



You'll have more fun in '51 with the money you'll save by getting all your food needs at CO-OP SUPER MARKET. Yes—you'll save money . . . have more money for good times . . . when you shop here because every price is a low price every day. You save on the full meal—every meal—and that's what puts those extra dollars into your pocketbook throughout the year. Get off to a good start on a happy, good-time New Year by coming in today for all your holiday food needs.

MEAT DEPT.

SWIFT'S—Smoked—Average 3 lb. Lean Trimmed	
COTTAGE ROLLS, lb.	63c
PORK CHOPS, lb.	59c
Prime Beef	
RIB ROASTS, lb.	63c
Prime Beef	
SHOULDER ROASTS, lb.	55c
Prime Beef	
RUMP ROASTS, lb.	65c
Corned	
NECK RIBS, lb.	15c
Corned	
MACKEREL, 2 for	49c

Maple Leaf **PURE LARD, lb.** 23c

Red Emperor **GRAPES, 2 lbs.** . 35c
Best Quality

Fruits & Vegetables

New Crop—Good Size—Navel	
ORANGES, 2 doz. for	69c
Large Pink	
GRAPEFRUIT, 3 for	23c
Choice—Green—Iceberg	
LETTUCE, each	23c
Crisp—Tender—Trimmed	
CELERY, large sticks, ea.	19c
Red—Ripe	
TOMATOES, per lb.	33c
Curly Leaf—Cello Pak	
SPINACH, ea.	33c

VALUES GALORE

- The Breakfast Treat **Shredded Wheat, 2 pkgs. for** 29c
- Lynn Valley 20 oz. tins **Peas, 2 tins for** 25c
- The Perfect Soap—Lge. Size **Surf, per pkg.** 35c
- Pekoe Blend **Co-Op Tea, per lb.** 89c
- Toilet Soap—Palmolive **Soap, 2 bars for** 19c
- Peter Pan—15 oz. tins **Peaches, 2 for** 29c

Dairy Foods

- The New Sensation—In tins **Whipping Cream—Reddi-Whip, ea.** 55c
- No. 1 Creamery
- Butter, per lb.** 65c
- Velveta—Spready
- Cheese, 1/2 lb. pkg.** 29c
- Farm Fresh Grade A
- Pullet Eggs, doz.** 49c
- Med. Eggs, doz.** 55c
- Large Eggs, doz.** 59c



Our Store will remain open **THURSDAY - FRIDAY and SATURDAY NIGHTS.**
CLOSED ALL DAY **MONDAY**

SHOP CO-OP

Super Market

FREE DELIVERY PHONE 2807 - 2808

"THE ONE STOP MARKET"

BRAWL ENDS IN SHOOTING

KENOJA, Ont., Dec. 26—CP— Police said today that Mike McCarty, 33, an employee of Steep Rock Gold Mines, was slain Sunday

in a shooting which culminated a brawl at Kawene, 20 miles east of Atkinson. Police are holding William Osbourne May, a railway employee. "There will be a charge," said

Inspector T. G. Corsie, in charge of the Kenora Detachment. "Whether it will be murder or manslaughter will probably depend on the outcome of the inquest."



Canada's stockyards are expected to set a record in value of livestock handled this year. Prices are the highest on record and, experts predict, there will be no diminishing in demand.

Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey
Continued

"In other words, I'm good enough to dance with, but not to marry . . . "I'm not talking about marriage." "Well I am. But we can't talk about it here, Anne. Let's swim to shore and thrash it out." "I don't want to thrash it out." "But he swam away from me strongly and presently she followed him." "Garry, sitting beside her on the beach said, "Can't you love me a little, darling?" "I love you a lot, but not that way." "Not what way?" "Not enough to let you—" she stopped. "Not enough to let me make love to you? Is that what you mean?" "Yes." He sat for a time digging moodily in the sand, then he said, "You can't go on like this for the rest of your life." "Like what?" "Thinking of Charles Patterson. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. Haven't I seen it? No one has meant a thing to you since that day at your school when I was such an idiot. Yet he's married to Margot. And you can't go on wearing your heart out for a man who is married."

