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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Giles Chittenham swears to avenge the death of his young half-brother Rodney, driven to suicide by the notorious Julie Farrow who had spurned his love. He will make Julie love him, then throw her aside as she threw Rodney. He meets her in Switzerland, goes with her to the hotel on the St. Bernard Pass, and succeeds in winning her love. To his amazement, he discovers that he has fallen overwhelmingly in love with her himself! And he is married, to an American girl with whom he has nothing in common.

Then he discovers that this girl is not the same Julie Farrow who ruined Rodney, but her cousin of the same name. She scorns him when he confesses his love and his inability to marry her. They meet later in London, where she is going the pace that kills. Another man, Lawrence Schofield, wants to marry her, in spite of her wild life.

Through his friend Lombard, Giles Chittenham meets the "other Julie," the notorious woman who had ruined Rodney's life. She tells him that she is going to die; the doctors have given her up as incurable and she is leaving England. She is worried about her cousin, the girl Chittenham loves. That Julie—his Julie—is going in fast company, among them a common little American girl named Sadie Barrow.

And Sadie Barrow is Giles Chittenham's wife. He did not know that she was in England. That night he meets her at a party at his mother's house. They pretend to be strangers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Oh, an old friend by now," Julie declared. "We've known one another quite a week, and love each other dearly. Bim doesn't approve. She says that Sadie is common and bad form, and a wrong influence for me! Did you ever hear such rubbish?"

"I should think Miss Lennox is right," Giles answered, then stopped aghast at the admission. His own wife! . . . And does Miss Barrow share your views on life that you and she are such great friends?"

"As a matter of fact, she doesn't," Julie answered. "She's inclined to be morbid, and nobody can accuse me of that."

"Morbid!"

"Yes. She's got weird ideas on some subjects. For one thing, she's mad on this latest spiritualistic craze."

"Nonsense!"

"You're not very polite. Ask her yourself if you don't believe me. That's why she's in London now—to see Chryer, the new medium."

"You're not serious?"

"Of course I am! There's a siance to-morrow, and we're all going. You'd better come along too."

Her eyes challenged him. "Or are you afraid that they may read the secrets of your inmost soul?"

"There is only one secret in my soul for any one to read," Chittenham said. She laughed.

"How touching! The tragedy of your marriage, I suppose."

"No," said Chittenham. "The tragedy of my love for you." For a moment Julie seemed taken aback. Her lips quivered, and she bit them sharply, then she turned and called to Schofield:

"Lawrence, come here. Mr. Chittenham is talking to me about his soul, and I'm almost reduced to tears."

Giles had forgotten Doris until suddenly she spoke.

"I saw you talking with Julie. Was it she who made you angry?"

"Good heavens, no," Giles answered too eagerly for absolute conviction.

"About Chryer, the new medium?"

That little American, Sadie Barrow, is most enthusiastic. She says that she wants to know the future, and that Chryer can tell her.

"Sadie is a little fool," Chittenham said unthinkingly. Then he flushed dully, and hastily apologized.

"I should not have said that. I beg your pardon, and hers. Let us talk about something else."

"Very well. Say—have you met the other Julie yet?"

"Yes. A night or two ago. I was agreeably surprised," he said at last.

"You know she had gone abroad?"

"I saw something about it in the paper."

"Of course every one is saying that she has gone with some man."

Chittenham made a swift gesture of anger, but he instantly controlled himself.

"I know that is absolutely untrue," he said.

Doris flushed.

"I am only telling you what people are saying."

"People are too charitable!" Giles said with a sneer, and he thought of the woman whom he had left crouching by the fire in that lonely room.

"I suppose if I allow myself to be identified with this menagerie much longer, they will credit me with a scandal of my own."

"I think they have done that already," Doris said lightly.

He turned and looked at her.

"Really! may I ask what it is?"

"I hardly know the facts myself, but I know it was something to do with Julie Farrow—this Julie Farrow—"

She watched him closely as she spoke.

Giles managed to laugh.

"How futile! I never met her in my life till that night at the Faun where I met you."

She looked at him steadily.

"That is not what Mr. Lombard insinuates."

In spite of himself Chittenham changed colour.

"So Lombard is the liar."

Mrs. Ardron floated into the doorway. Giles rose, glad of the interruption.

He wandered through the crowded rooms until he came across Lombard.

"I want to speak to you."

Lombard looked up.

"Well—what is it?"

"Come outside—"

The two men went into the hall.

"What on earth . . . ?" Lombard asked again apprehensively.

Chittenham told him.

"I understand that you've been talking about things that don't concern you."

"My dear old chap—"

"You know what I mean—Switzerland—"

"I assure you, Chittenham—"

Giles cut in ruthlessly.

"Don't let me hear any more about it, that's all, or I shall have something to say to you that won't be pleasant hearing."

Chittenham turned on his heel and walked away.

"A new sensation," said Julie.

She sat up in bed, letting the letter she had been reading slip down on to the floor.

"It was a lovely morning when I came home," she said flippantly. "The first time I've ever seen the sun rise, by the way . . . no, not quite the first time—"

There was a little silence. "The first time was in Switzerland," she added defiantly. "On top of an exceeding high mountain, and the devil said unto me . . ."

Bim turned sharply.

"Julie, for Heaven's sake shut up."

"Oh, all right," Julie giggled, and leaning over the side of the bed grabbed up the fallen letter from the floor.

"Listen to this!" she commanded. "It's from Mrs. Ardron, the mother of the one and only Giles Chittenham! She says that she is quite willing for us to hold a siance in her house to-morrow, and bring the famous Chryer. You'd better come along, Bim."

