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(Blue Wrapper, Yellow Label) In making Cakes, Pies, Pudding, Frosting, Ice Cream, Sauces, Fudges, Hot and Cold Drinks

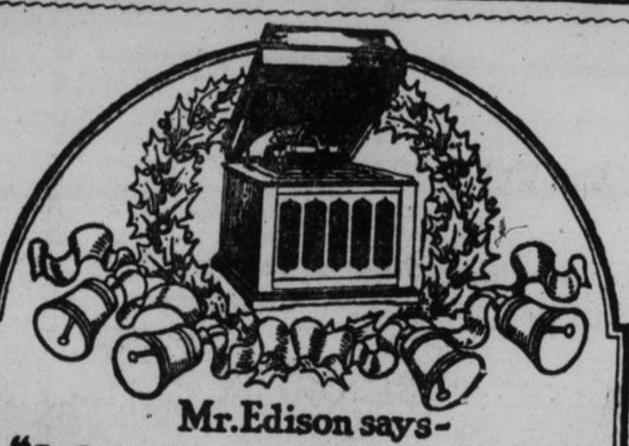
For more than 140 years this chocolate has been the standard for purity, delicacy of flavor, and uniform quality.

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Music can make this your Happiest New Year"

He Offers You Three Days of Good Music-Free!

R. EDISON, the world's greatest inventor, believes that there should be good music in every American Home. He believes that music has a powerful and beneficial influence on every member of the household, and he asks this opportunity of proving his theory to you.

He has directed us to deliver to you, absolutely free, an Amberola Phonograph and any twelve Amberol records which you may select. He asks you to play the

is often as you wish, for three days. He asks you to compare its music and quality with even the more expensive "talking machines" and decide for yourself whether the Amberola is the world's greatest phonograph value.

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Lots of people are too conscienti-He is a mean man who withholds disorders of the blood. ous to lie and yet they manage to from his wife the praise that is due Manufactured only by The T. Mil- town; she did not hunt for the sort

### MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

CHAPTER VII.

and all December it snowed daily; tips loved the silken fur. might drop to twenty below, or thir- genizing outdoor sports in the m ty. Winter is not a season in the tor-paralyzed town. Storm sheds were erected at every had not only made more evident the door. In every block the household- social divisions in Gopher Prairie ers, Sam Clark, the wealthy Mr. but they had also enfeebled the love Dawson, all save asthmatic Ezra of activity. It was so rich-looking to Stowbody who extravagantly hired a sit and drive—and so easy. Skiing boy, were seen perilously stagger- and sliding were "stupid" and "olding up ladders, carrying storm win- fashioned." In fact, the village longdows and screwing them to second- ed for the elegance of city recreastory jambs. While Kennicott put tion almost as much as the cities up his windows Carol danced inside longed for village sports; and Gopthe bedrooms and begged him not her Prairie took as much pride in to swallow the screws, which he held neglecting coasting as St. Paul-or in his mouth like an extraordinary New York-in going coasting. Carol

was the town handyman — Miles glistened in clear sweeps of gray-Bjornstam, a tall, thick, red-mus- green ice, ringing to the skates. On tached bachelor, opinionated atheist, shore the ice-tipped reeds clattered general-store arguer, cynical Santa in the wind, and oak twigs with stub Claus. Children loved him, and he born last leaves hung against a milsneaked away from work to tell ky sky. Harry Haydock did figurethem improbable stories of sea-far- eights, and Carol was certain that ing and horse-trading and bears. The she had found the perfect life. But children's parents either laughed at when snow had ended the skating democrat in town. He called both sliding party, the matrons hesitated Lyman Cass the miller and the Finn to stir away from their radiators homesteader from Lost Lake by their and their daily bridge-whist imitafirst names. He was known as "The tions of the city. She had to nag Red Swede," and considered slightly them. They scooted down a long hill

