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OGDEN'S FINE CUT VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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ALSO IN ECONOMICAL 1/2 POUND TINS

NOTICE TO Charlottetown MOTORISTS

City and suburban car owners are warned that snow and ice will create winter driving hazards. You will be wise to investigate the new Suburbanite by Goodyear before buying snow tires. This new tire is so far ahead of all others in performance on packed snow and ice, it means a new era of safety and driving ease in winter. Working on an entirely new principle, it surpasses any other snow tire made today. Before you buy snow tires, get the whole story of the Suburbanite from your Goodyear Dealer.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

Suburbanite Reg. T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Clearance! "WHITE" SEWING MACHINES

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Out they must go! A joy and a pleasure to use, any one of these four beautiful "White" models is a charming piece of fine quality furniture for your home. "White" Sewing Machines are famous the world over for superior construction and easy stitchery. This is your chance to buy one at a wonderful saving!

NOW ON SALE

- PORTABLE MODEL, regular 189.50 — SPECIAL **139.00**
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White SEWING MACHINES MADE IN CANADA

Extra Special! Electric Portable Sewing Machine

Fine quality Electric Sewing Machines, precision built and complete with attachments. There are only six of these machines, regular 129.00 — SPECIAL

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Balance Monthly

HOLMAN'S
S' SIDE and CH'TOWN

Seasoned Timber

By Dorothy Canfield

CHAPTER EIGHT

Continued

"It was only when he drove his car to the garage for gas and oil that one man lounging there called out, 'Did I hear you say you were startin' to drive to Averfield, Professor Hulme?'"

"You might phone up to Barton Corners and ask," suggested the proprietor of the garage. "Nelson Ellsworth's house is the last one before you start over the mountain."

"The voice at the other end of the wire said complacently it should rather think the road over the mountain was closed."

Mr. Dewey's opinion was that the young men would not try to get back at all that night, but would make themselves a camp with a big bonfire and take turns sleeping around it. "What was that? Did you hear something?" "Seems as if I heard the front door open." They all turned their heads toward the hall, and distinctly heard the front door carefully closed.

Quick light steps hurrying with a sinister softness down the hall brought melodrama into decent self-contained lives.

Anson Craft, Dr. Anson, towered over them as they sat at the table, gaping up, stricken to paralysis by his words, by his nervous energetic gesture commanding silence. He leaned over the table, speaking in a low voice. "An accident," he told them. "Car tipped over on the mountain. The girl that works here is hurt. Badly. No getting her to the hospital, the roads are so icy." He looked towards the hall and said, "This way." Turning back to Miss Peck, "Is that the door to your bedroom? Don't stir — leave it just as it is. My wife has come to take charge of the case. She'll do anything that's needed in the room."

First Craft was there, swift, noiseless, slipping out of her wraps as she crossed to the door of Miss Peck's bedroom. "Here," she said in her controlled nurse's voice to the man who came shuffling in from the hall, a woman in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder. It was turbaned with white bandages, crisscrossed over the face.

Canby, setting one foot before the other with trancelike carefulness, walked slowly across the room, in through the open door, and came out without his burden, his face broken and quivering. Doctor Craft went in, turned to lay a stern finger on his lips.

Canby burst out in a hoarse whisper. "Gimme a drink, somebody. For God's sake, I want a drink." He had lost his glasses. A dark smear of blood crossed his forehead and ran down one cheek.

It did not take long for them to learn what had happened. At about noon Canby and the three Academy seniors with him had just finished their sandwich lunch. They were starting the trip back, but in the wild smother of snow they did not keep to their course very well. It had stopped snowing — when, after a long, quiet gliding along a traverse course through the woods, they saw that, some distance before them, the road crossed their course, and that farther up, half covered with snow, a car lay on its side in the ditch. They called to each other, pointed it out, took it for granted it had been abandoned and were about to turn and tack back along the slope they were on, when near it they saw something moving. With a rush they started up the hill, poling themselves as fast as they could, but slowly at that, for the slope was steep. As they climbed they could see a recurrent stir near the car. A woman, her head wrapped around with bloody bandages, was trying to raise the car with the jack. "She'd get up on her knees for a minute work, the lever three or four times, then fall down in the snow."

