

BROKEN

RUBY M. AYRES

SECOND INSTALLMENT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Giles Chittenham, distressed over the suicide of his younger half-brother Rodney, returns to Europe from America, where he had made an unhappy marriage. Rodney had killed himself because a notorious woman, Julie Farrow, threw him over. Giles is introduced to Julie Farrow by his friend Lombard, in Switzerland. He resolves to make her fall in love with him, then throw her over as she threw Rodney. She tells him she has made a bet with her friend "Bim" Lennox that she can drive her car to the top of the St. Bernard Pass and back. Giles challenges her to take him with her and she accepts. They start out in the face of a gathering snowstorm.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"He must have been unbalanced to take his life as he did." She shivered a little. "You don't think then . . . don't you think it was an accident?" Chittenham looked steadily at her. "Do you?" he asked. She shook her head. "I'm afraid not . . . but oh, wasn't it dreadful?"

The deep sincerity of her voice surprised him. She almost sounded distressed instead of being utterly heartless and callous about the tragedy as he knew she was.

"It seems rather pitiable," he answered in a hard voice.

She did not answer for a moment or two then she said with a note of exasperation in her voice:

"It would interest me exceedingly, Mr. Chittenham, to know the real reason why you wanted to come with me." "I told you. To see if you are really as defiant of Mrs. Grundy as you pretend."

She shook her head. "That's not the real reason, though yesterday I pretended to believe you. There isn't anything at all dreadful in you and I taking this drive together. I've often done more risky things. We're doing a perfectly harmless and ordinary trip which plenty of other people have done before us." She laughed. "Oh, no, that's not your real reason for wishing to come, I know."

Chittenham sat staring before him with frowning brows. This woman was more than a match for him and he knew it.

"If I told you the real reason you would not believe that either," he said deliberately after a long pause.

In some strange way he felt as if Rodney were close to him, at his elbow prompting him, whispering the words of that last tragic letter.

" . . . I'd like to think you were making her pay. I believe I could even manage to laugh in Hell, or wherever I shall go, if I knew that you were making her suffer as she's made me suffer."

And he thought of Rodney as a boy—a little cheery fellow whom he had adored . . . of Rodney in his first Eton suit, shy and a little awkward, trying to feel older than he was . . . of Rodney . . . oh, the pictures came crowding fast and thick, leading up to that one last picture which he had never seen save in his bitter imagination—Rodney dead!

And it was the fault of this woman who sat beside him, speaking of Rodney with that little note of pretended distress in her voice. He shrank a little from her with a feeling of repulsion. Women were all the same, heartless and selfish.

He felt her eyes upon him.

"Tell me the real reason?" she said. Chittenham turned his gaze from the wet road and looked at her. There was a little flush in her cheeks and her eyes were deep and unfathomable behind their thick dark lashes.

She looked so young—hardly more than a girl—and yet Chittenham knew that she had been through the divorce court, and through experiences of which no woman need be proud.

"Please tell me," she said again and now there was a little breathless catch in her voice that seemed to speak of a

deep sincerity and interest which she was trying in vain to conceal. Chittenham asked an apparently irrelevant question.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Love at . . ." She caught his words up, then broke off to ask almost in a whisper: "Oh . . . why?"

"Because," said Chittenham deliberately, "that is my real reason."

"You should not say such foolish things," she said, sharply. "I told you you would not believe me!" he said calmly.

"I don't understand you," Julie said in a jerky little voice.

Chittenham said no more, and it was she who presently broke the silence.

"I can't understand you, Mr. Chittenham. If it's a—a joke—I don't think it's quite good taste, and if it's not a joke . . . I keep remembering what Rodney said of you, that you despised women, that you had never cared more for one than for all the rest."

"Even Napoleon met his Waterloo," Chittenham said. He laid a hand over one of hers that held the driving wheel.

Julie did not answer; she was not listening. Her thoughts were in a whirl, and she was trying in vain to steady them and to reduce them once more to sane stability.

