

STOP AND SHOP

WEEK-END SPECIALS!

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DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Stop!
- Food
- Mountain range
- Wander
- Marbles
- Employed
- Post script
- American Indians
- Figure of speech
- Long-legged wading birds
- Part of a window
- Song for two
- Edge of a sound
- Constructors
- Cerium
- River (Ger.)
- Journeyed under sail
- Keel-billed cuckoos
- Performer
- Drinking vessel

DOWN

- City
- By way of
- Insects
- Teated, as
- Cakes fried in deep fat
- Stockings
- Across
- Marries
- Most distant point
- Biting
- Arabian chieftain
- Without seeds
- Earths
- Fids used in aplicing
- Barked
- Ornamental boss
- Teeter
- Vestige
- Thrash
- Forearm bone
- Wading bird
- Location
- Cut off, as a tree top

Yesterday's Answer

37. Wading bird
38. Location
42. Cut off, as a tree top

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A X E
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, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

A V V P, X V N K X M N V I A T H Y V V Y
Y M V Y H F I M F E F W M T F K F Y F I O,
K O B Y A M - H X F P M Y M F I M

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD—PSALMS.

Quickies by Ken Reynolds



"Well, I'm ready for all of those answers to the Guardian Want Ad I used yesterday!"

Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued

Valerie stood in the big hall and watched them go and said nothing. Afterward she remembered the amenities such as, "So nice to have seen you," and "Do come in again." Things that showed you were polite and knew about hospitality. But words seemed frozen inside her. Like water under ice. She couldn't have said them even if she had remembered. She clasped and unclasped her hands, and watched Chiltern shut the great door. He seemed to take an odd sort of satisfaction in it. "Your father won't be so long now," he told her confidentially. The long even shudders that had been running deep inside Valerie stopped. She looked at Chiltern standing so straight and magnificent above her, and smiled faintly. He reminded her somehow of Mark as he looked down at her. Only of course not so wonderful. "How about a bit of confab with the dogs until he gets here?" Valerie forgave the dogs. Even McTavish. "Would you have a coat in the coat room, or could I find you one upstairs?" "There's one down here. Of course, I have much nicer coats upstairs. Colors—but maybe for the dogs—"

"Exactly," said Chiltern. He still spoke as if they shared a sort of secret. He disappeared down the hall and presently came back holding a black coat. Dorothy had ordered the day before she had left. "Would this be the one?" he asked.

He opened the door for her, and she went out into the late afternoon sunshine. She ran across the lawn and down the little drive to the kennels. Collins was nowhere to be seen, but Tam, the little Scottie mother, was tumbling her babbles about the grass behind the fence of the kennel enclosure. Valerie let herself in and dropped down beside them.

Tam came near, lifting her black muzzle and looking up through the hair that hid her eyes. Valerie caught her close, but Tam wriggled free and went back to the rolling puppies. Valerie picked up McTavish, cuddling him, but he didn't help much.

She would not have believed it if anyone had told her. She sat numbly on the grass and looked at them. There were the dirty marks of McTavish's tiny paws on the skirt of the black coat. The sight gave her vague comfort: It couldn't be so wicked to give away a dirty coat as a clean one. Tomorrow she would hand it over to Mrs. Banwood. Maybe even tonight.

The hateful shivering persisted, and now to make it worse she began to cry. The tears kept running down her face, no matter how much she wiped them away. She had no idea why she cried.

But somehow she wasn't ashamed. She was only numb. As if she would never move again. Just her thoughts moved. They ran round and round in her head like mice shut in a trap trying to gnaw their way out.

The sup was dropping lower now. The air was growing faintly chilly. Valerie pulled the unwelcome black coat closer. She was still crying on and on. She wondered vaguely if she was never going to stop. Collins's voice came faintly from the direction of the little cottage where he and his wife and two children lived and kept watch over Wide Acres.

Valerie, prickled to sudden action, jumped to her feet. If Collins came and saw her, what would he think of her, but worse, what would he think of Mark? For who would imagine that Mark's daughter would begin to cry the minute his back was turned?

She ran to the gate and unlatched it, remembering even in her flight to shut it carefully behind her. She disappeared down the drive, a small black shadow in the twilight. She found the main driveway and trotted down the half mile that lay between her and the big gates. She had a dim notion of getting nearer Mark. But she was very weary, and her head was so dull and confused, she sat down on a flat rock and tried to think. The crying had stopped at last.

The queer shaking persisted. It seemed to be quite apart from her. But it made her very tired. Things were getting very jumbled and she kept slumping more and more, until at last she gave up and curled down on the big gray rock and thought no more about anything.

At seven, the light from Mark's lamps picked her out of the twilight as he swung through the gates. He jammed on his brakes and stopped, and presently stood looking down on Valerie.

Her small face lay white against the black of her crooked elbow. Her lashes looked fantastically long—trailing shadows on her cheeks. She still shivered in her sleep, moving uneasily.

