

### Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

#### CHAPTER III

Anger surged through Valerie. Her dismissal was unfair and she would refuse to accept it! She would swallow her pride, screw up her shoulders, go to his office and demand that there had been a mistake!

All the way up in the elevator to the fifth floor, she framed convincing arguments. Then the elevator stopped and she stepped sharply "fifth floor, please." The doors closed behind her.

She was half-joking the battery of windows when she was paid accounts checked and exchanges made.

She took one fleeting glance at her pocket mirror. She must look all right, not all right, but casual—just say there had been a mistake! Her work had been more than satisfactory always. The cashier would discover that there had been an error. She would smile and return to her notions counter.

Smile was the Prescott slogan. You must smile when your feet were killing you after a long day during the Christmas rush. Throughout the long whirlwind of January sales, smile now—when all the counters were draining out of you.

Valerie advanced to the cashier's window.

"There has been a mistake," she said, "There has been a mistake."

The cashier took the letter she extended, looked at it, looked at Valerie.

"Your name's Valerie Wentworth, isn't it?"

For an instant Valerie had a wild impulse to say, "No, my name's Valerie Prescott, I'm Phil Prescott's wife!"

Instead she bit her quivering lip. Nodded. Accepted the money the cashier counted into her fingers.

"That's right, isn't it?" the girl asked innocently.

She shot a glance over her shoulder toward a knot of office girls behind her. Some one giggled.

A mild, insulting giggle.

Biggs lifted Valerie. Did they know—what did they know? The reason for her dismissal? Was it because of her friendship with Phil Prescott, and was that known to every one from the office to the main floor? They'd act differently when she swept through the place as Phil's wife!

She threw back her head proudly. "I should like to see Mr. Phil Prescott, please."

"He isn't in."

Valerie said with dignity, "Then I'll wait."

"He's gone for the week."

"The week?"

"He and his mother went to New York last night—left on the plane for Cleveland."

Valerie struggled to adjust this new chain of events to what she already knew. Suddenly, her spirits rose. This was Phil's way of impressing his mother. Showing a keen interest in the business. Of course Phil had taken his mother to New York to tell her about their marriage.

She took the down elevator. Some one had persuaded her—she'd even her discharge had been brought about by Phil in carrying out a plan. Phil did not want her in the store when the news broke that they were married. He did not have his wife standing behind the bins of threads and buttons.

How stupid she had been! She had a position to maintain. She must show Lillian Prescott that Phil had married a girl she would be proud to acknowledge.

She left the elevator girl to stop on the third floor. She got off at the main floor and sauntered through the thick-piled carpet, thoughtfully appraising the dresses hanging on the racks.

A clerk she knew approached—she stopped to find her wandering about instead of working

on the first floor.

In answer to her question Valerie said indifferently, "Oh—I've quit."

"Quit Prescott's?"

"I'm going to New York," Valerie seized upon the first bit of fiction which occurred to her.

After that, the idea wasn't so fantastic. Phil would take her to New York, of course. He had promised to show her all the glamorous spots. The bewildered clerk followed her as she moved from rack to rack, scornfully passing by a collection of marked-down merchandise.

After half an hour of looking, trying on, appraising, Valerie decided to purchase a plaid which the clerk recommended. A golden brown background which matched her hair, a hint of blue which brought out the color of her eyes.

She shook her head when the clerk suggested a hat with a cocky feather to match the plaid. The dress cost more than she had intended to pay. Could she be sure that Phil would fix things with his mother?

All her doubts returned, but she quickly routed them. Phil loved her. She must not lose faith in Phil—she did not dare lose faith in him.

She tried to be gay when she returned to the first floor. She felt reckless indifference to the future.

She stopped at Penny's counter and, finding Penny busy, spent her time trying the effect of bits of neckwear against her black dress. Imagining that she was Mrs. Phil Prescott idly loitering about doing a morning's shopping.

Penny finished with her customer, slipped her hand into her pocket and brought up a yellow envelope.

"Lucky I caught this before the messenger carried it to the office," she said hurriedly. "Boy friend out of town?"

"New York."

Valerie took the envelope, slit it, read the brief message:

CALLLED OUT OF TOWN.

LETTER FOLLOWS, PHIL.

"Why aren't you working?" Penny asked anxiously.

Valerie smiled, prepared to leave. "I've quit."

Penny just stared.

Later, when Valerie was out on the street, with the smart shop windows of Prescott's between her and the security of a job, all confidence in Phil was eclipsed by the sad fact that she had been discharged. In spite of her efforts to assure herself that, with Phil's return, everything would be all right, the days until that return stretched ahead, an eternity of waiting.

Those days proved endless. There were hours when Valerie plunged into thoughts of the time when her parents died and she was left alone to plan her own life, seventeen. Out on her own, but never losing her courage. While now—now she was Phil Prescott's wife, she felt frightened and apprehensive of the future.

Why? She knew. She didn't trust Phil. When would his letter come? What would it say?

She was bewildered, frightened, when the third day passed with no word from Phil.

When Penny dropped in toward evening, Valerie longed to confide in her, but Phil had made her promise to tell no one about their marriage.

