



HAUNTED HOLIDAY

By Cameron Dockery

Chapter 29

It was ten of ten by the radium hands of Vince Bonnay's service watch.

The shrubbery surrounding Kalani made pitted shadows, forming ink barriers against the walls and the outline of the uncompleted pool. Against them the restless silhouettes of pines and madrasas swayed in the chill wind.

With each step that took him further from the house, the prickling sensation on the back of his neck increased until he felt that each nerve stood out from his body individually like a snail's antenna.

Acting as bait for a murderer was an unpleasant feeling he admitted.

Johanson was supposed to be waiting in the bushes near the little summer house and Vince called softly. The raucous croak of a tree toad was his only response. His muscles tightened with apprehension. Where was the detective? Had something gone wrong with the plan?

It had been Vince's idea. The investigator had wanted to make an arrest immediately but Vince had vetoed the idea.

"You'll get nothing that way; this little trick may force him out."

"All right, it's your hide," Johanson had finally agreed.

Vince went over the scheme again in his own mind. . . . He had asked Luki to his room and handed him five envelopes, saying "Luki, I know you would like to find out who killed Miss Sophie and Mr. Mannley as much as the police do. Isn't that so?"

The unsmiling Hawaiian had nodded soberly. "Yes sar, that is true."

"Very well, I want you to give these five envelopes to Miss Julia, Madam Deveraux, Mr. Bissett, Mr. Dukane and Mr. or Mrs. Donovan sometime during the early part of the evening. Don't let anyone see you. Understand?"

Luki's amazingly luxuriant hair flickered briefly. "Yes sar."

"You see," Vince explained. "We don't know who the murderer is but this little plan may

expose him. Mr. Johanson and the police do not know of it."

"Yes sar. You mean this is a trap to catch the criminal?"

"Exactly." He shot Luki a conspiratorial smile. "Mr. Johanson believes those letters he collected today may tell us something. He's going to send them in to a handwriting expert, tomorrow, but meanwhile I'm keeping them safe right here." He patted the pocket of his tweed suit.

In retrospect the plan seemed stupid, even dangerous, but perhaps . . .

"The night was silent now. The summer house entrance faced directly on that weird narrow extension of land that Julia called the Devil's Walk. One misstep on the winding path meant a fifty foot fall to the water below and almost certain death on the knife-like rocks that rose from the Canal here.

Suddenly Vince stood up. . . . Someone was coming along the path!

Over his white servant's jacket Luki had donned an old khaki wool coat. That, combined with his rich mahogany skin, made him almost indistinguishable.

"Luki!" Vince exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought you might need assistance sar." He passed Vince and went inside the summer house. "I will wait here with you, sar."

"Thanks," Vince took up his stand in the entrance and waited.

He cupped his hands to light a cigarette; it annoyed him to see that his palms glistened with sweat. He had turned his class ring inward so that the polished carnelian served him as a tiny mirror. Now, something he saw in that stone, a quick flash of metallic light made him throw himself to the ground with all the speed and strength he could summon!

As though timed by a stop watch a gun spoke out of the darkness; an object whistled past his ear and lay gleaming in the pebbles before the little summer house. He heard a sharp pained intake of breath just behind him.

Johanson came toward him from a clump of bushes. A re-

volver was in his hand. "All right Luki," he said, "the game is up."

Vince got to his feet. Behind him Charles Lukilano was holding his hand over an ugly shoulder wound. His eyes were dark, defiant and sullen. Using his handkerchief Johanson picked up the knife still lying on the path.

"You seem to have been rather good at this sort of thing. Luki, a wry smile twisted the islander's full lips.

"So it was you who killed Mr. Mannley, eh Luki?" Johanson demanded.

The irises of Luki's eyes seemed to dilate with bitterness.

"Yes, I killed him. He signed against the Lukilanos. Our family was one of the noblest, the purest racial strains in the Hawaiian Islands. We are direct descendants of the first king. Mr. Mannley despoiled our family line.

"Last Thursday I received a letter from my sister. She told me what I had never known—that Mr. Mannley was the father of her child, Leilani. The girl is seventeen now. She has a wonderful singing voice. My sister said that the music teachers in Honolulu have told her, that Leilani should come to the mainland to study. But it is very expensive; my sister has not the money."

Luki's voice died as though what he had just said was sufficient reason for his succeeding actions. But Johanson ordered him on hastily. . . .

"My sister says that Dr. Palmer and Mrs. Donovan witnessed Leilani's birth. She asked me to plead with Mr. Mannley for the money. She said when she went to him personally in Honolulu he refused to see her but she is determined.

"Thursday night I asked him for the money. He refused and I grew angry. I told him my thoughts and he was insulted that his servant should speak so. He grabbed me by the throat. He was choking me when I saw the pearl diver's knife. So I killed him."

As he ceased talking a troubled silence settled over the little group.

"I want no part of his money. Vince, I have the inheritance my father left me—that's clean and honestly earned—he worked hard for it."

"What about Hugh?" That was a problem that could not be ignored.

"The solution fell right into my lap. You see Kalani belonged to Aunt Sophie with no strings attached and she left it to me. Last night Dr. Zandro told me he would like to convert it to a sanitarium and I told him I'd sell it on condition he took care of Hugh. He agreed without any reservations."

"And I suppose you're through with the Northwest forever?"

The disappointed, agonized voice belonged to Johanson.

Julia flashed him a contradictory smile. "You couldn't be more wrong." Kalani held his no many unpleasant associations for me but I love the country around here. Sometime I want to return, sometime quite soon."

Johanson nodded approvingly then suddenly stiffened. His hand went to his pocket. "Damn, Bonnay; I almost forgot! This came for you an hour ago."

Vince tore the telegram open and stared incredulously at the message.

"Julie!" His voice shook with emotion. "I'm to report immediately at San Francisco to take command of a new destroyer! My own ship! Imagine it!"

"How soon must you leave?"

"Right away. When the Navy says immediately that's what it means. It will postpone our marriage a bit, my dear."

She stared down at her hands "I suppose I'll have to get used to that. They say Navy wives spend half their lives waiting."

"You can meet me next week in San Francisco, can't you?"

"I can try. There's a lot to do here. Until then I guess it's Aloha."

He held her close. "Don't say that! Aloha means goodbye!"

Her lips curved with amusement. "To a malihini it does but to an outsider it means many things. This time it doesn't mean goodbye, Vince."

THE END

Chapter 30

VINCE BONNAY stared curiously at Luki, trying to analyze his feeling for the man. He felt no repugnance or dislike. It seemed the irony of fate that Mannley, a man so jealous of his own family name should meet death at the hands of one who also put pride of family above all else.

"Didn't you know you could have pleaded self-defense?" he asked.

Johanson sighed regretfully. "And so you killed Miss Sophie too?"

"Yes," Luki admitted. "Miss Sophie found out so I had to kill her. I had hidden the letter from my sister behind some loose wall paper in my room. I saw she had tampered with it. She knew everything then."

"But how did you know she would be at the swimming pool?"

Vince said.

"I had told Miss Sophie that I did not think the Olands were building the pool according to the architect's directions and she said she would be certain to look at it when she returned from town. When I heard the car coming down the hill I went up to Mr. Hugh's room. Everything was ready. Liz Cook had fallen asleep and did not know I had left the kitchen."

"But you didn't have to kill Miss Sophie," Vince said. "She never would have told on you, Luki—she hated Mr. Mannley too."

The bright bitterness in the liquid eyes faded until they were devoid of lustre. "I do not understand what you mean, sar," Luki said slowly.

Vince explained briefly about Sophie's love for Eric Branson.

"You must remember, Luki," he reminded gently, "you were the little boy who brought her the note that night thirty-seven years ago."

Luki stared at him unbelievably for a second. He drew his breath in a quick racking gasp, then, so suddenly that it threw them both off guard, he spun around and raced toward the Devil's Walk.

They stared into the darkness

watching the dim, drunkenly lurching figure cover the tortuous footpath with amazing skill as he plunged ahead to the very end. At the point he hesitated briefly and cried out a word that sounded like "Pelei Pelei!" then vanished over the edge.

Wearily they turned toward the house but not before Johanson had asked sadly of the night.

"Why did it have to be Luki?"

VINCE and Julia stood watching a tug with grappling hooks conducting an apparently fruitless search for Luki's body. Tears bubbled up at Luki's eyes.

"Poor Luki, I wish it could have been in the warm island waters."

"Johanson says he was probably killed immediately by the shock."

"I hope so. What made you suspect him, Vince?"

"We didn't until we had the handwriting expert's report. He found that the ink on the envelope was fresher than the ink on the letter it contained. We knew then that Luki had substituted an older letter, therefore the one that he received Thursday must have been of great importance to him. When we know that, the rest of the puzzle fell into place."

"But I don't understand about the trap, how did you—?"

"The messages I gave Luki all said the same thing, that I would be alone in the summer house at ten o'clock. I hoped he'd read them, fail to deliver them and show up there himself to retrieve the letter he believed I had. He probably meant to kill me, and I was more or less prepared."

"The whole thing seems so futile; we never would have prosecuted him."

"He didn't know that. He only knew the Mannley's had wrangled his family."

"That's where I come in Vince."

"What do you mean?"

"Uncle Sam had quite a fortune and I'll probably get what's left after the law gets through haggling over it. I want to compensate some of the people he wronged. Vince. It will help them forget a little."

"And what about yourself, Julie?"

setting them up in type. The impression, made directly on the letter, was in effect a receipt for prepayment of postage.

These old postmarks are rare and highly prized by collectors. Adhesive stamps for the prepayment of postage were first made experimentally in Scotland about 1837. They were issued by the British post office in 1840, but were not used in this country until the issues were put out by the postmasters at Saint Louis and New York in 1845. The use of stamps was authorized by Congress in 1847, but only two denominations were put out, 5 cents and 10 cents. Prepayment of postage was made compulsory in 1856.

The first stamped envelope seems to have been issued by Monsieur Velay, who set up a little post in the city of Paris in 1823. He sold covers or wrappers for messages with a receipt for the fee, two sous, printed thereon. Stamped envelopes were first issued in this country in 1853, newspaper wrappers in 1861, and postal cards in 1873. Letter-sheets were on sale as late as 1897 and consisted of a sheet of paper gummed at the top and sides, with an embossed stamp and space for address on one side. The message was written on the other side of the paper, which was then folded and sealed.

City delivery was authorized

Shannon

(Continued From Page One)

registry system, a money order system, and the free delivery of mail in cities. But greater than all these was the substitution of low, flat rates of postage for the high rates based on distance.

In 1863, following the postal reforms originated in England by Sir Rowland Hill twenty-five years before, a rate of 3 cents per half-ounce was fixed for letters, regardless of distance. This was reduced to 2 cents per half-ounce in 1883 and to 2 cents per ounce in 1885. Except for an additional tax during the World War, the rate has remained unchanged. Of what commodity or other form of service but postal service can you buy more for your dollar today than in 1885? The post office was the real pioneer in "mass production," in which the central idea is a great output on a very small profit per unit.

Postmarks were first used by William Dockwra, who set up a city post in London in 1800, carrying letters anywhere within the city limits for a penny. American postmasters used to make their own postmarks, cutting them in wood, on the end of a cork, or

from the beginning of postal service under the Constitution by volunteer carriers who collected fees for the delivery of letters from those accepting the service. Fees in the East were usually 1/2 cent, to 1 cent per letter, but on the Pacific Coast the minimum was 10 cents, the smallest coin in use. If the recipient was especially happy it might be 25 cents or even \$1. As a regular part of the postal service, free delivery was begun in 1863 at 49 cities, with 685 carriers. The service is now given in over 4,276 cities and employs nearly 178,000 carriers.

The money order service was established in 1864 at 419 offices. Now they are issued and paid at over 70,000 offices and stations.

Rural free delivery began, experimentally, in 1896, the salary of the carriers being \$450. per annum. In his report for 1906 the Postmaster General gave much interesting information as to the rural free delivery services in England and European countries, showing that the rural postmen there served their routes on foot, walking 15 to 18 miles a day, and that they were paid from \$200 to \$250 per annum, with certain allowances in some cases for uniforms, shoes and pension. He estimated that to give a complete rural free delivery in this country cost \$21,000,000.

The phenomenal growth of the

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HARLOWE

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Temple and children, Berlyn, Mac and Marsha, of New Bern, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Temple several days last week.

Cecil M. Bell, of Hyattsville, Maryland, returned home Saturday after a visit with his mother, Mrs. A. N. Bell. He was accompanied home by his mother and brother, Clyde Bell.

Miss Marie Smith, of Beaufort, spent the weekend with Miss Jean Ball.

Miss Mary Lou Mason was guest of Miss Betty Lou Merrill in Beaufort several days last week.

Rev. J. M. Jolliff held services here Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Xenophon Mason and young son, Charles, of Marshfield, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mason.

Miss Lulu Bell Dickinson, of Core Creek and Frank Dill, of Norfolk, Virginia, were here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Kelly and children, Howard and Brenda, of Newport visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Temple Saturday afternoon.

air mail is familiar to all of you. In the few years of its history it has done more to speed up communication by letter than had been accomplished in all the centuries since the dawn of civilization. Two hundred years ago the maximum speed of any mail conveyance, under the best conditions, did not exceed 10 or 12 miles an hour, but little greater than it had been 2,000 years before.

A hundred years ago the railroads seldom made better than 20 miles an hour. Now mail travels through the air at 100 to 150 miles an hour, by night as well as by day, and the poundage carried increases month by month. It is predicted that within a very few years all letter mail between the larger cities will be traveling by air.

Yet, because the post office is a public service for all the people and not a business merely for profit the new does not displace the old entirely. In various parts of the country mail is still carried to remote and inaccessible places by dog sleds, horses and even on men's backs, and no doubt will be for a long time to come. The service uses the best means at its command, no matter what it may be, and its motto remains, as it has for years, "celerity, celerity and security."

Less than 250 years ago, when Andrew Hamilton was deputy postmaster general for the colonies under the Neale patent, the receipts of the New York post office were 61 pounds, or about \$300. Now they are over \$80,000,000, more than seven times what they were in 1800, and more than the receipts of the entire postal service in 1895. When Franklin became postmaster general, the gross receipts of the postal service were less than \$35,000 a year, and now they exceed \$700,000,000.

During the last half-century, postal receipts have doubled about every ten years and a billion-dollar turnover looms in the near future. It is a magnificent service. There is good ground for the pride we feel in helping to carry it on to even greater accomplishments.

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Cicero Taylor and Ralph Temple spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Eyerette near Greenville.

Arlie Miller, of Newport, visited Billie Bell during the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Webb Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Cicero Taylor and Mrs. Ralph Temple were in Beaufort last Monday for graduation exercises of the eighth grade. Misses Shirley and Faye Taylor and Betty Jane Mason were members of the class.

Mrs. Alex Taylor and son, Preston, spent Sunday afternoon with her father at Crab Point.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Smith and son, Jimmie, of Bachelor, spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Carlton Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Rice and children, of Cherry Point, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Hardesty.

Miss Mary Lou Mason will leave Wednesday to attend summer school at Cherry Point.

Burney L. Witherington and daughter, Beverly, of Vanceboro, were here Saturday afternoon. Phil Witherington returned home with them.

Members of the Home Demonstration club are planning to do a district meeting in New Bern Thursday at the Recreation building. A bus has been chartered by the Home agent, Mrs. Lloyd Gillikin, and will go by this company.

The Harlowe-Core Creek Demonstration, met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Raymond Ball, Mrs. Clyde S. Taylor, vice-president, presided over the meeting in the absence of the president, Mrs. Mike Mason of Core Creek. Mrs. Lloyd Gillikin, Home agent, was in charge of the demonstration. Project leaders made their reports. The hostess served ice cream and cookies. The Core Creek members present were Mrs. Hopsie Dickinson and her daughter, Mrs. John Patrick.

Michael Whitley, of Core Creek, and granddaughter, Sue Harris, of Locksville, were here for services Sunday morning.

Alex Williams, of Vanceboro, is spending several days here.

Mrs. Cicero W. Taylor was in Beaufort Saturday morning on business.

J. C. Adams and W. Everette Taylor were in New Bern last Monday.

Kuch Williams and brother, Alex were in Beaufort Sunday afternoon for the ball game.

Mrs. J. E. Taylor spent the week end here with her son, W. Everette Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Harrington, of Brevard, N. C., Miss Betty Jane Harrington, of Winterville and Miss Anna Lou Laughton, of Beaufort, spent Thursday with Mrs. M. C. Adams and family.

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HERE'S 100% MARINE POWER

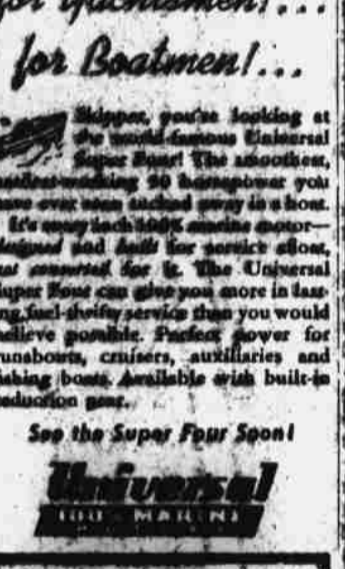
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OTTIS MOREHEAD CITY FISH MARKET

Mrs. M. C. Adams was guest of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Adams Thursday evening for supper and attended the show at Morehead City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Everette Taylor and their guest, Mrs. J. E. Taylor spent Sunday afternoon at Atlantic Beach. They also visited Mr. and Mrs. Moses Teel near Beaufort.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Harrington of Brevard spent Friday with their brother, Cicero Taylor and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Adams and their guest, John W. Ives of Raleigh, Dr. and Mrs. Jim Stone, of Myrtleand, were guests of Mrs. M. C. Adams Saturday for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. W. Everette Taylor were also dinner guests of Mrs. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Adams of Beaufort were here Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ball, of Bachelor, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ashby B. Morton Saturday afternoon.

Claude Taylor, of Bachelor, passed through Saturday enroute home from Beaufort.

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Serve With Eggs—PORK

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RIB SALT MEAT

STREAK-O-LEAN

Lb. — 33c

ARMOUR'S CORNED

Beef Hash, 16-oz. can 33c

TOMATO JUICE

LIBBY'S, 46-oz. can 31c

Solid Treat

MAYONNAISE, pint jar 43c

O S Brand Fruit

COCKTAIL, No. 1 can 25c

NAVY BEANS, 1-lb. pkg. 22c

COFFEE (Gold Label) 2 1-lb. bags 89c

MASON JARS, pints, doz. 71c

Armour Star

Treat, 12-oz. can 49c

Libby's Corned Beef

Hash, 16-oz. can 33c

Swift's Tasty

Prem, 12-oz. can 49c

C S Brand Choepeg

Corn, No. 2 can .. 19c

IVORY SOAP, 2 Med. Cakes 23c

IVORY SNOW, Large Pkg. 35c

SPIC & SPAN, 16-Oz. Pkg. 23c

OCTAGON SOAP, 2 Cakes 19c

OCTAGON POWDER, Giant Pkg. 26c

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Can 11c

KRISPY CRACKERS, 1-Lb. Pkg. 25c

CRISCO SHORTENING, 2-Lb. Size \$1.33

RUSSELL'S CREEK

Mr. Bill Corbet of Wilson will hold services at Live Oak Grove church Sunday morning, June 18 at 11 o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend.

Rev. W. E. Anderson of Morehead City filled his regular appointment at the Free Will Baptist church Sunday morning.

Mr. Lon Russell of Florida is here spending a while with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Russell.

Mrs. Colon Pake and children spent a while in Beaufort Sunday.

Mr. Herbert Jackson, Jr., of Raleigh is here visiting his grandparents.

Little Marie Small of Bay View returned home Sunday after spending a week here with her grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Fodrie and Mrs. I. T. Fodrie spent Sunday in Newport visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Springle visited Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Springle Sunday.

Mr. Lon Russell visited Mrs. Eddie Masotti Saturday morning.

Mrs. W. R. Powell and Mrs. J. C. Smith visited Mrs. Sarah Norman of Beaufort Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Woodrow Fodrie left last

week for Florida where he plans to work this summer.

Miss Colene Beachem visited Mrs. Doris Fodrie Friday afternoon.

The farmers are having lots of trouble this season with the corn bud worm.

Little Brenda Morton of Morehead City spent the weekend with her grandparents.

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