

What Makes Your Hair Keep Growing?

Many worry about "thinning" hair, yet don't know the facts

The average healthy head of hair grows 1,200 to 2,400 new hairs a month!

"But if your scalp is too dry, too oily, or clogged with dandruff, you can look for trouble," hair experts say.

Unless you wash your hair at least once a week, an unclean, unhealthy scalp condition often develops. For your hair is like a spider web that traps dust, dirt and smoke from the air. These combine with perspiration, oil, dried skin or dandruff—to form a scaly, waxy accumulation that fits closely and almost invisibly over your scalp—and helps choke off nourishment from your hair.

To keep your hair healthy, abundant and good-looking—you should dissolve away all dirt and dandruff with a weekly shampoo. Use Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo, the only

shampoo guaranteed to remove dandruff.

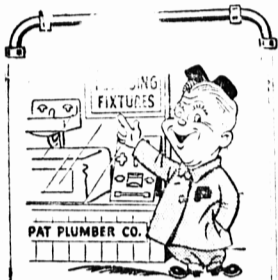
Fitch is stimulating to the scalp and leaves it tingling with health—because this scientifically-prepared shampoo penetrates right down into the thousands of tiny hair roots—dissolves and washes away clinging dirt and dandruff and leaves your scalp antiseptically clean. You'll really enjoy a Fitch shampoo!

Prove It Yourself

For healthy, good-looking hair—get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo today. Try the 69c economy size. Be proud of your hair—start Fitch care tonight.

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Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO



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QUICKIES

by Ken Reynolds



... he didn't have fleas when I got him with a Guardian Want Ad—now my wife will blame me!

The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Gaspell

Chapter XXV

Lydia went to the closet, got out one of her suitcases and began putting things in it.

A long time she had been sitting in her room. She couldn't do that; she had things to do at once. She had no right to stay here. She'd have to get away just as soon as she could.

Here was some underwear. Where were her—? Oh, just put in anything—anything at all. Put them in and get away. She wasn't going to "take advantage." She ought to go tonight. But the children were asleep, tired after their party. How could she wake them up and say, "We're leaving now." And where would she take them?

She got down some of her dresses and put them in a bag, not looking to see what they were or how she packed them.

There was a tapping at her door and a little voice crooned, "Mother—"

"Oh, not tonight! Please God, not tonight!"

But she opened the door and said, "Why, Koula Chippman—"

then pulled up short, thinking, "But that isn't your name. It isn't even mine."

"Now, darling, you know you should be in bed."

"What you doing?" Koula asked.

"Just—rearranging my things. Now you must—"

"Oh, what would she do with her—what could she say to her—"

Diego? They'd been homeless—they'd been wanderers. She'd make them believe this was their home. But they must suffer for her stupidity for a vindictive old man's heartlessness.

She was weak and sat down; Koula came up on her lap and cuddled there "Oh, little girl, not tonight," she cried within her. "My strength is gone. Not tonight."

But she was stroking Koula's hair and Koula was saying, "You know that girl with the curls—Louise?"

"Yes."

"She says she like me! She wants me to be her very best friend."

"How nice!" she could say.

"And you know what?" Koula raised up in excitement. "We're going to be in the same room at school! We're going to the same school and we'll be in the same room, and she says—Louise says—we'll ask the teacher to let us sit together!"

"Well! She does like you," Lydia said. "People will always like you, Koula. Even when you go other places and—"

"And we'll play together at recess!" Koula cried.

But you won't—she didn't say. She held the little girl close, because of the disappointment she was going to bring her, and something grew fierce in her and said, "I'll protect you as long as I live—you and Diego!" Let me take the hurts for them. Oh, God grant me that!

"It's next week we start to school," Koula mumbled sleepily.

The next day Lydia knew she would have to manage a little better. She couldn't just throw things in bags and run away. Nor would they come and tear the house down before the children's eyes. Because, she told herself in a hard way quite new to her. I won't let them.

It's my house. Whatever he says he meant by it he left it to me and it will not be torn down till I say so!

God knows she didn't want to stay any longer than she had to. But she'd get away decently—she wouldn't upset the children any more than she could help. We will find some happier place, she told herself. There is a curse. We will leave it and forget it.

