

HEARTBURN A SEVERE CASE

Many people are troubled with heartburn who really do not realize just what it is.

In cases of this trouble there is a gnawing and burning pain in the stomach attended by disturbed appetite. It is generally caused by great acidity of the stomach, and whenever too much food is taken, it is liable to ferment, and becomes extremely sour, causing heartburn.

The one way to get rid of heartburn is to keep your liver active by using

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

and you will have no heartburn or other liver troubles such as constipation, jaundice, water brush, floating specks before the eyes, coated tongue, foul breath, etc.

Miss Agnes Cutting, Shallow Lake, Ont., writes:—"I have had heartburn for a long time. There were gnawing and burning pains in my stomach, and then when I vomited there was a sour and bitter taste. I used two vials of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and they have cleared me of my heartburn. I don't think they can be beaten by any other medicine."

Price, 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Relieves Headache

A little Musterole, rubbed on forehead and temples, will usually drive away headache. A clear, white ointment, made with oil of mustard, Musterole is a natural remedy with none of the evil after-effects so often caused by "internal medicine."

Get Musterole at your drug store. BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PASTER



MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

"There was nothing to parade over in those days. We took it as it came and had happy lives. . . . We would all gather together and in about two minutes would be having a good time—playing cards or dancing. . . . We used to waltz and dance contra dances. None of these new fads and not wear any clothes to speak of. We covered our hides in those days; no tight skirts like now. You could take three or four steps inside our skirts and then not reach the edge. One of the boys would fiddle a while and then some one would spell him and he could get a dance. Sometimes they would dance and fiddle too."

She reflected that if she could not have ballrooms of gray and rose and crystal, she wanted to be swinging across a puncheon-floor with a dancing fiddler. This smug in-between town, which had exchanged "Money Musk" for phonographs grinding out ragtime, it was neither the heroic old nor the sophisticated new. Couldn't she somehow, some yet unimagined how, turn it back to simplicity?

She herself knew two of the pioneers; the Perrys. Champ Perry was the buyer at the grain-elevator. He weighed wagons of wheat on a rough platform-scale, in the cracks of which the kernels sprouted every spring. Between times he napped in the dusty peace of his office.

She called on the Perrys at their rooms above Howland & Gould's grocery.

When they were already old they had lost the money, which they had invested in an elevator. They had

given up their beloved yellow brick house and moved into these rooms over a store, which were the Gopher Prairie equivalent of a flat. A broad stairway led from the street to the upper hall, along which were the doors of a lawyer's office a dentist's a photographer's "studio", the lodger's rooms of the Affiliated Order of Spartans and, at the back, the Perry's apartment.

They received her (their first caller in a month) with aged fluttering tenderness. Mrs. Perry confided, "My, it's a shame we got to entertain you in such a cramped place. And there ain't any water except that ole iron sink outside in the hall, but still, as I say to Champ, beggars can't be choosers. 'Sides, the brick house was too big for me to sweep, and it was way out, and it's nice to be living down her among folks. Yes, we're glad to be here. But—some day, maybe we can have a house of our own again. We're saving up—Oh, dear, if we could have our own home! But these rooms are real nice, ain't they?"

As old people will, the world over, they had moved as much as possible of their familiar furniture into this small space. Carol had none of the superiority she felt toward Mrs. Ly-

man Cass's plutocratic parlor. She was at home here. She noted with tenderness all the makeshifts; the darned chair-arms, the patent rocker covered with sleazy cretonne, the pasted strips of paper mending the birch-bark napkin-rings labeled "Pa-pa" and "Mama."

She hinted of new esthism. To find one of the "young folks" who took them seriously, heartened the Perrys, and she easily drew from them the principles by which Gopher Prairie should be born again—should again become amusing to live in.

