

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 319 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

World's Gold If all the gold produced in the world since Columbus set forth on his voyage more than four centuries ago were cast into a solid cube it would be only 38.5 feet each way, according to estimates by the bureau of mines.

This would represent only slightly more than a billion ounces, which, at the prevailing price of \$20 an ounce would make a sum not beyond the purchasing power of a mere handful of the richest men in the world.

More than half of the total of gold produced was mined in the first twenty-seven years of the present century.—Washington Star.

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For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb tea is a home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound sent on request. Original made in 1892 by Dr. Guild, specialist in respiratory diseases. Its pleasant smoke vapor quickly soothes and relieves asthma—also catarrh. Standard remedy at drug stores, 25 cents, 50 cents and 1.00. Powder or capsule form. Send for FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of 4 cigarettes. Dr. J. H. Guild Co., Dept. 3-2, Rupert, Vt.

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PISO'S gives quick, effective relief. Pleasant, soothing and healing. Excellent for children—contains no opiates. Successfully used for 65 years. 35c and 60c sizes.

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Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Cleanses, Softens, and Conditions the Scalp. Makes the Hair Grow. Sold in 15c and 30c bottles. Parker Bros. Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

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Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Cleanses hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents and 1.00 at drug stores. Haeuss Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

No Use

"I tell you, Hiram, we don't want this Salome opery to play Plunkville." "But they will cut out all the objectionable features." "Then what's the use of having it play our town?"

It is easier to try to look intelligent than it is to deliver the goods.

Colds

At first sign of a cold, take NATURE'S REMEDY—the exclusive that thoroughly cleanses your intestines. It is the only quick way to get relief and guard your health. MILD, safe, purely vegetable. 50c. ALRIGHT

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HATE

BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Red-headed Aloysius O'Shaughnessy suggested assuming joint responsibility with Ben Ingplein. "Blood me for a fool, Captain, but 'tain't in the nature of a man to see a lady the like o' her put up in the dock with a parcel o' highwaymen and coin-clippers! So if 'tis all the same to ye, just throw me in. And I'll swear out a declaration I was for murderin' every dirty politician in Washington. Or put it how ye will, Shore, we can say 'twas me who wrote the letter and all."

An overpowering conviction of meanness, of unescapable malice, tore at Fellowes' heart. A voice within him cried that here was a stronger force than hate, but a second voice leaped drily from his mouth. "I fear you are the victim of your emotions, doctor. Treason is not a crime to be condoned."

"She knows no more o' treason nor I do o' Boney's wizard," snarled O'Shaughnessy. "The poor lady may be made a mistake, but I'll take me oath there's not a morsel of harm in her."

"Nathless, she must pay for it. And as the Irishman opened his mouth to reply, Fellowes took back upon the same argument he had offered Sophy: "The lady, being what she is, will not suffer another to assume her responsibilities."

It was probably from O'Shaughnessy, whose tongue wagged freest, that Cara learned of Fellowes' determination to fight the Badger. Their habit was to exchange the briefest of greetings but the day the wind swung astern and the sun came out boldly she crossed the deck to where he stood, sweeping the horizon with his glass.

"Do you look for the Badger, Captain Fellowes?" she asked. "Not yet, ma'am," he answered, choking his surprise.

Her hands clasped together nervously. There was aching appeal in the eyes that met his. "Oh, sir—is it not sufficient that we—my father and I—should be punished? Captain Collishawe is not responsible for what we did. He acted as an enemy, to serve his king. And he had his orders—from Commodore Hardy, from Admiral Cockburn. And my Lord Wellington was behind them all, for 'twas he supported us with the ministry."

Fellowes forced himself to speak harshly, mechanically. "Captain Collishawe is, as you say, an enemy, ma'am. As an enemy, 'tis my duty to destroy him."

"But to seek him out! To hunt him—as one beast hunts another! Must you and James, you two of all the world, be deadly enemies for—?" her voice sank to a whisper—"my mistake?"

She trembled so that he put out his arm to steady her, conscious of the curious glances of the officers on the far side of the poop; his mind was in a whirl—late, jealousy, pity, anger, resentment and an emotion he could not name, even to himself, boiling and seething in one nauseous brew. Touching her, he had a mad desire to embrace her, to cover her mouth with kisses. If that was his price, she'd pay, he had no doubt. She was no coward. But he heard himself say gently: "You make too much of this, Miss Ingplein. We are all on the rack of fate."

"Fate?" she repeated, drawing away from him. "You should say fate. 'Tis an ill thing, sir, and recoils upon him who sponsors it."

Fellowes bowed his head. "That is a point you need not argue with me," he said. "I have set myself a task, and I am bound in honor to complete it."

