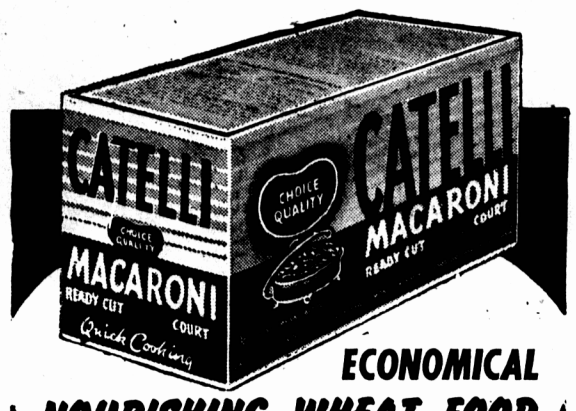

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Grey Roses

By PETER BENEDICT

"The worst possible. He's dead. Found dead in his garden at about eleven-fifty this morning."

Charles swung on his heel, wildly, his eyes flaring under the saturnine brows, his mouth fallen open. Jane caught her breath in a gasp of protest.

"Oh, no! Oh, Jim, he couldn't!"

"I'm afraid it's only too true. There's nothing to be done about it. I was there, and I've seen him."

"But—I just can't realize it. Why? Was it his heart? He didn't look a heart subject."

"He wasn't. That's the whole point."

"Then was there some sort of an accident?"

Jim's eyes were fixed upon Charles as he answered: "No, you could hardly call it an accident. He was lying in the rose-garden, battered to death—the garden was simply torn to pieces round him, and there was a hole in his head you could put your fist in."

It was brutal to Jane perhaps but it had little effect upon Charles. His face was blank with consternation and concern, but bore no shadow of personal guilt or fear. The terms in which the tragedy was described did not affect him.

Jane had shrunk into herself, and sat there tilting her palette perilously over her stockings, and staring in a sick way at Jim. Her lips moved, but without sound.

"Thea!" said Charles in a frantic whisper. "My hat, how awful! The poor kid! Who on earth is looking after things for her? I—" He turned upon Jane with a hurried gesture. "I'll be back Jane. Later on—don't hang about for me."

He plunged away from them with all the suddenness of a rainstorm, and was gone through the lofty echoing spaces of the church, and in a moment the door had closed behind him. Jim and Jane were left wretchedly regarding each other, with an odd, undisguised look which left the thoughts of each open to the other.

"He didn't do it," said Jane in a small wooden voice.

"No, I don't think he did. Or he wouldn't have run away to her like that. No, he didn't do it. But what do you know about it, Jane?"

She looked down, and carefully laid aside her palette. Her mouth was taut, her brows knit in a bewildered frown.

"I know he went there this morning. It was mad—I told him so. I tried to keep him from going, but you know what he is; it's like arguing with a pig-headed child. He said he couldn't stand it any longer. He said if only he could have it out with Hart, man to man, he was sure he could talk sense into him. I told him not to be a fool; but he went just the same."

"And what time did he come back?" asked Jim.

"He was late for lunch. It must have been about a quarter to one, but I didn't look at the time, actually. He—he didn't say anything. I could tell they'd had a bad scene. He looked awful —furious and ill and—and murderous. I didn't ask him what had happened. But he didn't do it, you know."

"No," said Jim, "but it happened. Somebody did it. The man's dead."

"But please let me be sure that you believe me.' She put up her hand and touched his arm. "He couldn't have done a thing like that, Jim. You must see that.'

"I do. Most completely, Jane, believe me."

But he thought, with the touch of her hand still and persuasive upon his sleeve, and her anxious eyes watching him imploringly: "But who else is going to see it?"

CHAPTER IX

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH

Thea was sitting at the tea-table when the knock came at the door.

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The maid unconsulted, had brought in the tray as usual. She was a young local girl, safe from the more terrifying repercussions of murder; and as for the excitements which followed Austin Hart's body into the house, the comings and goings of police and doctors and photographers, they were meat and drink to her hungrily imaginative young mind.

She had stuck to her normal time-table, and tea had made its punctual appearance at four o'clock. From sheer habit, Thea had sat down at the table and poured herself a cup. But that done, she had forgotten to drink it; it stood before her still, stone cold.

