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JACK CAMERON

"The Store For Men" CHARLOTTETOWN

Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

CHAPTER IV

Valerie found that a few days could stretch into an eternity of waiting, hoping, starting every time the telephone or doorbell rang. She would have had little heart to make any further plans for the day when Mrs. Lillian Prescott would accept her as Phil's wife.

He had shoved her into the car almost roughly, and then caught her close and kissed her again and again.

"Sorry, honey," he mumbled against her cheek, "but I think I better get things straight with Lillian before we go any further."

Valerie sat huddled down beside him, cold and hurt and silent, as the big car cut through the misty night. She had married a man who was a coward afraid of his own mother. He must run home and ask permission before he could live with his wife.

The car roared on. Finally, the dim lights of Petion appeared and they reached the street where she lived.

Phil stopped the car, jumped out, opened the door and Valerie climbed down and stood still and watched on the sidewalk beside him.

Phil said, "Well—we did it, didn't we?"

Valerie caught at his coat sleeve. "Phil," she begged, "you were told your mother at once that we are married?"

"Sure." He was in a hurry to leave. His eyes scanned the street uneasily, as though he feared someone might see him. "See you by three tomorrow," he promised.

All night long, her heart burned with resentment. Phil had been unkind and had not told her that he was never fair. Was she herself fair? Phil's wife should be loyal to him, true to him. It wouldn't be easy for Phil to tell his mother of his marriage to a shopgirl.

Then, when she had done as Phil advised, she had done as Prescott's willing to keep her job and carry on, and what had happened? Disgrace. Disgrace. Endless waiting for Phil to write.

Valerie watched for Penny on the fifth day following Phil's departure.

She swallowed her pride and asked, "Have you seen Phil around the store?"

Penny said, "He and his mother are expected back on Monday."

The next day Valerie stayed in her room all day. The letter must come from Phil, for he himself would be back on Monday.

At eight o'clock in the evening, when her nerves were shattered from suspense, her landlady called up the stairs "special delivery letter for you, Valerie."

The letter had come at last! Valerie stumbled down the stairs, aware that Penny had left her room and stood at the top of the staircase watching her.

She slit the letter—swiftly read the brief lines.

Then, Penny flew down to where she stood, shook her roughly, demanding, "What's wrong?"

Valerie could not answer. A spasm of hysterical laughter seized her. Her eyes were bright with tears.

Penny pushed her forcibly toward the stairs, dragged her up to the upper hall and into her own room. Valerie sank down on the bed and sat staring straight ahead of her.

"Snap out of it!" Penny knelt beside her and shook her violently. "It's that Prescott heel, I know. But are you going to let him get you down?"

"No," said Valerie. "No."

Penny stood up. "You're well out of that!"

"Yes," said Valerie. "Yes, I'm well out of that."

Penny should never know. No one should ever know. She was out of a job and broke, and Mrs. Lillian Prescott had not accepted her as her son's wife. Instead she had persuaded Phil to annul his marriage.

After Penny left, Valerie lay with her hot face buried in the pillow trying to think to plan.

Phil said in the letter that upon his return he'd fix things up with her. "Fix things." The two words were a whirlwind spinning her on to come to some decision at once. She never wanted to see Phil Prescott again—never.

What could she do? Where could she go?

Suddenly, her own idle words about New York returned. If she should go there, no one would ever know about the disastrous end to her affair with Phil.

But what would she do in New York?

Something which would start her toward success. Something to show Lillian Prescott at some future time that she had made a grave mistake when she thought Valerie unworthy of her son's affections.

A model—a beautiful successful model. But one must have either training or experience. She had nothing but the determination to succeed. She was willing to work—she was willing to take a chance. But how start?

By morning, her head was dizzy with making plans only to discard them. The little money she had would not take her to New York—much less carry her through until she could make a start at anything.

Nevertheless she packed her things in readiness to leave, decided to go to Pete's and get some breakfast.

It was just ten o'clock when Valerie sat down at a table and Pete came out to take her order. There was one other customer. A young man who wore a dilapidated felt hat dipped jauntily over one eye. He gave her a quick glance and then returned to the business of scribbling in a notebook spread out on the counter before him.

Valerie ordered bacon and toast and a pot of coffee.

"Make that coffee strong, Pete."

"Alright," Pete hesitated. "You not working today?"

"I've quit, Prescott's."

Pete stared uncredulously. "Got a new job?"

"No." Trying to appear casual,

Valerie took the pocket mirror from her purse and studied her make-up. "I'm going to New York."

"Honest?" exclaimed Pete. In the little mirror, Valerie saw that the young man at the counter had twisted about and was regarding her curiously.

"Yes," she said. Then, as the young man slid from his stool and went to the cigar case to pay his check, Pete left her to attend to him. Valerie turned to look at him, wondering what she said. He was slim and tall, carried himself carelessly. He had a keen, thin face and sandy hair. Valerie thought him rather attractive looking.

When he was gone, Pete returned to her. "How you going to get to New York?"

Valerie shrugged. "By bus, I suppose."

"My sister Anna is driving to New York today," said Pete. "Leave with her. Maybe you like to ride with her. Pay a little for gas and oil. Maybe two—three dollars."

Valerie stared at him, or two or three dollars she could get to New York!

Before she realized that she had

Lips Rough, Sore, Chapped?



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consented, she was hurrying away to her rooming house to collect her bag. Unable to believe that what had been said as an idle excuse was now a substantial fact. She was going to New York! She wrote a note and left it under Penny's door, asking her to

M. V. PRINCE NOVA Sailing Schedule Table with columns for destinations (Wood Islands, Caribou, etc.), dates, and times.

take the things she had left in her room and keep them until she sent her an address. She was ready and waiting at the curb when a car appeared with a black-haired woman at the wheel. "I'm Ann," said the woman. Valerie threw her bag in the back and climbed into the front seat. The car moved off. (To be continued)

FEEL STUFFED? Stomach acting up - take ABBEY'S Health Salt

Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup advertisement with image of a soup can and text: Taste the old-time home-made flavour - due to small-batch cooking.

LONDON - (CP) - Leyton council plans to provide a garden of remembrance as a memorial to civil defence men and women and local residents who lost their lives in air raids.

COLCHESTER, Essex, England - (CP) - Members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service (ATS) are attending a school for wives here taking two-week courses covering every aspect of running a home.

W. W. Wellner Ltd Jewellers advertisement featuring various diamond rings, watches, and jewelry with descriptive text and prices.

Large advertisement for General Motors cars and trucks with text: CAN YOU SEE CLEARLY? STEER SAFELY? STOP QUICKLY? ...if not, you're ONLY A FOOT FROM TROUBLE. Includes images of a driver and a car.