"To slay James?" Her voice rang scornfully. "You are over-confident. 'Tis my duty. He is a traitor, fumbling for words to phrase his thoughts. 'Tis I might, I'd serve you. I shall have no happiness of what I do. And yet I hate him! I hate him as I hated Chater—and what satisfaction have I had from Chater's death? But I'll not rest until he's punished—or I am dead."

Her face was tragic; there was no scorn in her voice when she replied: "Yes, you are a proud man. And I am a proud woman. If my back had been beaten raw, I'd hate too. Oh, you do well to hate, I don't! But 'tis me you should hate. You should hate me to the most, and I'll be as James looked on, and I'll be as you sailors look on, and I'll be as you men do at sight of another's pain. Wouldn't that satisfy you? For I deserve it. I who have brought you to enemy two men."

Her voice broke in a wail and Fellowes beckoned O'Shaughnessy to him. "Conduct Miss Ingplein below, doctor. She is too here every attention you understand?"

The Irishman gave him a saturnine glare. "Aye, and 'tis more than ye do, Captain. God forgive ye! There, now slanna, come along with Aloysius."

Westward drove the Centurian, tom masts whipping from the tide, ice rigging slack; but so keenly did Fellowes watch her that she never carried away a spar, despite the press of sail he kept her under. There was no more grumbling as they neared their goal. The sea layers of the fo'c'sle

Hook—that is, if she was still on the station. And south of the Hook he'd cast his lure.

Fellowes so contrived it that the brig sighted the highlands of Navesink an hour after sunrise of a clear, warm morning, but there were no signs of the Badger. Fretting and stewing, he ran southeast a day's sail, then lay to, and the next morning plotted his course further off shore, on the chance that he might intercept the Badger returning from one of his innumerable errands entrusted to Collishawe. But she was nowhere to seaward, and in the night he wore ship and headed south, planning to repeat his first approach.

This time he succeeded. At noon the hall came from the lookout, perched precariously astride the fore royal yard: "Sail ho! Mebbe a 'tint to star'b'd, sir."

Fellowes caught a glass from the binnacle rack, and ran forward, beckoning Caffee to follow him up the ratlines to the foretop. Caffee, starting across the eddying buffe, made a fit-flucking sound with his tongue, tawny eyes agleam.

"Dat him Badger, mars'r." "Sure of it?" Fellowes queried at most fearfully. "S'pose ye take him glass, ye see."

Slowly, very slowly, Fellowes swept the sea to star'b'd. Yes, there could be no mistake about that tops'l, 'tint' lowes, himself, had helped to see it. He trembled so violently that Caffee scolded him on the confined platform of the top.

"Don't ye fuss, mars'r," crooned the negro. "We got' bust him 'tint' o' lishawe. Yah, him Big Serpent got' bust him 'tint' o' lishawe. Dat de bes' Long Tom Caffee ever see."

Half ashamed, Fellowes smiled crookedly. "I was afraid something had happened to him. Does he see?" "Oh, my aunt, dar him 'tint' drop! His come plenty quick."

Fellowes halted the deck. "Wear ship! We'll stand off across his bows on the star'b'd tack. Beat to quarters, Mr. Spencer. Caffee, you might take a shot with the Long Tom."

Fellowes lingered in his lofty aerial while the drum thumped hysterically and the stamping of sea boots beat an accompaniment. Forward, almost at his feet, he could see the gleaming bulk of the Big Serpent, swinging to leeward in response to the pressure of her sails. A figure of demigod energy, leaning instructions, adjusting the wad, showing home the round shot with the last thrust of the rammer.

"Who him match? Gih him Caffee. Yah, Big Serpent, him yo' song!" The brass throat of the gun clanged smokely, and a jet of flame and smoke spat out in the Badger's direction. A rumble of cannon fire responded, muffled by the mist; the Badger's chase guns. And Fellowes listened for the shrill of splash of shot, but the range was too great—probably too great for the twenty-four pounder. Yet it was essential to give the sleep-of-war a mark to head for.

Fellowes halted the sailing master on the poop: "Mr. Noggle! We must reduce speed. See if you and Chips can manage a drag to tow astern. In haste!"

"Aye, aye, sir," assented Noggle. Loading from the forechains to the deck, Fellowes stumbled against "ara Ingplein, balanced on an armchrest to peer over the bulwarks.

"You have no business here, ma'am," he exclaimed. "We may be in action any moment."

"Is 't James?" she asked heartily. He nodded. "And you sail away from him?" "I can't fight the Badger under the guns of the San Domingo; and a raze-and-razee couple of thirty-sixes."

