

Now Science Explains Why So Many People Past 40

Feel That They're Slipping Losing Their "Grip" on Things

It's Often Nothing More Serious Than a Touch of "Acid Stomach."

Many people begin to look back on life when 40 rolls around. They worry. Notice they've lost "snap." Have headaches oftener—Feel "dizzy." Tired and low a lot. Are prone to stomach upsets. They think they're "growing old."

Not at all, usually. Scientists say the cause, in a great many cases, is only this: a tendency to an acid condition of the stomach, perhaps the result of faulty diet. Nothing more.

The thing to do is simply to neutralize excess stomach acids. When you have one of these acid

stomach upsets, all you do is take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia after meals and before going to bed. Soon you feel like another person. Stomach calms. Fewer headaches. And the pep and energy you thought lost, comes back again!

Try this. Take either the familiar liquid "PHILLIPS" or the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, —convenient to take with you anywhere...

Also in Tablets Form—Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

MADE IN CANADA

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Eastern King's Exhibition Association will be held in McQuaid's Hall, Souters, on Wednesday, March 20th, at 2 P. M.

EDWIN REID, President. D. F. MACAULAY, Secretary. L-5229-3-15-21.

FOR SALE

Prize-winning Gladious, mixed colors, one dozen bulbs at forty cents, three dozen for one dollar. postpaid. Order to

MRS. GORDON MACMILLAN North River. L-5266-3-15-31.

An Important Duty For Parents

Really modern parents take no chances with so important a matter as the vision of their children, because they know that neglect in this respect is extremely unwise and may be harmful. Neither do they wait for a child to complain of the way he sees. They have their eyes attended to before THAT. Be a modern parent.

G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST

TRY THE New Tillyer Lense

When next you need glasses. Their worth has been proved. We fit up in latest style of frames or mountings.

E. W. TAYLOR Charlottetown J. S. TAYLOR Alberton

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J. A. MacDonald, K.C. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. Money to Loan and Collections given the very best attention. 375-2-6-1month.

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White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

"Come!" he shouted to the leopards, and raced across the temple. But he was too late. As he reached the top of the grassed slope, the two women slid over the edge and disappeared from sight, Piers struggling desperately.

CHAPTER 39 THE PYTHON STRIKES

For one horror-filled moment Gray thought of jumping after her. But his brain was now working with the speed of light. The snake had already been given a victim. Almost certainly it would not attack her. That pit had overhanging sides. Once he was in it, there would be no saving Piers' life!

Wildly he glared round the now deserted temple. Something made him look up at a slim stone column. If that were broken-off at its base...

"Drag those bodies out of the way!" he shouted to the leopards, and dashed back to the opposite side of the temple. The leopards worked frantically to carry out his order, swearing horribly and snarling at each other.

He was only convinced that his big lama had been driven mad by the hammer blow he had received. The far side reached, Gray took a deep breath and ran at the slim stone pillar. Six feet away from it he hurled himself through the air and struck the slender column with the full weight of his great body.

It dropped and held, resting on one of the shoulder-like projections. Quickly Gray kicked off his Tibetan boots and started to cross it barefooted. Foot by foot the interior of the pit slowly became visible. For the fraction of a second he glanced downward. He could see Piers lying in a dead faint. Gynia, like a marble statue, was kneeling before the enormous python, his body coiled about its motionless prey, seemed to be considering her avidly with its lidless eyes.

Instantly she placed her hands on the snake's head, and bent her own head, crowned with those heavy coils of silky, black hair, she reathed deeply into its loathsome nostrils; spoke to it whisperingly. It is understood, the enormous reptile slowly untwined from about the crushed half-man. Gliding to the rear of the python, she coiled round the head and shoulders of the stone woman, its thick tail trailing on the pit floor, the white python glared at Gray.

The white python was going to give battle; and Gray knew it. "Piers!" he called tensely, praying God to waken her from her unconsciousness. He dared not look at the snake's head, but he fixed on the eyes of the reptile. It was still too far away for it to strike. Inch by inch he moved forward. Once, the prone pillar turned a little, under the pressure of his advance, and he nearly fell.

