

HELP YOURSELF to Super Specials



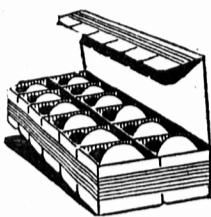
Fresh FRUITS & VEGETABLES



- EMPEROR GRAPES, 2 lbs. 33c
- FLORIDA PINK GRAPEFRUIT, 1/2 doz. 49c
- LARGE FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT, 3 for 29c
- CAL. JUICY ORANGES, 3 doz. ... \$1.00
- CRISP CELERY, each 23c
- LETTUCE, 1ge., ea. 29c
- FRESH SPINACH, 1 lb. 22c
- Large SPANISH ONIONS, 2 lbs. 25c
- Fresh CAULIFLOWER, ea. 49c
- PEANUTS IN SHELL, lb. 39c



BUY



LOOK

First Grade Morell Co-Op Creamery BUTTER Pound 65c

- EGGS**—Strictly fresh
- Grade A Large . 34c
 - Grade A Med. . 32c
 - Grade A Pullet . 27c

- Domestic SHORTENING** .. 28c
- CRISCO** 38c
- ROBIN HOOD OATS** 5 lb. pkg. 42c

HEARTY FOODS

For COLD WEATHER APPETITES!



- SWIFT BROOKFIELD SNACK ROLL CHEESE**, lb. 53c
- V-8 VEGETABLE JUICE**—20 oz. tin, 2 for 35c
- HORTON'S BEANS**—with Pork and molasses—20 oz. tin, 2 for 31c



The Central Farmers Co-Op Association Ltd. in establishing the Co-Op Super Market, did so with the aim of its being a service to both producer and consumer, and hoped by this mingling of both, that each would have a better understanding of the problems confronting the other. We know now that we are on the right track, and would suggest furthering our aims by you enquiring about the "First Rochdale Principle" under which we operate (open membership). Our prices are substantially the same as when we opened December 15th, 1949, so we will just remind you about some of our items in each of our departments.

DINNER SELECTIONS IN MEATS

- PORK HOCKS, lb. 20c
- HAMBURG, lb. 43c
- Trimmed Shoulder PORK CHOPS, lb. 45c
- LIVER, lb. 31c
- ROASTS—
- Trimmed Shoulder PORK, lb. 39c
- RUMP ROAST, lb. 50c

HAVE YOU VISITED OUR FISH COUNTER

We have Fish of the finest quality and fresh at all times.

SCALLOPS, HALIBUT, FRESH COD, FRESH HADDOCK, FILLETS, COD FILLETS, SMOKED FILLETS, SMELTS, SALMON, FINNAN HADDIE, SALT COD, DRIED COD.



- FISH SAUSAGE 39c
- CORNED MACKEREL . 30c
- SALT HERRING, 3 for 29c



BENEFIT

DO YOUR NERVES PLAY TRICKS ON YOU?

If your nerves "jump" at a sudden noise . . . or you feel so edgy and low in spirits that you pick a quarrel without meaning to . . . look out! Perhaps your store of nervous energy may be almost used up . . . and your body needs help!

That's when you need a good tonic, like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food . . . to help build you up so you can get a proper rest at night. That's when you'll really feel the benefit of the Vitamin B₁, iron and other needed minerals this time-tested tonic contains! For Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been proven in over 50 years of use. And Canadians, by the thousands, say they're better, eat better, feel better—yes, and look better, too!—after taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

So if worry, anxiety or the strenuous pace of modern living is upsetting your nerves—get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food today. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance. The large "economy size" is your best buy.

The Morning is Near Us

By Susan Glaspell

One day they drove in to take Ivy a fresh salad from their garden. "What are you going to do about the children's clothes, Lydia?" Ivy asked as they had tea.

"Their clothes? Aren't they all right?" She looked anxiously at her two out on the lawn with Harriett.

"Of course," Ivy laughed, "for now. But you aren't used to outfitting children for school, are you?"

"I've never done it."

"Well, it's very important. And for Diego and Koula especially so. You know as well as I do they are going to seem strange at first. Children can be cruel little beasts. So their clothes must be just right. And to be right they must be just like the others. It's terribly important. You'd better let me go shopping with you."

"They had this expedition. She knew Ivy was right and humbly got things her sister-in-law assured her were what children wore to school.

One afternoon she was out under the elm tree, shortening a red and blue gingham dress they had bought for Koula, when she saw Warren drive in. "Hi there!" he

called. "Just thought I'd look in on you."

But as they chatted of inconsequential things she knew he had come to say something in particular. At last it came. "So you went to see Father?"

She nodded, head bent over her work.

"Won't take anybody else's advice, will you?" He said it good humoredly enough.

