

### Grey Roses

By PETER BENEDICT

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."

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 clock-work 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 have—"

"But he's not really my brother you're interested in."

"Not first and foremost," agreed Jim thoughtfully, "though I 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.

"Gilded, 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 charm, and well she knows it."

He kissed her, a leisurely proceeding, and 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. The fact is, I get 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 today—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.

#### CHAPTER XIV

"Come in," said Dr. Maurice Wayland, himself holding open the door.

Jim stepped from the burning orange glow of the sunset into the

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dim and faintly-fragrant gloom of a paneled hall, and followed the doctor across it into a small study.

"Take a seat, Mr. Foley. Drink?"

Doctor Wayland was unusually hearty, thought Jim. He had put away, it seemed, his animosity. For that, Jim was sure, had been the real cause of the doctor's attitude that morning.

"Thanks, yes, a short one."

They sat facing each other, in two brown hide easy chairs set one on either side of the fireplace. The air between them was shadowy, all the vibrant reflected light splashed over the farthest wall of the room.

"Well," said Dr. Wayland, setting himself well back, his glasses poised in one hand, "well, you wanted to talk to me about some matter or other. By the way, how does the boy seem?"

"Oh, he'll be all right. In point of fact, his mind's more at ease than it has been since the day of the—"

He looked across sharply at the doctor, and repeated with soft emphasis, "—since the day of the murder. Hughie Horton saw the—murder. He's been trying to forget that he saw it ever since, but this morning his nerves took charge of him, and the suppression erupted in that very peculiar fit. And now it's off his chest, so to speak, and he'll be better. But I'm sorry you couldn't identify his fit. And now it's off his chest, so to speak, and he'll be better. But I'm sorry you couldn't identify his fit. I feel a certain scientific curiosity, doctor."

He smiled. Wayland was watching him closely with his heavy, deep-set eyes across the rim of the glasses.

"Was it about the boy you wanted to see me?" he asked abruptly.

"Not directly, no—if you mean about his health. No, it's rather about his significance to his health. You see, I can't help feeling that Charles Sievier is being left holding the baby over this Austin Hart case."

"I think it quite possible, of course, but not probable. You were here at the time, and you know how damning the circumstances were."

"Yes," agreed Jim, "yes, that's true. But I never realized quite how damning they were until I heard you running over them for Thea's benefit. That was a masterly summing-up, if I may say so. If you had been prosecuting the case you could have done no better."

A slow flush rose along the doctor's neck, but he maintained his calm stolidity, and his eyes met Jim's without a quiver. He said coolly:

"I'm afraid you're a bit of a partisan, Mr. Foley. Miss Sievier is a very attractive girl, and passionately fond of her brother. Are you sure you're not seeing the affair through her eyes?"

"No need," said Jim. "I'm acquainted with Charles myself."

"I see. But even if Charles has—as you say—been left holding the baby, isn't your job as his friend and advocate rather to find out whose the baby really is?"

"But I know that," said Jim. (To be continued.)

CHATHAM, England — Mrs. Katherine Wood, who is nearly 58, gave birth to her 16th baby on the family allowances started Aug. 6.

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#### Ellens Diary

Continued From Page 2)

gress made at the work there it is because there was small time to follow it and at meal times we spoke of other things. It was a beautiful harvest day and welcome after the greyness of yesterday's showers. I recall now that this afternoon when for a short space of time I relieved Jeanie of her small one and held her in my arms, where presently she slept tightly, I saw the loveliness of the wind-dappled waters in the pond and Mr. C's field of grain on the slope above, held waves of light and shade set there by the sunshine and the breath of the passing breeze. A truck-load of logs turned in towards the mill and I saw the mailman cross the "county bridge" on his second round. For the moment I thought that nothing had changed, from the happier incidents of any other day until I was aware again of the wee wee girl I held in my arms. But now James comes to the door to remind me: "The babe's awake, Ellen— Perhaps you could. Then I must be off again to see if I can help Jeanie in the small quiet house that lies in the moonlight across the lanp."

Until tomorrow. . . Diary. . . Good-night

#### More Than 100 Buildings Sold

OTTAWA, Sept. 18—(CP)—More than 100 buildings, formerly occupied by the armed services or used in emergency industrial projects, have been sold by war assets corporation during the first half of September. It was announced today. Most of the structures will be demolished to provide supplies of scarce building material, and others will serve to relieve housing shortages, or for public service projects.

At Ripley near Fredericton, a pump house and a 50,000-gallon tank at the former internment camp, were sold to the land, parks and forest branch of the Federal Department of Mines and Resources to be used for forest services purposes, particularly forest fire

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In Quebec the Co-operative D'electricite de Gaspé Sud bought two structures at H.M.C.S. Fort Ramsay, the former Gaspé Naval base.

Seven buildings at No. 10 Release Centre (Air) Moncton, N.B., were acquired by the Department of Veterans' Affairs for Soldiers' Settlement purposes.

#### 4-year-old Is Fatally Injured

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Sept. 18—(CP)—Four-year-old Bernard Price was fatally injured this afternoon when struck by a car at the corner of Brunswick and

Erin Streets. Another accident occurred 15 minutes later in the same district on Prince Edward Street, when a truck hit Charles Lenihan, also aged four. He was taken to hospital for observation.

#### Expect Early Settlement

GLACE BAY, N.S., Sept. 18—(CP)—Settlement of the dispute

which tied up the Cadenan Fish Plant here last Friday is expected soon. Pat Slade, secretary of Local No. 5 Canadian Fish Handlers' Union, said tonight.

The night shift walked out when one of the engineers was dismissed. No reason was given for his dismissal so the men quit work in protest. They return to work Saturday pending investigation of the incident.

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