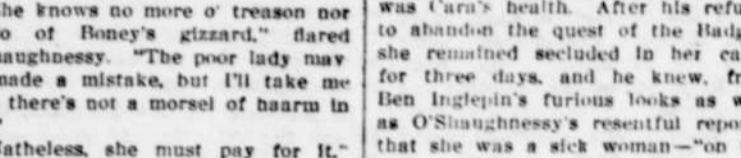
"'Tis a lure, then?" she said. "He doesn't know you are stronger. He'll come after you—so bravely—and you—you will hammer him to pieces."

"If I can keep away from him. Fellowes answered grimly. "At close range 'twould be a different matter."

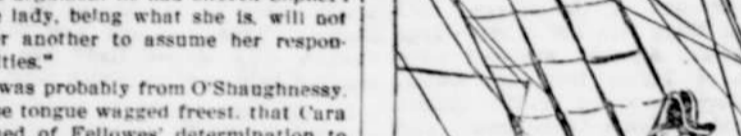
"Surely, sir, you have accomplished enough by this cruise?" she persisted. "And is it honorable to sacrifice other men's lives in a private quarrel?"

Fellowes flushed angrily. "By your leave, Miss Ingplein! This is war. I fight my country's battles equally with my own. Captain Collishawe is more than my personal enemy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Her Face Was Tragic; There Was No Scorn in Her Voice When She Replied



Reached Enemy's Heart Through His Stomach

Mrs. Laura Fraser, the original Becky Thatcher of Mark Twain's stories, related shortly before her death at Hamden, Me., how she had one son—through an experience as thrilling as any that Twain had created for his fiction. During the Civil War Mrs. Fraser's husband was a strong southern sympathizer and as he was a doctor he defied federal authorities in treating wounded Confederate soldiers. He finally was put in prison about the time that Gen. J. M. McNeill came to Hamden to suppress the southern sympathy and captured in Mr. Fraser's front yard while he picked out ten prisoners of "confederate bearing" to be "converted" by firing squad. Mrs. Fraser, fearing the inclusion of her husband, invited the

general to a specially prepared dinner and he was so overcome with curiosity that he ordered Fraser's release. But he reconsidered the next day and had him re-arrested, though he spared his life.—Detroit News.

Early Bird The prospective maid of all work was starting her terms: "I want \$12 a week paid in advance, and I don't wash nor scrub floors, nor—"

"But," began the mistress of the house feebly. "Or work after six o'clock," went on the woman steadily, "and I want every evening off and a fine reference and—"

"But surely the reference can wait till you leave us?" broke in the mistress, nervously. "No, I want the letter now," returned the domestic firmly. "I've tried getting them when I leave and I've never got a good one yet."

Bunyan's Flute While John Bunyan, who wrote Pilgrim's Progress, was in prison his jailers heard music coming from his cell. They decided to take away his instrument, but the music ceased as they drew near the cell, and they concluded nothing to show how the music was made. From time to time the music sounded, but only Bunyan and his book were found. What had happened was that Bunyan had made a flute from a loose rail of his stool, and in hearing the warden's step he would slip it back into its place and pore over his book.

Money Made by Indians Included in a collection of coins put on display by a bank in New York are specimens of the only 1360 known issues of paper money made by American Indians. One of these is a note of a bank operated by the Arapaho Indians in 1812—the only known note of the only known Indian bank. The other, a dollar bill, issued by the Cherokee nation in 1812, is the only known specimen of the sole issue of money by American Indians.—Detroit News.

Local Patriotism "Local patriotism is a belief that there are more good books right in the Five-and-Ten on Main street than in any so-called international congress of beauties.—Detroit News.

THE KITCHEN CABINET. 1015 1928 Western Newspaper Union. If you would be something worthwhile, first realize you must be something. You must be able to think, plan, and create; not be a mere echo of what someone else has done.—Lloyd.

GOOD MOLASSES RECIPES. Everybody likes molasses candy, cookies, ginger bread and steamed puddings. The flavor of molasses is not a small part of its attractiveness in various foods.

Apple Cake.—Cook slowly in three-fourths of a cupful of New Orleans molasses one and one-half cupfuls of thinly sliced apples, until tender. Melt three-fourths of a cupful of shortening in one-half cupful of boiling water. Sift two and one-half cupfuls of flour with one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-fourth teaspoonful of mace and add the hot water mixture, stirring until smooth. Add the molasses and apples, pour into a shallow pan and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve warm with whipped cream.

