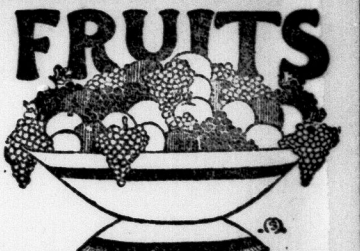


CHOICE EATABLES FOR NEW YEAR'S DINNER



MARTIN'S

The Store of Quality

CHRISTMAS BEEF	
PRIME RIBS	24c
per lb.	
SIRLOIN ROASTS	25c
per lb.	
FAMILY ROASTS	16c
per lb.	
SHOULDER ROASTS	15c
per lb.	
RIB STEW	10c
per lb.	

POULTRY	
ONTARIO TURKEYS	40c
per lb.	
CHOICE GEESSE	25c
per lb.	
ROASTING CHICKENS	32c
per lb.	

FRUITS, NUTS, ETC.	
Oranges, 25c, 40c, 45c and 55c	
Grapefruit, 4 for 25c, 2 for 25c	
2 for 35c, and 7 for 25c	
Grapes, per lb.	30c
Walnuts, per lb.	25c

We Deliver. Hourly Service
Phone 48

BABY BEEF	
SIRLOIN	30c
ROAST, per lb.	
PORTERHOUSE	35c
ROAST, per lb.	
PRIME	25c
RIBS, per lb.	
SHOULDER	20c
ROASTS, per lb.	

177 DUNDAS ST.

CLARK'S Economy Stores

CASH AND CARRY
Delivery Service, 10c.

London's Fair Price Grocery
Stores Where It Pays To Buy
Your Table Supplies.

READY CUT MACARONI	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
2 LBS. FOR	19c

CHOICE CREAMERY BUTTER	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
PER LB.	45c

California Navel Oranges	
Thin skinned, juicy fruit.	
Three sizes. Per dozen.	
29c, 42c, 55c	

CLARK'S SPECIAL COFFEE	
Whole or Freshly Ground.	
PER LB.	59c

GREENGAGE JAM	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
3-lb. glass jars, each	39c
4-lb. tins, each	45c

SHELLED WALNUTS	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
Bordeaux 1/2 lb. per lb.	49c

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
2 TINS FOR	19c

BREAKFAST FOODS	
Shredded Wheat, 2 pks. for 25c	
Oatmeal, 6 lbs. for	25c
Cream of Wheat, 4 lbs. for	25c
Pep, per pkg.	14c
Cream of Barley, per pkg.	30c
Saredded Krumble, 2 pks. for	25c
Post Toasties, 2 pks. for	23c

CANDIED PEELS	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
Lemon and orange, per lb.	24c
Citron Peel, per lb.	55c
4-lb. Boxes Mixed Peel	15c

MIXED NUTS	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
PER LB.	21c

DOMESTIC SHORTENING	
Special Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
3-lb. pails, each	45c
1-lb. prints, each	17c

Clark's Economy Stores
"Where You Buy Cheaper."
719 Richmond St. Phone 717
754 Dundas St. Phone 2442W

After-Supper Story

A Short Story Complete in This Issue.

A VIEW RUINED.

In April one morning Miss Philura Rowe looked across and saw men walking about under the trees of "The Squire." In May she saw men chopping the trees down. They dug up the tender grass and smeared yellow clay about on the shining, smooth new violet leaves. By June brick walls hid the horizon line. And by September a red brick box called the new high school building intervened between Miss Philura's indignant eyes and miles of lovely, shadowed, comforting country.

For twenty years that wide stretch of country down over the bluff had been accomplishing what Philura Rowe had believed nothing could accomplish, the alleviation of a pain that was not to be borne. Blond Anna Slocum, with her white mouth, her bold, intelligent persistence, had made captive Alec Hubbard, Alec of the fine, dark eyes and the sensitive mouth, who "went with" Philura Rowe to school parties and alumni receptions. Mrs. Rowe, Philura's mother, with neuritis and dyspepsia, had occupied for an unconscionable time all of Philura's days and nights and most of her thoughts. When she was finally gone, Alec was gone, too, and Philura had only a little stone house, a garden of flowers and berries, a pear tree, a dozen slightly white Leghorns and—the view.

