How Long Have YOU had... STOMACH TROUBLE!
(Diagnosed as Hyperacidity)
Scientific Method FREES Thousands

Canadian Chemists Develop New Product Successfully

What Do You Know?

Before scoring yourself on the quiz below, remember that it is foolhardy to diagnose your own ailment. If you have been assured by a physician that your stomach trouble is caused by hyperacidity, read on . . . !

	YES	NO
1 Do you have to be careful in your choice of food?		
2 Do you take some common alkalizer, mint or soda without getting relief?		
3 Do you currently suffer from either heartburn, gas, pain, soreness or general distress after eating or during the night?		
4 Wouldn't you appreciate a preparation that actually prevented your symptoms occurring?		

Adrem chemists searched for over a year to find a combination of ingredients that would be fast-acting, long-lasting in its effect and therapentically compatible. EXECUTABS is the result! By actual laboratory standards EXECUTABS is the most effective of all stomach preparations tested.

An Executab before eating prevents discomfort after.

WARRANTY—If taken for a condition or symptoms of diagnosed hyperacidity and it fails to give satisfaction by the time you use half the package, return the remainder and the purchase price will be refunded.

$1.00 & $3.50 No Prescription Necessary

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Attendance At Schools Increases

OTTAWA, (CP)—Attendance at Canadian schools increased in the 10 years from 1941 to 1951.

The bureau of statistics reported Thursday there were 4,666,160 Canadians five to 24 years old in 1951. Of the total, 2,439,401, or 52.3 per cent, were attending school.

This compared with 2,169,351, or 50.5 per cent, of the 4,292,988 in the age group in nine provinces in 1941.

Provincially, the proportion of the total population of five to 24 years of age attending school in 1951 was highest in Nova Scotia at 58.2 per cent and lowest in Quebec at 47.8 per cent.

Prince Edward Island had the second highest proportion at 56.8 per cent, followed by Saskatchewan with 56.1 per cent, British Columbia with 55 per cent, Newfoundland with 54.9, New Brunswick 54.7, Alberta 54.5, Manitoba 53.6 and Ontario 53.3.

102ND BIRTHDAY

GUELPH, Ont., (CP)—William Kellington, Guelph's oldest resident and reputed to be Ontario's oldest Oddfellow, marked his 102nd birthday Thursday. Enjoying remarkably good health, he was around as usual and spent the day receiving felicitations from his friends.

DON'T SCRATCH
ECZEMA • RASHES
Soothe itching, discomfort, help nature heal skin irritations with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Buy today.

Seven Days A Week

(By Anne Shannon)

1. Monday: "A place for everything and everything in its place." What a good rule to follow that is! How I wish it could be managed easily at our house—but what a hope! It started out that way and with the best of intentions, then—Ronny filches a pair of Ken's socks "to make his skates fit snugger", he says. Mary is short a few bobby pins and somehow or other my card disappears upstairs. Mavis just loves to fit Daddy's ties on (his best ones too, usually!) and Hoppy decides he might as well add to the chaos by carrying off the old blue teddy bear and leaving it conveniently for me to trip over; and so on and on and I sigh and say "oh heck, what's the use!"

Life is so interesting and exciting here—I never know what to expect when I open a drawer! Early this morning, before breakfast to be exact, I pulled out the bottom drawer in the cupboard where blankets were stored and guess what I found—Mama Cat-cat! She had been locked in there late the night before. I distinctly remember saying as I hied off to bed: "Now, who left that drawer partly open?" Nice that Mama Cat-cat has good lungs and has fastidious household manners!

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2. Tuesday: Waiting for friend Hubby in the grocery store in town the other day, I overheard one woman say to another, "I'm nearly dead on my feet, cooking and looking after those two kids of mine is pretty nearly more than I can take. I'm telling you it's a big job these days, keeping house!"

I wished momentarily that I had the book entitled, The Lost And The Found, to hand to the speaker. After she read it, I am sure that never again would she feel housekeeping was an irksome job!

The Lost And The Found is written by a physician, Dr. Robert Collis, who in 1945 was in charge of all the children from the German concentration camp of Belsen. The children were from nine different countries and spoke as many different languages. Six of these war orphans, Dr. Collis took back to Ireland when the war was ended,—two of the six he adopted legally, and it is principally about these two, Eva and Laszlo, that the book is written. What they and their mother went through is almost beyond description. This book says: "See what warmth and understanding can do to make a child able—even when it must face its mother's dying in its arms, in a world of piled-up corpses—to meet love with love again in later life." It's a poignant, heart-breaking story, completely true in every detail.