"Oh! leopards!" "Will that that I throw these my ban, rimpooche?" "Keep this pillar from rolling," called Gray, in English. "Sit on it!" he corrected, in Tibetan. As he stared into the python's eyes, Gray thought that he could see, deep in them, the inner wickedness, moving. He hated those shallow, brilliant topaz eyes with a hatred every bit as fierce and cold as the snake's stare. Evil knowledge—the essence of sin of the ages—was looking out of them.

He must kill those eyes! As long as they could see, he could not save Piers. Piers he was going to save—or die with her! Something—perhaps he was reading it in the python's glare—seemed to tell him he would win.

The memory of the king prophecy came back to him. He was going to kill this coiling beast, having no other weapons than his strength and cunning should be pitted against its strength and cunning, the quickness of his eyes against its eyes.

Inch by inch he aid his feet forward. Heel touched, stepped, slowly and carefully, like those of a tight-rope walker. He heard a little gasp below him, and instinctively he felt that Piers was recovering. But he could only stare, stonily, into the motionless orange eyes of the white python. Another yard, and the fight would begin. Thirty-six inches that seemed six miles.

The savage, sharpened roar of the column of flame in the temple was muffled, now, but a faint, shrill screaming, as if many people overtaken by a violent death, came to him. And then—the pillar was shaking!

Instantly his arms moved outward from his shoulder, unheeded, and arrow straight. Fortunately, the earth tremor, though severe, was short. But he was followed by a louder, subservient, moaning and bubbling. A puff of steam billowed out from under a long, low opening in the farther side of the pit, where the python's bath-pool, fed by a volcanic stream, was situated. His plan of battle was vivid and clear in his mind, and it seemed good to him, knowing that a python has no poison fangs, but kills by constriction—its terrific strength rendering the awful pressure of its coils fatal in a few seconds.

He prayed as he heard never prayed before. He heard Piers calling to him. "I'm all right! Go in! You'll win! Go in! Go in! Go in!" And Colin Gray went in. He pushed his left arm forwards towards the snake. Like a flash, the python's head shot forward. What followed happened inside six seconds. (To Be Continued)

Community Honors Couple On Wedding Anniversary

Rev. George A. Sellar and Mrs. Sellar, East Florenceville, Married Half-Century, Tendered Reception and Presented Gifts.

EAST FLORENCEVILLE, Carleton Co., March 12—Selon has the community of Florenceville, east and west, turned out on a mass to do honor to anyone as it did last night for Rev. and Mrs. George A. Sellar on their 50th wedding anniversary.

George A. Sellar was born at Highfield, near Charlottetown, P. E. I., on July 2, 1860, and on March 11, 1884, was united in marriage to Miss Annie S. Johnson, Highfield, by the late Rev. Dr. Humphrey F. Cowperthwaite. The bride was the late Esthelle Johnson, afterward Mrs. George Ayres, and the groom was supported by Rev. Henry Pierce, now residing in Charlottetown. Two sisters of the groom and one brother of the bride were present at the ceremony, and they are still living.

The young couple engaged in farming for four years and at the end of that time Mr. Sellar decided to study for the Methodist ministry. He attended the academy at Mount Allison for a year and was sent to Upper Kent, N. B., as a supply preacher. After one year's work he was accepted for the ministry on probation and continued there two years more. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Mount Allison and was ordained in 1895. He has held pastorates at Florenceville; Carmarthen Street, Saint John; Grandville, P. E. I.; Chatham, N. B.; Murray Harbour, P. E. I.; Cape Wolfe, P. E. I.; Albert, N. B.; and in 1920, he retired for one year at Bath and located permanently at East Florenceville in 1931.

Reception Held The United Church of Canada basement was filled to capacity last evening. The stage had been tastefully decorated with flowers and seated on the platform with Mr. and Mrs. Sellar were two elderly residents of East Florenceville, Benjamin Moliseac, 87, and David Lovely, 83. E. G. Mosher was chairman for the evening, which opened with a musical program, with Miss Laura Moliseac as organist. Mr. and Mrs. E. Roy Hunter sang "This Is My Task," followed by a quartet number by E. Roy Hunter, Bliss Moliseac, Lorne Moliseac and Frank Moliseac, Mrs. R. S. Semple and Mrs. J. N. Fraser sang "I Love You Truly," and Mrs. R. S. Semple, Mrs. James Moliseac, Bliss Moliseac and Lorne Moliseac sang "When You and I Were Young Maggie."

