CHRISTMAS CANDLES FOR TRENCHES—MAKING THE SOLDIER WRITE HOME—READERS' LETTERS

HOW TO MAKE A SOLDIER WRITE HOME FROM FRANCE

An Answer Given to a Sister for a Mother Who Has Not Heard From Her Boy in Four Months—A Way to Get in Touch With Him and Insist on Letters

THE letter printed below sums up the woe in many a sister's and a mother's heart. Some boys in France months go by without writing home.

The letter follows:

If you were in my place tonight you would not wonder why I have written to you. I have a brother who sailed for France in April and we have received only two letters from him since he has been over there and it is almost four months that we haven't heard from him now, that is why I am writing you tonight. I tried to keep my mother and father cheerful by always saying he is all right. But now it is going too far and my mother is sick in bed over worriment. I have written to the War Department and they say no mishap has been reported about my brother. Now could you not tell me what might be the cause of his not writing? Oh, if you just knew how downhearted I feel this evening, for I have written to different places regarding his welfare, but none can give me good satisfaction. I thank you in advance for any cheerful news you can give me. WORRIED.

Indeed, we know just how you feel, Worried. Anybody in your place would be just as heartsick as you are and it makes things doubly hard to have to put on a brave front to cheer your mother and father. But now you are going to cheer up because I hope I can show you how.

SINCE you have been assured by the War Department that nothing has happened to your brother there are four reasons that could account for your failing to hear from him.

First. He may have been at the front for an unusually long stretch of time and had really no opportunity to write.

Second. Because there are millions of letters to be censored and sorted, the one or two letters he has written during the last two months have been greatly delayed, as often happens.

Third. One or two letters may have gone down on a torpedoed ship.

Fourth. Your brother, careless like many a boy even when at home, has simply put off writing from day to day and now, ashamed, is entirely neglecting it.

The second and third reasons speak for themselves.

In regard to the first circumstance, the other day I talked to a young man wounded and home from one year and a half's service in France. He told me he had gone two months without taking off his clothes. Now when a man is living in this fashion you can see that it would be extremely difficult to write letters.

However, in four months it seems that a boy would have time to drop just a line to his mother, so I am not going to dwell on this first circumstance. Let's work on the assumption that your brother has been negligent. This does not mean he does not love you. But some boys hate to write letters, even to those they love best. And they don't do it. You would like to give them a good shaking for it.

There is a way to make them write and I think this boy you speak of should be made to write if it is a case of negligence.

LET me tell you about a father out West who did not hear from his son in France. He went to his Senator and asked that he take the matter up with the boy's commanding officer. The matter was taken up through the United States Army Postal Service.

And this is the letter now reposing in the files of the Postoffice Department that explains what happened:

United States Army Postal Service
Office of the Postal Agent

Paris, France, ——, 1918.

Your attention is invited to the complaints that have been made by Mr. B., through Senator A. and others, regarding the nonreceipt of mail from his son. Upon taking this up with the commanding officer of Battery ——, he has investigated the matter, and Mr. B.'s son has admitted his neglect in writing to his father.

As a consequence, the commanding officer has disciplined young B. and is now requiring him to write two letters per day.

This is an unusual case. Commanding officers are so busy these days in France that it seems a shame to bother them. But there is another way to make that bad boy write. Sit down and write a letter to the bureau of communication, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Follow this form. At the top of your letter write the boy's name, company, regiment, age, date when he entered the service and American Expeditionary Forces.

Next, say Bureau of Communication, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Dear Sirs: Then tell as briefly as possible that you have not heard from the boy in four months, that you want a Red Cross agent in France to get in touch with him and to find out just why he has not written, and if it is carelessness to tell him he must write regularly for his mother's sake, or the matter will be taken up with his commanding officer.

Then if you do not hear from the boy I would write to his commanding officer. You do not need to know his name. Just address the letter, commanding officer, of (put down the name of your son's company, regiment, etc.).

Don't be worried if it takes a while to get an answer from the Red Cross. They have so much to attend to, but they are always faithful to each trust, so you can rely on the matter being carefully looked into.