She heard the knock, and felt in her mind a stab of fear and impatience. She had been pestered more than enough for one day. After the doctor's inquisition, the local sergeant of police, and the police surgeon and the police photographer; and then a persistent young reporter.

She was grateful for Maurice. In the midst of treacherous uncertainties, wherein she could trust no one, he remained steady and firm and dependable, demanding much of her, perhaps, and sparing her nothing in the interests of truth, but mercifully present in her difficulties, and utterly to be relied upon.

He had stayed with her until the police had left, and had departed then only with the gentle assurance that he would return at once whenever she should call upon him. Dear Maurice! In spite of all his rigidity for justice, what would she have done without him in this crisis? But it was not only of Maurice Wayland she was thinking. There was another man who persistently insinuated himself into her thoughts.

She rose, went out quickly into the hall, and opened the front door.

Charles Sievier was standing on the doorstep.

He was hatless, his eyes a little narrowed and his brows drawn against the sun. He leaned forward eagerly at sight of her; and it was as if he had given silent utterance to an exclamation of pity and anger at her wan face. But he did not speak. There was not one word said between them.

Thea saw and was sorry for what she did to him. It was not her fault. She did not know how her face looked under the cloudy hair, how softly inflexible was the set of her lips, how unhappy antagonistic her eyes through the misty look of weariness and regret. Nor, perhaps, did she realize how clearly her thoughts were revealed by that delicately tinted face in which she felt so little interest, but at which he started with such devouring eagerness.

He drew back as if he had come bodily against the barrier between them. She saw the thoughts passing slowly through his mind: "She believes that I did it. She knows—she believes she knows—I killed him.

Nothing was said. They stood staring at each other for a moment with the most tragic intensity. The hands Charles had half-extended to her fell slowly to his sides. The shadow fell upon his face and his frown smoothed itself out, leaving his lean face stonily incredulous. His self-confidence was gone. She believed he had killed Austin Hart.

Nothing so terrible had ever happened to him; all that young unthinking armour of assurance was gone before her glance. If she could believe it of him, so could others. There was nothing too incredible to happen. Charles was lost and angry and forlorn in a world of infinitely horrible potentialities.

He had turned away. He could not, even if she had stood aside to let him in, have entered that house or remained a moment longer in her presence, after she had looked at him with that helpless and significant look. But he heard the soft click of the latch slipping home, and it checked him for a moment, though he did not look round. It was like being shut out of the possibility of her companionship; not for a brief period only, but for ever.

He went back slowly through the village, not towards the church but to the open door of the Swan, and up the black oak stairs and in the studio.

"I WAS LOOKING LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF"

Jane was there, sitting upon the broadest window-sill, and Jim Foley was standing beside her with his hand brotherly upon her shoulder and his voice gentle and persuasive in her ear. Charles could see that she had been crying. He wondered for the first time, and with a sick pain at his heart, if she thought he had killed Hart. Up to then he had been incapable of conceiving such a wonder.

He said "Hullo!" One had to say something sooner or later.

Jane said nothing for a moment. She watched him lower himself gloomily into a canvas chair, and settle himself with his face turned away from them. Then she uttered slowly: "Charles——"

"Hullo?"

"Charles, you may as well talk it out. You'll have to, you know sooner or later, so you'd better get used to the idea. Charles——" The faintest hesitancy came into her voice. "Charles did she believe you? You told her, I suppose —I mean, your side of it?"

There was a silence of some danger, But Charles' powers of resentment were crippled with the killing blow to his selflove. He said ungraciously but meekly:

"No, I didn't tell her anything, I didn't stay. She thinks I did it." As simply as that, with that hopeless, incredulous hurt rage breaking in at the end.

Jane sniffed. Fears for Charles were amazing at this mature age, but, after all, he was her pig-headed and helpless brother, and his worries rebounded upon her. She said aggressively.

"She would! As if she couldn't tell by one glance at you, that it was impossible——"

"I don't suppose you were as sure as all that yourself," said Charles, with awful logic.

"I—Charles!" But she subsided. The tears had not been altogether for Charles, but partly for herself. She pursued more coherently and much more directly: "You went there this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes I went there."

"You quarrelled with him," took up Jim quietly.

"Yes—if you must know."

"I do know. I was in the house at the time, talking to Thea, and I heard you. You were a fool to go there at all and a bigger fool to raise your voice so that half the village could hear."