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3. Wednesday: Some ideas for unusual centerpieces: No. 1—Dip fruits, nuts in paraffin, sprinkle with gold glitter, arrange on leaves. No. 2—Lots of ivy in a copper skillet or urn, scatter shiny new pennies over the table. No. 3—In a bowl, arrange an arch of pussy willows, use short daffodils to nestle underneath.—More ideas on this next week.

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4. Thursday: The man at the bar was imbibing freely—one drink after another. Curiously enough each time instead of ordering one drink, he ordered two, one of which he drank and the other he poured into his pocket. Finally the bartender could control his curiosity no longer and he said "What goes here? What I'd like to know is what the deuce do you mean by pouring one drink in your pocket each time you drink one?"

"Listen Bub," the man replied, "that's none of your business."

Just then a mouse stuck his head out of the inside coat pocket and said: "And that goes for your cat too, Mister!"

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5. Friday: Fish fillets—easy to prepare and good to eat. You start with 1½ lbs. seasoned fish fillets. Place them in a shallow, greased baking dish. Then mix together 4 tbsp. melted butter or shortening, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ cup water, 1 bay leaf, 2 tbsps. chopped onion, ¼ tsp. pepper, a dash of sage and 1 can tomato sauce or thick tomato soup. Pour sauce mixture over fish. Bake, basting occasionally, in a moderate oven (350°) 35 to 40 minutes, or until fish is tender. Serves four people.

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6. Saturday: I guess everyone, at one time or another, has made raisin squares, date or walnut squares and so on. Here's a recipe for Prune Squares. These have a rich fruit flavor and are pretty yummy. For the prune filling—1¾ cups prunes, cooked without sugar and well drained. When pitted you should have about 1½ cups. Combine the prunes now with 3 tbsps. sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 2 tbsps. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated orange rind, liquid from the prunes, about 2 tbsps. Put all these in a saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally until thickened, about 8 minutes. Cool to room temperature.

Grease an 8-inch square pan and in it spread half of the following mixture: 1¼ cups flour, enriched, all purpose, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. salt, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 cup quick cooking rolled oats, ½ cup shortening and 2 tbsps. milk. Be sure to spread this mixture evenly and press down firmly with a large spoon. Then spread your prune mixture on top of this and cover with remainder of the rolled oats mixture.

Bake on the middle shelf of the oven until the top is browned—makes 25 small squares. Store in a tightly covered container. They keep well—(wishful thinking!!)

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7. Sunday: Too often we think of charity in terms of money alone—but sometimes charity means giving of our own time and energy. One lady I know, goes to the orphanage every now and then and takes to her home a couple of boys or girls. They are treated as honored guests, perhaps taken for a drive in the family car or maybe just up to the "Five and Ten" for a "look-see" at all the wonderful things there. Quite often they are allowed to choose a simple inexpensive toy.

No doubt a donation is the first thing that comes to most minds, when they think of charity, but once in a while, giving of oneself is the very best solution. No donation can give quite the same satisfaction as the smile on a child's face as he says, "Gosh isn't this just wonderful". Remember this, won't you, and remember also that when a man dies he clutches in his hands only that which he has given away in his lifetime!

First white man to reach Hudson Bay by land is believed to have been Charles Albanel, French priest and explorer, in 1671.

Exit Tony Blount

by Sydney Parkman

CHAPTER II

Continued

CHAPTER II

Continued

He reached a bare arm up and felt his head gingerly. Beneath the bandage it was sore and tender, and he guessed he must have sustained a nasty gash. There had been no other damage from what old Brissac had said but he passed his hands down over his body to make certain.

No; arms and legs were all right, and apart from a certain soreness of the ribs, there seemed to be nothing wrong with him.

Well, that was that. He was not particularly grateful to find that he had escaped so lightly, for it only meant that he would be turned out in the morning to carry on again as usual. If it had entailed lying up for a day or two, he might even have welcomed a little further injury — a broken rib or collar-bone, say. In any civilised community this crack on the head ought to have entitled him to a day's rest, but that was out of the question here, he knew. The Commandant's idea of a good hospital was an empty one — and Brissac, the drunken old dog, played up to him. The doctor wasn't a bad old fellow in himself — though his medical knowledge was practically nil — but for his own sake he wouldn't keep a man on the sick list who was capable of staggering out to work.

What a ghastly system it was! Being primarily based on the hideous assumption that the convicts were something less than human beings, its actual effect was to convert them into a mob of sullen savages — creatures to be herded and driven under constant threat of rifle and whip. There was no slightest suggestion of any attempt at reformation. The sole conception was one of punishment —the iron-hard revenge of organized society upon those who had transgressed its laws.