Cinnamon Snaps.—Cream one cupful of shortening and one cupful of sugar. Add one cupful of molasses, then two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water. Sift two cupfuls of flour with one tablespoonful of cinnamon and ginger, one-half teaspoonful of salt and add to the first mixture. Mix well and add more flour to make a stiff dough to roll out. Cut in desired shapes and bake ten minutes in a moderate oven.

Southern Spicy Gingerbread.—Add two beaten eggs to three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, three-fourths cupful each of shortening and molasses, the shortening melted. Then add two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, nutmeg and baking powder. Mix and add one cupful of boiling water. Bake in a shallow pan or in individual pans. Served with whipped cream it makes a party dessert.

Date Bran Bread.—Mix as usual one-half cupful of molasses, one egg, one cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of bran, two cupfuls of whole wheat flour, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening and one-half cupful of chopped dates. Bake in a bread pan 45 minutes. Raisins may be substituted for dates.

Bran Muffins.—Mix one and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, the same of soda, two cupfuls of bran, then add one beaten egg, one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk and one-half cupful of molasses. Beat well and bake in gem pans a half hour.

WAYS WITH CITRUS FRUITS. A glass of orange juice when the stomach seems upset, is the pleasantest as well as the most effective remedy.

Serve these fruits, freely all through the winter, while they are cheapest and the most plentiful. Prepare the marmalades which are so appreciated by the family, for use during the year when the fruit is more expensive.

The night cap and the eye opener in America is a glass of orange or grapefruit juice and one never need fear any but the best of results from getting the habit.

Grapefruit Salad.—Cover sections of grapefruit from which the membrane has been removed with some sweet fruit sirup like the juice from canned pineapple, apricot or maraschino cherries and let stand for one hour in the ice chest. When well chilled drain and arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with the following dressing:

Fruit French Dressing.—Take the juice of two oranges and one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika and three-fourths of a cupful of olive oil. Beat well and chill before serving. Garnish with small pieces of candied fruit and nuts.

Grapefruit Tapioca.—Take one cupful of grapefruit juice and three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, mix with one and one-half cupfuls of cooked tapioca. Four over sections of the grapefruit and chill until ready to serve. Garnish with slices of orange or grapefruit.

Citrus Cocktail.—Mix equal parts of grapefruit and oranges carefully broken into small pieces, after the membrane has been removed. Cover with a sauce, using lemon juice, the rind, sugar; boil until smooth and thickened slightly. Cool and serve over the chilled fruit.

A good, nicely seasoned gravy is a good part of any of these meat dishes. Often the liquor from the meat is all that is needed for moisture; add water and stir until smooth and thick with the flour used to bind.

When Sight Returns. A girl falling in love thinks of the funny looking, spindly little man she loves as a god. But let her marry him and he remains her god about as long as a rose retains its beauty. It's too bad, but it's true.—Nellie Webb in the Atholion Globe.

French Tricolor. The blue and red cockade was the badge of the city of Paris. The union of this and the Bourbon white produced the tricolor, the badge of France since 1790.

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Salts Fine for Aching Kidneys. When Back Hurts Flush Your Kidneys as You Clean Your Bowels. Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, sometimes get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region begin drinking lots of water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is intended to flush clogged kidneys and help stimulate them to activity. It also helps neutralize the acids in the urine so they no longer irritate, thus helping to relieve bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in trying to correct kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

NERVOUSNESS. Helpfully with This Famous Aid. If your nerves are jumpy and every little thing worries you, you need Koenig's Nervine. It has been proved by the most scientific tests to be a powerful nerve tonic. It relieves nervousness, nervous indigestion and nervous irritability. It is sold everywhere.

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Immense Benefits of Crop Reporting Shown. One of the most important activities of the Department of Agriculture, that of crop reporting, was one of the first undertakings of the department, and was established in 1862. This work has grown from its humble beginning until now more than 70 crops are reported on regularly.

The benefits to the public and to the producers have been inestimable. Overproductions of various products have been held down to reasonable limits where the advice of the bureau was heeded and forecast shortages to some extent have been met.

Fresh vegetables, which once were reasonable articles of trade and almost prohibitive in price during the off seasons, are sold the year 'round at reasonable prices through the work of the bureau, along with the development of the refrigerator car. As the years go on, this work is expected to grow more and more vital to the well being of the farmer and to keep the consumers supplied at all times with a high grade of product.—Washington Post.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine.—Adv.

A Life of Thrills. Orville Wright said at a dinner in Dayton: "Flying has been made safe now, but it was, let me tell you, a very exciting business at the start, full of unique thrills, like the young millionaire's life."

"Somebody asked the young millionaire, you know, if his had been an interesting life. "Has it? he answered. 'Why, I'm only thirty-two, and I've had five wives and gone through three fortunes and four sanitariums.'"

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