

BRING YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS HERE

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Druggist **DAN J. FRY** Chemist
310 No. Commercial Phone 223
HEADQUARTERS FOR KODAK SUPPLIES

GROCERIES

White Navy Laundry Soap, 4 bars.....	25c
Old Faithful Tomato Catsup, per bottle.....	23c
Seaport Clams, per can.....	19c
Wool soap, 3 bars.....	23c
Rose-bud Table syrup.....	70c
White Lily Tomatoes.....	14c
Liberty Jelly Powder, package.....	10c
Avondale Molasses, per can.....	15c
White Crystal Table Syrup, 2 1-2 pound can.....	35c
Seaport Lemon Extract, per bottle.....	15c
Swift's Pride Washing Powder, large package.....	23c
Toilet Paper, 5 rolls for.....	25c
White Seal Coffee, per pound.....	45c
Cream of Barley, package.....	20c
Chicken Tamale, per can.....	14c
Snider's Tomato Soup, 2 for.....	35c
Ralston Bran, package.....	15c
Folger's Golden Gate Coffee, 2 1-2 pound can for.....	\$1.35
Libby's Pork and Beans, 2 for.....	35c
Borden's milk, per can.....	16c

OUR STOCK OF BULK TEA IS COMPLETE

No-Vary Grocery

THE QUALITY STORE
383 Court Street Phone 409



SAVE TIME

yes, not only time, but steps and money and worry and waiting—save everything that is of value to you by using the telephone to do your shopping.

The merchants whose ads are on this page have installed telephones for your convenience, and the fact that they have their advertisements on this page means that they are inviting you to use the telephone with which to buy goods from them. And it means further that they are prepared to take care of such purchases promptly and satisfactorily.

They want your business or they wouldn't ask for it. If they think enough of it to ask for it, they think enough of it to handle it so that you will be satisfied and buy again.



Society Cleaners and Dyers
Particular Work
for
Particular People
Suits Dry Cleaned and Pressed
.....\$1.75
Special Spot and Press.....\$1.00
Sponge and Press.....75c
LADIES' FANCY WORK OUR
SPECIALTY
A Trial Will Convince
550 State Street
Phone 195 Night Phone 1684
We Call and Deliver

MILK

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Salem Sanitary Milk Co.

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Commercial Cider Works

Phone 2194 1010 N. Com'l St.
P. M. GREGORY, Mgr.

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Phone 2471

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WET WASH

25 Pound Bundle80c
Home Wet Wash Laundry

BUSICK'S

Phone C. O. D. Orders 198-186

548 State Street. Corner State and Commercial
Streets. 299 North Commercial

Address All Mail Orders—456 State Street

6 pounds Crisco.....	\$2.35	Economy, qt. jars.....	\$1.27
3 pounds Crisco.....	\$1.20	5 Mason Jar rubbers.....	25c
5 pounds Karo.....	55c	Zine Mason tops.....	29c
10 pounds Karo.....	\$1.10	Economy tops.....	29c
Crown flour.....	\$2.95	3 Armour's Corn flakes.....	25c
Valley flour.....	\$2.65	5 pound tin Folgers Golden Gate coffee, lb.....	48c
5 pound tin Folgers Golden Gate coffee, lb.....	48c	2 1-2 Folger's coffee lb.....	40c
2 1-2 Folger's coffee lb.....	40c	3 pounds Royal Club coffee.....	\$1.40
3 pounds Royal Club coffee.....	\$1.40	3 lbs. M. J. B. coffee.....	\$1.50
3 lbs. M. J. B. coffee.....	\$1.50	5 lbs. M. J. B. per lb.....	48c
5 lbs. M. J. B. per lb.....	48c	2 Cream Oil soap.....	25c
2 Cream Oil soap.....	25c	3 Peter Pan soap.....	25c
3 Peter Pan soap.....	25c	3 Fairy soap.....	25c
3 Fairy soap.....	25c	1 Light House Cleanser.....	20c
1 Light House Cleanser.....	20c	Minceed Clams 1-2s.....	11c

Order Early for Best Services

BUSICK'S

ED ROCK'S GROCERY
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Telephone
269

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables
TELEPHONE YOUR ORDERS
PROMPT DELIVERY
1567 Center Street

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCXCI

DICKY AND MADGE START ON
THEIR "SECOND HONEYMOON"

Together! with the world shut out! This, the paradise for which all true lovers long, has been ours—Dick's and mine—for a week, our "second honeymoon" as Dicky insists upon calling it. And to me it has had a poignant ecstasy of a bliss restored which I had thought forever lost.