"I know," said Charles, past resentment.

(To Be Continued)

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Georgetown And Vicinity

Miss Phyllis White of Charlottetown visited at the home of Mrs. Florence Jenkins on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Gotell, is spending a few days in Pictou, with her daughter, Mrs. Milton Hemmill.

Miss Margaret Campbell of Boston, Mass., is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Raymond Solomon.

Friends of Miss MacKeeman will be sorry to hear that she has entered the P. E. Island Hospital for treatment. All hope for a quick and complete recovery.

Mrs. Raymond Solomon arrived home on Monday following a successful operation in the Charlottetown City Hospital.

The Georgetown softball team defeated Cardigan on Cardigan diamond by the score of 9-6 on Monday evening and took the cup for the championship of Central Kings County in two straight games. This beautiful cup was donated by Major John A. MacDonald, M.L.A., of Cardigan.

The many friends of Mr Raymond Soloman, will be pleased to hear that his condition is improving and wish him a speedy recovery.

Wedding at Georgetown

A pretty wedding took place in St. James Roman Catholic Church, Georgetown on Wednesday, September 4th, when Catherine Sara Fitzgerald, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fitzgerald was united in marriage to Walter Aeneas Conohan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Conohan of Cardigan.

Nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. O. Kiggins. Given away by her father, the bride was becomingly attired in a street length dress of pink sheer, with Mary Queen of Scots headdress, with finger tip veil and white accessories and carried a bouquet of snapdragons and roses with maiden hair fern. She was attended by her sister, Miss Frances Fitzgerald of Charlottetown who wore a street length dress of aqua marine silk jersey, with white accessories and a corsage of snapdragon and roses with maiden hair fern.

The groom was supported by Mr. Leonard MacIntyre of Cardigan.

Immediately following the ceremony a sumptuous breakfast was held at the home of the bride, to the immediate relatives and friends. Following the wedding breakfast the happy couple left on a honeymoon trip through the Maritimes. For travelling the bride donned a black Chesterfield coat with matching accessories. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Conohan will reside in Cardigan, where the groom is a valued member of the firm of J. A. MacDonald and Co., of Cardigan.

Their many friends join in wishing the happy couple many years of joyous married life. —G.

NOTHING WASTED IN INDIAN ARMY

NEW DELHI, India, Sept 4. — (CP) — Indian Army salvage depots have adopted the slogan, "Nothing is Useless" and have taxed their ingenuity to find ways of utilizing old and apparently worn-out equipment.

Linen backing of old maps for example, is used for bandages and old mosquito netting makes colored curtains or food covers for hospitals. Army greatcoats that can no longer keep anyone warm now keep water cool and bottles serve as flower vases, drinking glasses and ash trays.

In Memoriam

In memory of Mrs. John R. Marks, who died September 6, 1925.

Death can never take away
The love our hearts hold dear
Sweet her memory lingers with us
At the dawn of another year.

Husband and Family.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

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THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA, Belfast, Belle River, Sunday, September 8th. Belle River 11.00. Eldon 7.30. Eldon A. Gunn, B. A. Student-Minister.

VIOLIN, Guitars, Harmonicas now at Toombs Music Store.

APPOINTED TO PRINCE STREET SCHOOL — Mrs. Winnifred MacEwen and Mrs. Marguerite Woodside Phillips have been appointed to the teaching staff of Prince Street School.

CONGRATULATIONS — Mr. Frederick Newson recently celebrated his 82nd birthday at the home of his daughter, Mrs Leslie J. Prowse, Brackley.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Services for Kinross, September 8th, cancelled. Services Capt Travers 11 A. M. DeSable 3 P. M. Stanchel 7.30 P. M. Rev. J. H. Bishop.

HAMPTON UNITED CHURCH.—Services Sunday, September 8th. Minister, Rev. Peter Jackson, Bonshaw 11 A. M. DeSable 3 P. M. Victoria 7.30 P. M.

CAVENDISH UNITED CHURCH. Sunday, September 8th. Public Worship. 11.00 A. M. Cavendish. 7.30 P. M. New Glasgow. Rev. E. F. Coffin, Minister.

ENGAGEMENT. — Mr. and Mrs. George D. Sherren, St. Catherines, announce the engagement of their daughter Doris Isabell to David Stuart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Holm of DeSable. Marriage to take place in the near future.

