St. Mary's A.Y.P.A. Has Reorganized

The Extension Committee of the A. Y. P. A. consisting of members of the A. Y. from Charlottetown and Kensington attended the evening service at St. Mary's Church, Summerside, 9 September 9th. Immediately after the service the committee met with a group of enthusiastic young people at the home of Miss Peggy Preston, 82 Central Street. Archdeacon Harrison of St. Mary's Branch of the A. Y. P. A. reorganized.

After a lengthy discussion, Art MacLean, Charlottetown, President of the Local Council, George Anderson, Charlottetown, Sec. Treas. of the Local Council and Jack Guy, St. John, N. B., Past President of the Diocesan Council along with the other members of the committee answered the questions of the group and gave some ideas for programs. It was decided that a nominating committee be appointed. The committee consisted of the following: Archdeacon Harrison, chairman, Dorothy Murphy, Brian Sperring, Betty Lou Tredinick, Claudie Barwise and Mike Bush. Plans were made for the committee to meet this Friday at the Rectory to appoint the officers and plan the opening meeting which is slated for September 21.

After all questions had been answered and all plans made the group enjoyed a hymn-sing with Betty Lou Tredenick at the piano.

Lunch was served by Mrs. Preston after which the Extension Committee left wishing St. Mary's A. Y. P. A. the best of luck in their reopening.

On August 26, the Extension Committee visited the Anglican Churches at Port Hill, Lot 11, Inverness and O'Leary as a result of the interest shown by the extention committee many more attended the conference at Crapaud on the Labor Day week-end.

Silvester - Black Wedding

Dorothy Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Black of Charlottetown, and Mr. John Cameron Silvester, son of Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Silvester of Toronto, were married in Trinity United Church, Toronto, on Saturday, September 8th Dr. E. Crossley Hunter, assisted by Dr. Harry C. Rice, officiated.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was dressed in powder blue lace over taffeta, with fitted bodice, small collar and flared skirt in ballerina length. Her bonnet-brim was of matching taffeta, from which fell a shoulder-length veil. She carried a bouquet of Better Time roses and bavaria.

Mrs. Allen Nield, sister of the groom, acted as matron of honour and wore a navy blue nylon net dress with accessories of pink. Her bouquet was of Briar Cliff roses and bavaria.

Mr. Douglas Craig was groomsman, and the ushers were Messrs. Harold Black, brother of the bride, and Allen Nield. A college friend of the groom sang two baritone solos, "Oh Perfect Love", and "The Wedding Prayer".

The bride's mother wore an orchid suit with black accessories. Her corsage was of talisman roses, while the groom's mother was gowned in rose crepe with which she wore accessories of navy blue, and a corsage of pink roses.

The reception was held at the Windsor Arms Hotel, following which Mr. and Mrs. Silvester left for a trip to the north lake country, the bride travelling in a cocoa brown suit with green accessories, and a corsage of yellow roses.

Out of town guests included Dr. and Mrs. H. O. Folkins and daughters Lynn and Carol of Chicago, Messrs. Fred and Harold Black of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smithrim of Trenton, Ont., Rev. and Mrs. Alan Borland of Flinton, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cockburn, St. Catharines, Ont.

Kenniston-Robison Wedding

The wedding took place Wednesday morning, September 5th, 1951, at St. Michael's Church, Corran Bann, P.E.I., of Rose Theresa Robison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Robison of Charlottetown and Grand Tracadie, to George Kenniston, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Kenniston of Arlington, Mass.

Rev. William Simpson performed the double ring ceremony and celebrated the nuptial Mass.

The altar was colourfully decorated by the bride's girl friends with mixed gladioli and other cut mixed flowers. Rev. Parnell Wood was present in the sanctuary.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, by whom she was given in marriage, to the strains of the Wedding March, played by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Donald Robison. During the Mass appropriate hymns were sung by Mrs. Joseph MacQuaid and Mrs. J. J. Trainor, assisted by Mrs. Donald Robison.