filly, tinker a clock, carve a Glou- at all. cester schooner which magically went into a bottle. Now, for a week, going skiing. They shouted and he was commissioner general of threw snowballs, and informed her Gopher Prairie. He was the only per- that it was such fun, and they'd son besides the repairman at Sam have another skiing expedition right Clark's who understood plumbing, away, and they jollily returned Everybody begged him to look over home and never thereafter left their the furnace and the water-pipes. He | manuals of bridge. rushed from house to house till after | Carol was discouraged. She was bedtime-ten o'clock. Icicles from grateful when Kennicott invited her burst water-pipes hung along the to go rabbit-hunting in the woods. skirt of his brown dogskin overcoat; She waded down stilly cloisters behis plush cap, which he never took tween burnt stump and icy oak, off in the house, was a pulp of ice through drifts marked with a miland coal-dust; his red hands were lion hieroglyphics of rabbit and cracked to rawness; he chewed the mouse and bird. She squealed as he

ed the shanty of Miles Bjornstam- how glorious was this brave land. were banked to the lower windows. She rose to a radiance of sun on with earth and manure, Along the show. Snug in her furs she trotted

and hay piled in the rough boxes. long, thick woolen socks, canvas buch-saws were cherry-red, the jackets lined with fluffy yellow wool | blades blued steel, and the fresh cut like the plumage of ducklings, moc- ends of the sticks-poplar, maple, casins, red flannel wristlets for the iron wood, birch-were marked with blazing chapped wrists of boys -- engraved rings of growth. The boys these protections against winter wore shoe-packs, blue flannel shirts were busily dug out of moth-ball with enormous pearl buttons, and sprinkled drawers and tar-bags in mackinaws of crimson, femon yellow closets, and all over town small boys and foxy brown. were squealing, "Oh, there's my mittens!" or "Look at my shoe-packs!" There is so sharp a division between the panting summer and the sting- & Gould's grocery, her collar white ing winter of the Northern plains with frost from her breath; she that they rediscovered with surprise and a feeling of heroism this armor it were Orient fruit; and returned of an Artic explorer.

tor cars. The lesser sort appeared dizzy in the pyrotechnic dimness. in yellow and black dogskin coats., When her eyees had recovered she but Kennicott was lordly in a long felt expanded, drunk with health, raccoon ulster and a new seal cap. mistress of life. The world was so When the snow was too deep for his luminous that she sat down at her motor he went off on country calls rickety little desk in the living-room in a shiny, floral, steel-tipped cutter, to make a poem. (She got no farth-

#### SORES SPREAD ALL OVER

nau. Sask., writes:-"I wish to tell Carol was alone from three till midyou of the benefit we have received night. She wearied of reading pure by using your valuable Burdock love stories in the magazines and sat

My children started to break out on their faces in small white pimples she had nothing to do. which kept getting larger each day. Pus would form under the scabs and they would come off, and each time the sores would be larger;

In about ten days I saw an improvement and they grew steadily

caused by bad blood, and to get it besides steak and pork and ham. The pure and keep it pure you must re- cuts of beef were not cuts. They move every trace of the impure and were hacks. Lamb chops were as exmorbid matter from the system by a ood cleansing medicine such as BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

for the past forty-five years, and one without an equal for all diseases and same lack of choice. She could not burn Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont.

only his ruddy nose and his cigar emerging from the fur.

Gopher Prairie was digging in for. Carol herself stirred Main Street the winter. Through late November by a loose coat of nutria. Her finger-Her liveliest activity now was or

North Middlewest; it is an industry. The automobile and bridge-whist

did inspire a successful skating-The universal sign, of winter party in mid-November. Plover Lake im or hated him. He was the one and she tried to get up a moonlight on a bob-sled, they upset and got Bjornstam could do anything with snow down their necks, they shrickhis hands-solder a pan, weld an au- ed that they would do it again immetomobile spring, soothe a frightened diately—and they did not do it again

She badgered another group into

leaped on a pile of brush and fired But he was courtly to Carol. He at the rabbit which ran out. He bestooped to examine the furnace flues, longed there, masculine in reefer he straightened, glanced down at and sweater and high-laced boots. her, and hemmed, "Got to fix your That night she ate prodigiously of furnace, no matter what else I do," steak and fried potatoes, she pro-The poorer houses of Gopher Prai- duced electric sparks by touching his rie, where the services of Miles Bjor- ear with her finger-tip; she slept nstam were a luxury-which includ- twelve hours; and awoke to think

railroad the sections of snow fence, up-town. Frosted shingles smoked which had been stacked all summer against a sky colored like flax-blosin romantic wooden tents occupied soms, sleigh-bells clinked, shouts of by roving smell boys, were set up greeting were loud in the thin bright to prevent drifts from covering the air, and everywhere was a rhythmic sound of wood-sawing. It was Sat-The farmers came into town in urday, and the neighbors' sons were home-made sleighs, with bedquilts getting up the winter fuel. Behind walls of corded wood in back yards Fur coats, fur caps, fur mittens, their sawbucks stood in depressions overshoes buckling almost to the scattered with canary-yellow flakes knees, gray knitted scarfs ten feet of sawdust. The frames of their

Carol cried "Fine day!" to the boys, she came in a glow to Howland bought a can of tomatoes as though home planning to surprise Kennicott with an omelet creole for dinner. Winter garments surpassed even So brilliant was the snow-glare personal gossip as the topic at par- that when she entered the house she ties. It was good form to ask, "Put saw the door-knobs, the newspaper on your heavies yet?" There were as on the table, every white surface as many distinctions in wraps as in mo- dezzling mauve, and her head was er than "The sky is bright, the sun is warm; there ne'er will be another

In the mid-afternoon of this same FACES AND BODIES day Kennicott was called into the country. It was Bea's evening out-Mrs. Howard Houlette, Waskate- her evening for the Lutheran Dance. by a radiator, beginning to brood. Thus she chanced to discover that

She had, she meditated, passed piece, and would spread all over their through the novelty of seeing the what she could get; and only at odies. I was nearly in despair and town and meeting people, of skating Howland & Gould's was there such sent to the village for a bottle of and sliding and hunting. Bea was a luxury as canned asparagus. Rougood blood medicine. The druggist competent; there was no household tine care was all she could devote to labor except sewing and derning and the house. Only by such fuseing as Bitters, which I commenced giving gossipy assistance to Bea in bedmak- the Widow Bogart's could she make ing. She couldn't satisfy her ingenu- it fill her time.
ity in planning meals. At Dahl & She could not have outside embetter each day, and in one month Oleson's Meat Market you didn't ployment. To the village doctor's All blood and skin diseases are whether there was anything today give orders-you wofully inquired wife it was taboo. otic as sharks' fins. The meat-dealers shipped their best to the city, remedy that has been on the market with its higher prices.

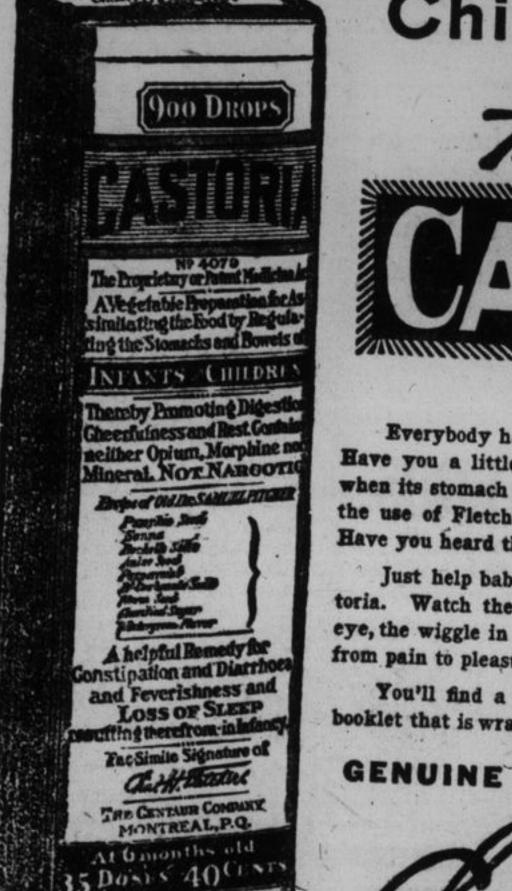
in all the shops there was the of veiling she wanted- she took

Why Castoria?

YEARS ago Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups were the remedies in common use for Infants and Children; Castor Oil so nauseating as to be almost impossible and the others all containing Opium in one form or another, but so disguised as to make them pleasant to the taste, yet really to stupify the child and give the appearance of relief from pain.

It required years of research to find a purely vegetable combination that would take the place of these disagreeable, unpleasant and vicious remedies that from habit had become almost universal. This was the inception of, and the reason for, the introduction of Fletcher's Castoria, and for over 30 years it has proven its worth, received the praise of Physicians everywhere and become a household word

A remedy ESPECIALLY prepared for Infants and Children and no mother would think of giving to her baby a remedy that she would use for herself without consulting a physician.



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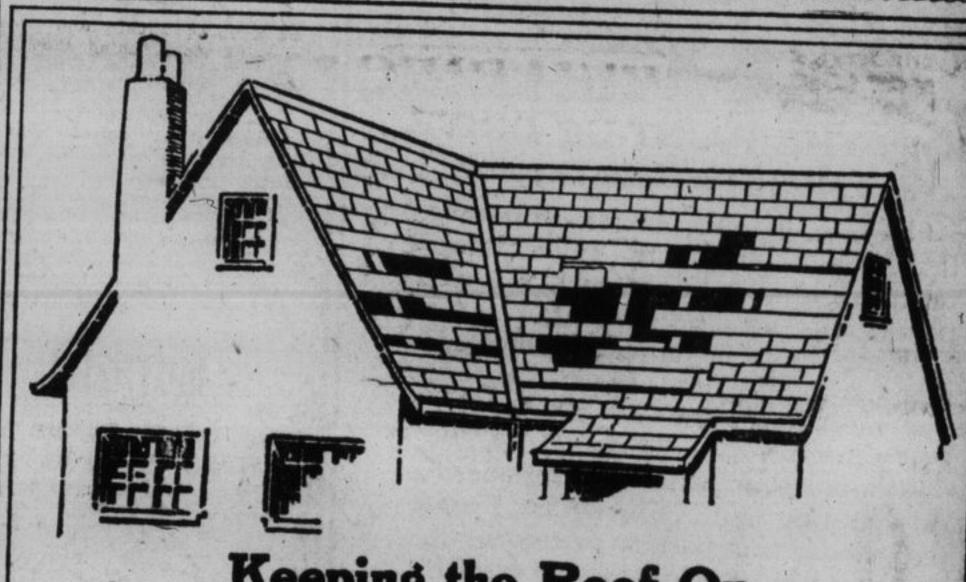
Everybody has read the above headline; how many believe it? Have you a little-one in the home, and has that dear little mite when its stomach was not just right felt the comforts that come with the use of Fletcher's Castoria? You have heard the cry of pain Have you heard them cry for Fletcher's Castoria? Try it.

Just help baby out of its trouble tomorrow with a taste of Castoria. Watch the difference in the tone of the cry, the look in the eye, the wiggle in the tiny fingers. The transformation is completefrom pain to pleasure. Try it.

You'll find a wonderful lot of information about Baby in the booklet that is wrapped around every bottle of Fletcher's Castoria.

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Would you consider that a man exercised good judgment if he used the roof of his house for fuel to keep it warm? "Nobody would do a thing like that," you say. Perhaps not, but men do things equally absurd. For example, widows are left without an income sufficient to purchase the necessities of life. In order to live, these unfortunates must spend each year all the interest and part of the principal of the estate left them by their husbands. Each year sees a reduction in Revenue through this sacrifice of principal. In other words, they burn the roof to keep warm only to face the terrible day when they will have neither fuel nor shelter. You do not want this to happen to YOUR loved ones if you are called away! It need not happen. It is in your power to prevent any such misfortune from occurring. How would it be to figure out exactly what their necessities would be if they were left alone? We have prepared a table which will enable you to ascertain your monthly expenses and probable income. The figures are confidential, as you retain the chart. A copy is yours for the asking. Write to-day.

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