



Mr. St. Laurent, new Secretary of State for External Affairs.



Norman Robertson, new Canadian High Commissioner to the United Kingdom.



Hume Wrong, new Canadian Ambassador to Washington.

Grey Roses

By PETER BENEDICT

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 bounding. 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 indoors," said Jim, looking 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 most deeply and poignantly, and now beyond this garden. He rushed home that day frightened out of his wits, and since then he most look at a grey raven. We conclude that he saw the murder, and got a shock which made him ill, found herself wishing that Charles could have felt 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 she went back to the house, 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 unbelief.

In the airy morning-room Jim laid Hughie down upon a couch, and he was conscious and no longer in fear. His eyes were strangely calm and wide open, as if they had ceased to contemplate a boggy he could not forget. He lay where he was placed, utterly docile, and apart from the shock and a few bruises, quite unharmed.

"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.

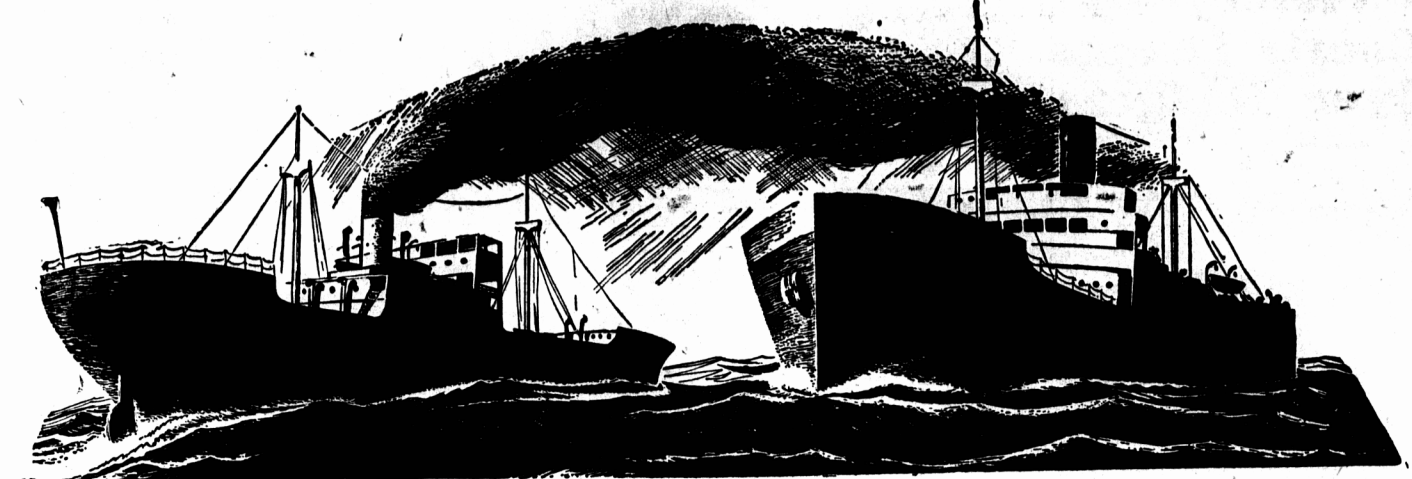
"But what really happened?" she asked. "Was it a fit?"

"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.

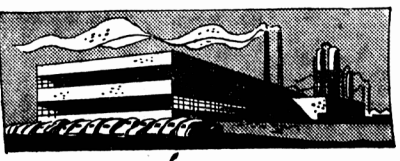
Once the loam and grass stains were removed, Hughie's hurts proved to be few and small; an unbroken bruise upon his forehead over one temple, several scratches from the roses, and a small torn wound in one wrist where he had dragged it over the jagged edge



1 Producing goods to load the outgoing ships creates more business for all. For instance . . .



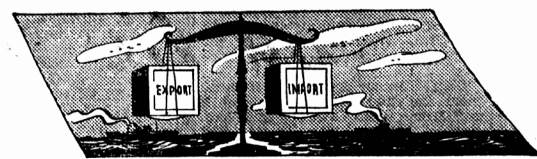
2 Farmers raise more products to be sold in other countries . . .



3 There are more jobs in factories, as more goods are manufactured to sell abroad . . .



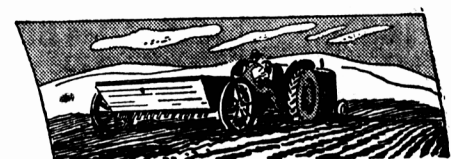
4 We get better values at home, too, for it costs less to make goods in large quantities . . .



5 The money we get from our foreign customers helps us to pay for goods they make and we need . . .



6 So our factories get the imported materials they must have . . . like tin, chemicals, fibres . . .



7 Some of these materials become binder twine, bags, insecticides and other items that help our farmers raise and market their crops . . .



