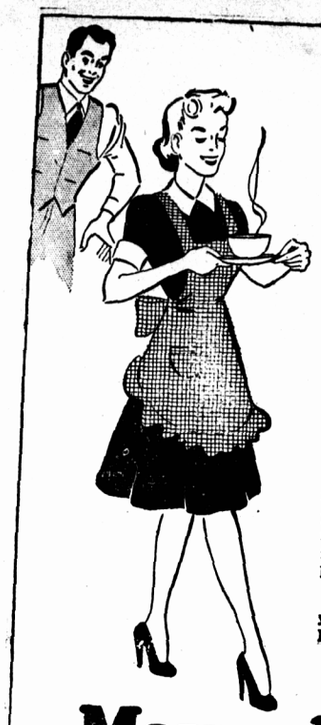

CLEVER WIVES KNOW ITS WORTH

Yes, with coffee so precious, clever wives know the wisdom of serving Maxwell House. For this famous coffee blend means the utmost satisfaction in every cup. And here are the reasons why:

1. Maxwell House is blended from rare, extra-flavor coffees . . . the very finest obtainable.

2. Roasted by a special process that captures all the mellow *smoothness* and fuller body of this particularly fine blend.

You'll get fullest value for your coffee coupons in Maxwell House.

For wartime reasons, Maxwell House is *now packed* in bags—in an All Purpose Grind and at a lower cost to you.

This new grind is suitable for *all* ways of making coffee—coffee pot, percolator or glass coffee maker. If using a glass coffee maker, you may prefer to brew the coffee a little longer.

Maxwell House COFFEE

MH223

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The Other Man

By RUBY M. AYRES

CHAPTER XIII

But in the morning she laughed at her fears, for there was a letter from Dennis, in which for the first time he said that he missed her—and only God knew what an effort it had cost him to write those words—and asking how much longer she meant to be a deserter.

"Dreams don't mean anything," Pauline told herself happily. "It must have been because we had cucumber with the salmon for dinner."

She spent a happy day. The doctor said her mother was better, and there was a wire from her father to say he was returning, and Pauline wrote a long letter to Dennis. "It will be too wonderful, won't it?" she wrote with trembling eagerness. "I think I love you better than ever I did—if it's at all possible, darling. I often wonder how I managed ever to be happy before you married me, and if anything happened that we were separated, Dennis, I should die."

O'Hara's face twitched as he read her loving words, and for a moment he looked away from what he was reading, wondering why it was he could not rid himself of the feeling that this letter was not really written to him at all.

He had seen Barbara every day, but she had never again allowed him to go to her flat, and that morning, looking at himself in the glass while he shaved, it seemed to Dennis that he had aged years in these few days.

Pauline's letter had come by the evening post, and Dennis was dressed to go out—he was taking Barbara and Stornaway to dinner.

Barbara had refused to come alone—"Bring Dr. Stornaway," she had said.

"Are you never coming alone with me again?" Dennis had asked, but she had not replied.

He stood staring down into the fire, smoking cigarette after cigarette and trying to see beyond the immediate present. Was there to be any beyond? Barbara would not tell him, and he himself could not find the answer.

When Pauline came back perhaps they would find it, or she would find it for them. The telephone rang. Was it Barbara, to say she could not dine with him? His heart almost seemed to stop beating as he waited, and then he caught his breath in a great sigh of relief as he knew it was not she. It was Stornaway:

"That you, O'Hara? I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come along to-night, after all. I've been sent for to go home. Old Thompson is ill. Hope it's not leaving you in the cart."

"No, not at all—I've not booked anything. I'm sorry, though."

"Liar!" he told himself cheerily as he rang off and went to get his overcoat.

Dinner alone with Barbara — he felt like a happy schoolboy as he went downstairs and out into the street. A whole evening alone with her! Would she come now that Stornaway would not be there? Well, he would not tell her until she asked. It seemed a long time before his knock on Barbara's door was answered, and then it was Mrs. Mellish who admitted him.

She said, "Good-evening, sir," in her quiet voice and led the way into the sitting room.

"Mrs. Stark will not keep you long, sir. She hesitated, looking at him with those quiet eyes that saw so much and betrayed so little.

"Mrs. Stark had been a little upset," she added.

"Upset?"

"I expect Mrs. Stark will explain to you, sir."

She went away, leaving Dennis to wait impatiently.

