

CHECK YOURSELF FOR THESE COMMON SIGNS OF ACID INDIGESTION

- ☐ Heartburn ☐ "Acid" Headache
☐ Nausea ☐ Sour Stomach
☐ No Appetite ☐ "Gas"
☐ Tired Feeling in Morning
☐ "Logginess"

If You have any of these Symptoms—and suspect Acid Indigestion as the Cause—Lose No Time in "Alkalinizing" the Quick Easy "Phillips" Way

Don't be alarmed if you get a low "score" on the above symptoms—and suspect over-acidity as the cause. For now there is a way to relieve "acid indigestion"—with almost incredible speed—a way that is simple to do—and costs but a few pennies.

What you do is take 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. OR—take 2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent.

Results are amazing. Often you get

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia



NO TURNING

(Continued from Page Five)

In her upstairs sitting-room, she flung her hat and jacket on a chair for Almee, her maid, to put away, and asked her to call Adele Sanders, explain she was too ill for bridge. It was actually no prevarication. Her mind was ill—ill with chagrin.

She went hurriedly to her mother's suite.

Cora Millstrom, at forty-five, was still a peach-complexioned, slim-figured woman, lovely to look at. Just now, she seemed like the shell of herself, lying on her chaise-longue, her face covered with mask cream, eyes swathed with astringent-soaked cotton. She was trying to relax, to eradicate the few lines of worry about her drooping mouth, about her expressive brown eyes. There was nothing worse, she felt, than to watch the gradual fading of her once thrilling beautiful face. It gave her a haunted feeling, a feeling of guilt. Old Age, poverty, hopelessness. No—she mustn't.

She could, of course, marry again. There were at least two eligible men anxious to marry her. Either of them could give her perhaps half as much as Frank Millstrom had given her. The South American had the most, but she wouldn't care to live 'way down there—not permanently. Anyway, marrying again didn't appeal to her. Kay was the one who should do the marrying. Youth enjoyed marriage. Kay was young, keen, full of life. Marriage would interest her. Yes, Kay must marry—but she must make a brilliant marriage. Hennington Blare could give her everything. Besides, Blare would be generous with the woman who had brought up her lovely daughter, his wife.

As his mother-in-law, she never would feel the embarrassment of too strict economy. She sighed, attempted to release the taut muscles of her face.

Kay pushed open the door, saying, "Cora, dear—are you alone?"

"Yes," murmured her mother, hoping she hadn't cracked the mask around her mouth.

Kay stood looking down at her now shuddering at the deadly whiteness of the crying cream. The sight made her impatience turn to pity. The tirade that had been straining to break forth drifted into meek protest.

She said gently, "Mother—you forgot to send a check to the Swandown. You've owed them for nearly—"

"Mercy, Kay! Don't make an issue of it! Can't you see, darling—I'm relaxing?"

"Oh, Cora, how can you? I've—why I've been insulted by that detestable little Parker!"

"What?" Cora Millstrom bounced upright, the cotton dropping unheeded from her staring eyes. "The—man—"

"Don't get excited. He simply but firmly refused me credit—really refused you credit—through Miss Carr."

"Oh—that?"

Cora Millstrom sank back to pillow, her eyes ceilingward. "I've been expecting it," she acknowledged, slowly.

"But—I don't understand. Why should we be treated so—so shabbily? Haven't we plenty of money?"

Her mother sat up again, courageously facing this too inquisitive daughter.

"It seems not," Gordon Wayland says our income will last about six months, at the rate we're going—and as our attorney he should know."

Cora Millstrom sighed again, fingered the cream face rippling down the front of her peach satin negligee. "I hated to tell you, darling—but Gordon sold the Miami place last week and the Maine camp—and a few other pieces of property. Certain creditors had to be appeased."

The wide-eyed Kay faltered. "Then—then Cora—we're—why, we're stone broke. We must let the servants go, get into small quarters—economize!"

Her mother's laugh was brittle. "Not yet, my dear. There's always Blare, you know. That's why I've been urging you to marry him."

Kay's face drained white. She stared at her mother in astonishment, tinged with desperation. All she could say was, "I—I see."

"There will be enough to manage the proper trousseau for you, child. You'll be married here in the home you've loved for so long. After that, if we let it go, it won't matter to you. You will have your own smart establishments—while I—oh, I'll camp somewhere along the line."

It crossed Kay's mind then that undoubtedly her mother could marry again, not insist upon her only child being sold to the highest bidder. Kay sensed that her mother did not intend to marry. A great load suddenly settled firmly on her frail young shoulders. It was she who was to recreate the family fortune.

She left her mother sitting there and walked slowly across the room to an open dormer window. She looked out on the new green of the long wide lawn rolling down to the road. Brown squirrels and robins and blue jays bobbed before her troubled gaze, building for new families in the gentle spring sunshine. The lilac hedge on the east was gay with lavender and white blooms, the century-old maples and elms scattered about the yard were sprouting fresh green raiment. Stanley tulips, outlining the front terrace, exactly match the villa's red tiled roof. All nature was building—building for happiness in a new sunshine.

Kay grit her teeth, turned to her mother. "Very well, dear. Now that I understand, I'll be reasonable about the Blare fortune—and Hennington, who goes with it. But—I really couldn't—love him."

"Love?" her mother shrugged nonchalantly. "That will come later. Hennington is such a dear man. Let me get this stuff off my face, darling—then we'll make plans. Ring for Drew!"

The sober-faced Kay pushed a button for her mother's maid, then turned to leave the room. An unusual noise suddenly halted her. It was the peculiar spluttering that only a motor could make.

She wheeled swiftly and ran back to the window. An airplane was bolting down to earth like a huge dead bird. It was headed for the middle of the Millstrom's rolling front lawn!