"What do you expect to do?" Penny demanded.

"I may go to New York."

"What would you do in New York?"

"Model."

"Model?" Penny plumped down on the day bed. "Look here," she said earnestly. "New York's full of good-looking girls—out of work."

Valerie laughed and squeezed Penny's hand. "Good old Penny. When everything was settled with Mrs. Prescott, she's coaxing Phil to work a raise for Penny."

"Why are you laughing?" asked Penny.

"Maybe I'm happy."

"If you're looking like you've looked lately means happiness, give me trouble!"

Valerie almost told Penny then. Just in time remembering how angry Phil would be, should the news of their marriage spread through the store. She must wait—wait and trust Phil. But it wasn't easy.

(To be continued)

### CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest. Best advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

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RETAILERS IN CITY AND PROVINCE PLEASE NOTE—The Wholesale of this City will be closed all day Saturday and Monday, (Labour Day).

SPECIAL EVANGELISTIC Services in Afton Hall continue each night except Sat., at 8.30. The old time Gospel is being preached. You are invited to attend these meetings. If you have been converted you will enjoy them; if not, you will benefit by them. 8-25-11

CHURCH NOTICE for Parish of Milton and Rustico, Sunday, Sept. 2nd: St. John's, Milton Sunday School 10.15 a.m.; Holy Communion 11.00 a.m. This service will be preceded by the sacrament of Holy Baptism. St. Mark's, Rustico, Sunday School 2.30 p.m.; evening prayer 3.00 p.m. Rev. Sidney J. Davies, Rector. 9-1-11

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH—Sunday's services will be conducted by the Minister, the Rev. T.E. McLennan, who will preach in the morning on "The Prince of Peace." His subject in the evening will be "As a Man Thinketh." The music for the day will include a solo "O Lord Most Holy" (Cosar Franck) sung by Miss Pauline Simmonds at the morning worship, and "Glorious Me Not to Leave Thee" sung by Miss K. McEachern at the evening service. Mr. A. Roy Kendall, A.A.G.O. will preside at the organ.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH—The Rev. I. Judson Levy, B.D. has returned from vacation and will take all services at the Baptist Church tomorrow. Mr. Levy's morning sermon will be "That Which Remains." The Communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed at the close of morning worship. The Church School meets at noon. Mr. Arthur Roper will be the soloist at the morning service, singing Carley's "Wearer My of Thee." Evening worship will be at 7 p.m. as usual, directed by the Rev. I. Judson Levy whose sermon will be "The Meaning of Service." Mr. Jeffrey Young will sing "Beside the Still Waters" (Hamblen). Music of the day will be under the direction of Mrs. K. S. Rogers, organist and director of choir.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Sunday, Sept. 1st: 8.30 a.m., Holy Communion 11 a.m., Morning Prayer: 7 p.m., Evening Prayer. Rev. Sidney J. Davies, B.A., Rural Dean will officiate at Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m. The Rev. E. Bruce Purdie, B.D., D.D., of Winnipeg, Manitoba, will be the guest preacher at the morning service at 11 a.m. and at the evening service at 7 p.m. Dr. Purdie has spent many years in Western Canada, as a Parish Clergyman and also in academic work. He is convinced from the years of travel, and experience in college class lectures and Parish observations that the greatest need of our land is the earnest and thoughtful presentation of the Gospel of the Pure Grace of God. Dr. Purdie will be leaving in God's good providence for Winnipeg. At the coming week for Winnipeg. At the morning service, Mrs. F. H. Russell will sing, "The Living God." Everyone welcome.

### Yesterday's Market

Eggs, per doz.	52
Hay	75c
Straw	50c
Potatoes, peck	49c; new 50c
Butter, dairy	40c
Wheat, 100 lb.	24.00
Suck, per lb.	37c-40c
Chickens	\$1.50-\$2.25
Fresh lettuce, head	15-20c
Celery	25-30c
Cornd beef	20c
Oranges, doz.	40c
Imported tomatoes, lb.	18c
Island cabbage, lb.	10c
Island grown tomatoes, lb.	18c
Imported beets, lb.	10c
Powd.	\$1.25-\$1.50
Apples, doz.	15-25c
Apples, peck	80c
Turnips	5c
Carrots, bunch	10c
Beans, lb.	12c
Radishes, bunch	10c
House plants	50c
Pineapple	20c
Broccoli, bunch	20c
New Onions, bunch	10c
Artichokes, 4 lbs.	10c
Radish	10c
Fresh mackerel	25c
Fresh fillets	25c
New potatoes, per lb.	25c
Cauliflower each	20-25c
Haddock	12c
Cod fillets	25c
Haddock fillets	32c
Smoked fillets	30c
Hallbut	42c
Scallop	75c
Mackerel, 2 for	75c
Cucumbers, (Island)	3 for 2c
Carrots, per lb.	9c
Island peppers	10c
Egg plants	10c & 15c
Cut flowers	25c to 50c
Gladstoll	75c & 1.25 per doz.
Island tomatoes	15c per lb.
Cantaloupes	45c

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