Then they had raced to reach her, and heard from her that a man was under the car. "I thought then of course it must be her father, or husband, or something — that's all I knew!"

snatched her away from the jack and all heaving together lifted the car up enough to pull out from under it — "what do you think? A little old French Canuck, with frizzled gray hair. She'd never laid eyes on him before that day. It seemed he was somebody's hired man that lived neighbor to her folks over where Mr. Dewey asked if the man under the car had been killed. No, still breathing, Canby said, but unconscious, internally hurt probably. Well, what could be done there in the heaped-up snow, with two people badly injured? Impossible to get the car back on the road.

It was the girl who had asked if the skis couldn't be lashed together to make a narrow sled, a cushioned seat from the car tied on it, and the man placed on that and pulled down the hill over the drifts to a house and a telephone. The man and girl left behind had waited there in the snow for hours, years, ages — he did not know how long — until first, the boy on skis came back with whiskey and blankets, and then the slow woodsled, the horses wallowing in the drifts, with Doctor Craft poised impatiently on the side. "I kept her warm all the time, anyhow. I got out the other cushion from the car and made

her lie down on it. I grabbed out the lining of the top of the car and put that over her, and built a fire. I just had to sit there, trying to warm her hands, watching her get whiter—I'd listen to see whether she was still breathing or not—and I'd climb up into the road to see if there was anybody coming—and I'd go back to rub Canby flung his arms out on the table and dropped his head on them.

didn't dare touch that bandage. You see, she'd torn up a nightgown or something she got out of her little suitcase—think of the nerve of her, cut up the way she was, crawling out from under the wreck and getting her head tied up somehow, and then trying to get that darned car jacked up!"

To be continued

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144 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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Values That Sweep The Island!

Men, Here's Value to 39.50

12.95 PARKAS & BOMBERS

For collared, full length Station Coats with heavy quilted lining; Men's Topcoats in blues and fawns now grouped in a price-smash that knows no equal till the end of time! You'll have to hurry! **14.95**

Boys' Parkas with fur hoods; Boys' Bombers with fur collars, all with quilted linings. Here's positive 12.95 values that Greendal's...and only Greendal's...dare pass out at such a sale price. Sizes to 36. **8.95**

To 8.95 MEN'S PANTS 5.95 | To 12.95 MEN'S PANTS 7.95

Never Before At NO Time, Such Values!

A total sell-out last Saturday, now loaded up again in all sizes... men's 49.50 all wool Gabardine Topcoats at 27.50! And at the same price, for the first time in history, Men's 3-way Topcoats, detachable fur collar, heavy quilted zip-in, lining... a Winter, Fall and Spring Coat all in one!

27.50

To 49.50 MEN'S SUITS 24.50 | SUITS TO 69.50 37.50

Look! Ladies Here's Coat Value to 37.50

Ladies' Navy Burberry Coats, Ladies' Winter Coats, Ladies' all wool Fall Coats... Yes, here's values to 37.50 but they go on sale today at a smashing bankrupt price

12.95

We bought too many so we empty them out in a hurry.

NYLON HOSE, Perfects 69c | TOWELS 29c | SLEEPERS 1.29

Brand New Dresses to 12.95! Utter Smash!

Gorgeous Taffetas, Crepes!

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We've sold hundreds at the former sale price... now we smash-out the balance of these beautiful new dresses at a price that will stir the Island end to end! **5.00**

We've added many higher priced dresses to this lot... and smashed the price still lower! Now, choose this season's finest dresses from an array of glorious new Fall models to 12.95 **7.00**

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A Colossal Sell-Out! Newest SUITS!

Brand new beauties, price-smashed in half! Positively the newest styles and shades... it's a veritable price calamity that knows no equal — now you carry away lovely new Suits

15.00

89c RIB WOOL HOSE 49c | HOUSE DRESSES 1.50

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