"I'm not wearing out my heart." "You are. But it's futile, Anne. I know I'm not half good enough for you. But if you'll marry me, we'll hit the stars." In the moment she wavered. Why not? Garry was young and gay. They'd dance through life together. Like Betty Lanvale and Bates. Like all the others. Garry, aware of her indecision, did not press his advantage. "I'll stay over for the dance," he said, and laid his hand lightly on hers. "I want to see you in the pink dress. I'll key my costume to yours if I can. And we won't worry about the future. We'll pack the present full—to the brim. You can call it friendship. And I'll call it love. And nothing will matter, just so we can be together." On the night of the dance Garry was a courtier's suit, with ringlets falling over his shoulders, and he carried a Cupid's bow and arrow. He and Anne danced together, not once but many times. People about them prophesied, "He'll get her yet."

Garry feeling himself the conqueror, carried Anne off. "There's a marvelous moon," he said, "and I'm going away to-morrow." He led her down the terraces to the water's edge. "I'm going to-morrow, Anne," he said again, "and it's for you to say whether I shall come back." "But you said we wouldn't worry about the future—that the present was enough." "It isn't enough." He swept her suddenly into his arms. "I'm mad about you, Anne. Why fight against it?" Anne looked up into the face bent over her, a face transfigured by the moonlight into a wild beauty. Why not? What stood between her and thrilling experience except a memory that must grow fainter as the years went on? Yet she found strength to free herself. "I mustn't, Garry. You're rather wonderful, but I mustn't."

"Why not?" She did not answer at once. She stood looking out over the water. The sea was a wide stretch of silver. The cocoanut palms the edge of water shimmered in the little wind. Little ducks slept on the serene surface. And it was the little ducks that saved Anne. She knew now why she couldn't give herself to Garry. Like a mirage there floated across the silver screen a vision of a sunlit island—with other little ducks shining like bronze in the crystal clearness, with an eager dog running up to the door to do the honors; of a little house waiting. And all at once she knew that it was the island which was important, and her memories of Charles. This tropic night was merely a stage setting for a play. She and Garry merely players. "Oh, Garry," she said. "I'm sorry, but I can't—ever." He wouldn't believe it. But Anne stuck to her decision. "I know I'm to blame, Garry. But I can't go on." He left her standing there alone in the moonlight and strode back to the club, his ringlets flying. There was something theatrical and fantastic in his exit. Yet she knew he was in earnest. The tragedy was that she could not meet his earnestness with her own.

She lay awake a long time that night thinking about it. She would miss Garry dreadfully. Out of her life would go the gay and gorgeous sense of youth that he had brought her. But there was no other way. If you loved one man, you couldn't marry another. The next morning came a letter from Vicky. It enclosed the notice which she had cut from the Baltimore paper. Charles Patterson's wife was dead. Anne, white-faced, read it and wondered what Charles would do. Would he come back and see him. And what had these last years done to him? She was not sure that she wanted to see what the years had done.

(To Be Continued)

STARTS TO WORK IN 2 SECONDS

ASPIRIN

RELIEVES **COLDS**

FEEL BETTER FAST!

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 7

ing about. The maker had been in a hurry. He had been running as fast as small feet could go, running for his life. It was written there in the snow. Reddy Fox had been running there too. The double trail disappeared at the edge of some bushes. Farmer Brown's boy wondered if he would find the end of the story on the other side of the bushes. He did. A little way beyond was an old stump of a tree, a big one. At the foot of it the snow had been dug away, the crust under the light covering broken and thrown out on all sides. Reddy Fox had dug there frantically. Down at the bottom Farmer Brown's boy saw a small hole between two stunted roots and knew Reddy had fallen again. "Lucky little Whitefoot. If Reddy hadn't had a bad leg I am afraid you wouldn't have gotten here in time. I'm sorry for Reddy but I'm glad for you," said he. Whitefoot the Wood Mouse down under that stump was glad too.

ELLEN'S DIARY

Continued from page 2

mind on a winter's night like this. Beautiful it is, the moonlight flooding the yards and fields, stars shining clear and bright, calm and peaceful, and full of promise for the farmers' tomorrow. "If we just get another fine day" James says "we'll have things pretty well straightened away—but there, Ellen, let's get the weather!" Fair or stormy tomorrow, this has been a day, altogether good!

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night. . . .

Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

mightily poor bet as a wife? There is something essentially cruel in the nature of any one who finds pleasure in wounding the self-love of another and who is willing to stab to the heart one who loves her for the sake of getting a laugh. And if I were you I should not let myself in for a lifetime of being my wife's stooge. What a man wants in a wife is a woman who will put him in an attractive light before the public, not one who will make him something to laugh at. So I should advise you to pass up the humorous lady in favor of one who appreciates your good points instead of turning the spotlight on your weak ones.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a widower 37 years old with two children, one 8 and one 10. I am very much in love with a young girl 21 years old and she loves me and is willing to marry me. Her mother objects very strongly to our marriage and is doing everything possible to prevent it. We are thinking of marrying secretly as we feel that is the only way we could prevent scenes, as the mother has threatened several times to make trouble if we marry. Is this a wise thing for us to do? **PERPLEXED**

To begin with, sixteen years is entirely too much difference between your ages. But if you were a bachelor, that would be your affair and you would have the right to take the risk of marrying a woman so much younger than yourself.

But when a man has children he has no right just to consider himself in choosing a wife. Their happiness and well-being come before his own and he should not jeopardize their whole lives by putting over them an unfit woman who takes the place of a mother to them. The roles of the stepmother is the most difficult one that any woman ever undertakes. It requires almost superhuman wisdom and patience and self-control, all qualities that no very young girl possesses. No young girl is fit to be a stepmother, and if you marry one you will bring sorrow down upon your own head, for you will live in a house of perpetual bickering and quarrelling between her and your children. You will be constantly called upon to arbitrate the differences between them and you will be torn in pieces between them.

DEAR MISS DIX: Will you please give us your opinion of the long versus the short engagement. **THE GIRLS**

ANSWER: I think a long engagement is a mistake; that it is very trying on the nerves and affections of both the man and the woman, for it puts them in an unnatural position. They are neither bound nor free. They have not the authority over each other that a husband and wife have, yet they feel they have a right to control each other's actions. Furthermore, they are taking a long shot on the future and binding themselves to do something they may not want to do when the time comes.

BOY STRANGLED

Continued from page 2

TORONTO, Dec. 26—(CP)— Leonard Walker, 14, was strangled Christmas eve by a towel strung from a shower curtain rod in a noose. Suburban York Township police said he was probably playing "cowboys and indians" or experimenting with some trick.



For Deep Seated CHEST COLDS

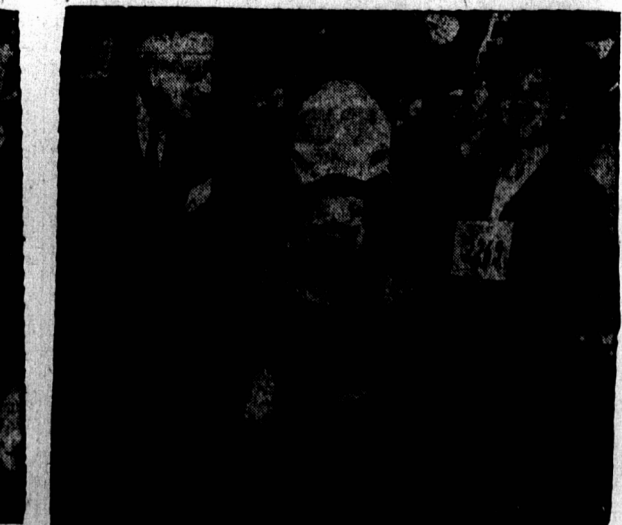
The penetrating, soothing heat of **THERMOGENE Medicated Wool** is so soft and comforting . . . wonderful for children. —Helps relieve chest colds, sore throat, bronchitis, neuralgia, and other aches and pains.

Inhale **THERMOGENE Rub**, a companion product, to help clear up head colds. Buy both at your drug list today! 4-30

THERMOGENE MEDICATED WOOL



The world's grand champion bull and its finest hunk of beef on the hoof are seen above after receiving their blue ribbons from President Jess Andrews of the International Livestock Show in Chicago. At left,



Bob Lassar, center, of Cheyenne, Wyo., receives first prize money for his 1685-pound bull "Star Picture VI." Looking on at right is herdsman Art Killam. At right, 19-year-old Lloyd Robinson of Big Spring,

Tex, proudly shows his 1075-pound steer, "Big Spring Special," which was named grand champion steer of the show, taking prize money of \$1175, plus several thousands more when sold at auction.