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"New Sunlight is Better-than-Ever!"



It's extra soapy, all-pure!



Family "busy" room:

Here's charming proof that a living room can be homey without being dowdy...

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED MONTREAL

OUR TRIP

Continued from page 2

are policemen (Gendarmes) but they are so short it is almost impossible to see their signals through the traffic. It is always with a sigh of relief that one reaches the other side of the street.

The first morning in our stroll around Paris we encountered the American Express Office which proved to be a great help to us, as that was the place where English was spoken.

Since we weren't conversant with the French language, ordering meals was our big problem. However, in Paris many restaurants put up signs "English Spoken"

and to make matters easier we frequently went to these restaurants. The French system of eating breakfast or "petit dejeuner" is very light; a cup of very strong black coffee and two crescents (very small unsweetened pastry) or a piece of French roll. These rolls come in long sticks of varying length from about six inches to three feet and about two inches in diameter.

The evening meal is served from 7 o'clock on, never before, and seems to last even longer than dinner. The first meal we ate in the usual time of about half an hour and sat waiting for the bill for at least that much longer.

The meals in Paris on the whole were very good. Included in practically every meal was beer or wine, hors d'oeuvres, the main course (they like their steaks and they like them very rare), various varieties of cheeses, fruit or ice cream and coffee. The outward appearance of the restaurants has no bearing on the quality of food inside.

Tippling in Paris is more liberal than anywhere else we visited. For meals, a charge of fifteen per cent is usually added to the bills but one is expected to tip further on top of that. With this and a few more taxes added to the bills, the amount charged usually has no resemblance to the price quoted opposite the item.

(To be continued)

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART

(Continued)

"So," continued Johnny Saxon, "Nancy finds herself a woman spurned." He was becoming so interested in his story that he propped himself up on one elbow and looked intently at Moe.

Moe Martin said sadiy, "Well, there was a girl named Olive whom I once knew. In Flatbush, New York, she was a very nice girl. She had a very nice home and she was very nice to me."

"Wait a minute! Who said Nancy and Nick Walker are the only suspects?"

"My hat, are there more?" Johnny said, "Kay despised her father. Kay's a very intelligent girl. She knew the raw deal that her mother, unsuspecting, was getting from Martin. Parricide is nothing new."

"Don't we have a delightful list of suspects, though?" murmured Johnny. He sighed, tucked the pillow beneath his head, and thought of getting up and looking for his pajamas, but was too comfortable the way he was.

"Cut it out!" Moe said, disturbed. "You give me the creeps!" There were both silent for a while. Outside, in the quiet night, a cricket occasionally made chirping sounds.

The sound that had awakened him was the dog's whimpering. Johnny Saxon slid quickly out of bed. The Great Dane was over near the door. He could hear him, the animal's tail slapping against a chair beside the door.

He held the restless dog and called out quietly, "Who is it?" "It's Kay. Hurry! Open the door!" Urgency was in her voice. "Just a minute."

Johnny flicked the wall switch, was blinded for a moment by the overhead light. He saw Moe's dressing gown lying across the foot of the bed and quickly put it on. It almost went twice around his tall, slender figure.

"For heaven's sake, pull the sheet over you," Johnny ordered, then flung open the door. Kay rushed into the room. She wore a white robe around her slim, youthful figure. Her sea-green eyes were startled and worried.

"Johnny... mother's gone!" she gasped. Kay stood, her sea-green eyes startled and worried. "Gone?" Johnny frowned. (To be continued)

EGLINGTON AND HOWE BAY W. I.

The May meeting of the Eglington and Howe Bay Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Harry Burke. Ten members and one visitor were present. Collection amounted to one dollar.

CAPE TOWN (CP)—Citizens of Capetown prefer girls, but girls—and boys too—are in short supply. Couples wanting to adopt children must wait two years for a girl and one year for a boy, according to a recent census.

Fine Performance Of 3-Act Play At North Wiltshire

The North Wiltshire Women's Institute presented their play, the 3-act comedy "Meet Uncle Sully," to an audience which packed the North Wiltshire Community Hall to capacity and overflowed into the vestibule, Tuesday evening, May 22.

Outstanding performances were given by Jean Lane, as Sally Sherwood, the college cut-up, and Emmerson Deacon as William Hawkins, the multi-millionaire oil man. They were capably assisted by the supporting cast, all of whom put on fine performances as shown by the roars of laughter which greeted the ludicrous situations in the play and which again and again forced the players to pause until order was restored.

The play was directed by Mrs. Kenneth MacInnis, to whom the thanks of the W. I. and the cast were expressed by the chairman, Mr. Leonard Bowman. Mrs. Baden Balderson took care of the prompting and Lloyd MacLean provided the scenery.

Between the acts, Oliver Ross, Charlottetown, entertained the audience with his guitar and distinctive song stylings, generously responding to repeated encores.

The sale of candy and ice-cream brought to completion a fine evening's fun and entertainment. Following the play the cast and those assisting were served a treat of ice-cream and cake in the Social Hall by a committee from the W. I. consisting of Mrs. Bruce Deacon, Mrs. Bert Lane and Mrs. Harry Balderson.

Following is the cast: Ben Blayne, a young lawyer—Lowell Balderson. Betty Blayne, his sister—Mrs. Cecil Campbell. Jennie, the Swedish cook—Mrs. Henry Godfrey. Sally Sherwood, a college student—Jean Lane.

Bob Durant, Betty's fiancé—Linnecol MacLeod. Snorkins, a Cockney butler—Lloyd MacLean. Elaine Durant, Ben's fiancée—Wilma Deacon. Dorinda Durant, Bob and Elaine's aunt—Mrs. George MacLean. Dr. Snodgrass, an osteopath—Heustis Smith.

