

Where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

—Laurence Binyon.

This Store will be closed MONDAY and open all day WEDNESDAY.

S. A. McDONALD

ESCAPE

By Royal Brown

The train sped on, now rushing through the muck of the sultry August night, now flinging the lights of small villages and towns behind. Presently it came into the outskirts of Portland, announced by the brakeman as the next stop. When Jonesey left it at the station she was in an utterly strange city. It was late, so she took a taxi, asked the driver to take her to some near, inexpensive hotel.

It was not so very near, however, but it was utterly ghastly. The lobby with the armchairs set in front of plate-glass windows was deserted, a direct assault on the vision and the spirit. But she registered and was assigned a room. It would do for the night; in the morning she would look for a job. And also another room, she couldn't stand this one for long. It brought back to her, sickeningly vivid, that hotel room in Troy where her life had taken that twist which, with one thing and another, had landed her here.

She no more than opened her suitcase, removed the absolute essentials, bathed her face and eyes and crept into bed. She was too exhausted to remain entirely awake, but the breaks in consciousness seemed no more than a series of nightmares.

So Jonesey spent her wedding night. In the morning she awakened coughing, knew at once she had a fever.

Nothing short of a fire could have moved her from her bed that morning. Things mixed in her mind, the horrible wallpaper with spots here and there, the worn carpet on the floor, the unhappy looking chair by the window. The fact that it was costing her two dollars a day.

Except for the chambermaid she might have all but starved. It was she who had seen to it that Jonesey had something to eat.

"You've simply got to have something in your stomach," was the way Tillie put it, worriedly.

Tillie was the chambermaid. She came in that first morning with the aid of a pass key, stopped short when she saw Jonesey in bed. "I knocked—nobody answered," she said, at once defensive and defiant.

Jonesey had heard something like a knock. But she had felt too sick to answer. She had looked up, seen Tillie's fat hot face framed in straggly hair. No artist would ever have chosen Tillie as a model for a ministering angel, but she became that to Jonesey. It was Tillie who had gone, flat-footed—her arches hurt her—down two flights to the kitchen to get Jonesey a breakfast tray.

"Oh, I can't eat anything," Jonesey said when she saw it.

But Tillie was insistent, and Jonesey could not refuse what was assured would "put the strength" back in her.

Tillie washed her face for her, brushed her hair. "My, but you've got lovely hair," she murmured as she brushed Jonesey's. "A natural wave, ain't it?"

To Jonesey Tillie revealed that beauty that can sometimes shine through sheer homeliness. Tillie brushed her hair. "My, but you've got lovely hair," she murmured as she brushed Jonesey's. "A natural wave, ain't it?"

Jonesey felt so in spite of the fact that she had been awake for an hour thinking things out. She had computed the cost of this room. Tillie had brought her, and she was worried.

"How much will they charge you for the trays?" echoed Tillie when Jonesey ventured the hesitant question. "Say, you don't think I've been telling them anything about the trays do you? I can see myself, I just went down and picked up a bit here and there," she went on vigorously. "You haven't eaten much more than a bird, anyway."

"But I really think I ought—" Tillie wouldn't hear of it, however, and Jonesey was still too weak to argue it.

Nor would Tillie accept the five dollars that Jonesey, carefully computing, had felt she could afford. And Tillie insisted upon packing Jonesey's suitcase, got her ready to go. When the moment came Jonesey kissed Tillie impulsively. "I'll never, never forget all you've done," she said.

Tillie looked stunned for a second. Then: "Send me a postcard telling me how you are," she said. "I'll be wondering."

So Jonesey went to Boston. The job she had had there had seemed more than she could stand when August's brzen sun began to bake the pavements. But now, when she checked her suitcase at the North Station and walked to where she had formerly been employed, her great fear was that she might not get her job at Larkin's back again.

The restaurant, as Bing had discovered, was in the market for district and was patronized at noon more by the men who sold butter and eggs, or fruit and vegetables, or beef and other meats in the markets. They were hearty eaters, heavy tippers.

