

BROKEN

by RUBY M. AYRES

FIFTH 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.

At the hotel, after refreshment, Chittenham and Julie found their mutual attraction so strong as to be irresistible. In the morning they returned to the town below, Julie apparently jubilantly happy. Lombard tells Chittenham that he has made a mistake, that this Julie Farrow is not the one who ruined Rodney, but her cousin of the same name. Chittenham is horrified. He calls at Julie's hotel and confesses that he had tried to win her love for purposes of revenge, believing her to be the other Julie.

Giles goes with his mother to a London night club, where he meets Julie Farrow—his Julie—who is drinking heavily and trying to appear to be having a good time. A mutual friend introduces him. He says he has met her before, but she laughs in his face and declares they have never met.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"Oh, no, I don't think so. He was not one of those who specialise in his women very much. I think a kiss was just a kiss to him."

She slipped away and they saw her join Essen and Mrs. Ardron at the far table.

Doris glanced at Chittenham and made a little grimace.
"Cocktails!" she said eloquently. "Such a pity! It's not like Julie a bit. She used to be such a decent sort, but now you really can hardly tell her from the other Julie. Bred in the bone I suppose!"

"Are the two Julies really very much alike, Miss Gardener?" he asked with an effort.

Doris hesitated, pursing up her scarlet lip.

"The other Julie is really better looking," she said after a moment. "Most men call her beautiful, but to me . . . well, I used to prefer this Julie until lately."

"You mean—has she really changed so much?"

Doris laughed.
"It may sound absurd, but she has! Every one is commenting upon the fact. She used to be quite different. Then quite suddenly she altered! She began to haunt places like this and she began to drink too much. If I didn't know her as well as I do I should say she has some rotten love affair, but Julie never liked men. She's different to her cousin in that respect at all events."

The music stopped once more on the fashionable jarring, questioning note. "I suppose we must join the others," Doris said. "Hark at Julie! you can hear her voice above all this racket."

Mrs. Ardron's face was a study. She was trying to smile and look as if she thoroughly enjoyed the situation,

and after a few desultory remarks he said good-night.
"Good-night!" Julie twitted him. "Don't you mean good-morning? It's nearly five."

Without knowing why, Bim felt rather sorry for Schofield; she went to the door with him and offered her hand.

"Good-night, and thank you for seeing Julie home."
Bim bolted the door and came back into the room.

Julie had lit a cigarette, but it had gone out again, and she was leaning back amongst the cushions, her eyes closed, and her mouth drooping in dejected lines.

Bim stirred the fire into a blaze. "Who is he?" she asked.

Julie opened her eyes. "Who?—Oh Schofield. I don't know. He was there to-night, and he seemed rather like a fish out of water, so I took compassion on him. Not very interesting, is he?"

"Nobody very exciting there to-night?"

"No, at least—oh, yes!" A little flame lit Julie's weary eyes. "There was one rather exciting person. Guess?"

"I couldn't."
"Giles Chittenham."

"Oh!" Bim avoided looking at her friend, and Julie rattled on. "He is as charming as ever!" Julie said airily. "I danced with him once or twice—once, I think! I asked him to come and see us some evening."

"Julie!"

"Well, why not?" Julie snapped her eyes open defiantly. "It will be nice to have a fresh man to go out with."

Bim rose to her feet with a little shiver. "I'm going to bed," she said. "All right. Pleasant dreams, and thank you for waiting up."

Bim got as far as the door, then she came back
"Julie!"
"Well?"

"Don't be a little fool, Julie dear—about Giles Chittenham. . . . When we left Switzerland you said you hated him and that you hoped you would never see him again. I don't know why—I don't want to know, but—"

"I don't know why either," Julie interrupted ruthlessly. "I'm changed, quite changed. . . . I used to be such a fool—priggish! unsophisticated. But that's all gone now, and I'm much happier."

"Happier!"

"That's what I said," Julie said defiantly.

Bim stood looking at her for a moment, then with a little helpless shrug she turned away.

The door closed between them.
Julie stayed where she was, her eyes fixed on the fire. "Changed, quite changed," she told herself fiercely. "I don't care about anything any more. Nothing can hurt me. What's the use of trying to go straight and be what people call 'good!' It's much better not to care for any one—not to care . . ."

She bit her lip hard, and closed her



"Cocktails! It's not like Julie a bit. She used to be such a decent sort, but now you can hardly tell her from the other Julie."

and yet there was a timid look in her eyes as if she were not quite sure if it were the right thing to laugh or not.

"Miss Farrow has been telling us that she has a cousin so like her that they are very often mistaken for one another," she said.

"Yes, so I understand," Giles said rather shortly.

"It must be very awkward," Mrs. Ardron murmured.

"I find it rather amusing," Julie said flippantly. "You don't know my cousin, do you, Mr. Chittenham?"

"I have not that pleasure."
"Oh, you'll love her," Julie rattled on. "All the men do. She's got the biggest scalp collection in London."

Giles made a little movement to rise but Julie was too quick for him.

