

DON'T NEGLECT BRONCHITIS

The principal symptom of bronchitis is a cough which is dry, harsh and hacking, accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of tightness through the chest.

There is a raising of phlegm, especially in the morning after rising from bed. This phlegm is at first of a light color, but as the trouble progresses it becomes of a yellowish or greenish color and is sometimes streaked with blood.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP you will find a remedy that will stimulate the weakened bronchial organs, subdue the inflammation, soothe the irritated parts, loosen the phlegm and mucous from the throat to easily dislodge the morbid accumulation.

Mr. John H. Root, 40, Maple Ave., Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with bronchitis and had a very bad cough for only by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I was able to get on my feet again. I tried all kinds of cough remedies without relief. I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I got a bottle, and it convinced me to believe that I had at last gotten the right medicine. I used several bottles and am practically well. I have recommended it to others since, and good results followed."

Be sure and get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it; price 35c, and 60c a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Simple Way to Get Rid of Blackheads

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads and that is to dissolve them. To do this get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear, leaving the parts without any marks, whatever. Blackheads are simply a mixture of dust and dirt and excretions from the body that form in the pores of the skin. Pinching and squeezing only cause irritation, make large pores and do not get them out after they become hard. The peroxide powder and the water simply dissolves and the blackheads as they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition. Anyone troubled with these unsightly blemishes should certainly try this simple method.

STOP RHEUMATISM WITH RED PEPPER

When you are suffering with rheumatism as you can hardly get around just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known.

Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Instant relief. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the stinging heat in three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Frees the blood circulation, breaks up the congestion—and the old rheumatism torture is gone.

Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, costs little at any drug store. Get a jar at once. Use it for lumbago, neuritis, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, colds in chest. Almost instant relief awaits you. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.

FIERY, ITCHY ECZEMA HEALED RIGHT UP BY APPLYING SULPHUR

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

It seldom fails to relieve the torment and discomfort. Sufferers from skin trouble should get a little jar of Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like a cold cream.

COMB SAGE TEA IN FADED OR GRAY HAIR

If Mixed With Sulphur It Darkens So Naturally Nobody Can Tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, at very little cost. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful.

AT ITS BEST

The strongest complement ever paid to

Scott's Emulsion is the vain attempts at imitation. Those who take cod-liver oil at its best, take Scott's Emulsion.

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Patiently—more or less—Carol awaited the exquisite day when they would announce their departure. After three weeks Uncle Whittier remarked, "We're kinda like Gopher Prairie. Guess maybe we'll stay here. We'd be wondering what we'd do, now we've sold the creamery and my farms. So I had a talk with Ole Jenson about his grocery, and I guess I'll buy him out and storekeep for a while."

He did. Carol rebelled. Kennicott soothed her: "Oh, we won't see much of them. They'll have their own house."

She resolved to be so chilly that they would stay away. But she had no talent for conscious insolence. They found a house, but Carol was never safe from their appearance with a hearty, "Thought we'd drop in this evening and keep you from being lonely. Why, you ain't had them curtains washed yet!" Invariably, whenever she was touched by the realization that it was they who were lonely, they wrecked her pitying affection by comments—questions—comments—advice.

They immediately became friendly with all of their own race, with the Luke Dawsons, the Deacon Fiersons and Mrs. Bogart; and brought them along in the evening. Aunt Bessie was a bridge over whom the elder women, bearing gifts of counsel and the ignorance of experience, poured into Carol's island of reserve. Aunt Bessie urged the good-will Bogart. "Drop in and see Carrie real often. Young folks today don't understand housekeeping like we do."

Mrs. Bogart showed herself perfectly willing to be an associate relative.

Carol was thinking up protective insults when Kennicott's mother came down to stay with Brother Whittier for two months. Carol was fond of Mrs. Kennicott. She could not carry out her insults. She felt trapped.

She had been kidnapped by the town. She was Aunt Bessie's niece, and she was to be a mother. She was expected, she almost expected herself, to sit forever talking of babies, cooks, embroidery stitches, the price of potatoes, and the tastes of husbands in the matter of spinach.

She found a refuge in the Jolly Seventeen. She suddenly understood that they could be depended upon to laugh with her at Mrs. Bogart, and she now saw Juanita Haydock's gossip not as vulgarity but as gaiety and remarkable analysis.

Her life had changed, even before Hugh appeared. She looked forward to the next bridge of the Jolly Seventeen, and the security of whispering with her dear friends Maud Dyer and Juanita and Mrs. McGannum.

She was part of the town. Its philosophy and its feuds dominated her.

III She was no longer irritated by the cooling of the matrons, nor by their opinion that diet didn't matter so long as the Little Ones had plenty of lace and moist kisses, but she concluded that in the care of babies as in politics, intelligence superior to quotations about pansies. She liked best to talk about Hugh to Kennicott, Vida, and the Bjornstams. She was happily domestic when Kennicott sat by her on the

door, to watch baby make faces. She was delighted when Miles, speaking as one man to another, admonished Hugh, "I wouldn't stand them skirts if I was you. Come on, join the union and strike. Make 'em give you pants."