The bride looked charming in a gown of ivory satin, with moulded bodice, net insert at the neck and long flowing skirt caught in the front with silver bracades and tapering in the back to a short train. Her finger tip veil was capped by a coronet of seed pearls. She carried an arm bouquet of American Beauty roses offset by long ribbons and maiden hair fern tips.

The maid of honour, her sister, Miss Katherine Robison, wore a slipper length gown of pale green nylon taffeta with fitted bodice and full skirt of taffet with overskirt of green marquisette. Her picture hat matched her dress and she carried a nosegay of Better Time roses.

Little Katherine Coady, niece of the bride, was the flower girl and carried a basket of mixed blooms and petals. She wore a white dress of organza and a matching bandeau on her head.

The groomsman was Mr. Joseph Brine, a close friend of the groom, and the ushers were the bride's two brothers, Donald and Michael.

The bride's mother wore a dress of navy crepe with navy hat and white accessories. Her corsage was of white gladioli.

Mrs. Kenniston was attired in a grey crepe dress with pink insert at the neckline and pink hat and accessories. Her corsage was of pink gladioli.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to relatives and friends at Keppoch Hotel. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. Brine and responded to by the groom. During the breakfast the bride and groom were thoughtfully remembered by a telegram of best wishes from the bride's aunt and uncle, Mr and Mrs. Joseph McLean of Sommerville, Mass., with whom the bride has lived for the past five years.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenniston are spending their honeymdon in the New Hampshire mountains before taking up residence in their new home in Arlington Heights, Mass. For travelling the bride chose a navy blue suit of gabardine with a rose velvet hat and navy accessories, and a corsage of roses.

Out of town guests included Mr. and Mrs. G. Kenniston, Arlington, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brine, Arlington Centre, Mass., Mrs. Ralph Ambrose, Squanton, Mass., and Miss Carmel MacAulay, New York City.

Prior to her wedding the bride was tendered a miscellaneous shower by Misses' Kaye Duffy and Rita MacDonald at the latter's apartment in Parkdale, where she received many beautiful and useful gifts.

All their friends join in wishing the young couple many years of wedded bliss.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Book of New Testament
5. Variety of cabbage
9. Fall in drops
10. Low-grade sheepskin
11. Mountain pass (India)
12. Fiji Islands (abbr.)
13. Shoshonean Indian
15. Tells
17. Wander idly
18. Oblong chest (Jew.)
19. Befall
20. Concealed
21. Exist
22. Pinaceous tree
23. Trust
24. Firearm
25. Mournful
26. Part of the face
28. Add up
29. Before Christ (abbr.)
31. Part of a rowboat
32. Japanese holiday
33. Beverage
34. Narrow inlet (geol.)
35. Native of Russia
37. Sprite
38. Man's nickname
39. Portion
40. Lizards
42. Peel
43. Lairs
44. Eskers

DOWN

1. Stick
2. Fissure
3. Monkey
4. Spain (abbr.)
5. Brittle
6. Hawaiian bird
7. Showed mirth
8. To involve
11. Seize
12. Dread
14. Whirlpool
16. Lean
22. Merriment
23. Male sheep
24. Long-necked quadruped
25. Heavenly bodies
26. Heart
27. Greeted
28. Spirit
29. Carrier
30. Jargon
32. Alloy of zinc and copper
33. Coronet
36. Resorts
41. Thoron (sym.)
42. Italian river

S	C	A	B	S	E	G	R	E	T	
C	O	R	O	T		P	L	U	M	E
A	D	A	G	E		I	O	N	I	A
T	E	R		R	E	G	R	E	T	S
			M	E	R	R	Y			
A	S	E	A		R	A		A	L	A
T	A	N	G	O		M	O	D	E	S
A	I	D		F	I		U	D	O	S
			O	F	F	E	R			
M	A	T	I	S	S	E		W	I	T
O	R	A	L	E		R	A	I	S	E
B	E	R	E	T		I	N	G	L	E
S	A	N	D	S		E	A	S	E	D

Yesterday's Answer

9-15

9-15

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X E
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

K DKYZPZ VYSIC TPZAIKRAP CIKR JIPR YC DZBJRPH YR TBJPZ—VBQCIPN.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: I'LL SEEK HIM DEEPER THAN EER PLUMMET SOUNDED—SHAKESPEARE.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

GROUNDED BIRD

The New Zealand parrot known as a kakapo has brilliant plumage but cannot fly, using its wings for balancing only.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Imprisonment has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but strange to say, has often promoted them.

