

How Many Hairs Do You Lose Each Day?

New Hairs Must Grow To Take Their Place

You lose at least 45 to 80 hairs each day—because old hairs are dying all the time. Look at your comb—perhaps you're losing too many!

In a healthy scalp and a healthy head of hair, new hairs are created to replace the ones that fall out. But the question is: how to keep your hair and scalp truly healthy. One of the worst enemies to hair health is—dirt!

Tests prove that your hair collects more dirt in a single hour than your entire body does in a full day. This combines with scalp oil, dried skin, and perspiration to form a waxy accumulation of dandruff that lies tightly on the scalp, and chokes off the nourishment your hair needs.

Dandruff in your hair and on your scalp warns that your hair health is being harmed by this condition. Correct it at once—dissolve and wash away all dirt and dandruff with

Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. Fitch works right down into the thousands of tiny hair openings in your scalp, leaves it antiseptically clean, able to breathe freely. Then your hair gets proper nourishment, keeping it lustreous, healthy and alive-looking.

Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo is the only shampoo guaranteed to remove dandruff. Fitch's creamy, stimulating lather gives your hair a beauty treatment, too.

Prove It Yourself
Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo for healthy, good-looking hair—try the economy size, 60c. Be proud of your hair—start Fitch care tonight.



WINSLOE & VICINITY

Mr. Grant Laird was a visitor to the city on Saturday.

Miss Thelma Locke spent the week-end in Alberton.

A large crowd of people attended the funeral of the late Mr. George Turner on Sunday.

Miss Shirley Burnett, Hunter River, spent the week-end in Winsloe, the guest of Miss Olga Ford.

Friends of Wayne Gillespie are sorry to hear that he is sick with the measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hughes, Covehead, were visitors to Winsloe on Sunday.

Miss Eunice Cudmore was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Ford, recently.

Miss Roma Rodd attended the shower for Miss Dorothy MacMillan at Covehead on Monday evening.

Miss Shirley Jenkins, student of P.W.C. spent the week-end at Winsloe, the guest of her cousin, Miss Beatrice Jenkins.

The regular meeting of the Junior Red Cross was held at the schoolroom on Friday, April 22. Meeting opened with the minutes of the last meeting. Roll call was answered by 10 members present.

Roll call for juniors will be answered by "A Favorite Story in Reader or History". For the seniors it will be "a package of flower seeds" brought for planting. The following committees were appointed: Bible—East, Keir Ford, Middle, Preston Jenkins, West, Eleanor Rodd; Library, Marvyn Gillespie and Marie MacDonald; Sick, Eleanor Rodd and Ian Auld; Health, Carl MacDonald and Doris Jenkins. It was decided to make cut-out dolls at the next meeting. Collection amounted to 27c. There was a grab bag of bars which amounted to 21c. Meeting adjourned. All joined in singing National Anthem.

MYTHOLMOYD, England—At a secret moorland rendezvous, The Henpecked Husbands' Club held its annual meeting. On the agenda were resolutions saying members will refuse their wives' requests to queue for candies, plead with butchers for special cuts and pay for crockery smashed in the wash-up.

LONDON—Attempts by house-hunters to bribe officials are frequent, says A. W. Davey, St. Pancras, north London, housing manager. People, he said, have forced their way into senior officials' offices and tried to give them liquor and cigars.

To Present Charter



National President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Canada is Philip T. R. Pugsley, Chartered Accountant of the firm Ryan, Payne and Pugsley, Montreal. Mr. Pugsley is a Charter member of the Montreal Junior Board of Trade and last year served as Vice-President of the National Jaycee organization. He led the Canadian Jaycee delegation to the Junior Chamber International Convention held in Rio de Janeiro March, 1948, and is Canadian Director of Junior Chamber International.

In addition to his chartered accountant's duties, he is Assistant Professor of Accountancy at McGill University and Supervisor of the Commerce Division of Sir George Williams College, Montreal. Mr. Pugsley is a native of Montreal and a bachelor. He is to be entertained at dinner at the Rendezvous Restaurant, when he will present the charter to the local branch.

Happy-Go-Lucky

By Mrs. Harry Fugh Smith

The greatest difficulty about the new job was living quarters. Dwight boasted no apartment houses, no furnished rooms of any kind. Tony thought they might go on living in Westhaven. He said he could drive back and forth every day, but Jasper Graves put his foot down. He wanted his employees where he could lay hands on them at any hour of the day or night.

They found a house they liked. It was a five-room cottage, comparatively new, with a pretty yard and space for a garden. It had window boxes and trees and Barbara fell in love with it at sight. There was an open fireplace in the living room. The chimney was red, the outside of the house walled in soft gray shingles. The rent was half what they were paying for the flat, but the cottage was unfurnished.

There were numbers of things Barbara wished she had for the house, but they could add to it gradually, she told Tony. A writing desk, one of the Chesterfield type for the living room, a chest of drawers in the guest bedroom and some andirons for the fireplace.

