after all. She leaned upon Maurice Wayland, but her heart was by no means easy about him.

"I wonder if I might call on you this afternoon," said Jim, to the doctor. "There's a little matter I should like to discuss with you."

"This afternoon I shall be on my rounds."

"And this evening? Another surgery?" Jim smiled. Trying to find a word for the exact expression of that smile, Jane could think only of "significant." It seemed that it should mean something very pregnant indeed, but she could not for the life of her guess what.

"And at what hour does your evening surgery end?" he asked.

LOVE AND HATE

There was a momentary pause, during which the two men stood looking at each other narrowly, as if they saw each other for the first time and were not unduly in love with what they saw.

It was clear to Jane that Dr. Wayland did not like Jim, did not trust him, and would be more than glad to discredit him. The reason was plain enough while that exquisite, that enchanting woman stood between them and looked from one to the other with her grieved iris eyes.

Maurice Wayland saw Jim as a rival. Involuntarily perhaps Jim was a rival. He was young, at least as young as Wayland, reasonably handsome, and had the attraction, probably a great attraction to a woman like Thea, of being something of a man of the world. It had not occurred to Jane until that moment that Jim in his turn might not have found himself proof against the charms of Thea.

Wouldn't it be strange if he had failed to fall victim? Looking at that shining beauty of hers, lustrous and luminous as a star, it was hard to imagine how any man could behold and not love her. Was it out of love, then, that Jim had remained in Ashton Paul determined to see the mystery out and the widow delivered from the shadows of uncertainty?

He had spent the greater part of his time with herself and Charles, certainly, but that was no indication of where his heart was. Jane felt a tremor. For some unexplored reason it was not pleasant to think of Jim as deeply in love with Thea Hart.

"I shall be free by eight o'clock," said Dr. Wayland.

"Then if I may call upon you some time after eight?"

"I shall be expecting you."

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

Twenty years ago The Advance had an extended notice of the wedding at Montreal of Miss Juliette Timmins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Timmins, to Dr. John S. Dohan, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dohan, the event taking place at 11.30 o'clock on Monday morning, Feb. 15th, 1923, at St. Leo's church, Westmount. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brigham, Timmins Ont.

About this time of the year in 1923 the Night Hawk Peninsular Mine completed a contract with the Great Northern Power Co. for the supplying of power to the mine from the new plant at Indian Chutes in the Matacheewan area. The Canada Northern Power Co. later took over the Great Northern.

Twenty years ago the Hollinger and McIntyre teams were tied for first place in the mines hockey league.

The Clifton-Porcupine twenty years ago announced plans to sink the shaft to 725 feet.

Mrs. J. Hardy of Timmins and Mrs. F. C. Evans of South Porcupine, were called to Cobalt twenty years ago on account of the death of their sister, Mrs. D. Wilkes, wife of Cobalt's fire chief, Mrs. Wilkes succumbed to pneumonia. Her death made the fifth break in the family circle within three years. Three young children were left to mourn the loss of their mother.

The Advance twenty years ago had the following:—"For years past Timmins and district, possessed some of the most enthusiastic radio fans in Canada. Mr. M. J. Gaveny was one of the pioneers in active amateur radio work and has been widely known in radio circles for a long time. However, until now, the district has only been able to 'listen in.' There has been no sending station here. Now this is changed. Timmins now has a sending station. The Radio Broadcasting Station 'CFBC' at King's Radio Shop, Timmins, was tested Monday evening for the first time on very low power. Local listeners in report that he music and voices were practically perfect. Further tests will be carried out each evening from 10 to 11 p.m., and local radio fans can materially assist by reporting as to the reception of the test. Such reports will be of great service in perfecting the broadcasting station here and as such will be much appreciated. At present the local broadcasting is being tested on very low power. The idea is to get it as perfect as possible for tone, etc., and then to 'step up' the power to give the broadcasting wider area. For

Another hockey game was by Timmins in the N.O.H.A. series twenty years ago was the one at the Falls on Feb. 2nd. The score was 8 to 6 but thirty minutes overtime was necessary to decide the issue. The players were practically the same as in the other game noted above, except that Frank Carlin played in place of Cox. Unfortunately Carlin was injured in the first period of the game and Timmins had to go through the game and overtime with only one substitute.

