Three Wives

A New Illustrated Love Serial About Baltimore Social People.

Written Exclusively For THE AFRO By Ralph Matthews.

SYNOPSIS

Leslie Kayne a young song writer returned from New York to Baltimore to his mother's deathbed. He promised to resume his practice of law and wed JOYCE HAYWOOD an adopted daughter who loved him. He left behind GWENDOLYN CLIFFORD who had left her husband RUPERT CLIFFORD also an attorney. KAYNE meets CLEO HARGRAVE the young wife of an elderly physician who finding him in financial difficulties offers him aid. CLIFFORD overhears their plans to meet and leads the doctor to their rendezvous. A few moments after he enters the room a shot is heard from within.

DR. HARGRAVES, angered, attempts to shoot KAYNE with the gun CLIFFORD had given him. The gun does not explode. While examining it the doctor is accidently killed. Kayne is charged with the murder. The jury has just withdrawn.

Part VIII

Concluding Chapter

Tramp, tramp, tramp! It seemed as though those prodding footsteps of the jurymen would never cease as they filed to their places after being closeted for two hours in that room — hours that dragged like years to the man whose fate they were to decide.

"Is Leslie Kayne guilty in the matter whereof he stands indicted or not guilty?" asked the bailiff after they had been seated. A deadly silence settled over the court room as the foreman rose. "The verdict is guilty," he said slowly.

"Are you ready for sentence?" asked the judge in a voice that tried to be stern, but quavered.

"I am, your honor," said Kayne standing.

"Then I command that your body be delivered to the Warden of the Maryland Penitentiary in whose custody you shall remain until such a time as his Excellency, the Governor, shall set a date for your execution when you shall hang 'by your neck until you are dead and God have mercy on your soul." The words fell from his lips cold and deliberate.

Kane looked about the courtroom frantically. All faces were solemn, tears appeared in the eyes of women, men turned their gaze quickly from him, a little child in its mother's lap, knowing not the meaning of it all, smiled and waved at him. Kayne smiled back, then turning followed his guard from the room.

Alone in the death house he had time to think. In another part of the penitentiary — in the workshop — men were whistling and singing. Where Leslie was there was only the clanking of his own cell door or the stealthy footsteps of the guard to break the monotony. He thought about — first of all, Gwen — where was she, did she know that he was a condemned man — he prayed she never would. If he had stayed in New York with her and continued to write songs he would not be in the fix he now was. But now their dreams of success — of Broadway — would never be realized. He was a miserable failure as a lawyer, yes, but then success in any line did not depend so much on mental capacity as on mental attitude. He had the capacity to be anything he wanted to be, but the desire was not there.

Three wives, he meditated, had played an important part in his life, but now when he needed them most none came to his aid. He cursed them at first, cursed them with all the vileness and bitterness he could command, but then he changed, God forgive them, he prayed, all women are fickle. Joyce might have saved him — money can do most anything. Cleo could have saved him. Why did she lie? Gwen? Of course, she knew nothing of his predicament and if she did, she too, had probably forgotten him by now. If he could only hear her once again!

"The [illegible] has set a date for your execution," said the Warden. "You will die on Friday, the 18th."

"Well, that's good news," replied Kayne. "So His Excellency finally found a few minutes from his politics to sign my death warrant? You couldn't manage to send me a package of cigarettes and a magazine or two, could you Warden? It's awful trying on the nerves up here. I'd give a couple of days off my life to just run my fingers over a piano again." He bore up well until the Warden left the cell, then he fell upon his cot and buried his head in his pillow.

Three wives, strangely alike in many respects and yet vastly different. Three wives that to him had meant nothing but disillusionment, misgivings, regret and now — death. The death of shame, the death of murderers, cut throats, traitors and men who were a menace to society. He had but one consolation and that was the fact that he was innocent.

What was that little Shakespearean verse he used to quote in school? Oh yes, he recalled it now: "Cowards die many times before their death, the valiant die but once." He too, would die but once.