He had not been serious, of course,

on their left and gave a little startled exclamation. They could see nothing for the clouds which lay spread out everywhere like an enveloping blanket.

"It will make it difficult driving back," said Chittenham. "I know these mountains rather well, and I know just what unkind tricks they can play on the optimistic traveller. I should slow down a little if I were you, Miss Farrow, there is a nasty corner here. It turns very sharply to the left and there is a big drop on one side."

She only just pulled the car round in time, and her face was white. "Would you like me to drive?" he asked quietly. She recovered herself with an effort. "I am not tired," she insisted. "Nor going to faint?" he asked with irony.

"It gave me a shock. I did not expect to find such a dreadful corner."

"I warned you," he reminded her.

"I know you did, but you do it in such a way—it only makes me want to defy you. I have never met a man quite like you before."

"What way am I different?" Julie hesitated, biting her lip, then she told him.

"One moment you pretend to make love to me, and the next you sneer at me—"

"And which do you prefer?"



"Do You Believe in Love at First Sight?"

or had he? Julie was surprised and a little afraid because she longed desperately to know. Chittenham seemed to read her thoughts for he said quietly:

"Well, what is the verdict?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you made up your mind as to whether I am in earnest or not?"

"I know you are not," Chittenham laughed.

"You mean you think I am not, but all the same you hope I am."

"Mr. Chittenham!"

There was anger and amazement in her voice, and her cheeks grew suddenly scarlet.

"I thought you liked plain speaking," Chittenham said calmly. "If I am mistaken I apologise." He glanced at his watch. "We ought to be at Martigny in half an hour unless you Martigny in half an hour unless you down in the ditch."

"We will be there in twenty minutes," Julie said with a little savage intonation, and they were.

Julie brought the car to a standstill with a little spiteful jerk, and passed him with her head in the air and walked into the cafe.

They faced one another across a small table, and as their eyes met Chittenham said with a smile:

"Don't quarrel with me before we are half-way there! If you go on getting angry at this rate you will skid on the edge of a precipice and that will be an end to both of us."

"I'm not angry, I—oh, well, I suppose I am, but it's your fault. Why did you talk such nonsense?"

"You mean when I told you that I loved you? Has it always been nonsense when men have told you that?"

"You talk as if such a thing were an everyday occurrence—as if I were a horrid kind of a woman who went about collecting scalps—"

Suddenly she laughed, and shrugged her shoulders. "After all, it's silly to be angry with you. I ought to know better."

He made no answer, and Julie began to pour out the coffee.

It was a very watery sun that shone upon them when they started away, and great banks of clouds kept drifting up threateningly. The road grew steeper and more difficult once they passed the little huddled village of St. Pierre.

She glanced down into the valley very well. "And we shan't get any

To his amazement he saw the tears spring to her eyes.

"Do you imagine that I like either?" she faltered.

Chittenham leaned forward suddenly and kissed the hand nearest to him that rested on the steering-wheel.

"I am conceited enough to think that I could make you like being made love to," he said quietly, and then as she did not answer he asked. "Will you dare me to try?"

"No." He leaned back in his seat resignedly.

"Then we may as well go on." It took a moment or two to restart the engine.

The road was steeper and wider. There was very little vegetation on the bleak sides of the mountains, and what there was was short and stunted, cowering away from the bleak wind that swept down upon them.

As they climbed higher out of the valley, the wind grew colder and more cutting.

"You ought to have brought a coat," Julie said once. She was very cold and there was a set, strained look round her mouth. She had not expected the road to be so bad, and once or twice at a particularly bad corner she caught her breath with a little gasping sound.

Chittenham heard her and knew that she was afraid, but he made no comment. It served her right he thought for being so boastful and confident.

"I won't say another word," Chittenham agreed, but there was a malicious little twinkle in his eyes.

The east wind was like a cutting knife as Julie brought the car to a difficult standstill, and let her hands fall from the wheel.

"I've won so far," she said, and leaned back, closing her eyes with sudden weakness.

Chittenham uncurling his long legs and got stiffly out of the car, then he came round to Julie's side and took her hands.

