

PHONE 188 THE JONES COAL CO. FOR COAL OR WOOD.

**CLUBBING RATES**

The Liberal and any Toronto daily one year for \$5.75. Take advantage of this attractive clubbing offer. Clubbing rates with all magazines and periodicals.

**LECUYER & Co. Ltd.**

**ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS**  
Electrical Repairs Estimates Given  
Gormley R. R. 2 Agincourt 21-r-21

**NORAH TEW**

**Teacher of Pianoforte**

Theory and Harmony  
Studio at Langstaff  
Phone 16-r-23 Thornhill, Ont.

**Hudson Decorators**

B. R. WOLFREY, Prop.  
Painting, Paperhanging and Decorating

**WORK GUARANTEED**

Estimates Free  
A Taxpayer of The District,  
Church St. Richmond Hill  
P. O. Box 32

**REG PETCH**

**INSURANCE**

Fire — Automobile — Life  
Dependable Companies  
Office—Radial Station  
Richmond Hill — Ontario  
Telephone 177

Phone 188

**Jones Coal Co.**

for

**COAL COKE or WOOD**

**S. OLIVER**

**LICENSED AUCTIONEER**  
Farm Stock, Household Furniture  
Real Estate, Etc.  
Lifetime Experience  
Reasonable Terms  
Phone 53 Thornhill, Ont.

**W. N. Mabbett**

**ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR**

Phone—Willowdale 96W  
POYNIZ AVENUE  
LANSING, ONTARIO

**SHEPPARD & GILL LUMBER CO.**

Dealers in  
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES  
ASPHALT ROOFING, GYPROC.  
Phone 27 Richmond Hill

**PAINTER & DECORATOR**

**H. FORSTER**

VICTORIA SQUARE  
Telephone Stouffville 6116  
Wall Paper Supplied if Desired

**ACCIDENTS—**

**AND YET MORE ACCIDENTS**  
Supposing something happened to YOU. What provision have you made for weeks and perhaps months of medical attention with nothing coming in? Accident Insurance relieves financial and physical suffering

**A. G. SAVAGE**

Office in the Post Office Block  
TEL. 118  
Richmond Hill

**Charles Graham**

AGENT  
MASSEY HARRIS  
Farm Implements & Machinery  
Telephone Maple 1249



**FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT**

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**

Giles Chittenham sets out to make Julie Farrow love him, intending to throw her over in revenge for the suicide of his brother Rodney, whom Julie had cast off. He succeeds, but finds that he has fallen desperately in love with her himself. Then he discovers that it was not this Julie Farrow, but her cousin of the same name, who had driven his brother to death. But Giles is married, to an American girl named Sadie Barrow, with whom he has not lived for a long time. Sadie unexpectedly turns up in London, at a party at Giles' mother's house, but both keep silent about their marriage.

Julie, disillusioned, enters into the wild night life of London to try to drown her anguish. Lawrence Schofield wants to marry her. Lombard, who had first introduced her to Chittenham, demands money from Giles with the threat that if he is not paid he will tell Schofield that Chittenham and Julie spent the night together on the St. Bernard Pass. Later Julie confesses to Chittenham that she loves him.

At a spiritualist seance at Giles' mother's house Sadie Barrow, his wife suddenly goes blind. She calls to him and he responds, revealing the fact that she is his wife. Julie, who has sent Schofield away because of her love for Chittenham, goes home in despair. Chittenham follows her, but she sends him away and decides she will accept Schofield. She goes to Schofield's hotel. He is out, but she leaves a note for him.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

He took her to a desk and gave her paper and a pen.

Julie wrote a few hurried lines. "I didn't mean it, Lawrence dear. I want you to come back to me. Please ring me in the morning.—Julie."

It was a relief to have written that, and she half smiled as she thought how unnecessary it was to have added those last words. He would not ring her, he would come round, she was sure, he would come very early, perhaps even to-night if he was back in time, and then in the morning they would go away and make some sort of happiness together.

Julie tried hard not to think beyond to-morrow, but although she was so tired, and felt ready to drop, she could not sleep. She lay awake for hours listening to every sound.

In the early morning Julie dozed off to sleep, only waking when she heard the maid let herself into the flat and move about in the kitchen lighting the fire.

Presently she brought tea and a note. "It was lying on the mat when I came in Miss."

Julie glanced at the handwriting, then sat up, her pulses jerking. It was from Lawrence Schofield. She was conscious of a warm glow of pleasure.

He loved her—it was something to be happy about in a world that held no real happiness. He must have brought it himself late last night. Perhaps, after all, it had been his foot step out side which she had heard.

She broke open the seal, the envelope felt unusually bulky, she drew out its contents—her own note which she had written last night in the hotel lounge, torn across and across into minute pieces. That was all.

When Giles Chittenham got back to his mother's house she met him in the hall.