This was their philosophy complete. . . . in the era of aeroplanes and syndicalism:

The Baptist Church (and, somewhat less, the Methodist, Congregational, and Presbyterian Churches) is the perfect, the divinely ordained standard in music, oratory, philanthropy, and ethics. "We don't need all this new-fangled science, or this terrible Higher Criticism that's ruining our young men in colleges. What we need is to get back to the true Word of God, and a good sound belief in hell, like we used to have it preached to us."

The Republican Party, the Grand Old Party of Blaine and McKinley, is the agent of the Lord and of the Baptist Church in temporal affairs. All socialists ought to be hanged. "Harold Bell Wright is a lovely writer, and he teaches such good morals in his novels, and folks say she's made prett' near a million dollars out of 'em."

People who make more than ten thousand a year or less than eight hundred are wicked. Europeans are still wickeder. It doesn't hurt any to drink a glass of beer on a warm day, but anybody who touches wine is headed straight for hell.

Virgins are not so virginal as they used to be. Nobody needs drug-store ice cream; pie is good enough for anybody. The farmers want too much for

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The owners of the elevator-company expect too much for the salaries they pay. There would be no more trouble or discontent in the world if everybody worked as hard as Pa did when he cleared our first farm.

Carol's hero-worship dwindled to polite nodding, and the nodding dwindled to a desire to escape, and she went home with a headache.

Next day she saw Miles Björnstam on the street. "Just back from Montana. Great summer. Pumped my lungs chuck-full of Rocky Mountain air. Now for another whirl at sassing the bosses of Gopher Prairie."

She smiled at him, and the Perry's faded, the pioneers faded, till they were nut cupboard.

She tried, more from loyalty than from desire, to call upon the Perrys on a November evening when Kennicott was away. They were not at home.

Like a child who has no one to

Hood's Pills Best family physic. Do not gripe or cause pain. Purely vegetable, easy to take. 25c

play with the loitered through the dark hall. She saw a light under an office door. She knocked. To the person who opened she murmured, "Do you happen to know where the Perrys are?" She realized that it was Guy Pollock.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Kennicott, but I don't know. Won't you come in and wait for them?" "Why—?" she observed, as she reflected that in Gopher Prairie it is not decent to call on a man; as she decided that no, really, she wouldn't go in; and as she went in.

"I didn't know your office was up here." "Yes, office, town-house, and chateau in Picardy. But you can't see the chateau and town-house (next to the Duke of Sutherland's). They're beyond that inner door. They are a cut and a wash-stand and my other suit and the blue crepe tie you said you liked."

"You remember my saying that?" "Of course. I always shall. Please try this chair."

She glanced about the rusty office—gaunt stove, shelves of tan law-books, desk-chair filled with newspapers so long set upon that they were in holes and smudged to grayness. There were only two things which suggested Guy Pollock. On the green felt of the table-desk, between legal blanks and a cluttered inkwell, was a clasp-knife. On a swing shelf was a row of books unfamiliar to Gopher Prairie: Mosher's edition of the poets, black and red German novels, a Charles Lamb in crushed leather.

Guy did not sit down. He quartered the office, a grayhound on the scent; a grayhound with glasses tilted forward on his thin nose, and a silky indecible brown mustache. He had a golf jacket of jersey, worn through at the creases in the sleeves. She noted that he did not apologize for it, as Kennicott would have done.

He made conversation: "I didn't know you were a bosom friend of the Perrys. Champ is the salt of the earth but somehow I can't imagine him joining you in symbolic dancing, or making improvements on the Diesel engine."

"No. He's a dear, God bless him, but he belongs in the National Museum, along with General Grant's sword, and I'm—Oh, I suppose I'm seeking for a gospel that will evangelize Gopher Prairie."

"Really? Evangelize it to what?" "To anything that's definite. Seriousness or frivolousness or both. I wouldn't care whether it was a laboratory or a carnival. But it's merely safe. Tell me, Mr. Pollock, what is the matter with Gopher Prairie?"

"Is anything the matter with it? Isn't there perhaps something the matter with you and me? (May I join you in the honor of having something the matter?)"

"(Yes, thanks). No, I think it's the town."