And he had another five years of this hell to look forward to! It was an appalling thought. Five years! Already he knew himself to be a very different man from the Tony Blount who had been guilty of that egregious piece of folly in Papeet, but he could still shudder at the thought of what he would be like at the end of his term.

Living under these conditions and cooped up with men who regarded any display of consideration or generosity as a weakness to be exploited, it was inevitable that his nature must be warped into a hideous shape. The ruthless treatment meted out to them, bred in its turn an indifference for the feelings of others which would have been misplaced in an aboriginal Papuan, and any vestige of sensibility must be crushed and stamped out in mere self-defence.

Physically, it had done him little harm. He had always been hard as nails, and the heavy labour and deprivation of those small luxuries which civilised man regards as necessities had toughened him still further. It took an exceptionally fit man to swing an axe all day in the steamy tropical heat on the meagre rations allowed, and the only spark of pride he retained was due to the fact that he was as good as the best in that respect. It was a kind of inward boast with him that harsh as the labour conditions might be, he was more than equal to them. Mentally, they might get him down in time — but physically, never!

It was a measure of the process of his moral deterioration, however, that despite this boast he would have taken any opportunity of lying up in the infirmerie without hesitation — and for a definite reason. It would have represented a petty triumph over his task-masters — a minor victory in the never ending war between slave and overseer. To outwit them into allowing him to shirk his work would have been a source of bitter satisfaction to him; and there was not a convict in the settlement who would not have viewed it in the same light. It was childish — even mean — but under the conditions of ruthless tyranny in which they lived, such an outlook became inevitable.

However, he recognized that no such opportunity would be afforded him this time. He would be turned out in the morning to join up with his squad as usual, and it behoved him to get all the sleep he could now. At least this bed was more comfortable than the wooden bunks in the prison cells, and there was no sense in lying awake and torturing himself with thinking when he might forget things for a while.

He drew the blanket up over his bare shoulders, and was about to settle down again to sleep, when a sound from the next bed caused him to start and peer through the gloom towards its occupant.

It was a sound between a strangled gasp and and a groan, and as his eyes discerned the dark shape of the man's figure under the covering blanket, he recalled something of the disjointed conversation he had heard concerning him. Whoever he was, it seemed that he was in a very serious condition.

Old Jean's even snoring continued, and after a moment he propped himself up on one elbow and partly leaned out over the side of his bed.

"What's the matter, comrade?" he asked in a low voice.

There was no answer for some seconds, and he had concluded that the man had groaned in his sleep when he discerned a slight movement under the blanket and a faint voice asked, "Who's that?"

"One of Duchard's squad — the Englishman," he had responded. "Who are you?"

Again there was a slight pause and then the feeble voice answered, "Me? I'm Piccart — the poor devil who thought he'd seen the last of this hell ··'e. Didn't you see them bring me in?"

Blount stared through the darkness with increased interest. Piccart was the name of the prisoner who had escaped two days before.

To be continued

Munroe-Tuplin Wedding

Trinity United Church, New Glasgow, N.S., was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Friday, February 27th at 7 o'clock when Shirley Alice, daughter of Mr. James P. Tuplin and the late Mrs. Tuplin of New Annan, P.E.I., became the bride of Theodore David, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Munroe of Phillip's Harbour, N. S. Rev. C. R. F. MacLennan, M.A., D.D., officiated.

The church was decorated with bouquets of daffodils and the guest pews were marked with sprigs of heather and baby mums.

The bride, given in marriage by Mr. Clayton Munroe, looked lovely in a gown of white satin and lace with net overskirt. Her fingertip veil was held in place by a coronet, of seed pearls. She carried a cascade of American Beauty roses.

She was attended by her friend, Miss Carol MacKay, who wore a blue satin gown with matching lace bolero and net overskirt, and carried white chrysanthemums.

The groom was attended by his cousin, Mr. Sanford Munroe. The ushers were Mr. Bert Murphy and Mr. Eric Munroe.

A reception was held immediately following the ceremony in the church hall.

The happy young couple will reside in New Glasgow where both are employed.

Out of town guests included Mrs. Milton Montgomery and Mrs. Herbert Poole, sisters of the bride, of Summerside, P.E.I.

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Backache is often caused by lazy kidney action. When kidneys get out of order, excess acids and wastes remain in the system. Then backache, disturbed rest or that tired-out and heavy-headed feeling may soon follow. That's the time to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's stimulate the kidneys to normal action. Then you feel better—sleep better—work better. Get Dodd's Kidney Pills now. 81

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