YOU can cheer up in the meantime and talk to your mother this way, too: If anything had happened to the boy you would be notified by cablegram, as all other mothers and sisters were notified. And if you were in their shoes! Tell your mother she would have something real to worry about then. No news is good news, especially in wartime. Remember that. Talk it over sensibly and wait and smile and pray. You are bound to have news of him soon if you do the things I have said.

WHEN IN DOUBT PICK A BLUE SERGE

This is a 1918 winter version of the blue serge. The trimming is in wide black braid and the apron tunic is a feature

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A LACE HANDKERCHIEF

By Ada M. Laro

IT MUST be admitted that the handkerchief was a very dainty one—made up of a tiny filmy linen center and a border of lace that was like a cobweb. If it had been a common, mean affair, Marion said afterward, she would probably have tossed it over the fence, and that would have been the end of it, while as it was—but wait!

This was the seventh time Marion had refused Clarence Hanson. She counted the times on her fingers, for his benefit, and was abrupt and severe about it.

"The idea," she said, "of having to refuse one man seven times!"

"Well, what made you do it, then?" he asked with an injured look. "I am sure I didn't ask you to refuse me all that absurd number of times."

"At any rate, I hope this is the last time," she said, scornfully.

"Do stay away," she implored. "I should get along nicely with my work and be at peace if it were not for you."

"I will do it," he assented cordially. "I would do anything to please you, Marion. I will be out of town tomorrow. You shall have peace for one entire day. This is what we used to call 'King's Ex.' when we were children."

She was forced to laugh a little at the absurd stage flourish with which he kissed her hand, but then she snatched her hand away and ran down to the corner of the lawn, where her mother was talking to Mr. Searles, the landlord, over the dividing fence.

"Good evening, Miss Marion, has he gone?" he asked facetiously. "I was just reminding your mother that your lease is to expire in two weeks. Of course you will want to renew?"

"We don't wish to renew," she said. "We are going to move tomorrow."

"Why, Marion!" cried her mother, but Marion was gone.

Behold Marion living in a little old cottage away from everyone—so she thought at first, but discovered new neighbors later—and at peace.

Clarence came back that evening and stepped lightly over the hedge. The sign "To Let" stared grimly from the post against which he had leaned the night before.

"I suppose we shal find some pleasant neighbors out here," said Marion on the fifth evening. "It would be nice to have one or two."

"Only a week tomorrow since we moved," she said. "It seems like a month."

"If you had as much to do as I have all day," said her mother gravely, "you wouldn't be wantin' to mope. There's that handkerchief that blew over from next door today. I wish you would tend to it early in the morning, Marion."

With some anticipation she went over to the adjoining cottage next morning and rang the bell.

A dull sound of hammering within promptly ceased and the door was opened by a man whose coatless figure she could dimly see in the darkened hall.

"I beg your pardon, but this lace handkerchief blew over in our yard—and—why, Clarence Hanson!"

He pulled the chair forward and she sank into it helplessly. When she recovered and discovered where she was, she burst into laughter, Marion's laughter was of a kind that brought tears to her eyes.

"Here, was trying to obey my mother and hang the pictures while she was gone——"

"You are making a mess of it," she said, casting scornful glances at the pictures.

"Do come and help me out!" he replied. "You won't fall off the stepladder. I'll mount on the table and hold you."

"I'm coming to the eighth, Marion—look out! The ladder's shaky! Proposal on a stepladder. Now, this is the time you say 'yes.'"

"Oh, do hush!" cried the girl, frantically. "Your mother is coming up the walk."

"Is it 'yes'?" he asked, without moving.

"She's at the door, Clarence——"

"Is it 'yes'?"

"Oh, well—yes, then!"

Sharp old Mrs. Manson listened to the tale of the lace handkerchief told by a young lady whose face was very rosy indeed.

"Yes," she said, "it must have blown out of my room. I have always intended it for Clarence's bride. Isn't it funny that the wind knew where to take it?"

Clarence's mother kissed the girl and left the handkerchief in her hand.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE."