"Your wife has been asking for you all the evening. I said I would send you up as soon as you came in."

As he went upstairs he could hear Sadie's voice, high-pitched and hysterical, and he stopped for a moment, his hand clutching the stair rail, a terrible sense of loss and irrevocable fate gripping his heart.

When she heard Chittenham's voice, she turned her head towards the door, and stared at him with her wild, blind eyes.

"So you've come at last, have you?" she shrilled at him. "I suppose you've no use for me either, now I can't see."

She beat her hands frantically on the brass rail, and the nurse who had been standing beside her, caught and held them.

Sadie burst into wild sobbing.

"There's no hope for me, I know that I shall never see again as long as I live. I shall just sit here in the darkness till I die—till I die—and nobody cares—it doesn't matter to any one in all the world what becomes of me."

Giles crossed the room and touched her shoulder. "Sadie—"

She checked her sobbing with a sharp breath, and raised her face with pathetic eagerness to hear what he had to say. She tore her hands from the nurse's grasp, and groped in front of her till she touched Chittenham's coat, then she clutched it feverishly and began sobbing once more.

"Don't leave me, Giles—be kind to me—after all, I am your wife—"

Chittenham looked at the nurse. "Please leave us."

When she had gone, he sat down beside his wife and put an arm round her.

"Sadie—you must try and be brave and listen to reason. Everything possible is being done and will be done you know that."

Sadie was sobbing again.

"You don't really care for me—nobody cares for me. Though I can't see you I know by the feel of your arm that you're just trying to be kind, while all the time you're impatient and want to get away—"

"Don't leave me alone, Giles. You don't know what it's like to be left alone in this hideous darkness. I shall go mad if you leave me. I've often felt impatient with blind people—it's bored me to have to talk to them and try and be nice to them, but I know what it's like now, and I wish I'd been kinder. I suppose it's my punishment—and yet why should I be punished? I've never done any one any harm—"

"My dear, I want to be kind to you, but you make it so difficult for me—"

There was a little silence, which Sadie broke pitifully:

"There! I'm not crying any more, am I? I'm quite quiet now—please kiss me, Giles."

He kissed her affectionately enough his heart torn with pity.

"You didn't kiss my lips," Sadie said—then she laughed brokenly, "Never mind! I suppose it's all I deserve."

She took her hands away from him and folded them in her lap to hide their trembling.

"Well—" she said after a moment as he did not speak. "What am I going to do? Or what are you going to do with me? I can't stay here, can I?"

Giles explained as gently as he could.

"In the morning I will take you away."

She interrupted quickly:

"Where will you take me? To live with you?"

"Not at once. To a nursing home. I have arranged with a specialist to see you—"

She interrupted again:

"It will be of no use. I know. I'm finished."

"Don't say that, Sadie."

She shuddered from head to foot.

"Well, go on—and afterwards? What then?"

"Then we must see. We must make arrangements."

"Arrangements! for what? For me to be led about by a nurse or a dog for the rest of my life?" Her terrible, hysterical sobbing began afresh.

Chittenham felt that he could bear no more. He called to the nurse and made his escape. His nerves were shaking as he went downstairs. He had never imagined anything so tragic as this last half hour.

He paced up and down the library at his wit's end to know what to do. It was long past eleven and he had all the night to drag through.

If there was indeed no hope of Sadie ever being able to see again, how could he possibly leave her?

It would be inhuman, impossible, and yet to live with her—

Another knock at the door.

Chittenham turned impatiently.

"Oh, come in, come in."

"A gentleman to see you, Sir. I said you were very much engaged and could see no one, but he insisted, Sir, and says he will wait if he has to wait all night. The gentleman is Mr. Schofield, sir."

"Schofield!" The colour rushed to Chittenham's drawn face.

"Schofield, the man whom Julie had said she would marry."

Chittenham was across the room in a stride.

"Is there anything the matter—Miss Farrow—"

In his desperate anxiety Giles forgot that this man in all probability knew nothing of his relations with Julie—and when he did not immediately reply, he broke out again hoarsely.

"If anything is wrong—"

"That all depends what you mean by 'wrong,'" Schofield answered slowly.

"Yesterday evening I had the doubt—"

ful honour of a visit from a man named Lombard. I have met him before—usually, I believe, in your company. I think I am right in assuming that he is a friend of yours?"

"He was—yes."

"Yes," he said, still in that level, unnatural voice—"I believe there has been a little upset between you—over a question of money—or should we call it the price of a woman's honour?"

There was a tragic silence. Chittenham's hands were clenched behind his back—and his face was grim.

"Perhaps you would like me to explain, Mr. Chittenham." Schofield went on, and now every sneering word was a studied insult, "or will it be sufficient if I just call you the cad and the blackguard which I know you to be?"