Louis, the twelfth Duke of Orleans, spent many years locked up in the Tower of Bourges. While in confinement he applied himself to study and in consequence became an enlightened Monarch.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems which won the approval of the nation, and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many worthwhile poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished history of the world was the fruit of eleven years of imprisonment, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was produced in a similar situation. De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphet, began his Review, a political paper which grew into nine thick volumes.

• • •

In 1900, Sir Arthur Evans, the English archaeologist, while doing excavation work near the city of Candia, in Crete, came upon a city large enough to shelter 100,000 people. With the help of scores of laborers a great palace unfolded, with corridors, secret passages, blind galleries and what not. This was the ancient city of Cnosus, ruled by King Minos, which lay buried for 3000 years, until Dr. Evans uncovered it for travelers to see.

King Minos throne — the oldest in the world — was hewn out of solid rock. For 700 years it seated the kings of Crete. On the walls of the throne room the beautiful portraits of girls and flowers, the colors of which are still as bright as they were in the year 2000 B.C.

• • •

Unless you are a Mohammedan you can't get within 8 miles of the Holy City of Mecca. In one day, during the holy season, as many as 50,000 Mohammedan pilgrims pour into the holiest city on earth to have the sins of a lifetime washed away.

Mohammed was born in Mecca and its famous granite temple called the Kasba, was built by Abraham, the brother of Isaac, centuries before Christ came into the world.

Once a pilgrim reaches Mecca he earns the right to the title Hadji before his name — a title which gives him great honor the rest of his life. Every person who had been to the holy city is allowed to wear a green turban on his head.

On pain of death no infidel is allowed to enter the walls. But should you be unlucky enough to get by the fanatical guards, you'd soon be spotted as being an unbeliever and stoned to death.

In the center of the Sacred Square, at Mecca, stands the great stone temple, always kept veiled in camel's hair cloth. It is in this square and facing the temple, that the pilgrims assemble twice each day for prayer.

After the prayer each pilgrim must walk seven times around the temple, chanting holy words. Then he is led to a sacred spring from which he is permitted to drink. One gulp of this magical water purifies one's sins—Mohammedans' sins anyway. After three days the crowds and the prayers and the noise die away and the holy city of Mecca lapses into a quiet desert town.

Mohammedan law allows each man to have four wives at once, and to divorce them and marry four more, as often as he wishes. In this manner, some men have been known to acquire hundreds of wives and scores of offspring. How they manage to support so many women and children is quite a mystery. Certainly, no infidel would attempt to emulate the Arabs considering the present high cost of living.

• • •

The maps of earlier days are as amusing as they are misleading. On some, England is represented and shows her as a group of scattered islands. Another one shows Ireland divided into two parts by the river Boyne.

The Bouf tree is found only in Australia. Shaped like a bottle, the branches spring from the neck which gives the tree a rather unique appearance.

Sometimes the natives bury their dead high among the branches, where the body is eaten by birds.

The six follies of science are: "The guadrature of the circle; the multiplication of the cube; the perpetual motion; the philosophical stone; Mopie, and Judical Astrology — all are impossibilities, though great and lesser minds have been occupied with them for centuries.

Class Reunion

A re-union, with an international flavour, took place on Friday, August 31, when seven of the eight members of the 1941 graduating class of the Prince Edward Island Hospital met at the home of Mrs. Stewart Pierce, Charlottetown. Mrs. Perry Hurst (nee Grace Whitehead), of Talara, Peru, the latest bride of the class, was presented with a breakfast set from her class mates. After which a motor trip to Cavendish and Summerside was enjoyed.

Those present were: Mrs. Perry Hurst, Talara, Peru, Miss Vera Beck, Montague; Mrs. Fulton Pierce, Charlottetown; Mrs. William MacRae, Montreal, Que.; Mrs. Clifford Brand, London, England; Mrs. Stewart Pierce, Charlottetown, and Mrs. Kenneth Braidwood, Toronto, Ont. The only member of the class absent was Mrs. Doyle Dunbar, Grand Prairie, Alberta.