It was hard to do much packing and not have Addie know what she was about. Then she would have to tell her. I am going away. She couldn't tell anyone that, for what reason would she give? Couldn't say. The man I thought was my father isn't my father, and he tells me to get right out of here now. She couldn't even tell Warren that. She wouldn't be able to bear their sympathy. It would involve talking about too many other things. She would never be able to tell anyone.

But what could she say? Just lightly say, "Wandering seems to have gone into my blood? Now I want to go somewhere else? They wouldn't believe her. They had come to know her too well for that. They knew how happy she had been working on the house, knew her deep satisfaction in being home and her plans for the children.

IN MEMORIAM

RUSSELL CYRUS BIRT

Never before do we remember of the citizens of Covehead Road and surrounding districts being so shocked and saddened as on December 21st, 1949 when the news spread round that Russell Birt had been killed. He had gone to the barn that morning to do the chores before going to his day work elsewhere, and while in the act of letting one of the horses (a Western mare) out to water, that the beast in some unknown manner knocked him down and trampled him to death before help could reach him. His father who was near by at the time rushed to his assistance but almost lost his own life while trying to help his son. The deceased was the youngest son of James S. Birt and the late Lona (Adams) Birt and was in his 34th year. He was also one of a family of ten brothers and sisters. Russell as he was well and favourably known by many will be greatly missed among his friends and associates as his humorous remarks and ready wit made him a general favorite with all but it is in the home where he will be missed besides his father a grief-stricken wife, the former Evelyn Marshall and six small children, namely: Connie, Hayden, Douglas, Donnie, Kathy and Linda.

The brothers are: Arthur, Seymour and Harry all of Covehead Road and Utley of Parkdale.

The sisters are as follows: Ruth, Mrs. Brinsley Smith, East Royalty; Grace Mrs. Leonard Ford, Oyster Bed; Avis, Mrs. T. W. Barrett; Stella, Mrs. Raymond Doucette; Erma, Mrs. Everett Wylie, all of Charlottetown.

The funeral was under the direction of N. D. McLean of Charlottetown and was held on Friday afternoon, the service being conducted by the Rev. Thos. A. Wilton who spoke beautiful and comforting words from the 25th Psalm into these O Lord do I lift up my soul, Hymns sung were: Just As I Am, and Unto the hills around His remains were laid to rest in the Covehead Road Cemetery beside that of his mother, who predeceased by him almost fifteen years.

The pallbearers were: Hayden MacDonald, Allan Reardon, Joseph Doyle, Edison MacDonald, Claude Lewis and a nephew Keir Smith.

The floral tributes were as follows:—

Crescent Seymour and Hilda

Sprays

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Marshall Harry and Doris

Avis and Tawf Stella and Raymond

Erma and Everett Utley and Bertha

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George Webster, Gerald Robinson.

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Clady's McMillan Mr. and Mrs. William Watts

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Keizer Mr. and Mrs. Edward McDougall

Eva Marshall Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hardy

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morrison

They had shared too much with her to believe she would suddenly want to let it all go.

No, she couldn't say good-bye to them; you can't say good-bye when you can't tell why it is good-bye. In just a day or two, as soon as she could get hold of herself and know what she was doing, she would put the children in the car and drive away. The friends she drove away and left would be disappointed in her, and would they finally come to say, "Well, guess we didn't understand Lydia after all. She must be rather crazy—doing all that and then running away and leaving it. She couldn't have meant it—about being happy to be home."

To be continued

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Alice Birt

Jessie McEwen

Sister Mary Augusta

Mrs. Cuddy, Jessie and Clarence

Mrs. Lee MacDonna d

Card Of Thanks

Mrs Russell Birt, Mr. James Birt, brothers and sisters of the deceased wish to thank those who sent cards and letters of sympathy; also the kind friends and neighbours who helped, in so many ways in their recent sorrow.

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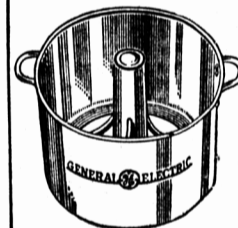
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