ENGAGEMENT. — Mr. and Mrs. Alex M. Beaton, Flat River, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter Ann Marie to Mr. Norman Wray of Leominster, Mass. Marriage to take place in the near future.

ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Belfast, Annual Memorial and Cemetery Service will be held next Sunday, September 8th, at 2.30, (Standard Time.) Guest Preacher, the Reverend T. E. MacLennan, Pastor, Trinity United Church, Charlottetown.

SUNDAY SERVICES. — Service on Sunday, September 8th at Cross Roads at 11 A. M. Alexandra at 7.30 P. M. Rev. John Carr of Lord's Cove, N. B., will be the speaker at both services. Rev. Sterling Stackhouse, Minister.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.—Services on Sunday, September 8th will be as follows: Wood Islands 11.00 A. M. Caledonia 3.00 P.M. Murray Harbour 7.30 P.M. Rev. T. A. A. Duke, Minister.

CENTRAL PARISH. — Services for Sunday, September 8th. Canoe Cove 11 A. M. S. S. 10.15 A. M. Clyde River Cemetery Memorial Service 3 P. M. S. S. 2 P. M. Rev. Dr. M. E. Genge, guest speaker. Nine Mile Creek 7.30 P. M. T. W. Goodwill, Minister.

WINSLOE UNITED CHARGE.—Services Sunday, September 8th. Highfield 11.00 A. M. Princetown Road 4.00 P. M. Winsloe South 7.30 P.M. (Daylight Saving Time). Special Missionary Offering at Winsloe South Young People's postponed until next week. J. Heber Kean, Student Minister.

TRYON — BONSHAW BAPTIST CHURCHES, Sunday, September 8th. As a precautionary measure there will be no services at Albany, Tryon and Westmoreland this Sunday. Rev. C. A. Hicks, Pastor.

POWNAL CHARGE. — United Church of Canada, special services marking the Centennial of Pownal's organization as a circuit of the Methodist Church will be held on September the 8th and 15th. Services on the 8th as follows: Pownal 11.00 A. M. and 8.00 P. M. (D. S. T.) Millview 2.30 P. M. (A. S. T.) Rev. E. R. MacVicar, Minister.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA. — Services for Sunday, September 8th will be as follows:—Marshfield 11 A. M. Highfield 3.15 P. M. Mt. Stewart 7.30 P. M. Sunday Schools—Marshfield 10.00 A. M. Harrington 10.30 A. M. Highfield 2.30 P. M. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed at Highfield. Rev. Norman Young, Minister.

VISITING N. S.—Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stevens and six children, Georgetown, P. E. I., who visited for a week on Pictou Island with her mother, Mrs. Annie Patterson, arrived in town on Saturday and will spend a few days in Trenton with her sisters, Mrs. Florence Campbell and Mrs. Charles E. Stevens.—New Glasgow News.

MEMORIAL SERVICE. — The Annual Memorial Service of the Clyde River Cemetery will be held in Burnside Presbyterian Church, Clyde River on Sunday, September 8th at 3 P. M. The Rev. Dr. Morgan E. Genge will be the guest speaker. There will be a mixed choir under the direction of Mrs. Fulford Darrach, organist and choir leader, who will render a musical programme. The Cemetery Committee are asking for a special offering for the upkeep of the Cemetery. Donations to the Cemetery fund will be gratefully accepted.

VISITING FRIENDS. — Miss Doris MacCormack was home from Montreal, Que., where she is with the Eastern Trust Company, spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. MacCormack, Robertson St. She also visited her aunts, Mrs. Margaret MacCormack, Sister Mary James and Sister Joseph Agatha of Charlottetown. P. E. I., for a few days and she left Friday to stop over for a short visit with her sister, Mrs. F. B. McCarten in Moncton, on her way back to Montreal.—New Glasgow News.

DON'T WAIT. Order now, Blankets, tailored Shirts, Suits, Dresses, also Hose, everything to fit, from S. F. Tarbush, 237 Richmond St.

RECEIVES APPOINTMENT — Squadron-Leader C. W. Higgins, D. F. C., son of Police Sergeant W.L. Higgins and Mrs. Higgins, has been appointed manager of the Charlottetown branch office of the War Assets Corporation. The new office is located in the Crafton Street building also occupied by the Unemployment Service Commission.