"I couldn't—about that."

"Why couldn't you drive home?" he demanded.

"How did you know I didn't?"

"Oh—things get around. I know all these garage fellows. Tony Abel was down to see about a car. Was the visit too much for you?" he went on more gently, as she still bent to her work.

"Yes, I—couldn't drive home."

"How did Father seem? What did he say?" he pursued, after having waited for her long enough.

"He didn't say anything."

"Oh, for heavens sake, Lydia, loosen up a little!" he cried impatiently, as she still kept silence.

"He must have said something."

"I didn't even hear his voice," she said tremulously.

"What? Why—you mean they wouldn't let you see him?"

"No, I saw him," she said. Her fingers trembled with her needle and she did not go on with the sewing, nor did she speak, but sat there bent over the dress as if still working with it.

"Well, all right," Warren said at last. "Of course if you don't want to tell me."

How could she tell him? How tell why she did not cross that little stretch of green and speak to her father? Who would believe she couldn't do that? What words were there for it? but Warren was offended—so she tried. "I went in through the gate. He was sitting there—on a bench under the maple tree. I—I had to wait a minute. Well, I waited. He never moved. So I couldn't."

She could feel her brother staring at her. "You aren't trying to tell me," he asked slowly, "that after going all that way you never even went up and spoke to him?"

"No—I couldn't." She turned on him passionately. "Couldn't—I tell you! Can't you understand I couldn't?" Her eyes were blazing and then they were wet.

"Well—" Warren at last said helplessly; "that's about the strangest thing yet."

She pressed the little dress against her eyes. "Yes—it was stranger." Warren must have felt a little of what was there, for gently he said: "I'm sorry, Lydia"—and didn't even say, "you shouldn't have gone."

She got buttermilk and cookies. Men are working up on the hill. "Someone is going to be buried," Warren observed.

The children were up there watching. "We used to do that," she said. "Warren, what did Father say when he knew I had come home?"

Warren brushed off crumbs, kept busy with this after the crumbs were all gone. "Why, Lydia," he had to say at last, "I don't believe he knows you are home."

She put her glass down on the low table. She had almost dropped it. "You never even told him—" she couldn't go on.

"Now, Lydia—please. You saw Father. You must have felt—why you didn't even go over and speak to him. You must have got the idea. He just doesn't care about things now. I thought of writing, but I didn't want to disturb him."

"Disturb him?" she repeated incredulously.

"Well," he reminded, "did you want to disturb him?"

"No,—but—" her father didn't even know that she was home!

"But he asked me to come home," she said. Warren did not reply.

To be continued

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

humour to be able to glean her amusements in the ordinary walks of life and along every hour.

It was James himself, who vows modestly sometimes in our hearing, "Oh, I don't do nearly so much around the place as once—you know I'm not so young as I used to be!" that drove the team and laden sleigh to the yard—the first load of wood of the season. Triumphant, we fancy it always arrives, with an air which tells one that if as has been said "the beginning is the hardest part of a chore" then this ordeal is now past and the endeavour off happily towards fulfillment.

Pard, his faithful attendant on such outings for a number of years, again led the team home and, knowing fellow that he is, remained close by during the unloading, to be ready—and so willing to lead off presently along the fields. Sunny and crisp and clear today's weather came, to fetch first loads of wood by way of a white trail to the yard. Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-

Save Money on Meals!



5¢

Buy FOUR Delicious AUNT JEMIMA Pancakes!

Grand Main Course for Lunch or Supper!

Serving light, fluffy, golden-brown Aunt Jemima Pancakes is the appetizing way to save money. Where else could you get so much nourishment for so little cost?



EASY as 1-2-3 to fix!

- 1 ADD MILK OR WATER
- 2 STIR
- 3 POP 'EM ON THE GRIDDLE

GET BOTH KINDS!

The red box for fluffy-light PANCAKES and WAFFLES; the yellow box for taste-tangling BUCKWHEATS. Reg. Size or 1/2 lb. Economy Bag.

The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited

GOOD FOR YOU - DIGESTIBLE AS TOAST!

Cut coffee costs with Nescafé!

COSTS LESS - NO WASTE

Here's why:

1. Even the 4-oz. jar makes about as many cups as a pound of ordinary coffee—yet costs you less!
2. Big family size jar saves even more.
3. No waste with Nescafé. You make delicious coffee right in the cup—and only what you need.
4. Never goes stale. Nescafé is specially processed to stay fresh down to the last spoonful!

Makes roaster-fresh coffee every time. No fuss. No muss. It's instant!



Drink **NESCAFÉ** and enjoy the finest cup of coffee you ever tasted.

Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade mark of Nestlé's Milk Products (Canada) Limited to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrin, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.