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THE JUNIOR BRITISH WHIG

BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN THE WORLD

HUMOR PLAY WORK

Home Talent Plays

ONE REEL YARNS

CYRENA



THE FAIRY OF THE SILK HAT. Scene: Parlor of the O'Flannery household. Nora is reading, curled up in a chair. Enter Kathleen, breathless. KATHLEEN: Oh, Nora! Father's...

A silk hat you shall have! (She waves her walking stick. A silk hat, suspended by black silk threads which are invisible to the audience slowly jerks into the room as though moving by itself.)

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE. The initial letters of the following girls' names, when arranged in the right order, form the last name of a famous woman: Turh, sarota, naaa, nain, vltos, tbb.



ERALDINE was the youngest girl in the Mt. Hope School. The Directress had refused at first to admit her, but Geraldine's uncle was very rich and Geraldine was very bright, so she had agreed to let the girl try to carry the work.

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

CHAPEAR XIX.

In three years exile from herself Carol had certain experiences chronicled as important by the Dauntless, or discussed by the Jolly Seventeen, but the event unchronicled, undiscussed, and supremely controlling, was her slow admission of longing to find her own people.

Bea and Miles Bjornstam were married in June a month after "The Girl from Kankakee." Miles had turned respectable. He had renounced his criticism of state and society; he had given up roving as horse-trader and wearing red macinaws in lumber-camps; he had gone to work as engineer in Jackson Elder's planing-mill; he was to be seen upon the streets endeavoring to be neighborly with suspicious men whom he had taunted for years.

Carol was the patroness and manager of the wedding. Juanita Haydock mocked "You're a chump to let a good hired girl like Bea go. Besides! How do you know it's a good thing, her marrying a sassy bum like this awful Red Swede person? Get wise! Chase the man off with a mop, and hold onto your Svenska while the holding's good. Huh? Me go to their Scandaboofan wedding? Not a chance!"

The other matrons echoed Juanita. Carol was dismayed by the casualness of their cruelty, but she persisted. Miles had exclaimed to her, "Jack Elder says maybe he'll come to the wedding! Gee, it would be nice to have Bea meet the Boss as a regular married lady. Some day I'll be so well off that Bea can play with Mrs. Elder—and you! Watch us!"

There was an uneasy knot of only nine guests at the service in the unpainted Lutheran Church—Carol, Kennicott, Guy Pollock, and the Champ Perry, all brought by Carol; Bea's frightened parents, her cousin Tina, and Pete, Miles's partner in horse-trading, a curly-haired man who had bought a black suit and come twelve hundred miles from Spokane for the event.

Miles continuously glanced back at the church door. Jackson Elder did not appear. The door did not once open after the awkward entrance of the first guests. Miles's hand closed on Bea's arm.

He had, with Carol's help, made his shanty over into a cottage with white curtains and a canary and a chintz chair.

Carol coaxed the powerful motor to call on Bea. They half-coerced, half-promised to go.

Bea's success was the oldish, broad, silent Ocarina, who was suspicious of her frivolous mistress for a month, so that Juanita Haydock was able to crow, "There, smarty, I told you you'd run into the Domestic Problem!" But Ocarina adopted Carol as a daughter, and with her as faithful to the kitchen as Bea had been, there was nothing changed in Carol's life.

She was unexpectedly appointed to the town library-board by Ole Jensen, the new Mayor. The other members were Dr. Westlake, Lyman Cass, Julius Flickerbaugh the attorney, Guy Pollock, and Martin Mahoney, former livery-stable keeper and now owner of a garage. She was delighted. She went to the first meeting rather condescendingly, regarding herself as the only one besides Guy who knew anything about books or library methods. She was planning to revolutionize the whole system.

Her condescension was ruffled and her humility wholesomely increased when she found the board, in the shabby room on the second floor of the house which had been converted into the library, not discussing the weather and longing to play checkers, but talking about books. She discovered that amiable old Dr. Westlake read everything in verse and "light fiction"; that Lyman Cass, the veal-faced, bristly-bearded owner of the mill, had tramped through Gibbon, Hume, Groce, Prescott, and the other thick historians; that he could repeat pages from them—and did. When Dr. Westlake whispered to her, "Yes, Lynn is a very well-informed man, but he's modest about it," she felt uninforming and immodest, and scolded at herself that she had missed the human potentialities in this vast Gopher Prairie. When Dr. Westlake quoted the "Paradise," "Don Quixote," "Wallheim Meister," and the Koran, she reflected that no one she knew, not even her father, had read all four.

She came diffidently to the second meeting of the board. She did not plan to revolutionize anything. She hoped that the wise elders might be so tolerant as to listen to her suggestions about changing the shelving of the juveniles.

old, stilted volumes. They had no tenderness for the noisiness of youth discovering great literature. If she was egotistic about her tiny learning, they were at least as much so regarding theirs. And for all their talk of the need of additional library-taxes none of them was willing to risk cents by battling for it, though they now had so small a fund that, after paying for rent, heat, light, and Miss Villets's salary, they had only a hundred dollars a year for the purchase of books.

The incident of the Seventeen Cents killed her none too startling interest.

She had come to the board-meeting singing with a plan. She had made a list of thirty European novels of the past ten years, with twenty important books on psychology, education, and economics which the library lacked. She had made Kennicott promise to give fifteen dollars. If each of the board would contribute the same, they could have the books.

Lynn Cass looked alarmed, scratched himself, and protested, "I think it would be a bad precedent for the board-members to contribute money—uh—not that I mind, but it wouldn't be fair—established precedent. Gracious! They don't pay us a cent for our services! Certainly can't expect us to pay for the privilege of serving!"

Only Guy looked sympathetic, and he stroked the pine table and said nothing.

The rest of the meeting they gave to a bellicose investigation of the fact that there was seventeen cents less than there should be in the Fund. Miss Villets was summoned; she spent half an hour in explosively defending herself; the seventeen cents were gnawed over, penny by penny; and Carol, glancing at the carefully inscribed list which had been so lovely and exciting an hour before, was silent, and sorry for Miss Villets, and sorrier for herself.

(To be Continued.)

WAS TROUBLED WITH HER STOMACH FOR FIVE YEARS.

Mrs. Samuel Ward, Millersdale, Sask., writes: "I feel that I must write to you before another day passes I am so happy and so grateful to your splendid medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters, for after an illness of five years I am better."

I had stomach trouble so bad, I could not bear the smell or taste of food of any kind, and got so thin and weak I could not work. I had four doctors attend me, but they did me no good. I was in no pain, but felt so ill, at times, I thought I would die, in fact, all my friends were sure I could not live many weeks.

This time last year I saw where a man was relieved of stomach trouble by Burdock Blood Bitters, so my husband got me two bottles, but I had no faith in it after all the different medicines I had taken, however, he insisted, and after the first two days I must say I began to feel better, and after the first bottle I felt so much better I went out a little every day, but I soon got so I could walk and eat, and I have got quite stout.

I am nearly seventy years of age and I feel better than I have for years and can now do all my housework. You may make use of this letter if you wish, as it may be the means of making others as well and as happy as I am.

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An insult to the ignorant ought not to possess much sting. The work always looks easy to the man who is not doing it.

NOTES FROM ELGIN.

Mrs. S. Mustard Fell and Had Leg Fractured. Elgin, March 9.—Mrs. (Rev.) K. Kough has left to visit her mother at Winnipeg. Miss Addie Morris spent the past week at Ottawa. She will be accompanied home by her sister, Miss Bell S. Halladay was called to Kingston last week owing to the illness of his daughter, Ruth, who is a student at Queen's.

Miss Hazel Halladay spent a few days at Kingston with her sister, Miss Pearl Grey has returned from visiting her sister at Leeds. The crowd made its appearance during the past week of mild weather. Mrs. S. Mustard had the misfortune to fall and fracture her leg.

Mrs. Alma Kerr spent the week-end with friends at Brockville. Dr. Ains made a business trip to Montreal. Miss Anna Hutchings is enjoying a month's holidays at her home in Jones' Falls.

Kenneth Burt has secured a situation in New York state and has left to accept it. Miss Marguerite Knapp spent Sunday at Newboro. Mrs. Drummond and baby, Kingston, have returned to the village. F. Leavins has rented his cheese factory for the coming season. Mrs. S. J. Dargavel and little daughter, were guests of their mother at Brockville. Mrs. Rogers, New Boyne, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Joel Halladay. The sawmill is kept busy these days.

Mrs. Lillia Kelly and son Howard, arrived here from New York city, to spend the summer. Mrs. Lyman Lyons, Latimer, was called here by the illness of her mother. E. J. Sullivan has his new house ready to occupy. Albert Ferguson proposes erecting a new house the coming summer.

PILES

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Passing On Privilege. She—Who rocks the cradle rules the world. Remember that. He—Then you come in and rule the world, I'm tired. Dead men bite not.

Your hundred successes may not cause a word of comment, but your single failure the world is sure to notice and talk about. Good fellowship does not demand an extravagant use of money. Big head, little wit.