BARLOW - BOULTER — The marriage of Jessie Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Boulter, of Albany, P.E.I., to Mr. Walter Copley Barlow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Barlow, of Ottawa, was solemnized at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon in First Baptist Church by Major Walter T. Steven. Mrs. W.B. Armstrong played the wedding music. Given in marriage by her mother, the bride was attended by Miss Jeannette MacDonald. Mr. Reginald Barlow was best man for his brother, and the ushers were Mr. Norman Stinson and Mr. Jerry Kendall. The bride wore an afternoon frock of turquoise, with black accessories and a corsage bouquet of Happy Time roses. Following a reception at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow left for Montreal. Going away the bride wore a navy blue suit, with matching hat, and tan accessories. They will take up residence in Ottawa. — Ottawa Journal.

WEDS P. E. I. MAN —St. James' Anglican Church was the setting for the marriage solemnized Tuesday evening by Rev. Father H. Whitehead between Gwendoline, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.O. Matthews, 1827 Cornwall Street, and Mr. Lloyd Westaway Manuel, second son of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Manuel of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Given in marriage by her father, the bride was dressed in a grey softly tailored suit with grey hat trimmed with fuschia, and lizart accessories. She wore an orchid corsage. Mrs. J. A. Nelson, matron of honor, wore a pale blue dressmaker suit, with matching accessories, and a gardenia corsage. Mr. Randolph Clerihue was best man, and ushers were Mr. J. A. Nelson and Mr. A. Anderson. After a reception in the York Room, Hotel Georgia, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel left for a wedding trip on Vancouver Island. They will reside in Vancouver.—(Vancouver News-Herald, Aug. 28)

Personals

Mrs. Ray Frizzell left yesterday by bus on a week's holiday with friends in Pictou, N. S.

The Misses Gabrielle and Theresa Paquet of Souris left for Moncton, N. B., during the past week.

Mr. James Revell, engineer, C.N.R. has entered the City Hospital for treatment. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Miss Dorothy Burt of Berlin, New Hampshire has returned to her home after spending a pleasant vacation visiting relatives and friends on P. E. Island.

Mr. W. H. V. Dunbar of Eastern Securities Ltd. left yesterday for Ottawa to attend a conference regarding the forthcoming Canada Savings Bond issue.

Mrs. S. E. Donahue and daughter Faith left by plane this morning on return to New York after spending a pleasant holiday with Mrs. Donahue's sister, Mrs. George Stewart, Bedford, and brother Alex McKenzie, Scotchfort.

Mrs. Myrtle MacLeod, Quincy, Mass., and Miss Belle Bruce, Montreal, who have been conducting Daily Vacation Bible Schools in the Province of New Brunswick, during July and August, under the Canadian Sunday School Mission, are spending a brief vacation visiting relatives and friends on Prince Edward Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Perry, returned home Saturday after spending a very pleasant holiday visiting the former's sister, Mrs. John Harrington, Chelsea Mass., and the latter's sister, Mrs. Gertrude Whitehead, Waltham, Mass. While visiting Boston they were lucky enough to see a ball game between the Boston Red Sox and Chicago White Sox.

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The baffling thing about low blood count is that you can weigh about as much as you ever did—even look healthy and strong, yet—you can feel as if you had lead in your legs, dopey, tired and pepless.
Low blood count means you haven't got enough red blood corpuscles. It is their vital job to carry life-giving oxygen from your lungs throughout your body. And just as it takes oxygen to explode gasoline in your car and make the power to turn the wheels, so you must have plenty of oxygen to explode the energy in your body and give you going power.
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Auction Sale

For Sale by Public Auction on the premises of Harry Chappell, North Granville, on

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th

AT 1 P. M. Standard Time

his farm consisting of 70 acres of land, sixteen acres of wood and lumber, the rest clear with good buildings and well watered, also

5 head of Cattle
12 Foxes
1 Fox Hound, trained
1 Separator
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Truck Wagon, Harrows, Plow, Scuffler and Mowing Machine, one Hay Fork and Ropes, Forks, Shovels; also one 1936 Durant Car, coach, in good running order. All new tires.

A quantity of Hay and Grain, Potatoes and Turnips.

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QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

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