I think I can understand the feelings of the condemned prisoner, who

within an hour of his execution learns that he has been proved innocent, that he is free to go wherever he wishes, with no stigma upon him. I know that I could never appreciate the happiness of the last week so truly had I not so nearly lost my husband.

But now, so potent is the power of present happiness to banish the memory of the past pain, the terrible suffering I underwent while Dicky was in San Francisco, estranged from me, seems like an awful nightmare from which I have awakened.

The suffering of those weeks will not be wasted, however. It has been given me to know in these last blissful days that if ever again in my life with Dicky I am tempted to rebel, as I have so often done, against his impetuous temper, his unreasoning jealousy, I shall remember the anguish of those weeks of separation from my husband and heed the lessons of forbearance they have taught me.

The Days in Retrospect.

Through my mind there float the memories of the old days, the first year of our married life together, when every happening held a possibility of a quarrel because of the great difference between Dicky's artistic temperament and my "school-ma'am" ways. With Lillian Underwood now even more my friend than Dicky's, happy in the possession of

her long lost baby girl, restored to her through the death of her first husband, whose mother she is caring for. With Harry Underwood gone—perhaps never to return—on a trip to South America with my father—whose use of the name "Robert Gordon" still mystifies me. With Dicky's mother on a visit to her daughter, Jack Bickett, my cousin-brother, joyful in his newfound love for Katherine Sonnet, whom he met when he was recovering from a wound received "somewhere in France", Dr. Pettit—whose thoughts of love for me used to trouble me—safely my good friend now. Grace Draper—who had tried to destroy my happiness in Dicky so often that her very name seemed like a sword over my happiness—now gone out of our lives. With many of the problems of that ecstatically happy, and as frequently miserable, first phase of our married life behind us, the future seems to promise much joy for Dicky and for me.

It is a week today since Dicky brought me home—home to the firelit warmth, the homely comfort of the old farmhouse at Marvin. And with the exception of one afternoon when we went up to the city—I to give my weekly history talk to the Lotus Study club, he to attend to some necessary studio affairs—I have hardly been out of my husband's sight. We have walked and talked, eaten and drunk, read and played, always together, an exquisite companionship that will always be a precious memory.

Is Dicky Getting Restless?

For marriage has taught me that days such as these have been rare white days, rare gems in one's rosary of time, only comparable in bliss to the days of one's betrothal and marriage. They are delicate things, too, so fragile that a word, even a look at the wrong time will mar them—days to be guarded zealously that their sweetness and fragrance may be preserved intact.

My life with Dicky has taught me other things, also, among them the evanescent and effervescent spirit of the man I married. He tires of any situation quickly, becomes very easily bored. For that reason I have been watching him carefully to detect the first sign of restlessness on his part. The fetters that bind Dicky to matrimony must be silken.

so fine that he does not detect their presence.

It is for this reason that this morning I pleaded the excuse of household duties and did not accompany Dicky on the walk he proposed. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me that there was something in his manner when he suggested the walk that spelled restlessness to me. If I am right, if he is beginning to tire ever so slightly, even though unconsciously, of this rustic idyl of ours, then it is high time for me to devise some tactful method of getting back to the ordinary verities of life.

I have sat by the living room fire ever since Dicky went, taking stock of myself and of some of the problems which have come to me since my marriage, trying to discover wherein I have failed or have succeeded as a wife.

The pitfalls have been many in the year past. I realize that God has been good to me and I feel exceedingly humble, as if I ought to try very hard to deserve my restored happiness.

How the months have flown since the day I put my hand in my husband's and promised to love and honor—"in sickness and in health"—until death does you part!" And what heights of joy, what depths of sorrow my soul has touched since then!

From the vantage point of experience I have gained, I look back with tender, amused pity upon the girl I was a year ago, the girl who, sneering at marriage, afraid of it, totally unfitted to cope with its problems, had yet for love staked her whole future, her very life in the lottery of matrimony. And I ask one question of that girl, who was myself:

"If you could have looked into the troubled days that were before you would you have risked marriage with Dicky Graham?"

I do not need to wait for the answer. I have weighed the question carefully many times. I know "beyond all doubting, truly," that my husband is the one man in the world for me, that my love for him has

outweighed all the suffering.

One thing I know as I rise to my feet and go to meet my husband. It is that the words which rushed to my lips upon my wedding day, "I will be happy! I will! I will!" were not the ones I should have uttered. It is another prayer, a better augury of the unknown paths still to be charted, that I am whispering now: "Please God, I will make Dicky happy!"

(To be continued)

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