When she came he saw that she was ready, dressed and wearing a gown he had once admired. He went quickly to her and took her hands.

"What is it, my dear?"

She smiled. "Did Mellish tell you? Bless her heart! She knows there is nobody else I should ever tell my troubles to, Dennis." She bent and dropped a kiss on his coat sleeve. "Mix some cocktails, please, and I'll tell you."

She sat down by the fire and watched him; then suddenly she spoke.

"I had an unexpected visitor today, Dennis."

"Oh!" He was not greatly interested. "Who was it?"

"My husband."

The fragile stem of the glass he was holding snapped suddenly between Dennis O'Hara's fingers. He had forgotten that Barbara had a husband living.

"I thought you never saw him," he said with an effort.

"I haven't—for years. He came this afternoon. I had no idea he was in New York."

There was a little silence. "What did he want?" Dennis asked sharply. She lifted her beautiful eyes.

"He asked me to go back to him."

Dennis stood very still for a moment; then he turned mechanically again to his job.

"You like French Vermouth?" he said.

"Please." Then she laughed, a wild little laugh that sounded infinitely sad. "Make it strong, Dennis, so strong that I shan't care what happens or what becomes of me."

She flung out her hands with a pathetic gesture of emptiness, but Dennis took no notice. He finished his mixing and brought a glass of her. As she took it he asked, "And what did you say?"

"I told him I would think about it." There was a long silence. "You know he divorced me," she said presently.

Dennis did not answer.

Her face whitened and she said almost in a whisper: "It wasn't true, Dennis, not—not what you think. But I was as tired of him as he was of me, so I let him think—what he liked. I swear it's the truth."

"There is no need. I always believe you."

"Foolish Dennis!" But there were tears in her eyes—so often now there seemed to be tears in her eyes.

"Well—go on," Dennis said after a moment.

She sighed and leaned her chin in her hand.

"I've never seen him since—well, since then, until today. He was generous—I've always had plenty of money. And now he wants me to go back to him." Her eyes never left his face. "He says he has never cared for any woman but me, Dennis."

"And you told him you would think about it—about going back to him?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you a time limit?" Dennis was white to the lips.

She shook her head. "No—I promised to write to him."

She stood up suddenly beside him, tall and beautiful and so utterly desirable, that for a moment Dennis O'Hara closed his eyes. Then she said, "What's the use of hoping for anything—for us, I mean? You know it's no use; you know you can't do—what you think you can."

"You mean—tell Pauline?"

"Yes."

He clenched his hands into fists. "Barbara—there must be some other way."

"Yes." She smiled tremulously. "You might come here secretly—as my lover—and we should be happy for the little time we could be together and unhappy for the great while when we had to be apart. And some day it would be found out, and then——"

"I should only mind for your sake."

She shook her head sadly.

"It wouldn't hurt me—it wouldn't be anything worse than the things people say about me already. But you, Dennis—it would break your heart."

"Am I such a weakling?"

"No, if you were it would not matter."

He paced up and down the room restlessly.

"If I were an honest man I should go to Pauline and tell her the truth. It would not hurt her as much as it will if some day she finds out that I love you and that I think of you every moment and want you——"

"It's because you are an honest man that you can't tell her," Barbara said, and then, as he did not answer, she took up her cloak and held it to him.

"Let us go, Dennis — Dr. Stornaway will be waiting."

He took the cloak from her, but as he laid it over her shoulders he suddenly enfolded her with his arms, pressing her head back against his breast. "Barbara—kiss me——"

Her lips moved to say no, but Dennis silenced the word with his own, and so for a long time they stood while Barbara gave herself up wholly to the intoxication of the moment.

"Just this once—for the last time," she told herself. "Just this once—for the very last time."

And when at last he released her she was white and shaken and could not meet his eyes, though she tried to laugh.

"Nobody has ever kissed me like that, Dennis," she said faintly.

"And was it — happiness?" he asked.

"It was—heaven," she whispered.

He told her about Stornaway as they drove away together, her cheek against his shoulder, her hand in his.

"I didn't tell you before. I thought you would refuse to come."

"I ought to refuse now," she sighed. She raised her head and looked at him. "Dennis, this isn't really me at all. I used to be so unhappy—and now, I feel young and warm and without a care in the world." But Dennis O'Hara's eyes were sad as he looked away from her, and the words of Pauline's letter came back to him like a sad reproach—"If anything happened that we were separated, I should die."