"It's lots more fun looking forward to getting what you want," Barbara said.

Tony grinned. "Yep, only if I was worth a darn I'd be able to set you up in style."

"Tony! You mustn't say things like that!"

"They're true, aren't they?"

"No. I have everything I want. Everything."

"Now I know you're kidding me," laughed Tony.

Although their little house was merely a rented place and their furniture sketchy, to say the least, Barbara did have practically everything she wanted, at least everything that mattered. They lived within walking distance of the factory. Tony could get home in five minutes. That meant he did not have to leave till nearly eight every morning. He was back for an hour at lunch time and seldom later than five-thirty at night. Barbara could almost call to him from over her back fence when he was at the office. If she was not feeling well, he often ran home between times to make sure that she was all right.

CHAPTER XXI

Barbara adored the way Tony was inclined to spoil her. It was sweet having him run and get a pillow to put behind her back when she was sewing at night. Her back did not really ache but it pleased Tony to treat her like something fragile and very precious.

Barbara really cared very little if she never saw anyone but Tony. She got a kick out of the way they were living up to their budget and making every dollar of Tony's salary count. It was thrilling enough for her to sit by their fire night after night, sewing, while Tony read or played solitaire, but she could not deceive herself. It was not fair to Tony and she had determined to be fair. He was a convivial person. He liked excitement.

"How about asking the gang out for a buffet supper during Christmas week?" she asked several days beforehand.

Tony's face was her answer. "That would be great!" he exclaimed. Then he shook his head. "But you aren't up to getting together a flock of sandwiches for a lot of people, to say nothing of cleaning up after them."

"You can help me," said Barbara.

Tony's face again lit up, then he sighed. "We can't afford it."

Barbara's heart ached. She had not realized quite how sensitive she had made Tony about spending money for his own enjoyment. She felt guilty. "We'll shave what it costs of something else," she said, squeezing his hand.

"Can we?" asked Tony timidly.

"Watch me," said Barbara.

It hurt a little to see how enthusiastic Tony was about the party. He talked of nothing else all week. Barbara knew then how much it had cost him to go on day after day, living the sober, matter-of-fact existence which was the breath of life to her. She resolved from then on to see to it that the sacrifice was not all on his side. After all, she told herself fiercely, this is his home.

Christmas was Barbara's idea of a perfect day. She and Tony spent it alone together. They had a tiny tree. They made popcorn balls to trim it and strung it with red glass balls from the ten-cent store. Barbara roasted a small turkey, her first, and Tony helped her with the dressing. He also peeled the potatoes and mashed them and cleaned the celery and froze the raspberry ice. Afterward they went for a walk. She was wear-

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ing the new galoshes he had given her because there was a light snow. Barbara liked practical gifts but she had given Tony a gay plaid silk muffler with which he was delighted although Barbara knew he had needed some plain work shirts more.

However, precious as that day was to Barbara, Tony enjoyed the party. He enjoyed it immensely. He was exuberant. He acted as if he had been away for years and years. He wrung his friends' hands, he slapped them on the back, he kissed Wanda and told her she was a sight for sore eyes. He

wanted to know what everybody had been doing. He said he was behind on all the latest dirt. He was as excited as a small boy. His eyes shone. He talked and talked. He begged everybody to eat more sandwiches, to take another highball. It was a little pathetic, thought Barbara, how Tony had missed the gang. A lot more than they had missed him. Now that Tony's play had petered out and he was no longer available to provide his friends with free drinks at every opportunity, he was not so popular with them. In some ways they made Tony feel a bit of an outsider and it burned Bar-

bara up. She was sure Tony noticed, but he was too loyal to say so. "They're a great bunch," he said when they had gone. (To be continued)

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
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CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT The 6th day of May A. D. 1949. In Re Estate of KEMYS WALSH late of Stanley Bridge in Queens County in the said Province, widow, deceased, testate. To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING: WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Austin Walsh of Charlottetown in Queens County aforesaid, harness maker, and (Reverend) Earl Dalton of Hope River in Queens County aforesaid, parish priest, the executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queens County, in the said Province, on Friday the tenth day of June next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the

same day to shew cause, if any, why the Accounts of the said Estate, should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of H. Francis MacPhee, Esquire, Proctor for said Petitioner.

And it is hereby ordered that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Post Office in Stanley Bridge aforesaid and at or near the store of William O. Myers of Stanley Bridge aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Judge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown aforesaid, the day and year first above written.
By the Court.
(SEAL)
(sgd.) E. Margaret Andrew Registrar.

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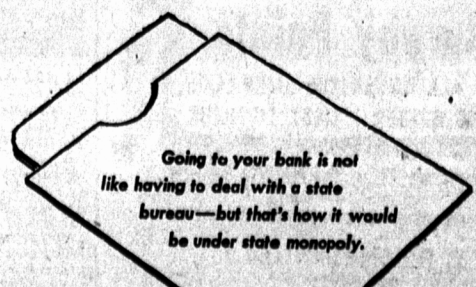
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