Not very much for Philura, was there? The view was her favorite of these gifts of fortune upon her. When they took that away and set to swarming almost in her front yard swarms and swarms of gabbling girls and raucous laughing, football thumping boys, Philura's pain went to thrusting knives into her heart and burning her.

She cast never a glance at the noisy, silly things from one day to another—until one day in October. The afternoon of that day smelled of frost. It was an exciting sort of day, that day before the first frost. Philura, even got excited. She went to the top of the hill, full of nasturtium vines which she let trail from a bowl of water down over her mantle until January at least. She thought she would pick all her dahlias and marigolds, too. She was stooped over the nasturtiums when a voice came tripping over the fence, a voice with a strange, pretty lilt in it and a little rising note at the end of the words that was hauntingly wistful. Philura thought all the voices of today were hideous. This, now—well—

"You have such pretty flowers. Oh—lovely—dahlias. Your house—rose vines—"

Philura looked up, scowling. The voice stopped uncertainly. The little hand lying along the top of the fence trembled, withdrew itself and the girl, whose blue eyes, quite darkly blue, looked with a wistful friendliness into Philura's face to walk on, her small, fair head adroop. All at once Philura Rowe's heart began to beat and nearly smother her. So pretty! So appealing!

Different from all those big basketball girls with their wide feet and their thick waists this was. And she seemed starved. Starved, that was it, the word Philura wanted. She herself was starved. And she began to forget herself just a little to wonder about the girl. More and more she thought about the girl. She began to watch for her. And one day she chose a whole basketful of her mellowed pears and carefully arranged them with long, shining leaves in a pasteboard box. And she watched for the girl. She would be quite lost in a whole dozen of other girls, who insisted on walking with her and putting their big arms around her, but perhaps that was really better, to give the pears with all the others around. And so when the laughing, shouting girls came tramping along by the fence she stood and stiffly stretched the pears across the fence with never a smile or a word. And a great girl in a red sweater laughed. Philura half withdrew the box. But then came the voice she had waited for:

"Oh, old girls! The lovely pears! They are for us, aren't they? Thank you."

The girls began to grab the pears the girl held, while she stood and smiled at Philura. And Philura went hot and cold and trembled. She went into the house and quite without thinking what she did began to bump pans about. She knew a little yellow rosebud that would be out by tomorrow. The chrysanthemums would be ready in a few days. So there would always be something to hold over the fence to bring a smile into those blue, wistful eyes and a pretty word from the little mouth.

The smiles and the pretty words came day after day, as Philura thought of new things to reach across the fence. But one day the girl was not with the other girls. Why? In a moment Philura knew why. And then she completely forgot her own pain, forgot that her view was gone, that she was squeezed into her little stone house by an ugly red brick box and horrid hateful people. She made a resolve, too, to do something. Because that big senior, her second cousin's son, had been arrested for having liquor in his possession, and other rumors less creditable had reached Philura of this action of her family. Here he was now, after the girl, Philura turned away from the fence, fairly ran into her kitchen to think.

After a quite sleepless night she arose early and went to the fence at eight o'clock. Ah! She halted the big senior. She told him she would walk with—with the girl be was with yesterday. The big senior looked down at her, standing small and earnest at the fence, and he opened his small mouth and laid his head back and laughed.

"I guess," he said as well as he could

between two laughs. "I guess you can mind your own business, 'Cousin' Philura. If I want to go with Anna Hubbard or any other girl, I'll do it. I'm pretty well in up at Slocum's, where she's staying, all right, all right, and you can keep your hands off. What are you so interested in great Alexander Hubbard's girl for, anyhow? Huh!" He did not wait for her reply, but swung contemptuously off, sucking at a cigarette.

