

BROKEN

RUBY M. AYRES

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

So this was Julie Farrow! a woman whose love affairs were notorious although she was said to be only eight and twenty, a woman for whose worthless sake only six months ago a young fool, had, in a moment of hysterical disillusionment, taken his life. Giles Chittenham put down his iced drink and shifted his position a little in order to get a better view of her.

She was very plainly dressed. She was entirely without jewellery of any kind, without even a wedding ring. Rodney had complained that Julia Farrow was not interested in diamonds.

"She won't let me give her anything. She says she hates diamonds. She won't take anything from me. I only wish to God she would."

This woman was certainly unique; there was nothing of the stereotyped adventuress about her, and possibly therein lay her chief attraction.

Rodney at any rate had adored her, adored her so madly that one night, convinced at last that she would have nothing to do with him, he had upset a skiff near the weir at Maidenhead and put an end to his life.

Rodney was a powerful swimmer, but a coroner's jury had brought in accidental death, and only Chittenham ever saw a letter which the boy had posted to him in America an hour before his death, declaring his intention

"She's done with me. she's forbidden me to go near her again."

Chittenham had destroyed the letter as soon as he had read it. Of what use to stir up muddy water when Rodney was gone?

Chittenham had been out of England for nearly two years looking after interests in South America, and he had only returned on account of Rodney's death, and in order to wind up his affairs. Rodney and he were half-brothers.

Giles knew that he would be treated to a week of hysterics when he and his mother met. He was sorry for his mother, but he had always found her wearisome. In his heart he was amazed that she had ever managed to find two husbands.

Rodney had been like his mother. The boy's tragic death had been a severe blow to Giles and he had subconsciously determined that if ever he met Julie Farrow she should not be allowed to go unpunished.

He knew that she was a divorced woman; he knew that there were many unsavory stories told of her, although Rodney had always been her loyal champion.

"If you saw her you'd understand," Rodney wrote. "She's so wonderful. All women are not as rotten as you think they are. You've probably been unlucky, but we don't all have the same experience."

Giles had certainly been unlucky, but Rodney had not known of his brother's marriage at all, and neither had anybody else in England.

His wife was an American girl named Sadie Barrow, whom he had married because she had amused him, and because she had seemed to expect him to marry her.

That was a year ago, and they had lived more or less of a detached life since. She did not want homelife, she wanted to be here.

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That was a year ago, and they had lived more or less of a detached life since. She did not want homelife, she wanted to be here, and everywhere, and when Giles objected she reminded him that she was financially independent of him and meant to do as she chose. After six months' bickering, Giles gave in and let her go her own way.

They met occasionally, and then always by Sadie's own request. She was in New York when the news came of Rodney's death, and Giles had cabled to her that he was going to England. Her reply had been characteristic.

"Your funeral, not mine. Not coming."

Chittenham did not care; as a matter of fact her refusal to accompany him was a relief. He wished to keep his marriage a secret. It was on his way across the Atlantic that a sudden distaste for the reason of his journey, seized upon Giles.

So he left the ship at Cherbourg, wandered up to Paris and ran into Harry Lombard whom he had not seen for five years.

Lombard had a business in Paris, and although he had not met Rodney for some time, he apparently knew all the details of the tragedy and a great deal about Julie Farrow.

along to London together. He rather liked Lombard.

Lombard shook his head. "Sorry, but I'm off to Switzerland to-morrow on business for the firm." A sudden bright idea came to him. "You come along with me. I shall only be gone a few days. There's no hurry to get home, is there?"

"None. A few days one way or the other can make no difference."

And that was how Fate bent Giles Chittenham to her will. He went off to Switzerland with Lombard the same night, and a day or two later met Julie Farrow on the steamboat between Lausanne and Montreux.

It was Lombard who recognized her and pointed her out.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he asked.

"You might introduce me," Chittenham answered, and a moment later the two men were crossing the deck together.

Julie Farrow smiled and held out her hand.

Lombard presented Chittenham. He glanced enquiringly at the woman beside Julie, who was looking on with calm eyes. Julie introduced them.