The Thorpe Affair

By Phillip Lesly

"I see," Terry said casually, "that you saw my lost and found ad."

"It had to be you who found my bag, didn't it?" she snapped.

Terry smiled faintly. "It's lucky for you that it was me who found it."

She looked up at him, a sign of fright in her eyes. Her lips seemed to tremble, just a trifle, and her forehead creased. Then her expression became impassive once more and she said easily:

"Now that you've got me where you want me, what are you going to do about it?"

Terry smiled pleasantly. "You may be surprised. What do you say we go somewhere where we can talk?"

She shrugged. "I guess I'll have to do just about what you say, for a while."

He nodded. "It'll make things easier."

As she climbed into his car, she said, "You seem to be making a habit of forcing me to ride with you. it might be more bearable if you at least had a decent car."

"It is only the wicked who can live in the lap of luxury," he replied airily. "Only the wicked can drive around in V-12s."

She grew redder about the cheeks but said nothing more. Throughout the short drive to a quiet restaurant on a side street neither spoke.

When they were settled in a corner booth they ordered, then Terry pulled a copy of the Morning Chronicle from his pocket and pointed to the headlines on the Thorpe murder.

"What do you know about this thing?" he asked.

The blood left her face abruptly. She looked at the tablecloth, then up to meet his steady gaze. "I've read the papers," she said finally.

"I suppose you realize," he said, 'that you're in a bad spot. You went around with Thorpe not long ago. You were seen running near the scene of the murder at just about the time he was shot. And, although the cops don't know it—yet—your handbag, containing a gun, was found under the body. Circumstantial evidence, but with a man like Thorpe the victim, it's plenty to spell the chair. I hate to think of you sitting in the hot seat."

The pressure of her teeth on her lip increased as she studied his face searchingly. That look of fear came into her eyes again.

"Not," he said, "that I'd say anything to the police. I'm inclined to believe that you're not a killer. But you have to admit that the evidence would look bad in court. And unless I have a good reason to believe you didn't do it, it'd be a lot more sensible for me to tell the detectives what I know."

She was silent for another long moment while her eyes continued to study Terry. She looked over his strong jaw, his straight nose, his clear eyes that shone with sincerity. At last she shrugged.

"If all you want is to know how I'm mixed up in this thing, it's simple. I work for the Sun. They gave me a roving assignment on this gambling racket. Thorpe was supposed to be running. My job was to find out all I could from the inside. It was supposed to be an exclusive story. Well, I had myself introduced to Thorpe and thought he was pretty good. It managed to convince him I wasn't hard to make him believe what he already knew. Anyway, he became interested in me. Maybe my looks helped a little. He took me around with him to a lot of places, showing me how things worked. I even saw the counting room in one of his gambling houses. It was kind of hard to stall off his advances, but I managed all right. I don't know how much longer I could have done it, though.

"Well, everything was working out swell for my story. I had a great collection of notes that I could spring as soon as I filled in a few loose ends. Then yesterday morning he called me up and told me he wanted to take me with him when he went to one of his places for a meeting with some of his associates. I wanted to see who they were, so I said okay. He said he couldn't get away to pick me up, so I told him I'd come to his place and we could go from there."

Terry watched her quizzically. He saw those lovely gray eyes looking at him seriously. Her pert little nose shone, just a little, where the powder had come off. The round red lips were pressed tightly together when she paused. As she sat there she looked like the last person in the world who should be talking about murder. Somehow Terry felt that what she was saying didn't matter much.

"Well," she went on, 'I went up to his apartment. I didn't ask at the desk because I knew where it was. I opened the door and went in. There wasn't a sign of anybody there. I called out for Thorpe. but there wasn't any answer. I saw his coat thrown over a chair so I figured he should be around somewhere. I looked in the den, but that was deserted too. It was when I opened the bedroom door that I felt like the floor was collapsing. Thorpe was on the floor, and there was blood on the back of his coat. I screamed and stood there for awhile panic-stricken. I must have dropped my bag up there. Then I got out in a hurry and started to run. When I got outside I met you."