"Quick, mother! Send Higgins, Sartin for help! That plane's in trouble!" cried Kay, dashing from the room.

She flew frantically downstairs, and out the front door to be greeted by a terrific crash.

Headless of danger, she ran close to the flames, now threatening the plane's cabin, which lay splintered on the lawn.

She grabbed the arm of the plane's lone occupant, and tried to pull him out to safety. Sartin, the butler, reached her then, and together they got the unconscious man clear, barely an instant before the flames licked at the seat where he had been lying.

There was a thunderous explosion behind them as they carried the blond, viking type of the man into the house. Kay shivered. A peculiar wave of thankfulness shot through her. There was something about this man, whose head rested on her shoulder, that was somehow significant. It was as if he had been sent for her safekeeping—sent to her like a strangely precious sign out of the clear blue sky.

(Copyright, 1938, by Kathrin Bemis) (To Be Continued)

Items of Interest to Women Gathered from Here And here

Tested Recipes

Edith Tewksbury of Medford, is asking questions about salting almonds and peanuts. There are two ways of doing these—we thing baking nuts instead of frying them in hot fat gives a slightly better flavor and appearance to the finished product.

Almonds, pistachios and English walnuts should be blanched by covering with boiling water and letting them stand two minutes. Then drain, put in cold water, rub off the skins and dry on a towel. Cover filberts with boiling water, let stand six minutes and then drain. Remove skins with a sharp vegetable knife. For peanuts, use them RAW and remove skins. Use whole pecan nutmeats without blanching.

To bake nuts, blanch if necessary or wash in cold water and drain, then spread the moist nuts in a single layer over the surface of a baking sheet or shallow pan. If an iron pan is used, it is advisable to cover it with a sheet of parchment paper to prevent discoloration of the nuts. Sprinkle the nuts evenly with salt in the proportion of two tablespoons salt to one pound shelled nuts. Add one teaspoon butter for every cup of shelled nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for about twenty minutes.

Stir the nuts occasionally to promote even cooking. The nuts will become crisp on cooling. Drain on absorbent paper on removal from pan.

FRIED SALTED NUTS

Blanched almonds and blanched raw peanuts are most commonly fried. Put a layer of thoroughly drained nuts in a frying basket. Plunge into fat which has been heated to 360 degrees Fahrenheit to 370 degrees Fahrenheit. Cook until nuts are golden in color; avoid overcooking for the color of the nuts deepens on removal from fat. Remove from frying kettle, allow surplus fat to drain back into the kettle. Turn the nuts on to absorbent paper to drain. Transfer to fresh absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt while hot.

OLD-FASHIONED COOKIES

2 eggs
1 cup heavy sour cream
2 cups sugar
½ cup butter
1 level teaspoon soda stirred in to the cream
Flour enough to roll easily. Use less if drop cookies are preferred.
Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, sour cream and flour. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet or roll out and cut. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) until delicately brown.

SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Arlington Cold Cuts
Boston Baked Beans
Steamed Brown Bread
Cole Slaw With Green Pepper
Sweet Relish
Rhubarb Pie Coffee

TOMATO SOUP SAVARIN

1 can condensed tomato soup
Milk
1-3 cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon chopped chives
Combine soup with equal amount of milk (using soup can to measure), heat to boiling point, but do not boil. Pour into oven proof cups. Whip cream, add chives. Place spoonful of cream on each cup. Run under broiler to brown. Serves four.

CORNEE BEEF HASHBURGERS

Chili can of cornee beef hash several hours. Remove from can, cut in 4 or 5 slices. Put slices in shallow casserole, cover with ketchup or chili sauce. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes. Serve on halves of toasted hamburger rolls. Serves four.

SPICE FRANKFURTERS

1-2 pound frankfurters
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons water
2-3 cup water (additional)
1-2 cup ketchup
2 tablespoons vinegar

Why Are Women So Gullible?

We Might Ask Ourselves That Instead of
"Why Do Men Philander?"

Women are always asking "Why do men philander?"

Doubtless, many of old King Solomon's wives and girl friends asked the same question. For, in spite of his asking to be comforted with apples, because he was sick of love, he kept right on. And he was regarded as wise.

There are women (poor things and one is sorry for them) who takes up with philanderers and imagine they have found real love, then discover only bitterness and disillusion. For example, this case:

"I gave up everything—religion, my family, my conviction as to what is right and wrong for him. After nearly three agonizing years, I gave in."

"I suppose he would divorce his wife and marry me, but when we went away together, he told me he would always love his wife better than any other woman. I asked him why he had persuaded me to go away with him, and he said: Because I knew you wanted to go."

"I left him immediately and went to see his wife, expecting a terrific scene. But she was even sympathetic, and said her husband was given 'a such little expeditions' and that she'd always overlooked it, because he was charming at home, most generous, and the children loved him."

"I felt my world crumble, my world of decent standards. Are all men philanders, and why do they break women's heart as a pastime?"

No, all men are not philanderers. Certainly not. There are still men in the world who regard their marriage vows seriously, because, thank Heaven, conscience have not entirely taken flight.

Other men who like to indulge their vagrant fancies avoid the primrose path, because they don't want to appear as "silly old fools" to their adolescent sons and daughters. And no one is more genuinely amused over dad's late blooming than youngsters at home.

All said and done, the greatest incentive to philandering is vanity. When dad notices his forehead receding toward the crown of his head, and all bald pate remedies fail, he's apt to try his powers to charm on some poor little thing who takes his philandering seriously.

It's a tragedy to her, because "love is the one sacred thing on earth." But the philanderer wasn't looking for anything sacred; he was looking for a little fun.

Why do not more women stop, look and listen, especially in the case of a man already married and with children? If they would only throw a little cold reasoning on the fires of "love" they could easily see the outcome of an affair.

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