"Mr. Lombard—Mr. Chittenham—Miss Lennox."

"Are you staying long?" Lombard enquired.

The two women looked at one another and smiled.

"If Julie's afraid to tell you, I will," Bim Lennox said in her calm, unruffled voice. "We're out here to settle a mad wager. Julie's got a car and in a moment of mental conceit she made a bet with me that she would drive from Villeneuve right up through the St. Bernard Pass and back again."

"I've been through the Pass twice," Lombard said. "And there's nothing very alarming about it if the weather's all right. I should say that you will lose your bet, Miss Lennox."

Julie took off her hat, letting the cool breeze from the lake blow through her hair, and Chittenham saw that she had beautiful hair, a queer mixture of brown and golden and coppery shades.

"Dyed, of course," he told himself, and knew that he lied.

Julie moved her chair back a little

and spoke to Chittenham. "Isn't it a perfectly glorious day?" she asked. "And don't you love these sort of places, and the blue sky, and the bluer lake and the sunshine? They all make me feel so excited and happy." Chittenham shrugged his shoulders.

"I love Switzerland," she said dreamily. "I haven't seen a great deal of the world, but every bit I see I love a little more than the last. I love everything."

"And everybody?" Chittenham asked.

She laughed and shook her head. "No. I'm afraid I can't say that. In fact I dare say you'll be shocked when I tell you that in all my life I've never really and truly loved anybody." Chittenham could well believe it.

"A lady without a heart!" he said lightly.

"Yes." She agreed seriously. "I don't think I could have been there when the hearts were given out."

"It's not yet too late. You never know who may turn the corner of the street and present you with one," Chittenham said jokingly.

To change the conversation he said: "May I be inquisitive and ask who Miss Lennox is besides being a great friend of yours?"

Julie's eyes followed the elder woman affectionately.

"You'd never guess!" she said at last. Chittenham laughed.

"I should say it would not be difficult. Probably she has a weird flat somewhere in Chelsea where people sit on cushions on the floor in preference to chairs, and smoke scented cigarettes, and eat strange foods..."

Julie chuckled.

"You're miles out!" she said triumphantly. "She hardly ever lives in London at all—she's got a cottage in the country, and she's not a bit rich—she's only just got enough to live on comfortably, and she writes dress articles for papers to make a bit more, and with that money she sends crippled children from the slums down to the seaside, or sometimes to her own cottage. She loves children, and she's got the largest heart in the world."

"Isn't that rather a pose with some women?" Chittenham asked unkindly.

"Are you a cynic as well as a woman-hater?" Julie asked curtly.

"I only speak of things as I find them," he answered.

Before there was time for a reply Bim and Lombard rejoined them.

"And what do your people say to this wild adventure?" Chittenham asked presently.

"I haven't any people that matter to me, or I to them," she admitted.

"I am a law unto myself."

"With a supreme contempt for Mrs. Grundy I suppose?"

"A profound contempt," she agreed emphatically.

They were both silent for a moment, stopped by mutual consent at the ship's rail, their faces turned to the mountains.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked impulsively.

He brought his eyes back from the distant mountains and looked down at her.

"I was wondering just how far you would allow your contempt for Mrs. Grundy to carry you?" he said calmly.

Julie raised her head with a little defiant gesture.

"All the way if I wished to go all the way," she said quickly. "We've only got one life to live, and what does it matter what people say? I've never cared."

Chittenham turned his back on the mountains, leaning against the ship's rail.

"Very well, then convince me!" he challenged her.

"Convince you? How can I?"

"By taking me with you to-morrow through the St. Bernard Pass." She stared at him for a moment.

"Are you daring me to take you?" she asked quietly.

"Yes."

For a moment longer they held one another's gaze.

"Very well, but I make one condition—that you do not tell either Bim or Mr. Lombard until we return. It is not that I care in the least what they would think or say, but I have a reason of my own for wishing them not to know."

"As you please."

She went on calmly. "I am leaving at seven o'clock in the morning."

She turned away as if the discussion were ended and rejoined Bim and Lombard.

Chittenham followed slowly.