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond, and promises to marry Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond is exempted because of a physical disability. Scott goes to France and is wounded. Ruth later discovers that she has made a mistake and that she loves Scott Raymond, but she determines to marry Bond and to make him a good wife. Bond, not altogether understanding her attitude, but convinced that she wants him to be fighting for his country, goes to a hospital and is operated upon to make him fit for service.

XLVI

CHILDREN are told when their appetites are too large that their eyes are bigger than their stomachs, which is not a very elegant way of putting matters, but which is extremely to the point. Older people who undertake more than they can successfully carry through are told another ugly axiom, "You have bitten off more than you can chew." It still remained to be seen whether Ruth Rowland had done this thing, in spite of the fact that she was determined to carry it through to the end.

Ruth was trying hard, desperately hard to live up to her agreement with herself. She gave in to her mother the next day and stayed at home so that her wedding dress might be fitted to her. The little dressmaker, who had some French blood tucked away in her make-up, sighed with delight when she finally had Ruth carefully pinned into the shimmering satin and floating tulle.

"You will be so lovely for your Mr. Jack," she said delightedly. "A pale bride is always so much more beautiful than a vivid one."

Ruth looked into the glass. Slim and tall she looked, in the long straight gown of white satin that was almost sheathlike. The white tulle was draped over it in a careless manner that was deliciously cloudy. There were long tight satin sleeves and the collarless waist came close to the throat in the front and was cut out at the back to show the rounded neck. Ruth was pale, and she was surprised to realize that it was the very first time that she herself had noticed the fact.

"O, but I'm too pale, Miss Francine. I look ugly. I must be gay and happy on my wedding day. I'll have to put some color out of a box on my white face. I mustn't look as though I'm wasting away, you know."

"It fits the dress," said the little dressmaker simply, "you look like a tall pale lily, and it suits you very well."

Ruth stood still while the lovely gown was slipped over her head and the gray duvetyne traveling suit was substituted. This was the gown she would wear when she went away with Jack. The wedding gown was for the ceremony, to make her lovely for her friends and for Jack to gaze at, but the traveling suit with its silver fox trimmings was for Jack's eyes alone. It was the gown she would wear away on that trip that loomed up so mysteriously just ahead of her.

"This is lovely, too," sighed Miss Francine, putting deft touches here and there. "You have a lovely figure to fit, Miss Ruth."

Ruth smiled.

"And your trousseau," the little woman sighed, "your mother says it is wonderful."

"You must come and see it," Ruth said impulsively knowing the love of the French heart for pretty things. "Oh, Miss Francine don't you miss France terribly?"

"Not the France that I left," said the little woman sadly. "Not the Paris of sad faces and eyes that look too old. Before I left: Miss Ruth, I fitted many, many black dresses to pretty girls like you. I could not bear always to be unhappy, and so I came away to America, where life is still a little happy."

"Is it a little happy? I thought we had all waked up to the gravity of it," said Ruth slowly.

Miss Francine shook her head. "Oh, no, you are but children in the war. Your streets are not saddened by black gowned women, not yet. Your little children may still laugh and hope, and, my dear, so many of you still have your men, you know that yourself."

"O, Miss Francine, it isn't right, it isn't right."

"Yes, it is child. Be happy while you can, and while you are sure that you are doing right."

"Be happy," the words were a mockery. They were the words that Mrs. Rowland used constantly, they were the words that Ruth had used as a fetish, the words to which she had subordinated every other feeling before Scott had left for France.

There was just one desperate belief that Ruth was still clinging to. When Jack came back to her, a different Jack, with different ideals and different motives, as she was sure he would, would it make a difference in her own feelings? Would there be more of a common ground between them, would the fact that they had comradeship help to make up for that other passionate feeling that she knew now she never had, and never would have for any one but Scott Raymond? If this came true and Jack had changed so that he could appreciate the change in her own feelings, they might in time build up between them a mutual respect, a consideration for each other's feelings. Ruth felt that Jack had been away for so long that she would almost regard him as a stranger when he did come back. Not knowing what he had to tell her, she could only imagine things vaguely, but one thing she did know, and that was that no matter how matters were eventually fixed up, there could never again be happiness for her. That wild buoyant feeling of exuberance that she had once felt in the old days was gone forever. Miss Francine had said, "So many of you women still have your men." Of course she had meant that Ruth still had her man. Was it perhaps wrong for her to deceive Jack about things? Helen had said so. A sudden wild flame of hope surged up in her. Was it too late? If her sacrifice were not to be a sacrifice and if she could look at it as right in her own conscience to tell Jack the truth and to obtain her release, perhaps there was a chance for her still. Because, Jack wasn't her man! Just standing up at the altar with him would never make her really his, not while every thought of hers was with Scott Raymond in France, and every hope of happiness was bound up in his love for her.