Three wives, one his own — Joyce cultured, petted, pampered Joyce. Pride and ambition was with her more a fault than a virtue. Pride that even now he could not put aside to save him even though there was a doubt about his guilt.

He could see her position plainly, embarrassing and uncertain it was. Surely if he had risked all on another woman before the tragedy, what assurance had she that he would be true to her if she did get him out?

He could hear the wagging tongues of gossipers making her an object of public pity. He could not blame her.

Then there was Cleo, the wife of the murdered man. Frivolous, lustful Cleo. He knew that she had bartered her soul to an old man for the good things his money could afford, but he thought she had learned the lesson of the error of her ways. Could it be possible that she had changed her testimony simply for the sake of her husband's insurance money? Was she sending him to the gallows sacrificing his life for gold? No, he could not think that was the sole motive, there was something deeper. Could she have loved him too? No, he decided, love does not work like that.

Then there was Gwen. Gwen, the woman that Rupert had stolen from him and tricked into becoming his wife. Since his early days at college Clifford had been his arch enemy and even now he detected his devilish hand somewhere at the bottom of this affair but just what part he had played in bringing about his condemnation he was unable to say.

Gwen — the one woman in the world that he had ever loved. The one woman for whom he was ready and willing to sacrifice his all. The woman of his day thought and night dreams, the inspiration of all his songs, songs that would never be sung.

Gwen, too, had gone. Three wives had each written an indelible chapter in his life, but as fate, the great author, was dipping his pen in the ink of destiny, preparatory to writing the word finis, he found himself alone.

Days passed swiftly to those without but to the condemned man they dragged with intolerable slowness. The ticking minutes seemed like as many centuries as sleep, which might have brought contentment, refused to be courted. Cigarettes lost their flavor, the food they brought him had no appeal, nothing but monotony. Magazines and papers held no interest for him. One article did catch his attention. He read it through several times. Someone had accomplished the thing which had been his lifetime ambition. A young song writer in New York had made good.

New York was agog over a new musical comedy, scheduled to make its debut on Broadway with an all race cast Sunday night. The star of the production had risen from utter obscurity. The name of the writer of the music was a dark secret. There was something uncanny about that show, yet big financial interests never known to take a gamble were backing it. Members of the cast were mute. They merely intimated that the score had a different twang to anything ever heard on Broadway. There was soul in that music. No, they had not met the star. She too, was a mystery. Most of her numbers were to be sung alone, but she was to meet them tonight at the Savoy.

At twelve oclock Rupert Clifford who was in New York on a spree trying to escape his conscience, left his room at the Hotel Olga and hailing a taxi was conveyed to the Savoy. He was not an unknown figure around Harlem at midnight and was greeted with wild acclaim by a host of gold diggers. He was waived to a seat. There were whisperings all about.

"Who is this "she" everybody is talking about?" he demanded between drinks of his high yaller companion.

"Why, the star of Southern Moon, the new show. It's supposed to be greater than "Shuffle Along" he was informed. There was a sudden commotion as a girl dressed in an ermine wrap strolled majestically into the hall and was presented to the assembly by the floor manager as the star of Southern Moon.

"Ye gods," cried Clifford leaping to his feet, "why that's my wife." He caught her by the arm as she passed his table. She uttered a scream of surprise as she recognized him. "You?" she cried.

"Yes, it's me, and don't go putting on any of your damned airs. Act like you are glad to see me." He pulled her forcefully into a chair at his table. "If you knew that the man you threw me over for will hang like the dog he is tomorrow night, you wouldn't be so Ritzy".

There was a look of horror on her face as she stared at him. "Not Leslie," she faltered. "Tell me it can't be." She was almost hysterical.

"Can't eh? Read that," he said with a sneering smile, tossing her a clipping from a Baltimore paper. "We framed him all right."

She forced a laugh. "Well, old dear," she said, "it's nothing to me now that you have a hex. Let us forget him — but just tell me how you framed him. Here take another drink." Her hand shook nervously as she poured him a heaping glass.