As a parent, Kennicott was moved to establish the first child-welfare week held in Gopher Prairie. Carol helped him weigh babies and examine throats, and she wrote out the diets for mute German and Scandinavian mothers.

The aristocracy of Gopher Prairie, even the wives of the rival doctors, took part, and for several days there was community spirit and much uplift. But this reign of love was overthrown when the prize for Best Baby was awarded not to decent parents but to Bea and Miles Bjornstam!

The good matrons glared at Olaf Bjornstam, with his blue eyes, his honey-colored hair, and magnificent back, and they remarked, "Well, Mrs. Kennicott, maybe that Swede brat is as healthy as your husband says he is, but let me tell you I hate to think of the future that awaits any boy with a hired girl for a mother and an awful irreligious socialist for a pal!"

She raged, but so violent was the current of their respectability, so persistent was Aunt Bessie in running to her with their blabber, that she was embarrassed when she took Hugh to play with Olaf. She hated herself for it, but she hoped that no one saw her go into the Bjornstam shanty. She hated herself and the town's indifferent cruelty when she saw Bea's radiant devotion to both babies alike; when she saw Miles staring at them wistfully.

He had saved money, had quit elder's planing-mill and started a dairy on a vacant lot near his shack. He was proud of his three cows and sixty chickens, and got up nights to nurse them.

"I'll be a big farmer before you



A Delicious Food

Roman Meal is a delicious cereal—and more. It's the biggest value in nourishment you can buy—relieves constipation and indigestion—properly balanced in health-giving qualities—and can be served in a variety of ways.

Makes appetizing muffins and gems, delightful puddings, and the finest porridge you've ever tasted.

ONE SERVING - ONE CENT

Get it at your grocers

Every Day—Serve Some Way

can bat an eye! I tell you that young fellow Olaf is going to go East to college along with the Haydock kids. Uh—Lots of folks dropping in to chin with Bea and me now. Say! Ma Bogart came in one day! She was—I liked the old lady fine. And the mill foreman comes in right along. Oh, we got lots of friends. You bet!"

IV Though the town seemed to Carol to change no more than the surrounding fields, there was a constant shifting, these three years. The citizen of the prairie drifts always westward. It may be because he is the heir of ancient migrations—and it may be because he finds within his own spirit so little adventure that he is driven to seek it by changing his horizon. The towns remain unaltered, yet the individual faces alter like classes in college. The Gopher Prairie jeweller sells out, for no discernible reason, and moves on to Alberta or to the state of Washington, to open a shop precisely like his former one, in a town precisely like the one he has left. There is, except among professional men and the wealthy, small permanence either of residence or occupation. A man becomes farmer, grover, town policeman, garageman, restaurant-owner, postmaster, insurance-agent, and farmer all over again, and the community more or less patiently suffers from his lack of knowledge in each of his experiments.

Ole Jenson the grocer and Dahl the butcher moved on to South Dakota and Idaho. Luke and Mrs. Dawson picked up ten thousand acres of prairie soil, in the magic portable form of a small check book, and went to Pasadena, to a bungalow and sunshine and cafeterias. Chet Dashaway sold his furniture and undertaking business and wandered to Los Angeles, where the Dauntless reported, "Our good friend Chester has accepted a fine position with a real-estate firm, and his wife has in the charming social circles of the Queen City of the Southwestland that same popularity which she enjoyed in our own society sets."

Rita Simons was married to Terry Gould, and rivalled Juanita Haydock as the gayest of the Young Married Set. But Juanita also acquired marriage. Harry's father died, Harry became senior partner in the Bon Ton Store, and Juanita was more acidulous and shrewd and cackling than ever. She bought an evening frock, and exposed her collar-bone to the wonder of the Jolly Seventeen, and talked of moving to Minneapolis. To defend her position against the new Mrs. Terry Gould she sought to attach Carol to her faction by giggling that "some folks might call Rita innocent, but I've got a hunch that she isn't half as ignorant of things as brides are supposed to be—and of course Terry isn't one-two-three as a doctor alongside of your husband."

Carol herself would gladly have followed Mr. Ole Jenson, and migrated even to another Main Street; flight from familiar tedium would have for a time the outer look and promise of adventure. She listened to Kennicott of the probable medical advantages of Montana and Oregon. She knew that he was satisfied with Gopher Prairie, but it gave her vicarious hope to think of going, to ask for railroad folders at the station, to trace the maps with a restless forefinger.