"And then everything was all right again," Terry grinned. He looked at her again, his thoughts chaotic. Something inside him insisted that she couldn't possibly be guilty. To believe that anything so beautiful could be so evil seemed sacrilegious, somehow. He told himself it was more than her physical attraction that made him believe her innocence. That and one or two vague notions that seemed to float in his mind without forming anything definite.

"Is that the whole story?" he asked casually.

She nodded. "There's nothing else to tell. I couldn't tell anything more without using my imagination. Why?"

He looked at her intently, his eyes boring into hers. "I thought, he said slowly, "you were going to tell me what happened—what really happened."

To be continued

Posing Premier

Above is latest photo to reach Canada of Kim Il Sung, prime minister of North Korea. It came by way of Moscow and was made, according to the Moscow caption, when the Red Korean Premier attended a reception for the members of the "Women's International Democratic Federation" who were making a tour of North Korea.

That Body Of Yours

(Continued from Page 2)

"protective" foods to the usual diet most in use. "There are available two types of 'protective' foods, or foods which are so constituted as to make good the defects of the white bread, meat, sugar and potato type of diet. These are milk and leafy vegetables. Owing to the fact that these two foods are not inviting to many people, they are omitted from their diets. Most of us have a sweet tooth and an appetite for meats which we have difficulty in controlling."

Milk and leafy vegetables are so constituted as to correct the deficiencies in our usual daily diet; thus they are called the corrective or protective foods, protecting us from various ailments of bones, muscles, nerves and other organs and tissues. If we eat some green vegetables and use milk or other dairy products daily, we need not worry about the rest of our daily diet.

Ellen's Diary

(Continued from Page 2)

happily, but always wearing a solemn countenance at parting. "But you'll be back soon" James tries to comfort him, while we find it difficult at any leave-taking to put our thoughts into words. He has his own place now at table and we have come to consider him more like one of "the boys" than as one of the younger generation.

This afternoon he joined another lad "forever Island" at heart, at a spell of angling about pool and pond and stream. This is one enjoying perpetual holiday now, retired from the call of duty and with many a State and Province for his play-ground. He is however irresistably drawn back summers to the scenes of his boyhood on The Island, here to enjoy the company of his ain folk and friends.

He is a tall, lithe man, graying now. And we like to think that the stuff of which his young dreams were made and the stamina and industry which finally saw them realized to a nicety, were born as he tended the stock, dropped "sets," or helped with the haying and harvest in the fields of his father's farm. And would he not be reared on the "parritch and the Shorter Catechism and learn many a thrift and virtue from good Scottish parents in his upbringing? His imposing car purrs along our highways and explores the summer byways and we noticed the fishing tackle he carried bore little resemblance to Jamie's!

• • •

His wife is a daughter of the land to the South, and was well chosen. She is a lady of mild, serene nature, a gentlewoman if ever, radiating charm and friendliness and understanding wherever she goes. Gowned prettily always, and wearing dainty, choice necklets and earrings. "The Island summers, I li-ike 'em, but the winters I'm afraid might be grim!" Presently, like the flitting of the swallows, these visitors too, will be off to a pleasant winter clime, and places that knew them will be lonely at their going, but will look forward to another summer to welcome their return.

And we, bound by love's chains to this place, we the "potters" that dwell always "among plants and hedges" what of us? An old melody comes to mind and words that are poignant . . .and true. It is a refrain written by an American who had no settled home. It has the power to demand a smile, a tear and always returns to mind old scenes, unforgetable . . . and good.

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces
though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no
place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to
hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is
not met with elsewhere.
Home home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's
no place like home."

Until Monday — — Diary — — Good-night . . . . .