Rupert, encouraged by her merry laughter told the story of the tragedy, told how he planted the gun on the doctor, told how Cleo had changed her testimony, finally lapsing into silence, as his arms dropped limply from the table. Gwen left him hurriedly, left the ballroom, rushed to her own room. Tomorrow night was the final rehearsal of the show. Thousands of dollars were behind it. How she had studied and slaved to interest the producers in that offering. Tomorrow would mean the realization of her dreams. Tomorrow the man she loved was to die. There was but one decision. She must save him. The early hours of the morning found her waiting for a train to Baltimore.

"My dear Miss," said the Governor as she sat across from him in his office late the next afternoon, "as much as I would like to grant your request, I am powerless to do so. Twelve men have found him guilty, and what right have I — one man — to reverse their decision, merely on the basis of a story you heard from a drunken slout in a night club? What would the voters think?"

"Voters?" cried the girl with emotion. "Does not a man's life mean more to you than a few measly votes? You must save him. I tell you he is innocent."

"Bring me the woman who was in that room and if her story bears you out, I will sign a reprieve."

Gwen left the office. She was in a daze. She knew not which way to turn. Where could she find Cleo. Was she in the city? Slowly the hands on the city hall clock moved. Ten-thirty and still her frantic search was not rewarded. Eleven o'clock! One minute after twelve Leslie would hang.

The priest was in Leslie's cell "Is your soul safe?" he asked in solemn tones.

"Safe as a dollar, father," smiled Leslie. "And if it isn't even hell could treat me no worse than what I have been treated here. Are they ready for me out there?"

"Yes," answered the priest, as the Warden nodded his head.

"Brace up you chaps,' said Kayne. "Any one would think it was you instead of me who was going to be hanged." His voice choked on that last word.

The Governor was pacing his office. He had been impressed with the girl's story and had refused to leave even for supper for fear she might return. He had filled out the papers, but he thought it hopeless as his desk clock ticked consistently — ticked away a man's life. The door flew open and two women entered. One fell at his feet.

"I lied, I lied," she cried. "I lied because I loved him and he scorned me."

The Governor seized the phone. His line was already open direct to the Penitentiary. He talked hurriedly.

"Gee, it's tough to cheat those boys down there," said Kayne, looking down from the trap on which he stood upon the newspaper men as the noose was lifted from his neck.

Gwen met him the next day and carried him away. She told him about Rupert. Next morning Leslie had disappeared. Under her door she found a note reading, "Tell Gwen not to take that rope down. They will need it as soon as I find Clifford."

Kayne had gone to New York. She must follow him and prevent the murder. As she stepped out of the taxi in front of Rupert's Seventh avenue apartment, her heart came into her mouth. There was a crowd gathered around the door. Police were bearing the body of a dead man on a stretcher. It was Rupert's. Kayne walked down the steps behind them. Restraining herself no longer, she forced her way through the crowd and threw her arms around his neck.

"Why did you do it, Leslie?" she cried.

"I didn't," returned Kayne, "a girl he ruined beat me to it."

"Then you — you're not a murderer?"

"In my heart I am, but not in fact," he laughed.

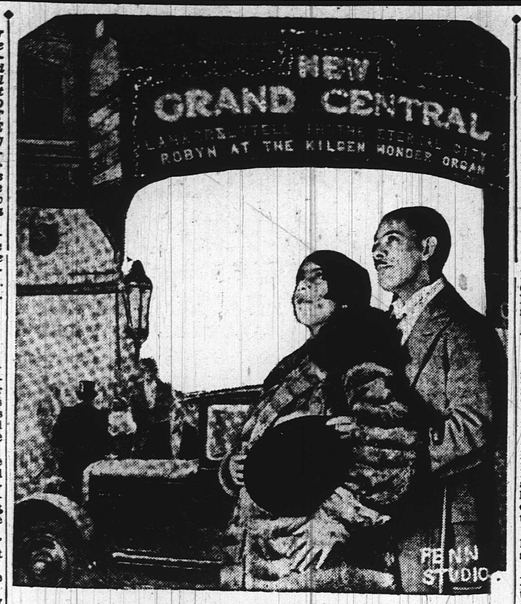
The premiere of the new musical comedy had been postponed a week. And Leslie stood with Gwen looking up at the twinkling lights of Broadway.

"How did you do it, Gwen?" he asked, admiringly.

"Why when you had gone I gathered up all your songs you left scattered about the place and made them into this revue. Gee, it was hard work, Leslie, especially with you away, but I hoped that some day you would come back to me."

The mystery surrounding the writer of these catchy songs was at last revealed to the world, as the flickering lights spelled the phrase, "Music by Leslie Kayne."

FINIS.



They stood looking at the twinkling lights of Broadway.
Posed by Reginald Olivis and Auranda Parker. PENN STUDIO

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Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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delivered with your Milk if ordered a day ahead

Western Maryland Dairy

IRVIN D. BAXTER, Chairman of Board

Beauty Hints

By NINA TEMPLE

A SIMPLE NECK—BLEACH

That a bunch of parsley and pour some boiling water over it. Add a pinch of borax. Let it cool; strain, and bottle.

After cleaning the neck in the usual manner, apply this lotion night and morning; allow it to dry on. This will soon whiten and clear the darkest neck. Pay special attention to the back of the neck.

Poem This Week

Circus Day

(Tune: Illinois—In "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs")

By Maude Brown

Oh! it was a grand parade,
Circus day, circus day,
How the big band wagons payed,
Circus day, circus day;
Oh! the elephant was there
And the little dancing bear,
At him how we all did stare,
Circus day, circus day;
At him how we all did stare,
Circus day.

There were prancing ponies white,
Circus day, circus day,
Great big chargers black as night,
Circus day, circus day;
Then the lion he did roar,
Never been so scared before!
But I'm sorry it is o'er,
Circus day, circus day,
Yes, I'm sorry it is o'er,
Circus day.

The old clown was dressed in red,
Circus day, circus day,
And he stood upon his head
Circus day, circus day;
He was comical to see,
So the children laughed with glee,
Don't you wish you'd been with me,
Circus day, circus day,
Don't you wish you'd been with me,
Circus day?

Hokum Answered

"Stanley, dear," she said, after she had accepted him, "you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

Stanley was far too happy to think anything strange, and with trembling hand he signed the document. Then she sat down beside him.

"Dearest," said Stanley, breaking the silence at last, " tell me why you wanted me to sign that paper. Haven't you implicit confidence in my affection?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed, "but darling, I've been fooled so many times!"

Some people marry for love; some for money, but most of them for only a short time.

Happy is the man who is too darned busy to feel sorry for himself.

Reminders For Young Wives

ELSIE OWENS

Let me give you a few suggestions to help you make your meals health giving. Milk, cheese, eggs, lean meats, poultry, fish, dried peas and beans, nuts are foods rich in protein and make blood and repair tissue. Foods rich in starch are bread cereals, meats, flours, macaroni, potatoes, in fact there are severals starchy vegetables. These starchy foods make heat and energy in the body.

Some foods containing sugar are molasses, syrup, honey, jellies and jam, cakes and desserts. The sugars also give heat and energy to the body. Fats also furnish energy and supply fatty tissue. Some foods depended on for fats are butter, cream, lard and other culinary fats, salt pork, bacon, chocolate and salad oils. Other foods are rich in mineral salts, among which are milk and eggs, whole cereals, fruits, green and yellow vegetables. These foods act as balancers, form bone, teeth and are necessary to brain and nerve cells.

Knowing that different foods build different parts of the body should be the basis for the preparation of John's dinner. We know now that loading the body on one material and supplying nothing for other needs is like starting a car with plenty of gas in the tank, but no water in the radiator.