8 And we all get a variety of things we cannot grow here, such as tropical fruits, coffee . . . for our tables . . .



9 Or cottons and linens, for our clothes . . . rugs for our floors . . . gasoline for our cars . . .



10 So everyone has better times, more money to spend, and better merchandise to spend it on.

The magic circle

Look at these ships. When both ride low in the water, we have good times. Do you know why?

The Outgoing ship is loaded with goods we make, and production of these goods makes work and wages. The Incoming ship is loaded with foreign goods. These goods also make work and wages; they are either used in manufacturing or retailed in our stores.

This Magic Circle of Foreign Trade pays more than one-third of all the wages and salaries in Canada. It creates work equal to 3 jobs in every 8. This means your pay envelope, your job, or your business profit—not just some other fellow's.

And here's how you can help to keep the Magic Circle producing good times for you: First, be cheerful and patient when you are asked to wait a little longer for merchandise you want. Give the people who produce it a chance to ship all they can overseas, for if we do not supply our foreign customers NOW, we will lose them; Second, put your best into everything you produce, for some of it will find its way into foreign markets . . . where it will either make or mar our future business.

Everyone who buys or sells goods abroad helps create prosperity in Canada. That is why we have a Foreign Trade Service in the Department of Trade and Commerce. It maintains Trade Commissioners in 29 countries, and an experienced export and import staff at head office, to collect the most up-to-date information on foreign markets, and give practical help to every business that wishes to buy or sell in other countries.

HON. JAMES A. MacKINNON, MINISTER
M. W. MACKENZIE, DEPUTY MINISTER

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HAMPSHIRE W. L.

The regular monthly meeting of the Hampshire Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. George Kitson on Tuesday evening, Sept. 10th.

We opened our meeting by singing the "Institute" Ode and repeating the "Creed" in unison. The President, Mrs. Hibbert Tremere then welcomed the members from Kingston Women's Institute. The roll call was responded to with 14 members and 1 visitor present. The minutes were then read and approved.

The business part of the meeting was then conducted. It was decided to hold a pantry sale at Rogers' Hardware store on Saturday, September 14th. Mrs. John Edwards, Mrs. Harry Edwards, Mrs. Charles Larter and Mrs. Hibbert Tremere were appointed to look after the sale.

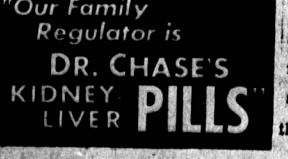
There was one more quilt block turned in making a total of 19 blocks. Lyla Watts offered to put the quilts together.

The reports of the various committees were heard and the bill of 24c was received and paid. A letter from the Salvation Army was read and it was moved and seconded that we give \$15.00 to the Army \$5.00 to be taken out of the funds and the remainder made up by the members giving 50c each.

The new committees were appointed as follows—School—Mrs. Hedley MacPherson and Mrs. Redvers Stewart (re-elected). Lunch—Mrs. Winslow Watts, Mrs. Alec Larter, Mrs. Heath Larter and Alice Edwards. Mrs. Heath Larter invited the members to her home for next meeting. Sick—Mrs. Lornie Watts and Mrs. George Kitson (re-elected).

The collection was taken up amounting to \$120. The amount in the gift box now totals \$1,522, also there was \$2.00 received from the members for the Salvation Army. It was moved and seconded that the meeting be adjourned followed by singing the "National Anthem."

The following program was then heard: Recitation—on Stewart Solo—Audrey Kitson. Musical Selections by Mrs. Winslow Watts, Instrumental music by Mrs. Winslow Watts, Messrs. Hieby Campbell and Roland Ward. Mrs. Green on behalf of the members of Kingston Women's Institute thanked the Institute for the pleasant evening spent. Lunch was served by the hostess assisted by the ladies. The August meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Larter.



TWO ROUGES ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Lipstick will stay on much longer and touch-ups will be much more infrequent if you'll use two—one

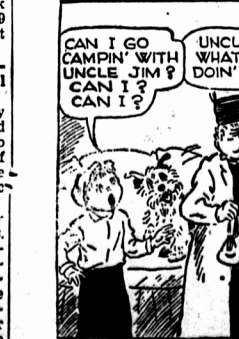
IMMENSE RED AS A BASE, THE OTHER THE SHADE YOU WANT

Best method of application—well use up and down strokes—not

CROSSWAYS AGAINST THE GRAIN. BEFORE APPLYING THE BASE COAT, POWDER YOUR LIPS. NEXT, USE THE LIGHTER COLOR, PUT ON IN THE SAME VERTICAL STROKES. THEN BLOT CAREFULLY WITH TISSUE.

THIS TAKES ABOUT TEN MINUTES TO DO, BUT WITH ONE OR TWO TOUCHUPS THE JOB WILL LAST ALL DAY. WHAT'S MORE, THIS MAKE-UP WILL WITHSTAND BEVERAGES, THE SUPREME TEST OF LIPSTICK INDIVIDUALITY.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER

