

MAIN STREET The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Every one in town took an interest in the re-furnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!"

When Mrs. Bogart. Mrs. Bogart lives across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was of the soft stamp, fat, smiling, indigestible, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large city a hundred and a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricassee chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But she wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a puppy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice: "I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!" "Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything not cloven-footed or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they can say what they want to about the P. B. church, but of course there's no church that has more history or has stayed by the true principles of Christianity better than the Baptist church and— In what church were you raised, Mrs. Kennicott?"

"W—why, I went to Congregational, as a girl in Mankato, but my college was Universalist." "Well— But of course as the bible says, it is the bible at least I know I have heard it in church and everybody admits it, it's proper for the little bride to take her husband's vessel of faith, so we all hope we shall see you at the Baptist church and— As I was saying, of course I

agree with Reverend Zitterel in thinking that the great trouble with this nation today is lack of spiritual faith—so few going to church, and people automobiling on Sunday and heaven knows what all. But still I do think that one trouble is this terrible waste of money, people feeling that they've got to have bath-tubs and telephones in their houses—I heard you were selling the old farm-turo cheap."

"Yes!" "Well—of course you know your own mind, but I can't help thinking, when Will's ma was down here keeping house for him—she used to run in to see me, real often—it was good enough furniture for her. But there, there, I mustn't croak. I just wanted to let you know that when you finds you can't depend on a lot of these gadding young folks like the Haydocks, and the Dyers—and heavy on only knows how much money Juanita Haydock blows in a year—why then you may be glad to know that slow old Aunty Bogart is always right there, and heaven knows—" A portentous sigh. "I hope you and your husband won't have any of the troubles, with sickness and quarrelling and wasting money and all that so many of these young couples do have and— But I must be running along now, dearie. It's been such a pleasure and— Just run in and see me any time. I hope Will is well? I thought he looked a wee mite peaked."

It was twenty minutes later when Mrs. Bogart finally oozed out of the front door. Carol ran back into the living-room and jerked open the windows. "That woman has left damp finger-prints in the air," she said. Carol was extravagant, but at least she did not try to clear herself of blame by going about whimpering. "I know I'm terribly extravagant but I don't seem to be able to help it."

Kennicott had never thought of giving her an allowance. His mother had never had one! As a wage-earning spinster Carol had asserted to her fellow librarians that when she was married, she was going to have an allowance and be business-like and modern. But it was too much trouble to explain to Kennicott's kindly stubbornness that she was a practical house-keeper as well as a flighty playmate. She bought a budget-plan account book and made her budget as exact as budgets are likely to be when they lack budgets.

For the first month it was a honeymoon just to beg prettily, to confess, "I haven't a cent in the house, dear," and to be told, "You're an extravagant little rabbit." But the budget book made her realize how ineffectual were her finances. She became self-conscious; occasionally she was indignant that she should always have to petition him for the money with which to buy his food. She caught herself criticizing his belief that, since his joke about trying to keep her out of the poorhouse had once been accepted as admirable humor, it should continue to be his daily bon mot. It was a nuisance to have to run down the street after him because she had forgotten to ask him for money at breakfast.

But she couldn't hurt his feelings, she reflected. He liked the lordliness of giving largesse. She tried to reduce the frequency of begging by opening accounts and having the bills sent to him. She had found that staple groceries, sugar, flour, could be most cheaply purchased at Axel Egge's rustic general store. She said sweetly to Axel: "I think I'd better open a charge account here."

"I don't do no business except for cash," grunted Axel. She flared, "Do you know who I am?" "Yah, sure, I know. The doc is good for it. But that's your rule I made. I make low prices. I do business for cash."

She stared at his red impressive face, and her fingers had the undignified desire to slap him, but her reason agreed with him. "You're quite right. You shouldn't break your rule for me."

Her rage had been lost. It had been transferred to her husband. She wanted ten pounds of sugar in a hurry, but she had no money. She ran up the stairs to Kennicott's office. On the door was a sign advertising a headache cure and stating, "The doctor is out, back at— Naturally, the blank space was not filled out. She stamped her foot. She ran down to the drug store—the doctor's club.

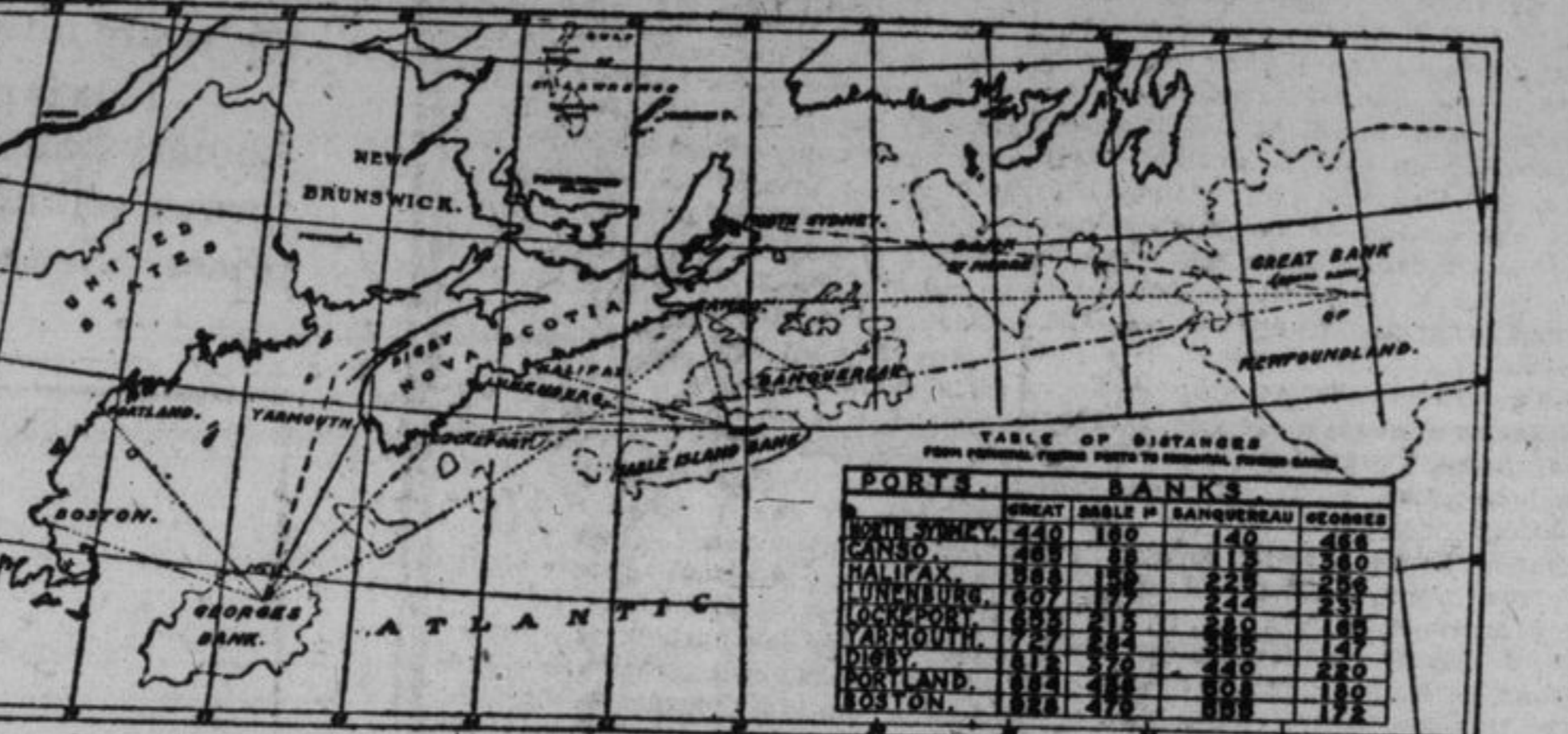
As she entered she heard Mrs. Dyer demanding, "Dave, I've got to have some money." Carol saw that her husband was there, and two other men, all listening in amusement. Dave Dyer snarped, "How much do you want? Dollar be enough?" "No, it won't! I've got to get some underclothes for the kids." "Why, good Lord, they got enough now to fill the closet so I couldn't find my hunting boots, last time I wanted them."

"I don't care. They're all in rags. You got to give me ten dollars—" Carol perceived that Mrs. Dyer was accustomed to the men, particularly Dave, regarded it as an excellent jest. She waited—she knew what would come—it did. Dave yelled, "Where's that ten dollars I gave you last year?" and he looked to the other men to laugh. They laughed. Cold and still, Carol walked up to



GIFTS FOR PRINCESS AND FIANCE. Eleven boys of Battersea, London, named Harry, and eleven girls, named Mary, carry presents of a decorated cigar box and a handsome kerchief to Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary respectively, at Buckingham Palace. The photo shows them at the gates.

CANADA MAY DOMINATE NORTH ATLANTIC FISHERIES



The above chart, indicating the chief fishing banks of the North Atlantic—the richest in the world—demonstrates the strategic advantage held by our maritime provinces in relation to these harvest fields, and shows why Canada is in a position to dominate this vast fishing territory.

HEAD and NOSTRILS CLOGGED UP

COULD SCARCELY BREATHE. When you become all choked up and stuffed up with a cold your head becomes thick, the nostrils become so clogged up you can hardly breathe, a feeling of weight or oppression in the chest and the cough raps and tears your lungs and bronchial tubes. This is the time to take DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP before things get to be too serious. There is no remedy to equal it for clearing up the cold, making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and soothing and healing the lungs and bronchial tubes. Mrs. Edward Kincaid, 60 Bryden St., St. John, N. B., writes:—"I wish to express my hearty thanks to your valuable remedy Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and what good it did me. Last fall I contracted a severe cold, the like I never had, my head and nostrils were so clogged up I could get no vent, and could scarcely get my breath. I tried remedy after remedy until at last I thought I would try "Dr. Wood's." After the first dose I felt relief, and by the time the bottle was finished I was all better. I will always keep it in the house." Price 35c. and 60c. a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DISTRICT NEWS

To Organize Club. Perth will organize a community club. A team will canvass the town for members. Sold His Property. William Way, Concession, has sold his home on Main street to John Vincent. Mr. Way intends leaving for the west soon. Mrs. Way will remain with her daughter, Mrs. Arnold Mastin, for some time. To Paint The Ice. A new white paint, invented by W. A. Farmer, Montreal, formerly of Perth, will be used to paint the ice in the curling rink in the latter town. Curriers say the painting is a decided improvement. Died In Mexico. News has been received in Almonte of the death in Mexico of Rev. John Morley, well known in that district. His mother before her marriage, was Miss Hannah Metcalfe. Mr. Morley had cousins in Hutley. Before crossing the border he was Presbyterian minister at Niagara. Young Woman Given Chance. Mrs. Julia Ann Schryver, who was arrested at Point Anne on Saturday on a charge of bigamy, was allowed to go under suspended sentence for a year. Magistrate Mason, Belleville, gave her a severe lecture when placing her under bonds. The woman is now only twenty-one years of age. She was married at Kingston to Harvey M. Schryver at the age of thirteen, and in 1915 was married to Bruce Copeland at Trenton. Burned Extinguishing Fire. The upsetting of a lamp in the residence of Richard Welsh, Spencer-ville, caused the destruction of the



Nervous Breakdown

The extreme depression and discouragement which comes over one at times is the most alarming symptom of nervous exhaustion. This letter is a message of hope to all who find themselves in this unfortunate condition. Mrs. Geo. T. Tingley, Albert, N.B., writes:—"For years I was in a very nervous, run-down condition, was much depressed in spirits and suffered a great deal of times. The least noise would irritate me and times I felt as though I certainly would go crazy. I consulted different doctors to no effect. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I can truly testify today to the great benefits received. There was a marked change before I had finished the second box and when I had used a dozen boxes my nerves were thoroughly restored and I was entirely relieved of those terrible feelings I used to have. I shall feel ready to testify to the benefits of this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will give to others the quick and permanent relief it has given me." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Advertising induces a first sale But "Quality" alone makes permanent custom

"SALADA" TEA Once tried, is never forsaken Sealed packets only Black, Green or mixed. Notes From Inverary. Inverary, Jan. 10.—The skating rink is in good shape, and the young people are having plenty of sport. Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Williams have returned from their wedding trip and will be at Dr. A. E. Freeman's until the 26th, when they will leave for the home in the west. Miss Edna Garrett has returned from spending a week with her friend, Miss Campbell, Verona. The many friends of John Taylor are pleased that he will be receive another year. Mrs. Fred Porter and baby have been with Mrs. Gladye Gerrit in visiting at the home of her grandfather at Sunbury. Mrs. Robert Arthur has recovered from an attack of pneumonia. W. Lindsay is reducing the number of woodpiles with his engine and saw. Miss Olga and Warren Arthur, of Sydenham high school, spent the week-end at their homes here. A ball in a rectory in East Ham-dam, Conn., bears the date 803. Anthracite coal was first discovered in 1808.

Cinnaform Pastilles. If you have a sore, irritated throat, or a persistent cough—you will find immediate relief in CINNAFORM PASTILLES—they dissolve like candy in your mouth, and destroy the infectious germs which are constantly settling in your throat. Cinnamon flavor. Excellent also as a preventative for Colds, Quinsy or Tonsillitis. Sold Everywhere. 50c. a Bottle. Smaller Size, 25c. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

A Charming Woman is Healthy. Good looks mean good Health. Health gives the only true and lasting beauty to the complexion. Perfect digestion and assimilation of food are necessary to ensure perfect health. For relieving ailments of the digestive powers—such as biliousness, constipation, sick headaches, flatulence—Beecham's Pills have proven their worth to countless thousands of women for many years past. They are convenient, gentle in action and positive in their excellent results.

Beecham's Pills. Sold everywhere in boxes. 25c—40 pills. 50c—90 pills.

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Rubber Boots Repaired. Rubber Soles and Heels Vulcanized On. ATTWOOD & DINE. Aces in Vulcanizing Tires and Tubes. 277 BAGOT ST. Phone 410w.

Two Big Bargains. LADIES' BROWN CALF HIGH LACE BOOTS. LADIES' GUNMETAL HIGH LACE BOOTS. Regular \$7.00 and \$7.50. CLEARING AT \$4.98. LADIES' KID and GUNMETAL BAL. CLEARING \$3.98. The Sawyer Shoe Store. Phone 159. 184 Princess St.

ECZEMA. You are not the only one suffering from this skin disease. It relieves at once and gradually. Write for free literature. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c. stamp for postage. Get it at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

STOVES. Quebec and Fire King Heaters and Gas Ranges. Nickel Plated Showers. Bidets and Toilets. Lumber, Cement and Corrugated Iron. I. Cohen & Co. 875 Ontario St. Phone 836, 837.

AVOID PERILS OF DYSPEPSIA. In Place of Starving or Suffering Try the Plan of Fast Meals and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Most everyone has gone through the misery of a sleepless night from

Dyspepsia. A host of such people found they could eat what they liked without sour risings, belching, gasiness, heaviness, palpitation or restless nervousness due to indigestion if they simply settled, and soothed the stomach with a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after eating and before retiring. If you are subject to such misery get a 60 cent box of these tablets to-day and you will fairly revel in the freedom from your old time enemy.