(Tomorrow brings some one home again, and a question is settled, this time for always.)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Our Westerner

Dear Cynthia—Please hasten to assure C. V. A. that I did not insult him by classing him as a slacker. I merely made the suggestion that he enlist as a good thing for any one to do, and am more than sorry that he has had a misfortune that prevents his entering the service, but am glad he is able to do valuable work here. My soldier is also from the West and enlisted in the northwest corner of the United States, so I am interested in any one from that section, especially as I am myself very fond of an outdoor life. So, hope that C. V. A. does not feel that he has been slapped in the face. I am sorry that I cannot address him personally and would be glad to write him if your quarantine on correspondents was not so strict. I know lots of splendid girls who would show him a good time and entertain him in their homes if they had the opportunity, as people seem to have a desire these days to be human to strangers. Now will go back in my shell and leave the space in your entertaining column to people who do not put their foot in it. Success to C. V. A. SOLDIER'S TWIN SISTER.

Peculiar Circumstances

Dear Cynthia—I have never written you before, but I always read your wonderful answers to the readers of your column and find you so helpful that I believe I must come to you for advice, too.

Now, Cynthia, I am engaged to a young man who is now in France. I write to him very often and he in return, but a few days ago I received a letter from another young man (also in France) I went with before, who thought quite a good bit of me, asking me to write to him for old times' sake. Now I suppose the boys become homesome "over there" and would enjoy letters from old friends, but he is a very bad friend of the young man I am now engaged to—in fact, an enemy, and it is on account of me these two young men are not on good terms.

First, should I write to the young man or would it be unfair to my friend? Would it be right to write my friend asking him whether he would care to have me write or not? Also, how should I ask him?

I hope you can help me, Cynthia. AIDA.

No, I do not think it would be a wise thing for you to write to the other young man under these particular circumstances. From what you have told me I imagine this would displease the man to whom you are engaged and make him worry needlessly. You might answer the other man's note explaining to him just why it would be better for you two not to enter into a correspondence. Refer frankly to the fact that your fiance and he are not good friends on your account and that perhaps it would make only harder feelings in the end. Conclude by saying you are sure there are many nice girls who will want to write to him and that he will never miss you.

Fourteen Years' Difference

Dear Cynthia—I have read with considerable interest the help you have given others and I would like your advice now. I am deeply in love with a man fourteen years older than I am and he wants to marry me as soon as he finds out his status in the present draft. He is of a different religion, but wants to change for me. Do you advise me to marry him and allow him to turn? Also do you think there is too much difference in age? I am only nineteen years old.

Would it also be right for me to go visiting all his married friends with him? He has never been married and says I am the only girl he has ever loved. He has a fine position and would be able to take care of me.

I am asking you because I have neither mother nor father in whom to confide. FLORA.

The question is: Do you love him, dear? Fourteen years are not too great a difference, if love is there. About the religion: it is far better for husband and wife to believe alike if they can do so conscientiously. Do not persuade him to change his faith, however, if he is not thoroughly convinced that yours is the true one and that his former belief has been an error. Religion is something about which we must be absolutely sincere. And it is better to be strong in one's belief than lukewarm in another's.

But if the difference is between a Catholic and a Protestant remember that the Protestant must promise that the children of the marriage will be brought up Catholics, as otherwise the Catholic may not marry.