"Because they enjoy skating more than biology?" "But I'm not only more interested in biology than the Jolly Seventeen, but also in skating! I'll skate with them, or slide, or throw snow-balls, just as gladly as talk with you."

"(Oh no!)" "Yes! But they want to stay home and embroider."

"Perhaps. I'm not defending the town. It's merely—I'm a confirmed doubter of myself. (Probably I'm conceited about my lack of conceit!) Anyway, Gopher Prairie isn't particularly bad. It's like all villages in all countries. Most places that have lost the smell of earth but not yet acquired the smell of patchouli—or of factory-smoke—are just as suspicious and righteous. I wonder if the small town isn't with some lovely exceptions, a social appendix? Some day these dull market-towns may be as cheery as monasteries. I can imagine the farmer and his foal store-manager going by monorail, at the end of the day, into a city more charming than any William Morris Utopia—music, a university, clubs for loafers like me. (Lord, how I'd like to have a read club!)"

She asked impulsively, "You, why do you stay here?" "I have the Village Virus."

"It sounds dangerous." "It is. More dangerous than the cancer that will certainly get me at fifty unless I stop this smoking. The Village Virus is the germ which—it's extraordinarily like the hook-worm—it infects ambitious people who stay too long in the provinces. You'll find it epidemic among lawyers and doctors and ministers and college-bred merchants—all these people who have had a glimpse of the world that thinks and laughs, but have returned to their swamp. I'm a perfect example. But I shan't pestor you with my dolom."

"You won't. And do sit down, so I can see you."

(To be Continued.)

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS To be feeling out of sorts, a worry to yourself and those around you, why go on complaining—get well—be as other people are. We tell you that Redmac, the great New Tonic, will put you on your feet. If it is indigestion or stomach trouble, after a few doses of Redmac you will be feeling fine and dandy. Marvellous, is the word that hundreds have made use of, after taking Redmac. It will make you eat, and you will be able to eat anything and enjoy it as never before. REDMAC is sold by one druggist in every town.

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RELIEVES DEAFNESS and STOPS HEAD NOISES. Simply Rub it Back of the Ears and Insert in Nostrils. Proof of success will be given by the druggist. MADE IN CANADA

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Policyholders of the Mutual Life of Canada Enjoy a Record Year of Financial Prosperity

Unprecedented Profit Earnings

A REMARKABLE increase in the surplus earnings of the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada was shown by the Fifty-Second Annual Statement, as presented at the Annual Meeting of the policyholders held in the Head Office of the Company at Waterloo, Ontario, on Thursday, February 2nd.

The entire net profits, or Surplus earnings of the year's operations will be, as usual, ultimately distributed to the policyholders of the Mutual in cash or applied to the reduction of their premiums or added to the face values of the policies, as per policyholders' individual option. Three factors have combined to bring about this red-letter year in the annals of the Company.

1. Decrease in Expense Ratio The percentage of the Total Income required for operating expenses was reduced from 20.45% in 1920 to 18.60% in 1921.

2. Increase in Interest Earnings The average rate of interest earned by the investments of the Company shows an increase from 6.41% in 1920 to 6.60% in 1921.

3. Highly Favorable Mortality The mortality rate of 1921 was the lightest experienced by the Company in recent years, being relatively 20% less than in 1920.

Surplus Earnings of \$2,243,038, being \$46.47 per \$1,000 of Total Assets

The combined effect of these three different factors in the Company's experience for 1921 was to increase the surplus earnings from \$38.67 per \$1,000 of assets to \$46.47 per \$1,000

The most significant item in the annual reports of a life insurance company doing business on the participating plan is not the amount of Surplus shown by the Balance Sheet but the Surplus Earnings for the year.

Salient Points from the 1921 Report Income: - - - - \$11,059,484 Assets: - - - - \$ 48,211,204 Paid to Policyholders - - \$ 3,872,874 Business in Force, - - \$228,697,353 General Surplus Funds, - - \$5,790,520.70

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA WATERLOO - ONTARIO



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