He felt angry and yet at the back of his mind there was an unwilling admiration for this woman. He could well understand how completely she had mastered Rodney, and how soon

Here and There

(582)

Changes in operating organization on Canadian Pacific western lines are announced as follows:— J. H. Chown, superintendent of Saskatchewan southern lines, transferred from Regina to Edmonton; J. M. MacArthur, superintendent, Medicine Hat division, transferred to Regina; G. J. Fox, in charge of Edmonton division, transferred to Medicine Hat. These transfers are made in accordance with the company's policy of enabling its officers to broaden their experience in railway matters.

American golfers beat British players because they are more interested in the scientific angles of the game and generally speaking try harder, according to Don Moe, University of Oregon wizard, interviewed at Vancouver, travelling Canadian Pacific from the western Open at Chicago and the American Open tournaments at Minneapolis. He described English golfers as the best sportsmen he had ever encountered.

Seven hundred Americans, about two-thirds women, toured Nova Scotia recently by Dominion Atlantic Railway, after arrival at at Halifax aboard S.S. California on "A Cruise to Nowhere," the larger part of which is spent at sea outside the 12-mile limit. There were three of these cruises during July and August from New York.

Five more new bridges are to be constructed on New Brunswick highways, tenders having been called for by Hon. D. A. Stewart, Minister of Public Works, for modern structures to be built with attendant improvement of roadway alignment. One of them will be an 80-foot span across the Little River at Grand Falls.

Since July 1 the wild rose is officially the floral emblem of Alberta, the Act passed by the Legislature at the last session, going into effect on Dominion Day.

A quantity of cocoons will be brought to Montreal in their natural state for the purpose of demonstrating the process of weaving silk and converting it into the finished product at the National Produced in Canada Exhibition to be held in that city November 3-8 next.

Canadian entries in the overseas section of the British National Egg-Laying contest are holding their own with the world's best egg producers. Reports received by F. C. Elford, Dominion Husbandryman, show that Canadian pens hold third and fourth positions in the international contest. First place is held by France and second by Ireland.

Gordon Seal of St. James Street, Toronto, suffered cuts about the face and head when the car which he was driving was knocked over by a car driven by Alfred Moore, Pape ave., Toronto at Steel's Corners, on Saturday. According to the police both drivers were travelling south on Yonge Street. As they reached Steel's Corners, Moore attempted to pass Seal and in the attempt to cut in struck the front of Seal's car. Moore's car headed in the ditch about 30 feet from the crash. Provincial Constable Reid who investigated laid a charge of reckless driving against Moore.

While four fire brigades from York Township stood by helpless because of lack of water a large barn containing three horses, a bull, a lamb and barley and hay crops, valued at \$10,000, burned to the ground. The fire occurred about 2 a.m. Monday morning. The farm, located on MacDougall Ave., about a mile west of Dufferin St., in North York, was tenanted by Joseph Miller.

Monday night is the regular meeting night of the Richmond Hill council. The council meets in the clerk's office and the public are welcome at all meetings. There will be several important matters up for discussion on Monday.

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Clans to Carry Fiery Cross at Banff



When the Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival is held at the Banff Springs Hotel, August 29 to September 1, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the high lights of this great annual gathering of the clans will be the Fiery Cross race, reminiscent of the days when the clansmen were summoned to war by runners carrying a burning torch through the glens.

Seventeen Highland regiments in Canada have entered their best pipers to compete for valuable trophies. Lads and lassies dressed in the flashing kilts will perform reels, sword dances and Highland flings. Leading Scottish athletes of the Dominion have been rounded up for the traditional Caledonian games, such as putting the "stane," and tossing the caber, as well as the more usual track and field events.

The musical programme this year will be concentrated on the songs of Robert Burns and two ballad operas incorporating these songs will be presented—one entitled "The Ayrshire Ploughman," written by J. E. Middleton, with arrangements by Healey Willan, distinguished Canadian composer, and the other, Burns' own cantata of "The Jolly Beggars." The Alfred Heather Light Opera Company, now presenting a two-month season of Canadian and Old English operas at the Banff Springs Hotel, will supply the artists for these productions.

(Continued Next Week)