

END OF THE MONTH SPECIALS

Men's SUITS \$22.50 up
 Men's Winter OVERCOATS \$14.95 up
 Men's DRESS PANTS \$4.95 up
 Men's Heavy Fleece COMBS. \$2.49
 Men's Plaid "Jac" SHIRTS \$8.95
 Men's WORK SHIRTS \$1.98 up
 Men's Heavy PARKAS \$10.00 up

SPECIALS IN THE BOYS' DEPT.

Boys' Winter OVERCOATS \$6.95 to \$10.00
 Boys' Heavy PARKAS 6.95 up
 Boys' "Frieze" Cloth JACKETS \$2.95
 Boys' Heavy Fleece COMBS. \$1.84
 Boys' WORK SHIRTS \$1.69 up
 Boys' Heavy BREECHES \$2.49 up

The GREENDAL CO. LTD.

MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR
 144 Gt. Geo. St. Ch'town, P.E.I.

MT. MELLICK W. I. Mrs. Wendall Jones with an attendance of 10 members and two visitors. Meeting opened by repeating Creed in unison. Roll call was re-

Do You Comb Out Hair Faster Than It Grows In?

Actual Facts Prove Loss of Hair Often Caused by Scalp Condition

Hair experts say a "tight scalp"—pore-clogged with dirt or dandruff—may fail to grow enough new hairs to replace the 46 to 80 hairs you lose every day. To keep your hair abundant, glossy and alive-looking, a weekly shampoo is recommended. Your hair is a "catch-all" for dirt, dust and smoke in the air, and these combine with natural scalp oil, perspiration, dried-skin particles and dandruff—to form a waxy accumulation that seals itself tightly over your scalp and chokes off nourishment from the hair.

You should wash your hair once a week—for constant scalp cleanliness is essential to a healthy, abundant head of hair. The surest way is with a shampoo actually guaranteed to remove dandruff—Fitch

Dandruff Remover Shampoo. Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo washes away every trace of dirt and dandruff. It gets right down into the tiny hair openings in your scalp, leaving your scalp antiseptically clean and able to breathe freely. It gives your hair a chance to get proper nourishment for healthy growth and natural gloss.

Prove It Yourself

Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo for healthy, good-looking hair—try the 6-oz. economy size, 69c. Take care of your hair—use Fitch tonight.

Fitch

Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO



spoiled to with a gift from the grab bag which realized \$1.65.

A motion was moved seconded and carried that green and white is our choice for Copenhagen Auto-graph quilt. It was also moved seconded and carried that a sewing club be organized in the district. Secretary to contact Miss Maylea Boswell about same.

Sewing was given out by the Red Cross Conventor. It was agreed that a concert be put on in Pownal Hall as soon as possible to increase finances. Three treats were

taken to sick. Collection amounted to .85. Next meeting to be at the home of Mrs. Malcolm MacRae on February 7th. By motion meeting adjourned. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

MARATHON FIGHT

The longest fight on record was between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke at New Orleans in April, 1893, lasting 110 rounds and taking 7 hours, 10 minutes.

The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Glaspell

He nodded—frowned then, impatient with this diversion. He went on: "We lived here in this house like brother and sister. She had lost her own brother. She grieved for him." (Pauses between terse sentences—as if going by much he hadn't time and strength to say.) "I told her I'd be her brother. And after a time—she came to think of me as her brother.

"That was the trouble," he whispered, as if again seeing it for himself, as well as telling Lydia. "She did just that—came to think of me as her brother.

And me—at first it was that way with me too. Until she grew up. Then I didn't want her to think of me as her brother!" He paused and turned to Lydia. "Do you remember how she looked?"

"Oh, yes!" she said. "I never saw anyone so beautiful."

"And no one else ever did. She was like—I can't say it. How can you? Anything I said—wouldn't be fair to her." He sat there dwelling with it, his face a little relaxed. "I remember the first day I knew I didn't want to be her brother. The apple trees were in bloom and she was among them." Sharply he drew in his breath as he saw it again. "The blossoms—" he whispered. "She was like the blossoms. Then I knew; as she drew down a bough and smelled it, held it against her face, then—then I wasn't as I was before. Why it came all at once," he said wonderingly.

"There wasn't anything else then. It filled the world—it was the world. I loved her and that was my life and my life wasn't anything else."

Chapter XXIX

This gaunt silent man, things held within him all his life—so hard for him to talk of love. "Timid," Lydia put out a hand to touch him—but didn't, not quite.

"And after that I didn't know what to do." It came from so deep and was said so simply. "I think I can understand, Father."

He shook his head. "No, No, you can't. Hertha had been so frightened. Things had happen to her too awful to tell. She wasn't herself with other people. She—she held back. It was just with us—here at home. She did come to feel at home here. Safe here. Safe from the world. She wanted it to be—just the way it was. And I was her brother.

"Then Mother and Father both died in the same week. It was more shock to her than to me. It was like things going to pieces again, the way they had before. Her own Mother and Father—they died together; They were drowned, and she was separated from her brother, and everything that had been—wasn't any more. Now that all came back. Now that would happen again, she thought. I had to comfort her." He moaned. "Oh, it was hard—comfort her like a brother when I—when I loved her—the way I loved her."