Coca-Cola
tastes best when served ice cold

Girl Guide News

GUIDE AWARDS AND BADGES

Will Leaders who may have Guides completing the Little House Emblem (6 Badges) by Oct. 30th., please notify Mrs. F. S. Jenkins at once. Guides who may be eligible for the Gold Cord awards are requested to advise also. We would remind you, however, that no exceptions whatsoever can be made, all the requirements as detailed in the P.O.R. must be met completely.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

Mrs. F. Jenkins who has been known to you as Field Secretary has resigned due to ill health. She regrets very sincerely having to do so but will always be available should any Leaders or Guides wish to call when in town and can be reached by mail or phone. She will now be Executive Secretary and Stores Clerk for the Girl Guide Organization of P. E. I. so long as her health permits. News for the Column should be sent as usual. Your Commissioner is the person to contact for test work, enrollments and presentations, etc. You will find her anxious and willing to help in every way. Your difficulties and problems should be discussed with her, and you will find her advice always valuable.

MacNeill - MacNeill Wedding

A quiet wedding of much interest to friends in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon in Trinity Chapel, R.C.A.F. Station Summerside, at two o'clock, when F/L G.B. Fee united in matrimony Thelma Muriel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer MacNeill, Summerside, and L.A.C. John Robert MacNeill, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacNeill, Pictou, N.S.

The bride was attractive in a pepper green gabardine suit with grey accessories and a corsage of white gardenias. Miss Phyllis Ling, the bride's only attendant wore a beige suit and brown accessories, with which she wore a corsage of yellow baby 'mums. Mr. Bert MacNeill of Moncton, N.B., brother of the bride, was groomsman. F/O J. A. Robertson presided over the organ.

Mrs. MacNeill chose for her daughter's wedding a suit of grey gabardine, navy accessories and corsage was of red roses. Mother of the groom wore a wine suit with black accessories and a corsage of white roses.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held for immediate friends and relatives at the home of the bride, 71 Eustane Street. Prior to her marriage, the bride was an employee of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Summerside, and the groom is presently on the strength of R.C.A.F. Station Summerside, where he is an Airframe Technician.

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Men's Shorts and Tops, reg. $1.50, pair	99c
Men's Dungarees No. 656, reg 4.50, pair	$3.50
Men's Dungarees No. 655, reg. 5.25, pair	$4.25
Men's Work Pants No. 229-370, reg 5.25, pair	$4.25
Men's Work Pants No. 302, reg 6.00, pair	$5.00
Men's Work Pants No. 450, reg. 5.25, pair	$4.25
Men's Work Pants No. 300, reg 5.25, pair	$4.25
Men's Ray. Gab. Pants No. 5001, reg 8.50, pair	$7.25
Men's Wool Pants No. 970, reg. 7.25, pair	$6.25
Boys' Pleated Pants No. 3015, reg 5.50, pair,	$4.50
Men's Dress Shirts, reg 4.25, each	$3.50
Men's Dress Hose No. 120, reg. 1.25, pair	95c
Boys' Indian Cardigans No. 236, reg 4.50, each	$3.25
Boys' Pullovers No. 189B, reg. 4.95, each	3.95
Girls' Pullovers No. 715, reg. 5.25, each	$4.25
Ladies' Cotton Cardigans No. 955, reg. 4.95, each	$3.95
Ladies' Pullovers No. 1975LS, reg 5.95, each	$4.95
Ladies' Flowered Nightgowns, reg 4.25, each	$3.25
Ladies' Nightgowns No. 614C, reg 3.95, each	$2.95
Boys' Jeans, reg. 3.95, pair	$2.95
Children's Hose Assorted Sizes and Prices	
Scribblers, 1 dozen, reg 60c, now	50c
Pencils, 1 doz, reg. 60c, now	50c
10 lbs. Sugar with order	1.17
5 lbs. Dates	89c
Red Rose Tea, lb.	89c
Corned Beef, 2 tins	95c
Shredded Cocoanut, 2 pkgs.	40c
Heinz Sandwich Spread, 2 bottles	63c
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, 2 bottles	63c

TOILETRIES

Face Towels, reg. 39c, now, 4 for	$1.00
Five Cakes of Toilet Soap with face cloth	45c
Face Cloths, reg. 15c, now, 5 for	50c
Minora Blades, 10 pks.	70c
Howard Blades, 100 for	$1.00

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