Philura Rowe went blindly back into her little kitchen, fumbled for a chair, let herself stiffly down. And she sat there, sat there and dully, quiveringly let the pain eat into her heart. Contempt reached into her constricted throat and snatched a hard, sobbing laugh from it. Ah! To get even! After twenty years to get even! She would not lift a hand to save Anna Slocum's child, sneaking, scheming, efficient blond, Anna Slocum, Anna Slocum and Alec Hubbard could save their own child.

Night came at last. Philura got out bread and butter. She thought she would eat. But she did not eat. And then she remembered, strangely, that she had forgotten to lock the chicken-house. With flashlight in her hand and a hammer to manage a refractory lock, she stepped out into the cool darkness. Where were those voices? She heard—ah, she knew those voices. "Aw! Come on! Come on!" came the big senior's thick voice.

"No," said a small, desperate girl voice.

"Well—I just guess you will—"

There was the sound of a low, frightened little moan.

Philura did not wait to hear more. This was not Anna Slocum's child, Alec Hubbard's. This was her own beloved child!

She ran around to the gate, swiftly, softly. Then she turned on the light. Yes, just as she thought, a black car, unlighted, sinister, waited not far up the street. And there the big senior was, his hand clutching the arm of the girl. Philura ran. She ran with the light ever upon the big senior. He turned. Of course, he turned. He blinked in the light, half let go the girl. She slipped her arm from his loosened grasp, ran toward the little stone house. Philura raised her voice now, so that the quiet street was suddenly full of clamor.

"Now!" she yelled. "You go! You go! You go!"

She did not use her voice alone. She menaced him with the hammer in her upraised right hand. The senior ran. He ran to the car, crept in—sneaked away.

Philura returned, pausing to the little stone house. On the porch huddled in a shivering bundle. You found the girl she put her arms about her and half carried her out of the cold darkness into the warm, power-fragrant house. She set a match to the rug and shavings and a brown log in the fireplace, so that soon flames were shining and dancing on the girl in Mrs. Rowe's old big chair.

"Now, then you attend to the fire. Or, no, you come and help me. We'll make some quaco. I haven't

had a bite of supper. What do you think of that?" She was not going to let the girl remember the big senior.

So, together the girl and the Philura, with her broken heart well on the way towards being completely mended, sat and drank cocoa and munching toast and talked about Monsieur the canary, and how to take care of canaries, and so on.

There they were when Alec Hubbard came hunting his daughter. He was a great, rich man now, but he, Philura, thought looked starved, too. Well, he could keep on being starved, she thought he was so keen on having Anna Slocum for his wife (only he wasn't really), but the girl should not be so starved any more and neither should she.

Anna Slocum was quite busy with clubs, social betterment, clubs for instance, in the city; Alec Hubbard was busy with business, the important Slocum aunts were busy with church and our town clubs, and so the girl came to live with Philura Rowe while she went to high school. And Philura thought she had a perfectly good enough view then. It seemed better than ever after she had persuaded the senior's mother (her second cousin's) to take him to California for his health.

(Copyright, 1925.)

SUPPER ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

By BARBARA BROOKS
Home Economics Department, Kellogg Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.

Many families which are accustomed to having dinner in the evening on ordinary occasions carry out the older custom of serving Christmas and New Year's dinner in the middle of the day. There are some advantages in this—it leaves the late afternoon and evening free for calls or parties. If the housekeeper is her own cook, her heavy work is out of the way early and she can face the evening without the knowledge of stacked-up dishes to be washed. Better still, there are always enough delicacies left to furnish the basis for a late supper with or without guests.

If you have had turkey for dinner, there is nothing better than turkey sandwiches. Between two slices of buttered bread put the carved meat, some dressing and cranberry jelly. These sandwiches are not dainty, but they are good. Instead of cold sandwiches, the turkey may be put between the slices of bread and hot giblet gravy poured over it. Serve on individual plates, using the dressing and cranberries for garnish. Sandwiches, coffee, celery and fruit cake will form a complete menu.