Fraternity Pins and Rings

Dear Cynthia—Just a little information, please. Suppose a fellow gives a girl a fraternity pin as a token of engagement and later wishes to give her a diamond ring. Would the fraternity look upon this as an insult to the pin or is it perfectly proper? Would it be proper for her to wear both? Thanking you, I am yours, A MARINE.

The diamond ring just follows the fraternity pin as a matter of course, as the pin is usually the sign of an engagement. The fraternity could not possibly look on this as an insult to the pin, and the girl in the question can proudly and freely wear both.

RICH Gravies

THEY prevent waste because they make the meat go farther. Make yours luscious by flavoring them with plenty of the sauce with the Frenchy tang—

A-1 SAUCE

The Woman's Exchange

Today's Inquiries

1. Name three lively games that can be played at any gathering of boys and girls.
2. What is the birthday flower for October?
3. What amount of woolen material is advocated by the war industries board as a "limit" for suits, coats, etc.
4. How can yarn be prevented from shrinking?
5. In baking cookies that call for sugar, what substitute other than sirup can be used for sweetening?
6. How can a very new, tasty flavor be added to chowder?

Yesterday's Answers

1. One novel stunt for the Halloween party is to have a contest on drawing cartoons of the Kaiser.
2. Shoddy is woolen fabric renovated and reworked from other wool. The war industries board strongly advocates its use by women in wartime.
3. Guinea hen brown is a dark brown with a tinge of gray in it.
4. At a wedding party the groom pays for the automobiles and carriages engaged for the bridal party.
5. Serving sugar to be used for cereals, etc., in a salt shaker proves a real economy.
6. Putting fifty or so extra nails in the soles of children's shoes makes them last twice as long. A shoemaker will do this.

To Can Pumpkin

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly print in your paper the recipe for canning pumpkins for winter use? MRS. H.

To can pumpkin for winter use, remove seed. Cut the pumpkin into strips. Peel and remove stringy center. Slice into small pieces and boil until thick. Pack in jar and sterilize 120 minutes in hot-water bath. With steam pressure outfit sterilize sixty minutes at five to ten pounds pressure.

The hot-water bath is simply a washboiler fitted with a false bottom, on which the jars rest. It contains hot water, of course, in which the jars, with their contents, are boiled. Begin to count your 120 minutes when the water begins to really boil. This recipe was obtained for you from the Department of Household Science, National War Garden Commission.

To Clean Lamb's Wool

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Quite some time ago there appeared in your column directions for cleaning lamb's wool skin. Would you kindly repeat the directions, either in your column or by mail? Also, can you tell me of a reliable institution instructing in designing evening courses for women? N. H.

Lamb's wool can be cleaned with powdered French chalk or cornmeal. Rub the powder well into the fur and leave it for a day or two. Then brush carefully until it is thoroughly rid of any particles of the powder and air it before wearing. Repeat the process if the wool is not entirely clean. The School of Industrial Art, at Broad and Pine streets, gives classes in designing for women on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings when the school is open. Of course, all the schools are closed now on account of the epidemic.

To Darken Eyelashes and Brows

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Some time ago on the Woman's Page there appeared a formula for darkening the eyebrows and lashes. I would very much appreciate your kindness if you would print it again, and pardon my impudence in not making note of it at the time. I. Y. K.

The suggestion given some time ago for darkening the eyelashes and brows was the use of vaseline every night, rubbing the salve well into lashes and brows to make them grow thicker and also to become a shade darker.

To Reader Who Offered Corset

To the reader who offered the corset she loaned in her name and address? We have had the great and unusual misfortune to lose it, and we hold a request for another for it.

Adventures With a Purse

DON'T spoil the appearance of your wrist watch with a shabby ribbon. Those ribbons wear out, the edges become "raggy" and gone is their trim, neat look. Narrow black grosgrain ribbon, with clasps in silver or gold finish, can be had for fifty cents.