Bim came to the foot of the bed.

"Our friendship isn't what it used to be," she said rather sadly. "We don't seem to agree any longer. You like people whom I—well, I just can't stand them, you know that! I detest Doris and that Sadie Barrow, and Marco Essen . . . and that poor weak little fool, Mrs. Ardron. No—it's impossible to detest her, she's too harmless."

"I wish Giles Chittenham could hear you."

Julie flushed.

"Are you in love with him?" she twitted Bim sharply.

Bim flushed to the roots of her closely-cropped hair.

"No," she said. "But you are."

There was a little silence, then Julie started up, her eyes blazing, her lips quivering with rage.

"Go out of my room, she commanded. "How dare you say such a thing? I've had enough of you and your silly ways. The sooner you go the better. I'm sick of being dictated to and preached at. I—"

But Bim had come, closing the door softly behind her.

Julie lay back on the pillows. She was trembling in every limb.

"How dared she say such a thing! how dared she?" she asked herself passionately. "In love with that man! I hate him—How dare she . . . how dare she!"

She shut her eyes tightly, afraid of the scalding tears that suddenly seemed to rise from her heart.

Hate him! the man in whose arms she had found the meaning of love: the man whose tragic mistake had broken her, body and soul. Until now she had hardly realised how much she had suffered since that evening in Switzerland when Chittenham had told her the truth.

She was morbidly afraid lest Giles should guess how he had hurt her, and to counteract that fear she sometimes deliberately sought his society, crucifying herself in order to deceive him. And it had been all in vain, for Bim knew!

With a swift little movement Julie threw aside the bedclothes and caught up a wrap.

"Bim!" she went out of the room and to Bim's door. Julie flung it open.

She entered with a little rush, and, running across to her friend, dropped down on her knees beside her.

"I didn't mean it. I'm sorry. Forget I said it . . . I'm a beast—a mean beast, but you made me angry."

"Give it up, Julie," Bim urged gently. "Come away with me. We've had good times together before, and the country is Heaven now—"

She turned round, her arms hanging limply at her sides, her hair ruffled.

"I can't!" she said. "I've got to stay and face it out. He'll think I'm afraid—that I'm running away."

She spoke quickly and incoherently, almost as if some power outside herself was forcing the words from her.

"I'd rather die than that he should think that. I'd rather marry Lawrence Schofield."

"My dear, I don't understand in the least what happened between you," Bim said in her cool, smooth voice.

"You would never tell me when I asked you. If I only knew perhaps I could help you better—"

Julie flung up her head with a violent jerk.

"He's married," she said defiantly. Her head went down again on her outflung arms and she began to sob.

Bim sat quite still, her hand on the girl's hair till Julie was quieter, then she tried again.

"Don't be a coward, Julie. Cut it all out and come away with me."

"I should be more of a coward if I did that. He'd know I was afraid."

There was a little silence, then Bim

asked:

"Julie, have you seen his wife?"

"Whose wife?"

"Mr. Chittenham's?"

"Good Lord, no. He told me they were separated, or something, but if they are, I daresay it's his fault. He must be a brute to live with."

Bim got up slowly and walked into Julie's room.

"I suppose it's true?" she submitted hesitatingly.

"What is true?"

"That he is married?"

Julie turned round, her eyes wide, her lips parted.

"I—suppose so," she said slowly, then the colour blazed suddenly in her cheeks. "Do you mean that . . . you think he just said it—as an excuse to get rid of me?"

"Well . . ."

Julie went on with her dressing, but her hands shook badly.

"If I really thought that—" she said. "Perhaps I ought not to have suggested it," Bim said hurriedly. "But he makes love to you—asks you to marry him—"

"No, he never asked me to marry him," Julie interrupted ruthlessly. "He just said . . . oh, why need we go all over it again?" she asked passionately.

"I'm only trying to help you, Julie. If it is true that he is married, why did he make love to you?"

Julie laughed.

"Don't all married men make love to other women?" she asked cynically. "I shouldn't have thought a man like Mr. Chittenham would," Bim said.

Julie made a little sound of anger.

"I suppose I shall have to tell you all the truth," she said. "It all sounds so silly—like a cheap drama. He thought I was Jewel—I never told you that, did I? He had some quixotic idea of paying me out for what he thought I had done to Rodney—they all blamed Jewel because he killed himself, you know. Well, Giles thought it would be a good idea to make me fall in love with him and then laugh at me as a punishment. Funny, isn't it?" she submitted quivering.

"Well, I fell in love with him all right—and then after he'd found out his mistake, and that I wasn't Jewel after all, he told me the truth. But first he said that he really loved me—he said that part of it wasn't pretence at all but the real thing. I remember I was fool enough to think it must be all right then. I was quite ready to fall into his arms again and forgive him—"

Her voice was hoarse

with dreary self-scorn. "And then he had to tell me the rest—that he was married! . . ."

A maid tapped at the door and entered.

"Please, Miss Farrow, will you see Mr. Chittenham?"

(Continued Next Week)

Our Tame Critic—The trouble with love at first sight very often is second sight. (Lindsay Post.)

Short and Sweet—Brevity is the soul of wit, which of course explains why there are so many jokes about short skirts. (Calgary Herald.)

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LECTURE AT MAPLE

Mr. Philip Fishburn, son of Rev. Jeremiah Fishburn former pastor of Zion E. Lutheran Church, Sherwood, who is motoring through the United States and Canada has arranged to be here and deliver a lecture on October 23rd in the Community Hall, Maple, entitled "A thousand miles on a Camel's back." Mr. Fishburn will be pleased to meet his school-mates and friends of his boy-hood days. See posters.

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