Maria Muggs, Dean of Kitchen College—Mrs. Morrison MacLean. Rev. Wright, the parson—Maxie MacLean. William Hawkins, Ben's and Betty's uncle—Emmerson Deacon.

AVONLEA W. I. Avonlea Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. R. J. Fleming with the president presiding. The meeting opened in the usual manner. Cavendish school asked for paper towels, two blackboard erasers. The sick committee reported several calls.

Rustico school asked for paper cups and a yard stick. Rustico sick committee also reported several calls. New committees: Cavendish school, Mrs. Lorne MacNeill and Mrs. George Gough; Cavendish sick, Mrs. Jeremiah Simpson and Miss Jennie Moore; Rustico school, Mrs. N. S. MacLure and Mrs. Robert Woolner; Rustico sick, Mrs. Olaf Stevenson; Rustico resolutions committee, Mrs. Roy Woolner, Mrs. M. J. Doyle, Mrs. Jeremiah Simpson and Mrs. Gough.

The secretary was asked to send to the Salvation Army for cards that a canvass of the districts would be made. Correspondence read and discussed. Remnant articles and a sale of bulbs, plants, etc. brought in the total of \$11.35; collection \$3.20; membership fees 75c; Government Grant \$3.20.

The secretary was asked to invite several plays to come to Cavendish hall. Lunch was served by the hostesses assisted by the committee in charge. Lunch committee and program committee for the following meeting: Mrs. Alfred Moore, Mrs. Ernest MacNeill, Mrs. Jeremiah Simpson, Misses Mary Stewart, Jennie Moore, Erma Toombs, Mrs. Earl Simpson.

Next place of meeting, Miss Mary Stewart's. BIG CATCH NANAIMO, B. C.—(CP)—Jiggs Cannon and Les Aikenclose hooked and landed a 223-pound halibut on a regular commercial fishing line. Previous biggest fish in this area weighed 180 pounds.

991 Donors At Last Weeks Clinics

The 991 Prince Edward Islanders who were donors at last week's Red Cross Blood Donor Clinics can be justly proud of their contributions, which will repay the Province's indebtedness to the Maritime Bank and provide for the local requirements during the next three months. It is, however, doubtful that there will be any appreciable amount over and above these requirements, to meet the needs of the armed services overseas and for the stockpile required for civilian defence, unless the usage is considerably less in the next three months than it has been previously.

Following are the results achieved: DANIEL J. MacINNIS On April 1st, 1951, there passed peacefully away at Brookfield, after only a few hours' illness, Daniel J. MacInnis, aged sixty-eight years.

Dan, as he was familiarly known, came to Brookfield at the age of seven with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacInnis, and had lived there ever since. He was an enterprising farmer, a kind and obliging neighbor, and he will be keenly missed in the community.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Donald Nicholson of Clyde River, assisted by Rev. J. R. Skinner of Winsloe and Rev. A. E. Piercey of Milton. The funeral was very largely attended, and the pall-bearers were near neighbors and friends of the deceased, namely, Messrs. Andrew Dollar, Archie Johnstone, Hinson Sentner, West MacDonald, Brenton Dollar and Millar MacPherson. Interment was in the family plot at Brookfield.

Left to mourn the loss of a loving husband is his wife, formerly Isabel MacKenzie of Sackville, N. B.

IN MEMORIAM DANIEL J. MacINNIS On April 1st, 1951, there passed peacefully away at Brookfield, after only a few hours' illness, Daniel J. MacInnis, aged sixty-eight years.

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THE MOST PARTICULAR MOTHER couldn't be more careful than Aylmer in preparing Baby Foods. Aylmer demands the best—the fruits, vegetables and other foods that supply the most vitamins, minerals and nourishment for your Baby.

In spotless Aylmer kitchens, everything is scientifically pressure-cooked. Every step is supervised to make sure Aylmer Baby Foods are fresh and mild in flavor—and tops in nutrition. No wonder many a Mother says her Baby likes Aylmer best. See how your Baby too will thrive on Aylmer.



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CONSTIPATION GONE—FEELS FINE!

"For several years I suffered from constipation. Then I started eating ALL-BRAN regularly. Now I feel fit as a fiddle!" Henry Richard, 1262 Lafontaine, Montreal.

Red Cross officials expressed much gratification with the results of the four days of clinics, and particularly with the fact that there were so many new donors from rural districts outside of the centres in which the clinics were held. All in good health and between the ages of 18-65 should feel the responsibility of providing this free transfusion service which is for the benefit of everyone. It is not reasonable to expect a few hundred people to be donors over and over again in order to provide for others who are equally capable of sharing this responsibility.

Accept No Substitute! Insist on Proven, Low-Cost PENTOX!

There is no substitute for this time-tested, fully proven Canadian product—the best costs less!

At your Paint, Hardware and Department Store QUART \$1.15 GALLON \$3.75



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Many Doctors can tell you...

Aylmer Baby Foods were the first strained foods made in Canada to win the approval of the Canadian Medical Profession.

25 VARIETIES Made by Canadian Cannery Ltd., Hamilton—largest canners of foods in the British Commonwealth. Aylmer is your best buy—always!



YES -- until you've tried Baker's, you don't know how downright delicious cocoa at its superb best can be. There's new drinking pleasure in every cup -- new success in cocoa recipes -- because Baker's is all pure cocoa -- nothing added.

See its rich, warm dark color -- enjoy its full-bodied, real Chocolate flavor -- and you'll never be satisfied with less than Baker's quality.

Up to 90 servings in the economical 1-lb. package.

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After more than a century and a half, the Baker's Chocolate Girl still stands for the consistently high quality and reliability that generations of good cooks have learned to associate with the famous Baker name.

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