It is a long red candle, probably fifteen or eighteen inches in height. Gay holly leaves and berries are painted on it, and at the bottom is a band of blue, with a white star. The artistic wooden stand which holds it is painted a bronze color, and it, too, has painted holly leaves and berries. A nice, Christmasy-looking box is provided for the safe carrying of this vigil light, and the obliging shopkeeper will mail it for you completed for $2.50. Its purpose? Well, it looks as if there would be many a man this year who, while not yet in France, will spend his Christmas in camp. And this candle will burn all night. The sight of that cheery little flame, burning with steady glow all Christmas Eve, should bring with it a ray of comfort. It is just a pretty custom, full of sentiment, perhaps, but I can picture letters from more than one man in the service saying: "You don't know how that candle light comforted me Christmas Eve and kept me from feeling blue. It was just one constant thought from you."

"Shall I pack you a lunch today, dear?" you ask your high school daughter or your girl in business. And what a problem those lunches are! Sandwiches will become dry and consequently unappetizing. But jelly now—crab-apple jelly, for instance—makes a delicious sandwich and helps keep the bread moist without making it soggy. Some excellent crab-apple jelly of superior brand can be secured for twenty-five cents a glass. Try it!

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3000.

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Rub your corn right off. An A. F. Pierce's Corn Plaster will cure the worst corn in a few hours. No fuss or bother with liquids. Just a thin, close-fitting plaster, with a linen back to keep the flesh clean and protected from irritation. Stops the pain almost instantly. No other product has done so much to end corn troubles. Known for 16 years as the one best corn remedy.

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All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 21, Boston."

Good Wishes Are Not Enough

Cheer as loud as you can when the troop trains pass. Good wishes "hearten the boys," but it's the big round dollars that keep the transports moving and furnish shells for the guns.

Buy More Bonds of The Fourth Liberty Loan

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc.
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Makers of Wilbur's Cocoa, Wilbur's Chocolate Buds and Wilburmilk Chocolate

FURS—SUITS MILLINERY

OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE ORIGINAL MODELS AND PARISIAN COPIES FOR FALL AND WINTER

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Now is your opportunity to prove your Americanism.

"Buy Bonds Until It Hurts"

Is our patriotism to be measured by mere words, or will our acts, as they should be, be the crowning glory?

Back the boys to the limit.

The pennies you save on your daily purchases, trading in an American Store, will pay for that extra bond—Buy another.

Easy Jell 6c pkg.

Fancy Onions 3c lb.

Fancy NEW Apricots 27c lb.

Choice Peas, 17c can
New pack, good quality Early Junes. Delightfully tender, unusually low price.

"Asco Beans," 15c can
Fancy selected beans, packed in a delicious tomato sauce, cooked ready to serve.

Our Very Best Coffee 22c lb

The ever increasing demand is our best argument for the quality of this Coffee. No matter what you have been paying you cannot get a more satisfying CUP. Compare it with the best you ever Drank.

Best Corn Meal 5½c lb | Our Very Best Tea 45c lb | Fancy Apples 15c ¼-pk

Oleomargarine lb 30c, 36c

A wholesome and palatable substitute for pure butter. Cheaper and better for all kinds of cooking and baking than lard. If the store where you trade does not sell it, our manager will be glad to direct you to our nearest store where it is sold.

Siam Rice	lb. 13c	Washing Soda	lb. 2½c
Seeded Raisins	pkg. 13c	Chloride of Lime	big can 9c
Corn Flour	lb. 7c	Arrow Borax Soap	cake 6½c
Rice Flour	lb. 13c	Laundry Soap	cake 4½c
Fresh Noodles	pkg. 5c	Fancy Shrimp	can 14c
Macaroni	pkg. 10c, 12c	Pure Jelly	glass 12c
Barley	lb. 6c	Assorted Jams	jar 15c
Shredded Wheat	pkg. 12c	Pure Apple Butter	lb. 15c
Table Salt	bag 3½c	W. D. Vinegar	bot. 12c
Mazola Oil	pt. can 35c	Choice Pink Salmon, ½-lb.	can 15c

In All Our Up-to-the-Minute Meat Markets

Rump Round Sirloin Steak 45c lb

Lean Soup Beef lb. 20c | Lean Boiling Beef lb. 28c

Genuine Spring Lamb

Legs	lb. 40c	Loin Chops	lb. 48c
Shoulders	lb. 32c	Rib Chops	lb. 40c
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