Plan your menus then, so that at two meals each day will be provided from each group suggested above. Plan to have if possible a pint of milk a day for each member of the family even though it is skim milk. Use it for soups and desserts if not to drink.

Remember that one quarter pound of edible meat is enough for one person a day and even that is not necessary if other protein foods are supplied. Have fresh fruit once a day, one raw vegetable, one leafy vegetable cooked. Butterine may be substituted for butter, and sugar made into candy, may be used occasionally for dessert.

Here are some suggestions for a menu planned for eight people.

BREAKFAST

Orange juice, served in punch glasses, cooked cereal, rolls, 8 boiled eggs, butter, top milk, 5 cups for cereal and coffee, sugar, one-half cup, for cereal and coffee.

DINNER

Gumbo soup, roast veal, potatoes, carrots, asparagus, grape juice ice, whipped cream.

SUPPER

Oranges sliced with cocoanut, Boston bread, butter, one large head of lettuce, French dressing, sponge cake, tea with milk and sugar.

Home Education

INJUDICIOUS PRAISE

Lenora Bailey

Mrs. Lee was visiting the studio where her five-year-old daughter, Virginia, was beginning the study of instrumental music. Virginia had been asked to join in some simple little songs and had done very well.

"O, what a lovely voice you have, Virginia; you can certainly sing," gushed Mrs. Fields, the owner and conductor of the studio.

"Isn't she fine? She ought to have little lessons in vocal work," raved Faye, Mrs. Fields' grown sister.

Virginia twisted with pleasure and complacency and remarked, "Yes, I think I do sing real well".

"Of course you do," agreed the ladies.

The thoughtful mother took her little daughter out of the studio as soon as possible. On the way home, Virginia asked if she had heard what had been said. To this the mother responded: "Yes, I think it so nice of them to say such kind things about my little girl. Of course you know, dear, they wanted to make us feel happy so they were extra generous."

The child was thoughtful for a few minutes and then said, "Well, I do think I can sing better than any of the other children around here. Mother, don't you think I should begin to take vocal and dancing lessons?"

"No, indeed, dear; not for quite a while."

"But, Mother, Faye said I was a born dancer and Mrs. Fields told me I was the most graceful child in her classes, really she is there, and, Mother, I can do better than she can even if she does feel so smart and big."

"Listen, dear, Mother will tell you when she wants you to do those extra things, so let us not worry any more about them."

After a short silence: "Mother, Faye thinks I won't ever amount to anything the way you are raising me."

The mother was absolutely nonplussed for a few moments. She felt really more than vexed that a child so young should have been exposed in this way, especially since she had had to help Virginia constantly because of a natural tendency to think too highly of herself and her ability. She was sorry to see the unaccustomed frown of irritation on the face and wondered how Mrs. Fields, herself a mother, could take such an attitude toward a child or permit her sister to do so. "Does Mrs. Fields carefully consider and weigh all her actions and those of her children as I do?" she questioned. "We were both students of Child Psychology, yet I cannot see that she applies any of her knowledge either in training her own children or in dealing with mine." But she pushed the annoying thoughts quickly and resolutely aside and looking down tenderly at her little daughter, she asked, "And what does Virginia think?"

It was the child's turn to be nonplussed. Then meeting her mother's loving gaze, a new spirit of loyalty was born.

"I'd rather have you for my mother," was her somewhat irrelevant reply.

A policeman saw an old man beating a small boy.

"Why beat the boy?" he asked.

"Listen," replied the man. "I sent Isaac to the delicatessen, and gave him two quarters, one to buy fish, and the other to buy bread. Now he comes back after being away half an hour and wants to know which quarter is for the bread!"

CHILDREN WITH WORMS NEED HELP QUICKLY

Don't delay a minute if your child has worms. They will destroy his health. If he grits his teeth, picks his nostrils—beware! These are worm symptoms. Disordered stomach is another.

Immediately give him Frey's Vermifuge. It has been the safe, vegetable worm medicine for 73 years. Don't wait! Buy Frey's Vermifuge at your druggist's today.

Frey's Vermifuge

Expels Worms

The Household Scrapbook

BY ROBERTA LEE

Cleaning Upholstered Furniture

Place a wet cloth over the piece to be cleaned and beat it. Change the cloth frequently. This beats out the dust which clings to the cloth.

Dandruff Remedy

Dissolve one ounce of flour of sulphur in one quart of soft water. Do not use it until it is thoroughly mixed and settled.

To Wash Fruit

Try using an old corn popper, or buy one at any hardware store. Put the fruit in, fasten the lid and shake it in a vessel of water, or hold it under the faucet.

Do You Know?

How To Hypnotize The Common Barn Yard Chicken?

One way is as follows: 1, catch the chicken, any ordinary old hen will do; 2, hold the chicken's bill close to some flat surface — a walk or board floor; 3, with a piece of chalk tap on the floor directly in front of the chicken's bill; 4, draw a heavy, straight chalk line, not less than two feet, immediately in front of the chicken's bill and leading directly from it in the direction the chicken is looking; 5, now let loose the chicken gently and remain perfectly quiet, and if there is no movement nearby the chicken will remain for a considerable time staring at the line.

SPRING FEVER

Lazy in April? The charge is unjust!
But the bookshelf is yearning for darkness and dust.
And the clock that was one so sedate and so slow
In a new, brisker rhythm is singing: "Let's Go!"
Lazy in April? I long for the trail
Through the woods, or the field, where delights never fail;
Where the travel is long ere you dine or you sup,
Lazy in April? I'm just waking up!

S·P·A·R·K·S

By NOAH M. THOMPSON

ASK ME ANOTHER

Howdy, Folks! They say that a 34 story university building is being erected in Pennsylvania. We are wondering what will happen when they begin to drop students, and give the professors a raise.

If a woman sues her husband for non-support, and he is giving her what she is suing him for, then what is she suing him for?

Probably it is the Miss in Mississippi, postcards Miss G. C. M., that makes it run so wild. We never thought o' that.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT

Save the Wall paper. Never sneeze while brushing your teeth.

A COLLEGIATE STEW

Cannibals are said to enjoy college boys; they're so easily stewed.

One thing in favor of these clay pipes is that when you drop them, you, don't have to pick them up. They are not only a great boon to those who smoke them and suffer with lumbago, etc., but, also to those who have a habit of dropping things and don't care to waste the time in picking them up.

Mother Nature told a farmer the other day that potatoes should never go blind because she always equips 'em with specks.

Aunt Lucy sez, "It's dangerous to put up a mistletoe nowadays, considering what happens without it.

Uncle Joe sez, "The early bird gets the hot water at any fraternity house."

A DENTAL FILLING STATION

Dentist (to patient in chair): Will you take gas?

Patient: "Yeah, and you had better look at the oil too."

Automobile accidents are becoming so commonplace now, that it is difficult to obtain sufficient witness. The pedestrain is the one who needs the automobile insurance.

This is Radio N.M.T. The concluding number on this program will be "Season That Thing," which will be played by the Dining-room Salt and Pepper Shakers, Todolu. ....

Material Love

Joy radiant glitters in the mother's eyes,
When nestling nearest to her heart, there lies
A child that shall a dual image bear,
Inspired by Love, she faltered not to "dare
The Great Adventure," that she might behold
The Gates of life so silently unfold,
Reckoning gain to bear the name of wife
And mother, tho the cost be "life for life".
Such joy comes to the man and woman who
The way of duty faithfully pursue, sue,
Fearing not life nor death, their only care
That it might be their privilege to share
With Him Eternal in His mystic plan
To bless man thru the ministry of man,
And, ere they pass beyond the mystic brink,
Some product of their lives should be a link,
Uniting them with those whose tasks are done,
And all who yet may walk beneath the sun.
For such, shall overflow their cup of joy;
Theirs shall be happiness with least alloy;
And tho they may be strangers to a throne,
To wealth, and fame, and honor be unknown,
Deprived of wealth and honor, and renown,
Greater their joy than theirs who wear a crown.