"What could I do?" he cried—and the torment of those days tortured this moment. "She said, 'I have you John. You are all I have.' She meant—as a brother. "It seemed she couldn't have stood any more changes then, couldn't have stood knowing my feeling wasn't like—like that I had led her to believe. For we just stayed on here together for a while—her and me—alone in this house, her depending on me as a brother and me—" he twisted his hands together. "I didn't know how to stand it! I didn't know what to do! She'd touch me and—well, it was hard," he said more calmly. "She was more beautiful all the time. I used to say good night to her and—yes, it was hard."

"Then some busybody woman came. Seems they were talking about our not being brother and sister, and staying on here together—alone in the same house. Anyway they were making it their business. I was working over in the field that day and this woman talked to Hertha. When I came in she threw her arms around me and cried: 'Don't let them take me away! You won't John, will you? Don't let them separate us. We'll stay here together in this house! Tell me! Tell me yes. I'm so afraid! She had her arms around me, and then—me, too, holding her to me, telling her we would never be apart."

"So I told her there was one way. We could get married, I said. "But we couldn't," she said. We were brother and sister—just like brother and sister, she said. "But we weren't really, I would tell her. And then, the best I could I told her I didn't feel like her brother now. It was her husband I wanted to be.

"This—it shocked her, more than I knew, I guess. She went around so quiet. And after a day or two she asked was it the only way we could go on living together in this house. And I—God forgive me—I told her yes."

He sank back, so spent Lydia was afraid. "Maybe God has forgiven me," he said when he could go on. "He punished me enough—so maybe—"

"She never felt any different," he said slowly. "She always thought of me as her brother. She thought to be married to me was wrong."

"Father—" Lydia breathed, in

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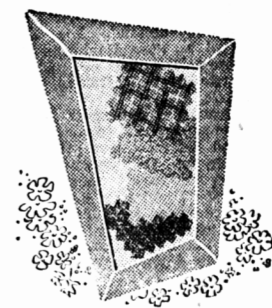
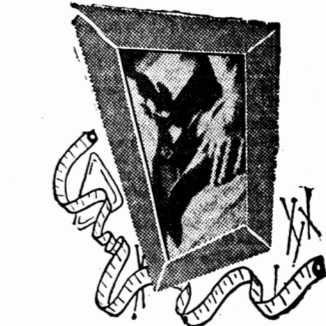
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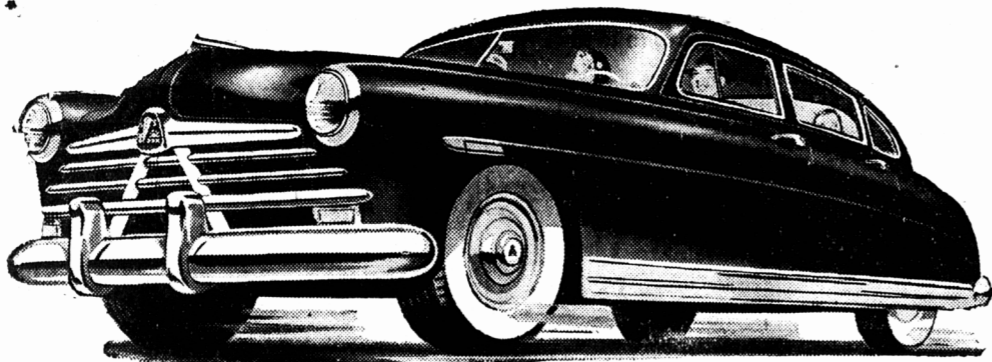
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Hudson's New Pacemaker is here today!... On display today!... You can see it today!

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You ride securely—in Hudson's single-unit, all-welded, all steel Monobilt body-and-frames—safely within a box-section foundation frame that surrounds the passenger compartment, even outside the rear wheels—relaxed in the roomiest seats in any automobile.

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swift deep feeling.

"I tried to make it different, by talking to her—being gentle. But—" his face flushed with the words—"a man loves as man was meant to love. She—she tried to be good, as she put it, she said she would do anything for me. But her—I don't think it ever did anything but horrify her."

Lydia turned her face away, then covered it.

To be continued

Bedtime Stories

(Continued from Page 9)

berries two jumps out in front. Mrs. Crouse reached for a berry here, Thunderer reached for a berry there, Reddy could hear them back in the Green Forest. All

clucking to each other, Grouse talk. He couldn't understand it but it sounded contented and satisfied and unafraid. Reddy quivered.

Only two jumps away! They were so near it seemed to him he could almost reach out and touch them. Had the ground been bare he would have been sure of one of them. They would have been near enough. Reddy quivered again as he thought of it.

But the ground wasn't bare. It was covered with deep snow and they were two jumps away. The first jump could be made all right, but it would land him in snow too deep to jump again. Those two walking dinners so near still were as far away as if they were

Reddy could do was to lie there and shiver.