If you do not have turkey or chicken left over, oysters in brown sauce are delicious to serve. Put the oysters in a pan and cook over a low flame until plump. Drain off the juice and use it in the sauce. To make this, cook three tablespoons of butter until brown, add five tablespoons of flour and stir until the mixture is thick. Season with salt and pepper, and add the oysters and serve on toast. Hot, but, better, together, or try brain muffins are delicious with browned oysters. Celery may be used as an accompaniment or chopped celery can be combined with the oysters in the sauce. Fruit salad will take the place of dessert.

SOAP SPECIAL
Gold, P. & G. Surprise
Comfort, 10 Bars for 55c

Orange Pekoe Tea 69c
Bulk, per lb. 59c
Special Blend 49c
Windsor Blend 49c
per lb.

COFFEE SPECIAL
MEADOW HALL
CHASE & SANBORN
MAXWELL HOUSE, AND
RED ROSE COFFEE
per 63c lb.

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FRANK SMITH

Cash and Carry
MARKET LANE

Seedless SPECIAL
Oranges 39c
per dozen

Grape Fruit 5c
each

Grapes 20c
per lb.

TEA SPECIAL
LIPTON'S, RED ROSE,
SALADA TEA
per 69c lb.

Domestic Shortening,
No. 3 44c
per lb.

Magic Baking Powder 29c
1 lb. tin

Jelly Powder 25c
4 for

Peas, Tomatoes, Pumpkin 25c
2 Tins for

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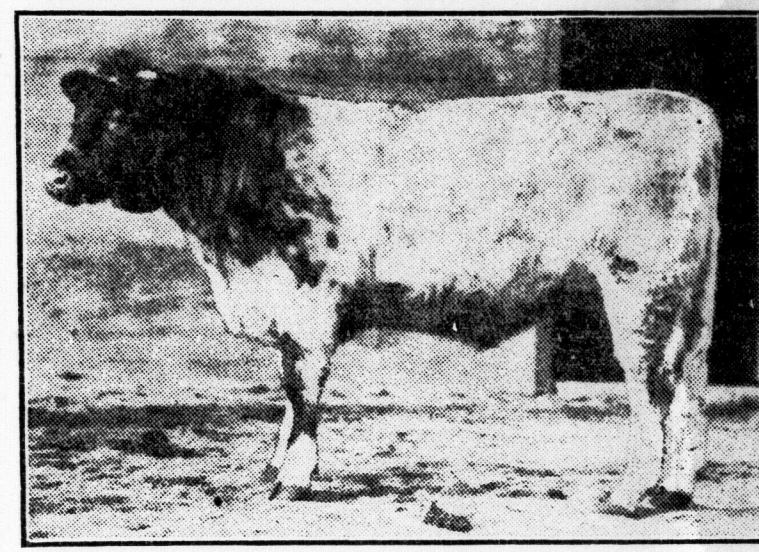
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PUREBRED SHORTHORN, fed by John Kopas & Son, Elora. First and champion, Royal Show, Toronto; second at Guelph, and second at C. N. E., Toronto. Bought live weight, then slaughtered, and now on sale to customers of Andersons—The Big Store.

Anderson's Big Meat, Poultry and Lard Sale for Thursday and Saturday

Special with your order, 10 lbs Granulated Sugar and 3 lbs Coffee Sugar 95c

WE DELIVER TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.
Open until 9 p.m. Thursday Evening. Closed All Day Friday.

BABY BEEF
Sirloin Roast Beef 25c
Porterhouse Roast
Beef 25c and 30c
Shoulder Roast Beef 15c and 18c
Stewing Beef 10c and 12c
Boiling Beef 10c and 12c
Rump Roast Beef 20c and 23c
Rib Roast Beef (boneless) 28c and 30c
Hamburg Steak 2 lbs 25c

KETTLE RENDERED LARD
1 lb. Lard 23c
3 lb. Pail Lard 65c
5 lb. Pail Lard \$1.10
10 lb. Pail Lard \$2.10
20 lb. Pail Lard \$4.00

POULTRY
Turkeys, per lb. 40c and 45c
Geese,