"I can only conclude that you are drunk," said Giles, sharply, "and that being so, the kindest thing I can do is to ring and have you shown out of the house."

He took a step towards the bell, but Schofield was too quick for him—

"That won't do," he said thickly. "I've seen that trick tried before. I'm not drunk and you damn well know I'm not. You're a younger man than I am, Chittenham, but I spoilt Lombard's beauty for him last night—he won't show his face amongst decent people again for some time to come, and I'll spoil yours if I—"

Chittenham caught his upraised arm and held it in a grip of steel.

"Don't be a damned fool," he said roughly, "you're no match for me, and you know you're not. If you've got anything to say, say it and be done. As far as Lombard goes, if you have given him a thrashing I'm in your debt, I owe him one myself—"

He released Schofield's arm, at the same time giving him a little push away from him, and for a moment the two men glared at one another silently, then Schofield broke down. He groped towards a chair and fell into it, hiding his face against his clenched hands. Giles watched him for a moment without speaking, then he fetched whisky and soda from a side table.

"Help yourself," he said. "If you've got anything against me, let's talk it out sensibly, instead of flying at one another's throats like wild beasts. I know what Lombard has told you—no tried his blackmailing games on me and when he found it was no use he threatened to go to you. Good God, Schofield, what sort of a fool are you to believe a lying hound like that?"

Schofield raised his haggard face.

"What reason have I to disbelieve it?" he asked sullenly.

Giles shrugged his shoulders.

"Isn't your knowledge of Miss Farrow the best of all reasons?"

Schofield rose to his feet and began pacing up and down.

"Lombard was so sure—he had got every detail of the story—that you and Julie spent the night together at the St. Bernard Hostel—"

"So we did. It was impossible to get home. If all such unforeseen situations are given the same vile interpretation as you have given to this—"

Schofield's face—flamed suddenly crimson.

"But I believe it!" he shouted. "I've always known that Julie was unhappy. She has hinted at trouble again and again. The reckless way she talks—all that pretended gaiety. It's never really deceived me, though for her sake I've let her think it has—Lombard had the whole story pat. He even spoke of your brother's relations with Julie's cousin—and of his suicide. He said that you mistook Julie for her cousin—he said that you intended punishing her for the way she treated your brother—he said that when you came back from St. Bernard you boasted to him of the easy conquest you had made—"

He never finished his sentence—for Chittenham's hands were at his throat, shaking him like a rat, almost choking him—

"By God—you dare say that to me—you talk of Lombard! how much better are you? Believing the first foul lies that come to you about a woman you're supposed to care for! You're not worth a thrashing—get out that's all I've got to say to you—"

Still keeping one hand on Schofield, Chittenham dragged him to the door and flung it open—shouting to one of the servants: "James, show this gentleman out, and if he refuses to go send for the police."

He released Schofield so violently that he almost fell. He waited a moment—then went back into the library, shutting the door behind him.

He was shaking from head to foot with uncontrollable passion, and his

face and head were burning.

That any man should dare to accuse him of such a thing—and to Julie of all people—the woman he adored!...

And again Chittenham lost himself in the thought of that night on St. Bernard—when they had been shut in on all sides by storm and snow and tempest and he had held Julie in his arms.

In a revulsion of feeling he wished passionately that he had made true the almost unspeakable accusation which Schofield had brought against him.

Julie would have been his then for ever—body and soul, and nothing could ever have altered it.

(Continued Next Week)

**GLASS**

Let us tend your wants in GLASS and GLAZING PROMPT SERVICE Now is the time to look over your windows.

STOVES, STOVE PIPES, HEATERS & FURNACETTES Everything in Hardware

**C. N. COOPER**

Hardware Richmond Hill Ontario

**SELECTED FOR YOU** from among all other hard coals, we chose Reading Anthracite as the most satisfactory in every way. You'll agree with us when you try this cleaner, more carefully sized coal from America's richest anthracite veins. How many tons, please?

**I. D. DRAMER & SON**  
PHONE YARD 10 COAL RESIDENCE 85-J  
WOOD  
The Answer to the Burning Question

**THAT BETTER PENNSYLVANIA HARD COAL**

Model 58B  
With Tubes \$265  
Other Models from \$229

Inviting you to hear "Amos 'n' Andy in Person"

Make a point of coming to this store tonight—hear the "taxi-cab" boys as you've never heard them before—"in person"!... That's the thrill of this new Bosch Radio—it brings you into the very presence of the artists... Come and enjoy your favorite feature—tonight or any other night—without obligation.

**GARFIELD YEREX**

Phone 116-M — Richmond Hill

Authorized **BOSCH RADIO** Dealer

**WALTER BONE & SON**  
STONE, GRAVEL  
SAND AND PEA GRAVEL  
Supplied on Short Notice.  
WIRE FENCING and CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION  
Phone Maple 864