

BROKEN

RUBY M. AYRES

THIRD 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. Chittenham discovers, to his amazement, that the girl beside him in the car appeals to him as no other woman has ever appealed. And something intangible convinces him that her feeling toward him is similar to his own toward her. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asks her, as the car toils up the mountain toward the hotel.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chittenham's face softened. "I think you're adorable," he answered. For a moment they looked at one another silently, then Julie said in a queer, breathless way: "I can't make you out. . . . I've never met a man like you before. . . . I suppose you're just amusing yourself. . . . I suppose you don't mean a word you say — that you're just flirting. . . ." "Is that what you really suppose?" Chittenham asked. He took her by the shoulders, turning her to him. "Is that what you really suppose?" he asked again. "No. . . . yes. . . . at least. . . ." she was like a girl, confused and shy. "Oh, did you really mean it when you said. . . . when you know what you said. . . . about love at first sight. . . . I mean—you're so strange, and I. . . ." Chittenham's pulses were throbbing

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in strange fashion. No woman had ever made him feel as he felt now, and it angered him. Was this the strange fascination of her which had conquered Rodney? Was this what the boy had meant when he said, "Wait till you see her! There's something different—quite different about her to any other woman—" She had told him that she had never cared for any one in all her life, that she was afraid of caring! But now something in her tremulous girlishness and faltering voice gave the lie to those words. Yesterday seemed a great way off—in another world. America and Sadie were wiped out and forgotten, even the memory of Rodney faded until it seemed only like a ghost in the background of the present unreality as Chittenham drew Julie Farrow into his arms and kissed her unresisting lips.

It was late the following day when they reached Montreux. They had to leave her car at the hotel and make the descent with an experienced driver, for the road was deep with snow. The drive down was very silent.

Julie looked utterly happy, and it was in vain that he told himself that it must be only because she had added yet another conquest to her already long list, and that it was nothing whatever to do with him personally.

There was a little half smile on her lips, a sweet dreaminess in her eyes. It seemed an eternity ago since yesterday evening when he had first held her in his arms.

He wished he could forget the soft-



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ness of her hair against his face, and the warm pressure of her lips.

No woman had ever before stirred his pulses so strangely; no woman's arms about his neck had ever made him feel that the world be well lost if only he could so hold her for ever. But she had only been playing, even as he had! No doubt she would be just as relieved as he was that the little game was finished.

For Chittenham meant it to finish as soon as they reached Montreux. He would never willingly see her again; once he was away from her he would soon forget the clasp of her arms and her kisses.

She did not seem to notice his silence, and presently, glanced down at her, he saw that she had fallen asleep.

Chittenham looked at her and longed to gather her close into his arms and kiss her as he had done last night.

He looked away from her with a little cold feeling around his heart.

Why were such women allowed to be? What right had they to wander through the world bringing trouble and tragedy to every man who crossed their path? The woman who had sent Rodney to his death. . . .

Well, he would have paid back part of the debt, if not in full. He would have paid back part of the debt if he caused her one sleepless night, or one tear!

Julie slept with her cheek against his arm all the way back to Montreux. When they were close to the town Chittenham gently roused her.

She flushed, meeting his eyes. Her eyes were so happy—he wished she would not look so happy; it made him feel mean—as if he had pretended to give a child a beautiful gift, knowing that when she opened the box she would find only a stone.

"I'll look much prettier when you see me again," she said. She squeezed his hand and turned away.

"Au revoir, till to-night then." Chittenham went on to the hotel where he had arranged to meet Lombard. It was nearly dinner time when he was dressed, and Lombard tapped at the door.

Lombard fidgeted about the room. "So you got snowed up!" he said. "There's something I want to tell you,

Chittenham." "Go ahead. What is it? Have you been getting into a mess while I was up on high?"

"No, it's only that I made a silly mistake yesterday about Miss Farrow. Can't think how I did it."