Mark stooped and lifted her in his arms. He was amazed and somewhat appalled at her lightness. No growing girl should weigh as little as this! Something would have to be done about it.

His astonishment wiped out any sense of fear. A sleeping child on a flat stone beside his road was outside his experience. He went back to the car, fessing one hand to him off the motor. It was better to carry her the rest of the way than to shock her into waking by driving off with her.

Chiltern opened the door, and closed it after them. He managed to remove Mark's coat, and took

Widow Renounces Bank's Gratuity In Favour of Other With 3 Children

MONTREAL, Aug. 3 — Because of her "generous spirit," Mrs. Arthur Lierman will receive only \$3,000 of the \$18,500 being provided in cash and gratuities by the chartered banks for widows of two men slain June 21, when they endeavored to overtake a bank robber at Langton, Ont.

In view of the fact that her husband left a fairly substantial estate, Mrs. Lierman asked the Canadian Bankers' Association to give the entire financial benefit of any provision by the C. B. A. to the widow of the second man slain in the incident, Mrs. William Goddyn, who was left to provide for three small children.

J. U. Boyer, president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, made the announcement yesterday, said the association will provide \$12,500 and the Imperial Bank of Canada, whose branch was robbed, another \$6,000.

"Mrs. Lierman, in most unselfish and generous spirit, especially asked that any provision by the association for the two widows be given to Mrs. Goddyn," Mr. Boyer said. "Therefore Mrs. Goddyn, the younger of the two, who has a family of three small children, receives the greater amount, \$15,500."

He added that Mr. Lierman, real estate dealer, insurance man and owner of tobacco land, left a moderately substantial estate, while Mrs. Goddyn had nothing, no insurance, and some debts. Her young industrious husband was a good worker, actively seeking to build a future as a tobacco farmer when struck down.

Mr. Boyer said a house will be purchased for Mrs. Goddyn, and, in addition, an annuity will be provided for her and the children.

Notwithstanding the fact that all provisions from the Bankers' Association go to Mrs. Goddyn, Mrs. Lierman will receive \$3,000 from the Imperial Bank of Canada.

"The husbands of these two women, good citizens with militant interest in law and order, lost their lives pursuing a bank robber," Mr. Boyer said. "We are glad to help take care of the needs of their families, arising from their sacrifice. There are no words adequate to express our sympathy for Mrs. Goddyn and Mrs. Lierman nor our admiration for the unselfishness of Mrs. Lierman."

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To be continued

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KINGSTON W. I.

The regular meeting of the Kingston W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Malcolm MacSwain on Thursday evening July 6th. Meeting opened by the Institute ode followed by the Creed. Roll call was answered by ten members and three visitors; minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Correspondence was read and discussed. Collection for evening amounted to 85. Delegates for Institute convention were Mrs. Wesley Green and Miss Blanche Docherty. Next place of meeting, Mrs. Albert Clow. Lunch Committee — Mrs. Calvin Holmes and Mrs. Albert Glow; roll call for next meeting sing, say or pay. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Gates gave a very interesting talk. Mrs. Bertram Willis moved meeting be adjourned.

LONDON, — (CP) — Sir Lawrence Olivier is to have a small character part in a festival of Britain Film.

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"Not only satisfied... were astonished!"

80 Academy Road, Westmount, Quebec, June 13, 1950

Mr. Murray Byrons, Mid-Town Motor Sales Limited, 1395 Dorchester Street West, Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Mr. Byrons,

You said we would be satisfied with the Vauxhall's performance. — You understate, sir! Not only are we satisfied—we're astonished.

The Vauxhall's maneuverability in Montreal's helter-skelter traffic turned out to be excellent, as you assured us it would be. But we were wondering how it would manage those roads above Labelle and in the back country around Nominings. Well, it managed everything from that early September construction mud to a one-deer cross-country track —

Our first long trip was an emergency flight to Detroit and back on an unseasonably hot late October weekend. It was a matter of some 1250 miles in about thirty hours driving time. Satisfactory, say we—considering the weekend traffic and the woolly fog we pushed through this side of Toronto one night. The Vauxhall's trunk took most of our luggage and there was room for the rest of it, and the four of us, inside.

I drove another make of car down to Albany a few weeks ago and got fooled three times by the pick-up. I had become used to the snap of the Vauxhall's acceleration when we turned out to pass. I found that the other car needed much more time and open road ahead. Three close calls driving me back into line were necessary before I caught on.

Driving a Vauxhall in winter we get a kick out of watching other cars at an intersection switch their tails around like angry lions trying to get started on ice. We just wait for them to slither over to the side while we go on our way. We're keeping the tires at 27 and they're gripping everything so far.

And there are a lot of little things we like about the Vauxhall: from the leather seats, the side signal lights, the heater, the footrest, to the way you can snap the windows shut on a second's notice with a flick of the wrist. But the main things are Vauxhall's ease of parking and the fact that we can afford to buy the gas—32 miles per is all right with us—and, well, we're just glad we didn't wait for that car we thought we wanted!

Yours sincerely,
Parker L. Wearing

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