There were several references in The Advance twenty years ago to a protest entered by Iroquois Falls against the N.O.H.A. game played at Timmins on Jan. 30th. The claim was made by the Falls that the stick used by the Timmins goal-tender in the game in question was larger than the rules allow. The stick was said to be over four inches in width. The Advance held that the rules did not seem to cover the width of sticks used by goal-tenders, the idea being no doubt that any deviation from standard carried its own disadvantages and so would not be used.

The Advance twenty years ago was urging the building of new roads and the repair of old ones to accommodate mining properties, prospectors and others, as well as to advantage the settlers.

In the year 1922 the North Land produced gold to the value of \$22,000,000.00. This was a material increase over the production of the North for the previous year, and The Advance pointed out that the North had the only gold fields in the world at the time where production was being increased. All other gold camps showed a tendency to decrease production.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following:—"Mr. A. P. Dooley is expected back this week from Toronto where he has been taking hospital treatment, having had a minor operation on his nose for the removal of an internal growth. His many friends will sincerely wish him sure and rapid recovery and an early return home."

"Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Read, 62 Balsam street, Timmins, on January 31st, 1923—a daughter."

"Miss Bonas Rowe of Buckingham, Quebec, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Alf. Prout, Miss Prout, who has been ill for some time past is making excellent progress to recovery under Miss Rowe's care."

"Born—in Timmins, on Thursday, Feb. 1st, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Forrest—er—a son, (James Ernest)."

Royal Canadian Air Force
Now Calling All Clerks

A memorandum from Squadron Leader T. G. Holley, Officer Commanding R.C.A.F. at North Bay Recruiting Centre says:—

In the administration of our flying stations airwomen are gradually taking over all clerical positions. However, there are still many men waiting for a chance to reenter in aircrew. Until airwomen come along to take their places, these men, who are fit for fighting, and needed for flight, cannot leave the jobs they now have.

Girls with clerical experience urgently needed for the three trades of Clerk Stenographer, Clerk General and Clerk Accounting. By hard work and reclassification through trade tests an airwoman in the trade of Clerk Stenographer can attain the rank of Sergeant. As a Clerk Accounting they may become a Flight Sergeant. As a Clerk General the rank of Sergeant can be reached. Chances of promotions are very good in these trades.

Clerks Accountant are employed in the Pay and Accounts Section of a Station and are kept very busy seeing that AC2 Jones is not overpaid and also that AW 2 Smith is not underpaid. Clerks General are offered a wide variety of jobs. Some are in the Maintenance Log Room where the pilots' log books are kept, others work in Central Registry and the Orderly Room of the Headquarters building. Most Clerks Stenographer are kept very busy in the Orderly Room, in Records Office where the documents of personnel are kept, and in General Stenographic jobs wherever they are needed."

Jim took Jane's arm, and drew her to the door. The mystified frown upon her forehead was laughable in a way; she looked like a puppy trying to work out how a clockwork mouse ran. As soon as the door was well closed behind them she asked: "What on earth was all that about?"

"I'll tell you afterwards, when I've proved it really is—what I think it is. Come on, let's get Hughie home."

"You're always going to tell me everything afterwards," said Jane rather peevishly; but she climbed obediently into the car and asked no more questions.

They took Hughie home. It was a somewhat difficult task to explain to his mother what had happened, but seeing her son apparently not much the worse physically, and mentally, if anything, rather better, she was not unduly suspicious. They drove away again in Austin Hart's car, and left her to her problems, which were for ever without cure.

"Poor Hughie!" said Jane gloomily. "He hasn't helped us much, has he?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I rather think he has."

"That's one of the things you're going to explain to me later, I suppose," she said bitterly.

Jim turned his head and smiled at her. "You feel badly about that, don't you?"

She stiffened, and her chin went up. "No, of course not. Your theories are entirely your own. But it occurred to me that—as it happens to be my brother who's supposed to—to have— But perhaps it's not really my brother you're interested in."

"Not first and foremost," agreed Jim thoughtfully, "though I don't intend he shall come to grief if I can help it, of course."

"I see," said Jane, chilled. "Well, I don't blame you. She is lovely—yes, and she's sweet, too." She was determined to be fair to Thea, for it was most clearly not Thea's fault that she happened to have been born with the face of a new Helen.

"Gifted, too," said Jim with enthusiasm.

"Oh!" said Jane blankly.

He stopped the car under the arching of the trees in a green shadow, and turned and looked at her with a rallying smile.

"Your brother's sister is a charmer, and well she knows it."

He kissed her, a leisurely proceeding, and one to which she offered no resistance.