• • •

They spent a happy evening. "We'll forget everything but that we are together," Barbara said. So they dined and danced and talked of things that were farthest from their hearts. It was as they were leaving that they came face to face with Jerry Barnet.

He had obviously been drinking, and Barbara shivered and drew closer to Dennis. "He pretended not to see us," she whispered. "I think he is a little jealous of you."

(To be Continued)

WEEK END FOOD VALUES

FRIDAY --- SATURDAY --- MONDAY

FRYS COCOA ½ Lb. Tin ---- 21c

ODEX SOAP Each ---- 6c

Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP 14 Oz. Bottle 21c

BULK COCOA, 1 Lb. Bag ---- 19c

Swansdown CAKE FLOUR, Pkg. ---- 32c

RINSO Large Pkg. ---- 27c

Bulk BAKING SODA Lb. 8c. 2 Lbs. 15c

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

WATERMELON, Lb. ---- 17c
TOMATOES, Lb. ---- 29c
CUCUMBERS, Each ---- 30c
CARROTS, Lb. 12c. 2 Lbs. ---- 23c
CABBAGE, Lb. ---- 19c
LEAF LETTUCE, Bunch ---- 15c
NEW SPINACH, Lb. 15c. 2 Lbs. ---- 29c

EATONS TOMATO JUICE 20 Oz. Tin — 10c

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE 16 Oz. Bottle — 28c

P. and G. SOAP Each 6c. 10 For — 53c

EATONS ARTIFICIAL VANILLA 16 oz. cruet 14c. 2 For — 27c

EATONS SNOWFLAKE BAKING POWDER 1 Lb. Tin — 15c

QUAKER CORN FLAKES Pkg. 9c. 3 For — 25c

THE CANADIAN STORES LTD.

MR. JOHN COPP DIES IN EVERETT

John Copp, formerly of 230 Maple Street, and of recent years a resident at 15 Lawrence Street, Everett, Mass., died June 17th, following a lingering illness.

He was born in Milton, P. E. I., 85 years ago and came to this country, many years ago. He lived in Peabody for a few years before coming to Chelsea, 35 years ago. He was a member of Peabody Lodge of Odd Fellows. For several years, he was employed by the Soley and Blair, building movers of this city. He had been retired for many years.

He leaves a daughter, Miss Winifred Copp of this city and a brother, Joseph Copp of Somerville. His wife, the late Matilda A. (Bell) Copp, died a year ago.

Funeral services was held in the Douglass funeral home, 242 Washington Ave. Rev. Ernest W. Kellett, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church officiating and burial was in Glenwood cemetery, Everett.

(Patriot please copy.)

GOODYEAR'S "3R's" OF WARTIME TIRE SERVICE

REPAIRS
Your Goodyear dealer uses only Goodyear factory-approved methods and Goodyear materials for all repairs and vulcanizing. That's why he can guarantee satisfaction and give you the best job your money can buy.

RETREADING
(for eligible vehicles)
Putting a new tread on a good sound carcass is the next best thing to a new tire. It's a mighty important part of Goodyear's Wartime Tire Service. Factory-specified methods assure a well-balanced, uniform quality tire.

REPLACEMENTS
(for eligible vehicles)
Goodyears stretch tire renewal permits to the utmost, give a bonus in safety and low cost mileage. Use your tire permit for sure-footed big-mileage Goodyears . . . and do yourself a good turn.

Your Goodyear Dealer Has a War Time Job — to keep your tires in condition

● Most premature tire failure is the result of neglect. Sometimes air pressures are not checked . . . at other times cuts, bruises and slow leaks are not repaired in time. There is only one way to be sure that neglect won't work havoc with your tires and that is . . . SEE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER REGULARLY!

Goodyear dealers have been trained in "war-time tire service". They know the urgent necessity of keeping every tire in fighting trim. They know how to apply modern Goodyear methods in repairing and vulcanizing . . . they know "all the answers" to tire problems.

Don't hesitate to use Goodyear's nation-wide tire service. It has been created for you, and your fellow motorists, so that the tires you have won't let you down.

Drive in today to your nearby Goodyear dealer's. He'll welcome you . . . give you friendly, skilful and prompt attention. His place of business is plainly marked with the familiar big blue and yellow Goodyear sign.

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Against a radiant backdrop a United Nations convoy moves across Atlantic under protection of a Navy blimp. (U. S. Navy Photo From NEA

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople