



FOR THE LADIES



LADIES' HOUSECOATS—Tailored, feminine housecoats to cherish long after Christmas is gone! Quilted satins, two tone rayon crepes, figured bengalines and chenilles. A large and beautiful assortment to choose from. Wrap around, button front, zippered and novelty styles. Priced from ——— 4.25 to 12.95

DRESSES — Sparkling holiday dresses — grand for all festivities, peplums, long torsos or dirndl styles. Priced from ——— 6.95 to 8.50

SKATING AND SPORT JACKETS! — Heavy quilted or plain lined, poplin with hoods to match, edged with white fur. Bright attractive colors ——— 6.95 to 8.50

NIGHTIES — Satin and crepe, daintily designed for gift giving, put up in pretty Christmas boxes ——— 2.98 to 3.95

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HANDBAGS — Smart leather handbags in Black, Navy, Brown, Wine and Red. Makes an ideal Christmas gift 2.50 to 7.95

GLOVES — Kid and pigtex in Black, Brown and White. Price ——— 2.50 to 2.75

COATS — Pre-Christmas coat values you cannot miss — Dress and Sport styles. Here is the investment opportunity for your Christmas cheque ——— 17.95 to 35.00

FOR THE MEN

JACKETS

Men's jackets, genuine pony hide, assorted colors a practical gift.

\$12.95 to \$14.50



SHIRTS to please the most exacting male... perfect fitting collars... guaranteed fabrics... a choice of styles at \$1.75 to \$2.75

TIES

TIES that will hit the bull's-eye of male approval... you can choose with your eyes closed and not go wrong at 35c to \$1.00 Boxed

— ALSO —

Pyjamas — \$2.25 to \$2.50

Tie and Handkerchief Sets ——— \$1.00

Mufflers — \$1.00 to \$2.25

Braces — 50c to \$1.25

Gloves — \$1.75 to \$3.25

Brace and Garter Sets, all elastic — \$1.00 to \$1.50

Sleeveless SWEATERS,

All Wool, assorted shades air force blue, green, maroon, fawn, white \$1.75 to \$2.25



DRESSING GOWNS

All Wool Flannels, Silk Cord trim, plain colors, in wine, blue and green. Priced \$6.75 to \$9.50

THE GREENDAL CO.

LADIES' WEAR 99 Queen St. PHONE 1501

MEN'S and BOYS' WEAR 144 Gt. George St. PHONE 1500

WESTMORELAND WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular meeting of Westmoreland W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Harold Oakes on Tuesday evening, December 8th. There were nine members and two visitors present. In the absence of the President the past President presided and

opened the meeting by repeating Institute Ode followed by Creed in unison.

Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Collection amounted to 45 cents. One new member was added to the Roll. Resolved that \$2.00 be sent to the T. B. League. Decided to sell luncheon at the Christmas Concert. Committee gave

their reports and new ones were appointed for following month.

School—Mrs. Robert Mayhew, Mrs. Fred Fall, Sick—Mrs. Roy Crossman, Educational Program — Mrs. Harold Oakes, Mrs. Heber Carfield, Social Program — Mrs. Heber MacVittie, Grace Moore, Lunch — Mrs. Fred Wilson, Mrs. Harold Oakes, Mrs. Fred Fall, Mrs. Robert Mayhew invited the members to meet at her home for January meeting. Roll call to be answered by donating quilt material. Meeting adjourned. Lunch was served by committee and a social hour followed.

COAL

We have in stock and cars arriving of OLD SYDNEY SCREENED, BRAS D'OR, SULLIVAN, ALBION NUT and INVERNNESS. Also WALSH COBBLES and AMERICAN HARD NUT.

Lowest prices, and quick deliveries, special attention to C.O.D. orders.

W. D. Gillis & Co.

PHONE 176

SPRING BROOK SCHOOL

The following is the report for the month of November:

Grade VII—1. Beulah MacRae; 2. Cecil Faynter; 3. Shirley Wigmore.

Grade VI—1. Jean Cole; 2. Walter Cole.

Grade V—1. Bennett MacRae; 2. Wesley Cole; 3. Byron MacRae.

Grade IV (b)—1. Mildred Cole; 2. Frances Jollimore; 3. Hugh MacRae; 2. Penzie Campbell.

Grade III (a)—1. Keith Faynter; 2. Clarence Faynter; 3. Alvin MacLeod.

Grade I—1. Billy Pidgeon; 2. Orville Candy.

Perfect attendance—Beulah MacRae; Jean Cole; Penzie Campbell; Hugh MacRae; Alvin MacLeod.

Highest average in senior grades: Jean Cole 90 per cent. Highest average in junior grades: Keith Faynter 90.4 per cent. Myrtle B. Wigmore, teacher.

THE PRINCESS OF GRATZEN

By Louis Arthur Cunningham, Author of "Of These Three Loves," "Marionette," Etc.

CHAPTER XVII

Madame stared unseeing at the fire on the hearth. Presently Roger came back and sat down on the side of her chair. His arm went about her shoulder and she reached for his hand and held it. "What did Meridel think of this?" "I myself," she refused to believe it. "I can understand that—since she took his picture with her. Roger looked, thinking deeply. Then, as if frightened by his thoughts, he shrugged patted his aunt's thin shoulder and stood up. "No use thinking of it now at all. It's there are no words. We can only refuse to believe it and at the same time pray God that it isn't so."

"Dear lady, I am once again at Philbert's and I have had a most interesting night. You must have them here with us—Meridel and Rudolph and the youngsters. This war has taught me strangely not to despise life, but to love it. I love every hour of it and these ahead that will be so golden—these are sweeter than the hope of heaven. You say you are going to wish us till after Christmas. "I saw men die in smoke and flames, and I saw women smile and walked up in the maw of hell. I walked one day to Calvary, and thought about things and understood better the lessons I was taught. Love—that what He preached, Tante Mimmi—love, not hate. And we are so deaf so heedless. "You should have been a monk, Roger."

"Yes. Sometimes I think so. Ah, well, perhaps now that I've been a way so long, she will like me better. "She likes you, Roger." "It's a flat sound, madame, but it's true. I've heard music of a far-off horn, still watching the sunlight on some distant golden mountain tops. My music is not so sweet and probably conjure up no glamorous visions. "The old lady smiled at him proudly. "Not one has but to look at you, Roger, you are so gallant, to know the heart that beats under that blue tunic. "Now! Do I hear aright? Will she love me for the dangers I have known perhaps?" "If for nothing else surely for those now and then some coffee sent up to us. You shall have some of my man Gossec's cognac in yours. You are a good boy, Roger—a fine boy."

The telephone rang softly, handy to Roger's elbow. He looked inquiringly at madame and lifted it when she nodded. He did very little talking of interest. The old lady watched him sharply straining as if to read in his eyes the news that made their dark hair after, grow darker still. "Good! We shall see you soon, my friend!" And he put the telephone down slowly and looked earnestly, approvingly at the old lady. "Order that coffee and cognac, madame. You are going to need it."

"What," she spoke through the house phone to Genser turned then to her nephew. "Tell me. Who was that?" "Old Delorme your confidential agent. He has skipped. There's a man in his office there for you—and from what I could gather—not much else. "You mean?" Madame picked up her stick and fingered the knob. "You mean to say that Gabriel Follet has swindled me!" "It is swindled me! You know, darling, I've been telling you for years and years that you should be wise and that you should after your affairs a bit better. "Pour! Where is the coffee? I have been poor before, I never mind the next time. It was the way when I was young. As Genser you bring ammonia."

"I shall go back to the city at once and see what's to be done. I'll get some good lawyer for you. I know that you wouldn't be interested enough to come with me. "Why not? It is a long time since I have been away from here. We shall go right after luncheon. Perhaps now that we are poor, Meridel and Rudi and the children will forget their pride and come back."

Roger looked at her fondly over the rim of his cup. Leave it to her, he thought. She had a way of her own. It was not to be expected that she should come back to him. He had no money in trust by their father, and it wasn't in Gabriel Follet's care. Follet had been Jean Pierre Gossec's chief clerk and one day had taken him without question on her husband's death. She had always liked Follet because he never repudiated her even for the most extravagant whims, never was nigardly about money never thought anything too dear. She knew why drawing her sable about her as that afternoon they left the elegant suite on St. James Street—three months' rent owing—where Follet had stoked his fires. "It would seem as if, instead of having our friends back at Philbert we had better move in with them. The old one Delorme is honest. That Follet had been robbing me right and left for years. "He cashed in on about everything, madame. You see he had Philbert and some daisy factories in the city—all in arrears of taxes—

but not much else. It may be that he can do something. It may well be. You need not worry. "I never worried in my life," said the old lady, "about myself. I never seemed that important. It is the children I'd whom I am godmother. They must not suffer. From being the old woman of the chateau, I must not become the old woman who lived in the shoe. Well, Roger, I know where you want to go next. "Yes—and you want to go there as much as I do." He beckoned to taxi and he-ped madame into it. Through the winter dusk to the city streets they rode. Light shoes cheerfully out on the piled up snow. The green and red of Christmas were everywhere. Uniforms were in the streets—soldiers, sailors, airmen. There were men when they drew up in front of the inn and got out of the taxi. Roger took care of the steps to the bright and cherry door of Jules Goujon's tavern. The doorway she stopped. Roger looked over her shoulder. Then he heard in his heart, in the lone night watches in the air, in the searing heat of the desert, in the wild winds of the north, the voice of Meridel, singing some old song of her people. She stood at the piano at the end of the room, Madga playing for her. He saw the two in the door even before the efficient maître d'hotel, Rudolph. And she ended the song and came quickly, a flush on her bright face, her hand outstretched toward them. She kissed madame and her eyes were wet and madame blew her nose. She kissed Roger and touched his cold cheek. "Men brag about their money, but I would send you back to me! "We have lost all our money, every nickel of it," announced madame happily. "I'm sure you'll find real friends. We are penniless. "Madame," said Rudolph, "you might as well be a duchess. (To Be Continued)

Died Burton, Frank Earl, AC. James Burton (father) Eben, Man. Corner, Roy Henry, Orl. Mrs. A.R. Corner (mother) Lac Vert, Sask. Lawrence, James Allison, LAC. J. A. Lawrence (father) 78 Main St. Grace, N.S. Legris, Joseph Alphonse Irene Roland, LAC. Rosemond Legris (father) 2228 Rosemont Blvd. Montreal. Ouellet, Joseph Francois Rene Aurele, LAC. Amedee Ouellet (father) 816 La Poelliere Kamouraska County, Que. Bellefleur, Gomer Couture, LAC. Mrs. H.O. Bellefleur (mother) 3210 Melrose Ave. Montreal. Langley, Frederick Anthon, AC. Mrs. J.H. Langley (mother) 96 John St. Oshawa, Ont. Lepine, Joseph George Ambrose, AC. Mrs. J.G.A. Lepine (wife) 342 Larivier St. Norwood, Man. Savada, Frank Joseph, AC. Mrs. Josephine Ruzak (mother) 420 Bridge St. Niagara Falls, Ont. Calley, Vincent, AC. Bernard Calley (father) Deloro, Ont. Chapman, Roy Benjamin, AC. Mrs. James Chapman (mother) 15 Forythe St. S. Hamilton. Cusack, Joseph Edmund, AC. Mrs. M.S. Cusack (mother) 46 Peter St. Saint John, N.B. Murray, Stuart Clugston, AC. James Murray (father) 714 River-view Ave. Verdun, Que. Sturgeon, Joseph George, AC. F. Sturgeon (father) Bruce Mines, Ont.

Missing believed dead

Ibbotson, Wallace Leslie, Sgt. W. B. Ibbotson (father) 38 Riverside Drive, Sudbury, Ont. Hogard, Lester Elwood, LAC. Edgar Hogard (father) Redwing, Ont.

Dangerously injured

Nixon, Thomas Edward, LAC. Mrs. T.E. Nixon (wife) 52 Marlton Heights, Woodside, Halifax.

Seriously ill, in hospital

Fraser, Alexander Donald, Stoker (1st. Class), R.C.N.V.R., Mrs. Bella Fraser (Mother) 5733 First Ave. Rosemount, Montreal. Nicole, Harold R. Leading Supply Assistant, R.C.N.V.R., Mrs. Mary O. Nicole (Mother) 63 Beech St. Halifax.

Died Of Injuries

Martin, James Henry, Ooder, R. C.N.V.R., Mrs. Agnes Martin (Mother) 262-A Laurier Ave. Toronto.

Seriously ill, in hospital

Fraser, Alexander Donald, Stoker (1st. Class), R.C.N.V.R., Mrs. Bella Fraser (Mother) 5733 First Ave. Rosemount, Montreal. Nicole, Harold R. Leading Supply Assistant, R.C.N.V.R., Mrs. Mary O. Nicole (Mother) 63 Beech St. Halifax.

Dangerously ill, in hospital

Jordan, Thomas David, OS. R. C.N.V.R., Mrs. Irene Jordan (Mother) R.R. No. 1, Cetrander, Ont.

Injured, in hospital

Avery-Jones, Edgar Owen, AB. R.C.N.V.R., Mrs. Alice E. Avery-Jones (Mother) 553 Sargent Ave. Winnipeg. Barnes, Frederick George, PO. Seaman's Cook, R.C.N.V.R., Mrs. Muriel Barnes (Wife) 783 Princess Ave. London, Ont.

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During the past 60 years Canadian people have found that by purifying the blood stream, Berdock Blood Purifiers aids them to enjoy free body movement with less rheumatic pain, as B. B. B. helps to tone up the system and clear up the uric acid in the blood, and probably help fortify the system against future attacks.

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NEW LONDON SCHOOL Report of New London School for November. Grade X—1. Donald Buntain, 2. Norman Dunning, 3. Eva MacKay and Robert Mayhew (equal). Grade VII—1. Marion Dunning, 2. Gladys Cole, 3. William MacEwan, 3. Shirley MacKay. Grade VI—1. Helen MacEwan, 2. Kathryn Mayhew, 3. Eric MacEwan. Grade V—1. Ellis Burgoyne, 2. James Giller, 3. Floyd Jay. Grade IV—1. Horace Burgoyne, 2. Nettie MacEwan, 3. Lois Somers. Grade III—1. Keith Dunning, 2. Lorraine Cole, 3. Evelyn MacKay. ST. PETER'S NORTH SCHOOL Report for month of November. Grade VII—1. Emmet Griffin, 2. Joseph MacKenna, 3. Merlin Jay. Grade V—1. Leonard MacKenna, 2. John Hanley. Grade II—1. Joan Powell, 2. Mary Giller, 3. Floyd Jay. Beatrix MacInnis, 3. John MacInnis.

RAW FURS Now buying daily Silver, Red & Cross fox, Muskrat, Mink, etc. Interested in new types. P. E. I. FUR TRADERS 182 Queen St.

FRITZ WESSLER OF MONTREAL is buying FURS of all kinds, ESPECIALLY SILVER FOX, and paying HIGHEST MARKET PRICES FOR CASH. FRIDAY and SATURDAY, DEC. 18th and 19th —AT— W. Chester S. McLure's Office

WHY COMPETE WITH EACH OTHER? Every Fox Rancher who sells his SILVER FOX PELTS Below market value is breaking down the market PROSPECTS FOR FAIR PRICES THIS SEASON ARE EXCELLENT! We have just been informed by Long Distance Telephone from New York and Montreal that an unusually keen activity has developed in all fur markets. The wild fur catch is reported fully 40% less than last year. Mink, a drug on the market for several months, has surprised everyone by now selling at prices equal to last January, and at least 20% above expected levels. New York advises that better and medium grade silver fox pelts for Scarf and Jacket trade are selling well at January 1942 prices. Low grade pelts for trimming purposes are not yet in strong demand, but increased activity is expected shortly. Let us market your pelts in an orderly manner and get you FULL MARKET VALUE! Don't dump your pelts and help break the market. We arrange substantial CASH ADVANCES Prince Edward Island Fur Pool Limited Summerside, P.E.I. In Montague: J. J. STEWART — Next Post Office In Charlottetown: J. A. WEBSTER & CO., 156 Richmond Street We also operate CHARLOTTETOWN FUR SALES LTD. 55 Queen St., Charlottetown