"Now be a good girl, Jane, and don't go confusing the issue just when it's most urgent I should keep my mind on one thing at a time. Don't drive me to loving you until this business is over. I do, but that's no help—in fact it gets in the way. So just keep quiet and sit still until I give the word, and then I swear I'll do the thing properly—on bended knee if you like. But for to-day—well, you just go home, read a book until nine o'clock, then go to bed and sleep soundly all night. There's no reason why you shouldn't—I'm not in love with Thea."

He released her. She sat there for a moment in silence, her face wavering oddly between indignation and amusement. Then, her mind apparently effecting a compromise, she said with venom: "You patronizing devil!"

But she laughed.

(To Be Continued)

President Mutual Life Urges Special War Effort This Year

Touches on Social Security and Life Insurance.

When addressing the policyholders of The Mutual Life of Canada at the 73rd Annual Meeting in Waterloo on February 4th, Mr. R. O. McCulloch, President of the Company, pointed out that an unusually low termination rate was in part responsible for a very substantial increase in insurance in force.

Mutual Life subscriptions to War and Victory Loans have totalled \$4,668,500, of which the Company still holds \$46,772,500.

Mr. McCulloch reported an increase in death claims occurring as a direct result of war operations, and stated that if the Canadian Army became involved in large scale offensive operations a substantial increase in such claims might, unfortunately, be expected.

Maximum Effort Needed In 1943

Referring to the increasingly favourable military situation, he called for a concerted and resolute effort on the part of civilians in all walks of life to give their utmost in time and energy.

"1943 may prove to be the war's most crucial period, during which the National effort must be maintained and accelerated rather than relaxed, if the speedy and complete defeat of our enemies is to be accomplished," he said.

Tax Programmes and Price Control

Mr. McCulloch dealt at some length with the government's revenue producing and price control legislation, and pointed out that it is of the greatest importance that all citizens give maximum encouragement and support to these undertakings. A constant reduction in consumption of non-essential goods is necessary to help prevent the evils of inflation. "It is of the greatest importance," he said, "that in their own interests, life insurance policyholders should strongly support all anti-inflation measures undertaken by our Government. It is natural and desirable that a substantial portion of the purchasing power derived from the national income now in the hands of the public should be translated into protection through life insurance. It will thus be available for the support of the war by its investment in Government War Loans. If further inflation is to be avoided, this available purchasing power must not be expended on non-essentials and this hazard is definitely reduced by the steadily increasing application of these funds to the purchase of additional life assurance."

Manpower Problems

Mr. McCulloch made reference to the manpower problems and stated that the necessity of maintaining a high level of production in war industries, and the ever-increasing need for workers, both male and female, to produce war equipment and supplies, will undoubtedly have an increasing effect on the personnel of life insurance companies. This inevitable transference of labour will make it impossible for the companies to render as complete and efficient

service as they have done in the past. Social Security and Life Insurance. Dealing with post-war problems, Mr. McCulloch welcomed the signs, already abundant, that social security on a more liberal scale than previously attempted is receiving the serious consideration of high authorities in Canada, and in all the democratic countries. "I have little doubt," said the speaker, "that the situation of life insurance, which has rendered such effective and beneficial social and economic service during recent generations, through successive periods of prosperity and depression, in times of peace and world war, will prove equal to the demands which may be made upon it. The courage, integrity and devotion to public welfare which actuated the phenomenal development of life insurance during the past century will, I am convinced, continue to manifest themselves in the reconstruction period which lies before us."

Outlook For 1943

Mr. McCulloch expressed his belief that the coming year will be one of the most momentous in history, calling for fortitude, energy and patience on the part of all. Referring to the commendable part Canada is playing in the world struggle, he said: "As Canadians, we are justly proud of the combined productivity of our manpower and natural resources, an achievement which has mounted to heights never before contemplated. The contribution which our relatively small population is now at last making to the cause of freedom has exceeded expectations. The task of each of us will be to make our individual contributions to the contribution and development of our strength that we may help as greatly as possible in the tasks which lie before us."

In Winter

(By S. M. J., Timmins)

The trees put on their diamond wraps, For nature is a-going— To the glittering ball of wintertime, And gaily will be showing— Fun and frolic, for the youngsters gay— Who love to tumble and laugh and play.

Ski, and skate and hibernate, In tunnels and forts and igloos snowy, Till cheeks are rosy, and eyes aglow With laughter and health— How they love the snow!

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