—R. A. Adams, P. N. S.

STOP COUGHING

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Gets right down where the cough starts—loosens up the phlegm and you quit coughing

At all druggists 30c and 90c

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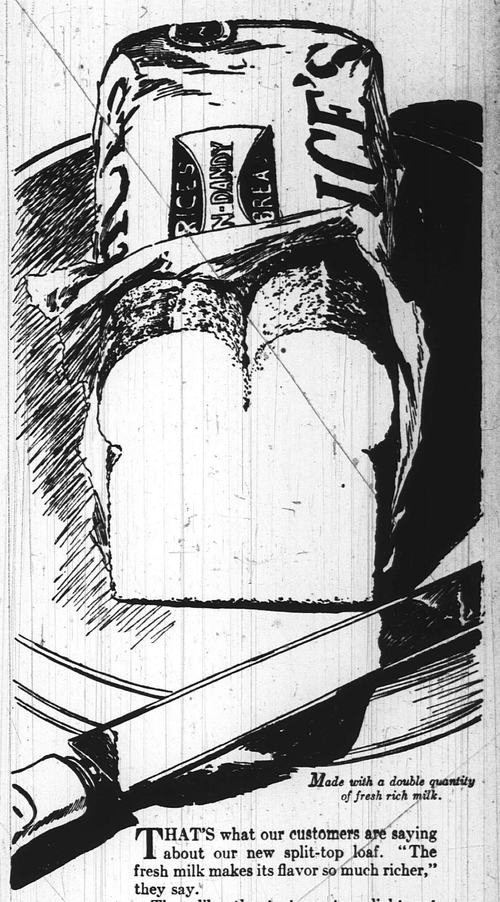
"The only bread we never get tired of"



Made with a double quantity of fresh rich milk.

THAT'S what our customers are saying about our new split-top loaf. "The fresh milk makes its flavor so much richer," they say.

They like the texture, too—light yet firm enough to be substantial and satisfying. And the way it cuts in paper-thin slices, and the way it toasts.

Begin serving it today. Delivered hot from our ovens to your grocer twice daily. With the seal and guarantee of the City Baking Institute.

THE CITY BAKING INSTITUTE — MADE BY OUR TESTED RECIPE — INGREDIENTS GUARANTEED

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Wild Lochinvar

Oh, young Lochinvar has gone out to the West,
With a four gallon hat and a rabbit skin vest.
He'll get in the movies and hope they will test
Him up so he'll rival our young friend Tom Mix.

For Sale—Special

Saturdays Everything Cheap

Groceries, Dressed Chickens, Live Chickens and Canned Goods.

HARRY SAKOLSKY

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A&P ESTABLISHED 1859 "WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

Big 1¢ Sale

Stock up your pantry at these low prices.

A & P Macaroni and Spaghetti
regular price 3 pkgs. 25c | sale price 4 for 26c

A & P APPLE SAUCE
regular price 2 cans 25c | sale price 3 for 26c

OUR OWN BRAND CATSUP
regular price 2 8 oz. bots. 25c | sale price 3 for 26c

RELIABLE SHOE PEG CORN
regular price 2 cans 30c | sale price 3 for 31c

Maryland Chief Choice Sifted Peas
regular price 2 cans 40c | sale price 3 for 41c

A & P PRESERVES
regular price 3 jars 99c | sale price 4 for $1.00

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT PLAIN OR IODIZED
regular price 2 pkgs. 20c | sale price 3 for 21c

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
regular price 3 cans 24c | sale price 4 for 25c

PALMOLIVE SOAP
regular price 6 cakes 44c | sale price 7 for 45c

WALDORF TOILET PAPER
regular price 2 rolls 15c | sale price 3 for 16c

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The Largest Grocery House in the World