Chittenham looked up sharply. "A mistake! What do you mean?" Lombard flushed, and his eyes grew a little anxious.

"I made a damned silly mistake. Quite unintentional, of course. But the fact is. . . well, she's not the girl Rodney knew after all—she's not the Julie Farrow he was so mad about. It came out last night when I was talking to Miss Lennox. They've got the same name — Julie Farrow both of them—they're cousins, you see but this one isn't the one Rodney was so mad about—she's in London at this moment—the one here is her cousin."

Chittenham turned, his face flushed, his eyes furious— "What in hell are you talking about?" he demanded thickly.

"My dear chap, I've just told you. It was a mistake—quite an innocent one on my part naturally. After all, there's no harm done, is there? What difference can it make? Miss Farrow will never know. . . ."

"Never know!" Chittenham flung past him and out of the room. He went downstairs, took his coat from the lobby and went out into the gathering dusk.

Not Julie Farrow! not the woman who had driven Rodney to his death! Not Julie Farrow, the woman who

had lain in his arms last night; not the woman to whom he had believed he was paying back a bitter debt—not the cold, calculating adventuress whose kisses and sweet, whispered words he had taken with a covert sneer. "It's possible to be just as happy down on earth as it is on the heights." She had said that to him, her hand in his, just before they parted; she said that, believing in him, trusting him, loving him! Not knowing anything of Sadie—not knowing that he was a married man! not knowing perhaps any of the tragic happenings which had led up to this, the worst tragedy of all.

What would she say when she knew? how could he explain what possible excuse could he find for his actions which would not seem utterly cadish and despicable in her eyes?

It was as if some one had torn down a veil that had blinded and deceived him.

He remembered a hundred and one little things which should have warned him, told him of his mistake.

He knew now that when last night Julie had said she loved him it was the truth also. And there was Sadie. . . .

What a sport of the gods!

He felt like a man in a dream. He tried to believe that he had only to rub his eyes and he would find that the house before him had vanished, and that he was back again in South America, that he had never come to Switzerland with Lombard, never met Julie Farrow on the little lake steamer.

And then one of the windows leading on to a balcony opened—the sound of voices was wafted down to him through the quiet evening, and a woman's figure was silhouetted against the light.

Julie? For a moment the pounding of Chittenham's heart almost choked him, then with a breath of relief he saw that it was not Julie, but Bim Lennox.

Presently he heard her voice—quietly cynical. "I can't see any signs of your Romeo, Julie dear?"

Chittenham drew further back into the shadows as he heard Julie's laugh, and the little confident note in her

voice when she answered. "He will come. I am not at all afraid."

So she had told Bim as he had been sure she would. Chittenham gritted his teeth and clenched his hands. He was to be spared nothing.

He turned with an effort and went up the steps.

He could hear voices from that balcony room and muffled laughter as the maid turned to him to ask his name. He braced himself and went forward.

Julie Farrow was there alone.

Chittenham heard the door shut behind him, but he did not move forward. There was a mist before his eyes, blinding him, then he heard Julie laugh nervously.

"I believe you are more afraid of me than I am of you," she said.

She was very pale—in her white frock she looked almost like a ghost, but she was smiling happily, and when he made no movement towards her she raised herself a little on tiptoe and softly kissed him.

"Isn't it the same now we are down on earth again?" she asked with a note of banter in her voice though it shook a little with emotion.

Chittenham tried to speak, but he could not.

He read a shadow of question in her eyes, that changed into vague fear.

"Why. . . . is anything the matter?" she asked uncertainly.

"Is it the same now we are down on earth?" he asked hoarsely. "You haven't found that last night was just a dream?—that we were two dreamers and that now we are awake?"

She laughed at that, shaking her head.

"The earth is so much—so very much more, real than the mountain tops were, dear," she said softly.

She bent her head and lightly brushed his coat sleeve with her cheek.