"And they beat Santa Claus when Christmas comes around," Maggie McSorley had informed Jonesey when Jonesey first went to work there.

It was Maggie who had first dubbed Ellen Jonesey, and told Jonesey to call her Maggie. "Everybody does," she had added with a grimace that matched her port

nose, the tilt of her red head, the flash of her quick Irish eyes. "I've tried to get them to call me Peggy or something like that, but nothing doing. My parents put the curses of Maggie on me when I was too young to put up a noller, and Maggie I'll live and die."

Maggie had been unsuccessfully married. She was quite fair about it, though. "It's true Tim was spoilt. His father's the big contractor, and he never denied him anything. It's hard making a husband out of a son like that, but it wasn't all his fault—I haven't red hair for nothing. And then I knew all the time it had been me that did most of the chasing. Not for his money, either. Gosh, but I was certainly crazy about him! He could wind me around his finger, and he knew it. But he did it just once too often and it got my goat, that's all."

She had been silent for a moment, then added, "Walking out on him almost killed me. Funny how you get over it, though."

In Portland, during some of her worst moments, Jonesey had remembered that. And that was another reason why she had suddenly made up her mind to come to Boston after all. It would help if she could talk to Maggie.

This was all in Jonesey's mind when she came back to Larkin's. The restaurant was up one flight. She knew that at this hour, just after twelve, the tables would be full and everybody busy. She knew she should wait until things quiet-



Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

—Rupert Brooke

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MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Polish Soldiers To Receive Gratuities

HALIFAX, Nov. 7 (CP)—Polish soldiers, who left Italian battle-fields to become Canadian farm workers, will be given gratuities of \$41 each and will be supplied with army clothing on reaching this port, military authorities said here tonight as they prepared to receive the first draft of 1,700.

The first movement of the Poles, who fought side by side with Canadian troops, will arrive here aboard the steamship Sea Robin next Tuesday from Naples. They are part of a total of 4,000.

To Distribute Can. Films in Mexico

OTTAWA, Nov. 7 (CP)—Proof of Mexico's growing interest in Canada was shown today in the announcement that the National Film Board has signed a three-year contract with a Mexican film company to distribute Canadian films throughout that country.

"Signing of this contract with Class Film Mundiales, S.A., one of Mexico's leading motion picture companies, typifies a process which has been going forward steadily throughout the past 18 months—that of making Canada and Canadians better known and liked throughout Mexico," Irene Baird of Vancouver, representative in Mexico for both the board and the Canadian information service, said today in an interview. "Canada's prestige in Mexico now is so high that one feels proud to be a Canadian there."

Canada two years ago was virtually an unknown country to Mexicans who now are clamoring for news of her and her people.

Mrs. Baird paid tribute to the popularity of the Canadian Ambassador, Dr. Hugh Kenney, as one of the big reasons for the growth of Mexican interest in Canada.

Set Dates For Canadian Textile Convention

OTTAWA, Nov. 7 (CP)—Canadian locals of the United Textile Workers of America (A.F.L.) will hold their annual convention in Ottawa Nov. 9 and 10, it was announced today.

Delegates are expected to attend from some 20 textile centres in Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario. Invitations have been issued to Anthony Valente, international president of the I.T.W.A., and J.A. Sullivan, secretary-treasurer of the Trades and Labor Congress. Reports will be received of strikes in the industry during the summer and it is expected there will be a move directed at greater uniformity in contracts.

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While more than 100 watched in the street below, Stanley E. Eisenman from High River, Alta., sat on the ledge, drenched in blood from a slashed throat. Then as a police constable grabbed him, he jumped to his death, almost pulling the constable with him.

Eisenman enlisted in Calgary early in the war and was discharged there in June, 1942, because of a rheumatic condition.

SAVINGS out of this World

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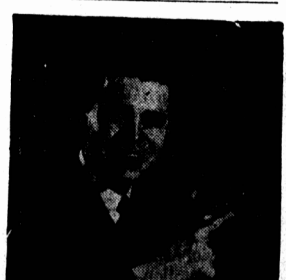
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