Rev. J. N. Fraser conveyed the congratulations of those present and good wishes for the future, speaking of the success of Mr. Sellar's ministry and of their charitable work in the community. He then drew attention to a nearby table, on which was a radio, a telephone and a large wedding cake lighted by 50 candles, gifts for the guests of honor. Mrs. Laura Moliseac presented Mrs. Sellar with a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Mr. Sellar responded and in happy vein told of early struggles and of the great happiness which had been theirs throughout the years and expressed appreciation of the reception and gifts. Mrs. Sellar also spoke appreciatively. Rev. A. S. Bishop recalled that he had been associated with Mr. Sellar when they had held adjoining pastorates in Albert County, and he extended the good wishes of his congregation. A. D. McCain conveyed greetings from West Florenceville and J. E. J. Patterson those from Wicklow. He spoke of Mr. Sellar's pastorate there and brought good wishes from that community. Refreshments were served and the wedding cake was cut by Mrs. Sellar. The evening closed with a hymn and the Doxology, and Mr. and Mrs. Sellar received all their friends before they left.

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A good way to go about acquiring the germ of "flu" is by sneezing, and a girl should begin when she's young—to cultivate tolerance. Don't jump at conclusions where others are concerned. Generally you know only half of the circumstances which prompted another's sneeze. If you knew all the chances are that you'd be filled with understanding rather than intolerance. Give people the benefit of the doubt and give it to them with none of that holier-than-thou attitude. They'll be happier, of course, and you will have gone a long way toward building that important foundation on which you'll be able to stand, smilingly, after you're 40.

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CHARM IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEAUTY—AFTER FORTY

Any girl is apt to ask occasionally, "How will I look when I'm 40?" The only honest answer is, "That all depends on you." Beauty, like most worth while things, needs a firm foundation. If, year by year, you build for the future, there's no reason why you can't be as lovely when you're 40 as you were when you were 20. But that building needs to be more than merely excellent care of skin, hair and figure. Those are important, of course. Skin must be nourished to keep it smooth and soft, hair must be brushed and groomed so it will retain its youthful shine, and exercises must be done to keep the figure firm and shapely.

Any smart woman, however, should know that what she really is—deep down inside—is what counts, particularly after she's 40. A physical young girl may get by on very beauty alone, but a mature woman needs a great deal more than that if she is to be popular and well loved by her friends and family. She needs charm, poise, graciousness and a lovable, understanding nature.

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W.C.T.U. Notes

DEDICATED TO THE ALBERTA PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION In Memory of Mr. H. H. Hill

While Canada sells the soul of her nation, For revenues gained by the glass. Man's lofty possession, heaven's price of digestion, For the soul that is lost in the glass.

Oh, dearer than fame, is our land's great name, Why sell it for ten cents a glass. Let us legislate "Boys" for pure home-loving joys; These are lost, just for ten cents a glass.

For freedom, not license, her ships plow the main, The peace of our Empire, her bulwarks maintain. Let us legislate laws that add strength to her cause; Not betray them for ten cents a glass.

In the midst of life's chaos, clean highways are there, Let us issue the challenge, heaven's standards declare; For God and for Empire? who goes there? Not deny them for ten cents a glass.

—Sadie Collins, West End W.C.T.U., Calgary.

THE WHITE RIBBON BADGE By Miss Agnes E. Slack The White Ribbon Bow was adopted as the badge of the World's W. C. T. U. at the U. S. A. National Convention in Chicago in 1877. It is a sign of adherence to personal total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

It binds together women of every race in a comradeship of service. It denotes partnership in a great campaign for the protection of the home and of the nation by the abolition of the Drink Traffic. It is an introduction to all women like-minded with ourselves. It represents Temperance Educational work amongst children the world over. The constant wearing of the badge keeps the Temperance Cause before the notice of the public. It is an important advertisement. In countries where the badge is most worn there is the greatest activity.

Many of our members have found that the wearing of this White Bow in foreign lands has brought them unexpected kindness and cheer from their White Ribbon comrades, and has opened the door for most pleasant and profitable associations.