"I told Bim—" she said. "I was so happy, I just had to tell some one." And then as if struck by his silence she looked up swiftly to ask: "You don't mind? you're not angry?"

"Angry. . . ." How could he answer? what could he say? He released her hands, and moved a step from her.

"I've something to tell you," he said abruptly.

"Tell away then!"

Chittenham looked away from her. "It's about last night. . . . last night."

"Yes."

"And about my brother. . . . Rodney?"

"Yes."

"You told me you knew him."

"Yes. I often met him when he was with my cousin Julie."

Chittenham caught a hard breath, then it was true.

"You knew Lombard, too?" Do you know that at first he mistook you for

your cousin—the other Julie Farrow?" "Lombard told me that you were the other Julie, that you were the woman Rodney had cared so much about"

She met his gaze directly, but unsuspectingly; suddenly she smiled.

"Well, what difference does that make? I'm not, and you know it now." She frowned a little in perplexity. "It's not anything to look so tragic about surely, is it?"

Chittenham's eyes wavered, for a moment he hesitated desperately, searching for yet some means of escape, then he told her.

"I went up to St. Bernard with you yesterday believing you were the woman my brother had loved. I wanted to pay back some of his debt. I wanted to hurt you as I believed you had hurt him. I wanted to make a fool of you as I knew you had made of him. I thought Fate was playing into my hands when you agreed to take me with you yesterday. I thought I was being damned clever. . . . It seemed so easy to make love to you. . . . you seemed to make it easy for me. . . ."

"Giles!" Her voice was a wounded cry.

(Continued Next Week)

Scroggs: "I'm just back from a trip to Chicago."

Scroggs: "How was the shooting?"

Here and There

(606)
"We are quite satisfied with the showing of the British teams at the Empire Games just concluded at Hamilton, Ont., for we picked up quite a lot of honors, and if I may say so, made a very creditable showing," was the statement of R. T. Britten, in charge of the swimmers who hung up several new marks at the meeting. He thought the Games would be of incalculable value to the Empire as a whole, since they brought all parts of it together at one time and one place.

The maiden voyage of the new Canadian Pacific flagship of the Pacific, the Empress of Japan, from Yokohama to Victoria, was completed in eight days, six hours and 25 minutes, beating the Empress of Canada record for the run, established in 1918, by four hours and thirty minutes. E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the railway company, wired congratulations to Captain E. Aikman, general superintendent of the Company's Pacific steamship fleet. Records also fell on the Atlantic when the company's liner Duchess of York travelled between Greenock, Scotland, and Quebec City in 5 days, 17 hours and 20 minutes, even bettering the time hung up by the Duchess of Richmond on her previous trip from Belfast to Quebec, which is a hundred miles shorter.

A Happy Quartette at Empire Games



It was a great day at Hamilton, Ont., when the British Empire Games were opened; a day of sunshine and smiles, as is shown by the above picture of four distinguished Canadian citizens in the viceregal box. Whatever the smile is born of, it is unanimous. Left to right: E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; His Excellency Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada; Hon. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of the Dominion; and Hon. J. Howard Ferguson, Prime Minister of the Province of Ontario.

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How excited — and how happy — she was the first time she heard her son's voice come over the telephone from a distant city. Talking with him was as easy as though he were in the same room. It was something to remember and to cherish for days afterwards.

And how much happier she has become, because Fred comes home by telephone now every week. He calls her every Sunday evening at eight-thirty. It is an hour she waits for and looks forward to all week long. It brightens days that had become a bit empty and lonely with the family scattered.

Fred is happier, too. For the price of a movie he gets something no money can measure — his mother's voice — a touch of home. It's a fine way to start a new week's work.

Evening rates on "Anyone" (station-to-station) calls now begin at 7 p.m. Night rates begin at 8.30 p.m. Just give "Long Distance" the number you want—it speeds up the service. If you don't know the distant number, "Information" will look it up for you.