"Dance with me, Mr. Chittenham!" she commanded. And before he was aware of it Giles found himself back again in the whirling throng, his arm round Julie's slim body, her hand resting tightly on his shoulder.

He looked down at her and felt that it must be a dream.

The same, and yet such an utterly different Julie to the girl he had held in his arms a few weeks ago.

He tried to think of something to say, but no words would come, and it was Julie who broke the silence.

"Isn't this a filthy band?" she said disgustfully.

He avoided her eyes as he answered "My thoughts were so far away. I was thinking of a wonderful night you and I spent together on the top of the world."

"Oh, that!" She laughed carelessly. "Fancy remembering it! I've forgotten all about it ages ago. Fearfully uncomfortable, wasn't it? and cold. . . . Ugh!" she shivered. "And so boring, wasn't it?"

"I was not bored."

"Really!" she shrugged her white shoulders. "Queer man! Let's talk of something pleasant shall we!"

Chittenham's face flamed.
"Isn't all this rather—cneap, Julie?" he asked quietly. "For you to deny that we had met before."

She made a little grimace.
"I thought you might not like to acknowledge me. I'm earning quite a reputation, you know, as the bad girl of the family. I believe even Bim—"

Bim Lennox sat by the fire, a cigarette between her lips, and her feet thrust into a queer-shaped pair of Chinese embroidered slippers.

A clock on the narrow mantelshelf had struck four, and Julie was not yet home.

It was the third time running that Julie had arrived home in the small hours of the morning, jaded and pale, and trying hard to pretend that she had enjoyed herself.

"And no man is worth it!" Bim told herself almost savagely as she threw her cigarette end into the grate and rose to her feet. "No man is worth breaking yourself to pieces for!" And Bim knew! For three years she had waited and hoped and suffered and told herself that some day a miracle would happen, but she had been wrong. The only thing that had happened had been that the man she loved had married another woman.

"We're such fools! Such pathetic fools!" she told herself, as she walked over to the window and pulled the curtain aside. Presently a taxicab turned into the street and stopped with a squeaking of brakes outside the block of flats.

Julie at last!

Bim listened anxiously. She was not alone. A man's voice was answering her laughing words, and presently the steps of two people ascended the stone staircase. Bim went to the door, turning up the light as she went.

"I thought you were lost!" she said. "Lost!" Julie swept past her into the flat. "Why should we be lost? A fire! How can you bear it! I'm so hot I don't know what to do."

That man who had come with her was looking at Bim with enquiring eyes, hesitating in the doorway.

"It's usual to introduce people, Julie," Bim said.

Julie turned. "Sorry, I forgot! This . . ." She broke into a little laugh. "I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name," she told the man. "One meets so many people! This is my friend, Miss Lennox—"

"My name is Schofield—Lawrence Schofield," the man said.

He was rather an ordinary-looking man, obviously a gentleman, and not very young. He kept looking at Bim in a half-puzzled, half-apologetic way,

eyes as if in sudden pain.

"I'll make him suffer—I'll make him suffer—" she whispered.

A chance twist in the wheel of Fate threw Lawrence Schofield across Julie Farrow's pathway in the Faun cafe.

Schofield was a widower. His wife had been neurotic and fretful, and for eleven years she had done her best to crush every instinct of joy and cheerfulness out of her husband's heart.

He was nearly fifty, and he could not remember that he had ever had what is called "a good time" in all his life until that night when some chance acquaintance took him along to the Faun and introduced him to Julie.

To him she was like a creature from some entirely different world. He was not sufficiently versed in modern ways to recognise her reckless artificiality; to him she was a creature of light and happiness. The short ride home with her in the chill, early hours of morning had been a revelation to him.

To-night he felt younger than he had ever felt.

If Julie would marry him . . . he awoke from his dream with a start at his own audacity.

(Continued Next Week)

CARRVILLE

Sunday, September 28th, anniversary services will be observed in Carrville Church. Services at 2.30 and 7 p. m. In the afternoon Headford choir will furnish music and in the evening the choir from King City United Church. Rev. J. A. Kell, of Matinka, Northern Ontario, will occupy the pulpit at both services.

The Y. P. S. meeting will be held in the church Friday evening. Miss Dorothy Bowen and Jim Stevenson are in charge of the program.

Friday, October 3rd, the Young People's Society will hold a Rally service in the church at 8 p. m. All members are especially requested to attend. Visitors cordially invited.

The prayer meeting will be held next week at the home of Mr. Gane.

Miss Hazel Woods and little Agnes Shea, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Woods.

Mrs. K. Garner and son Chas., of Toronto, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams.

Mrs. Jas. Vanderburgh is in Sudbury, this week attending the wedding of her son Rev. Fulton Vanderburgh.

Mrs. Walter Deadman, daughters Jean and Edith, spent Saturday with Mrs. J. Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. McCrone are spending their vacation at Windermere, Muskoka.

Several of our citizens attended the school fair at Veilore on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McLeod, of Richmond Hill spent Sunday at Wilbert Bone's.

Mrs. Jack Clement and Mrs. Geo. Wood visited with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowes, at Richmond Hill on Sunday.

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