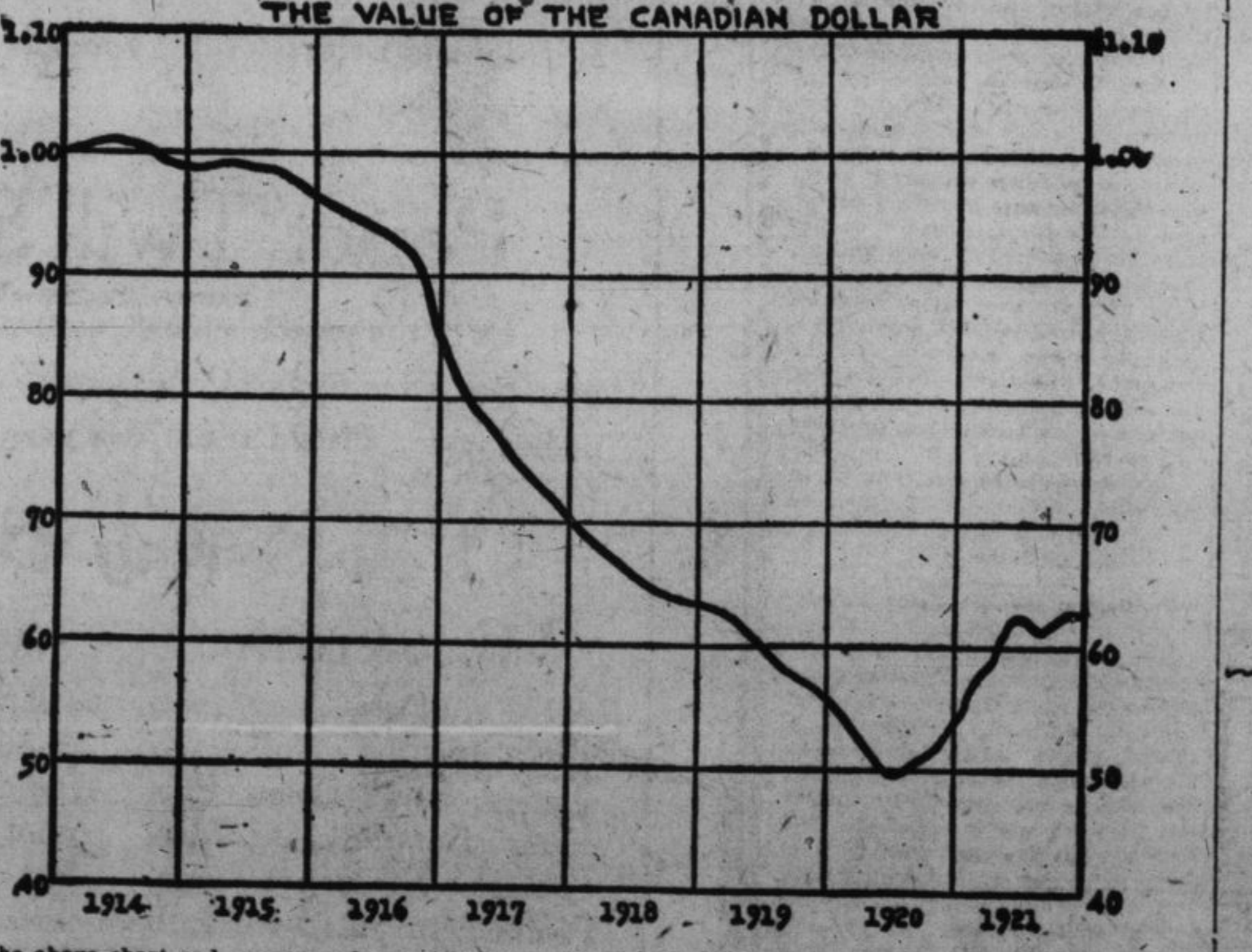
Yet to the casual eye she was not discontented, she was not an abnormal and distressing traitor to the faith of Main Street.

(To be Continued.)

Be a friend to yourself and others will. A slothful man is a beggar's brother. He is good that falleth never.

Advertisement for Millbank Cigarettes. Features a cartoon of a man smoking and a pack of cigarettes. Text: "Here's the best of Smoking Tips Carry Millbanks' twist your lips" and "The Best 15¢ Cigarette".

Advertisement for a ship. Text: "In A Great Hotel? No, On A Ship!". Includes an image of a ship's interior.



(The above chart and accompanying article were prepared for the British Whig by an expert writer.) The purpose of the accompanying chart is to show the fluctuations, during the past eight years, in the purchasing power of the Dollar. The bases used are 1913 prices; or, in other words, the value of the Dollar for that year has been reckoned to be worth 100 cents.

WHEN the Great Eastern build steamships that have lofty interiors like a modern hotel, or metropolitan club. These pictures, taken on the latest ocean liner, than to come out, the Homerick of the White Star Line, which seats 500 people at small tables.

Among the Six Millions One of the most envied men in this great city is Frederick Ricker, of the West 128th Street police station. It is not often in this life that even a policeman has the sense of satisfaction which must have come to him the other day. He arrested a man for failing to display a 1922 automobile license plate on his car. And the man was his landlord—who had tried to raise his rent \$8 a month last fall!

Advertisement for Brunswick records. Text: "If Tone Counts.. BUY A Brunswick". Includes an image of a gramophone. Text: "Look for that All-Wood Oval Horn Made in Canada".