"Come along. We'll get something hot to drink. By Gad! it's bitterly cold."

He half led, half lifted her into the hotel and put her down on a bench in the narrow hall.

Chittenham ordered some brandy and made Julie drink it.

"Very few people to-day, sir," the

more by the look of the sky. "What do you mean?" "There's snow coming sir." Chittenham went to the door and looked out. "It's snowing already," he said.

"It it?" she laughed. "How funny when it's summer down in Montreux. Chittenham got up and went to stand behind her.

"Now we really are on the top of the world," he said. "Just you and I alone, Julie—I am sure even you have never had an experience like this before?"

She shook her head. "No. And I'm not sure that I want it again—"

"Why? you are quite safe." "I know but . . ." she laughed nervously. "I believe I'm afraid"

"I thought you were afraid of nothing," Chittenham said. His own pulses were jerking unevenly. There was something so romantic and strange in the whole situation. He looked at Julie with searching eyes.

The woman for whose sake Rodney had gone to his death! Chittenham pulled himself together with an effort and moved away.

He tried to open the window a little, but such a gust of wind and snow pelted into the room that he had to close it again.

"Do you think it's any better?" Julie asked anxiously. Chittenham glanced out at the flying blizzard.

"I think it's worse," he said briefly. She turned on him angrily with flashing eyes. Chittenham looked at her silently, and then suddenly, to his utter amazement, she burst into tears.

"Julie—" he made a quick movement towards her, then stopped, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know what you're crying for," he said sharply.

With a great effort she controlled herself.

"I don't know either," she said between little sobs. "It's just nerves, I suppose. This hateful place . . ."

"It looks as if we shall have to stay the night," Chittenham answered uncompromisingly.

She turned and looked at him, her eyes still wet with tears.

"I suppose you think I'm a fool," she submitted in a hard little voice.

(Continued Next Week)



Only a Telephone Cord -- but!

What infinite care and preparation were necessary to call it into being. From the far corners of the globe came silk and cotton while the earth yielded up its copper ore. Famous scientists, engineers of renown and workers skilled in their particular operations have all contributed to produce these connecting sinews of modern communication. In the Northern Electric Company's great plant at Montreal the finest copper tinsel is covered with silk and cotton threads then twisted into cords of the necessary size and, passing through the most intricate machinery, is covered with a braided silk covering. All this must be done right, if the humble telephone cord is to carry the nation's conversations through the years.

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Railway Shop Workers Give Long Service



Nine men shown in the illustration above have a total service of 391 years spent at the Motive Power shop of the Canadian National Railways at Point St. Charles, Montreal. This gives an average of over 43 years for each man, but the senior has the amazing record of 63 years, while the junior is a mere youth with 27 years behind him. This group was photographed outside the door of the old shop, now closed, through which they had made their daily entrances and exits. The shops are older than the men, dating back to 1857, a period of 72 years. This shop has now given way to a modern structure capable of dealing efficiently with the heaviest type of motive power, absolutely the last word in machine shop equipment in the Dominion.

In the standing group from left to right the men are: J. Twigg, 43 years service; A. Lanthier, 44 years; Sandy Welch, 43 years; Thomas A. Bates, 50 years; J. C. Marchand, 27 years; D. A. Rollo, 30 years; Frank O'Reilly, 48 years. In the insert left, standing beside one of a set of drivers, is W. H. Sargeant, locomotive inspector, who has been 63 years in the service, and continues active and alert. At the right, in the doorway, is W. H. Surgeon, erecting shop foreman, with 44 years service. The O'Reillys, of which Frank shown at the extreme right is a sturdy representative, have had three generations in the company's service with a total of 108 years. Of the Surgeons, grandfather, father and son have been in the shops, and in the case of Mr. Rollo his father came from Scotland to work on the construction of Victoria Bridge and afterwards entered the service. Throughout the shops at Montreal, and elsewhere, there will be found numbers of men who have spent thirty, forty and even fifty years in the service of the Canadian National Railways and its forerunners.

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