

## CHAPTER LII

### DRAMATIC JUSTICE

**G**EORGE turned once more to work, painting steadily enough after a fashion, but never to his own content. Claire was the disturbing element. Her epitaph had rankled, and he wondered if he were worthy of any one's respect. She was so pretty too, and had it not been for the indelible past, she might—well, she might—And yet that was impossible. There was the memory of Ethel, and Claire seemed quite content with Pourgot.

A week after they had left he noticed in his paper that Greville had sold his theatre, but no more was stated than that it would be run on the old lines, by a syndicate.

When summer came George made up his mind to go North to Aberdeen and revisit his old haunts. Few would remember him now. George wanted to see with his now older eyes the work that had so much influenced his youth. Ah, and Balgownie could never be anything but beautiful.

He arrived on a Saturday night, putting up at an hotel in Union Terrace. This part of the town had greatly changed, and the tall new granite edifices certainly looked impressive. Reid's old lodging had been swept away in the improvements. Glancing at the papers, George saw that to-morrow was Communion Sunday, and that, owing to the number of communicants, there would be two services in the morning at Old Machar Cathedral.

"That remains, anyhow," he thought.

It was natural that he should walk over to the Old Town next morning. He had lost all belief in religion, but he must see the old cathedral again.