Wear it! "For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that we can do."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE This is about the first Sabbath at the end of creation nearly 8,000 years ago and the Sabbath day the resurrection of Christ, which He remained on the earth with his disciples and others during the "40 days" stay.

Speaking of the first Sabbath in the world, we learn about this through God's word. One generation after another hearing it through this means, and it does not seem so very long since our parents were there where they got a good example of how to keep it according to God's will.

But we step forward 4,000 years, and who should appear on the scene but the promised seed of the woman that should bruise the head of the serpent. He that God spoke of the day that the serpent tempted our first parents in the garden of Eden and none other than the Son of God Himself, who came to purchase salvation for our fallen race, coming in the flesh, as a man among men, and after a perfect life and cruel death He came to the grave. After three days He rose triumphant from the grave on the first day of the week to remain for 40 days longer in the world, before returning up to heaven. He thus became the first Pastor of the primitive church, taking the evening service which convened in the City of Jerusalem. He demonstrated to His disciples the fact of His physical resurrection from the dead, showing His person to the assembled apostles, letting them hear His well-known and beloved voice, asking them to handle Him, and He partook of a meal they had prepared (fish and honey). It was theirs to witness and testify to the demonstration they had witnessed. He made evidence of the actuality of His physical resurrection by partaking of material food in their presence. This was the beginning of the first Christian Sabbath and church.

Thomas was not at this first gathering and he would not believe what the apostles told him of the wonderful happening, and had to see for himself: so the next Sabbath, 8 days after, Thomas was there and Jesus invited him to put his fingers into the prints of the nails, and thrust his hand into His spear-riven side and he was not faithless but believing, when Thomas exclaimed "My Lord and my God." So Jesus sent the church on with the absolute knowledge of the historic fact of His resurrection from the dead.

His third Sabbath gave a seaside touch, as Jesus was awaiting His disciples as they approached the shore, after the unsuccessful effort as fishing. He prepared breakfast for them, after having given them such directions in their fishing, which secured for them a bountiful catch of fish, 153.

Also in the presence of the multitude, Jesus required of Simon Peter the three-fold confession of love, which counter-balanced the three-fold denial which he had been guilty the night of Jesus' trial. Peter felt it keenly when he exclaimed "Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee." But today, this Sabbath day Peter was restored to all the privileges, reinstated again, glad day for Peter, and he was from that ever after, a great advocate for Jesus as long as he lived.

We keep the Sabbath on the first day of the week ever since the resurrection, according to the example

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"If he were my youngster, I'd use the hairbrush"



Wait! Spanking may be the wrong prescription

There may be times when a child's behavior calls for a bit of sturdy, old-fashioned discipline. But nine times out of ten—no!

Give him Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. For it is safe. It is gentle, yet it is thorough. Your doctor will tell you that it contains nothing that is not suitable for a child's delicately-balanced system.

And children take Castoria without a word of protest—they love its taste. Get Castoria today—and save money by getting the large, family-size bottle!

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative from babyhood to 11 years

of Jesus and the apostles. God's command is six days shalt thou labor but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord, in it thou shalt do no work. A disregard of the Sabbath brings physical and mental and moral ills. Adhering to God's law would dispel depression quicker than anything else. One of the greatest antidotes for the ills of humanity is to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. —Mrs. Annie Angus, Supt.

THIS CO-ED SMOKING

The Middlesex school trustees and Ratepayers' Association meeting in London last January had a record attendance. The ending part of this Association's title gives it an added authority to have its findings receive due attention.

The President, Mr. McCall, Gloucester, evidently a man of convictions and not afraid to express them, was stirred to protest the provision made for a co-ed smoking room at the Western University, London, Ont. To repeat his viewpoint: "How long ago was it we were informed that the co-ed had to have a smoking room at Western University? The co-ed at Western will some day coming out as teachers. The people of Middlesex should show their disapproval of smoking co-eds by refusing to hire them, or have anything to do with them.

"After all character means more than education." The position taken by this organization found prompt support by the Ratepayers of Union S. S. No. 17, Meos Township, at a specially called meeting. A resolution was adopted recommending that On-

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