

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 rattle and tears your lungs and bronchial tubes.

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 50c. a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally That Nobody Can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful. This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

COULD HARDLY STAND AT TIMES

Hips, Back and Legs Would Have That Tired Ache

Everett, Washington. "For several years I have had trouble with the lowest part of my back and my hips and my legs would ache with that tired ache. I could hardly stand on my feet at times. I was always able to get my work although I did not feel good. I saw Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and having heard several people praise it I decided to try it. I feel first-rate at the present time. It has done wonders for me and I keep it in the house right along. I always recommend it to others who are sick and ailing."—Mrs. J. M. SIBBERT, 4032 High St., Everett, Washington.

To do any kind of work, or to play for that matter, is next to impossible if you are suffering from some form of female trouble. It may cause your back or your legs to ache, it may make you nervous and irritable. You may be able to keep up and around, but you do not feel good. Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for women. It is especially adapted to relieve the cause of the trouble and then these annoying pains, aches and "no good" feelings disappear. It has done this for many, many women; why not give it a fair trial—now.

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MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

The reason, Carol insisted, is not a whiskered rusticity. It is nothing so amusing."

It is an unimaginatively standardized background, a sluggishness of speech and manners, a rigid ruling of the spirit by the desire to appear respectable. It is contentment, the contentment of the quiet dead, who are scornful of the living for their restless walking. It is negation canonized as the one positive virtue. It is the prohibition of happiness. It is slavery self-sought and self-defended. It is dullness made God.

A savorless people, gulping tasteless food, and sitting afterward, coatless and thoughtless, in rocking-chairs prickly with inane decorations, listening to mechanical music, saying mechanical things about the excellence of Ford automobiles, and viewing themselves as the greatest race in the world.

She had inquired as to the effect of this dominating dullness upon foreigners. She remembered the feeble exotic quality to be found in the first-generation Scandinavians; she recalled the Norwegian Fair at the Lutheran Church, to which Bead had taken her. There, in the boned-out, the replica of a Norse farm kitchen, pale women in scarlet jackets embroidered with gold thread and colored beads; in black skirts with a line of blue, green-striped aprons, and red caps very pretty to set off a fresh face, had served rommegrod og løse, sweet cakes and sour milk pudding spiced with cinnamon. For the first time in Gopher Prairie Carol had found novelty. She had reveled in the mild foreignness of it. But she saw these Scandinavian women zealously exchanging their spiced puddings and red jackets for fried pork chops and congealed white blouses, trading the ancient Christmas hymns of the fjords for "She's My Jazzland Cutie," being Americanized into uniformity, and in less than a generation losing in the gayness whatever pleasant new customs they might have added to the life of the town. Their sons finished the process in ready-made clothes and ready-made high-school phrases they sank into property, and the sound American customs had absorbed without one trace of pollution another alien invasion.

And along with these foreigners, she felt herself being ironed into glossy mediocrity, and she rebelled, in fear. The respectability of the Gopher Prairies, said Carol, is reinforced by vows of poverty and chastity in the matter of knowledge. Except for half a dozen in each town the citizens are proud of that achievement of ignorance which it is so easy to come by. To be "intellectual" or "artistic" or, in their own word, to be "high-brow," is to be priggish and of dubious virtue.

Large experiments in politics and co-operative distribution, ventures requiring knowledge, courage, and imagination, do originate in the

West and Middlewest, but they are not of the towns, they are of the farmers. If these heresies are supported by the townsmen it is only by occasional teachers, doctors, lawyers, the labor unions, and workmen like Miles Bjornstam, who are punished by being mocked as "cranks," as "half-baked parlor socialists." The editor and the rector preach at them. The cloud of serene ignorance submerges them in unhappiness and futility.

Here Vida observed, "Yes—well—you know, I've always thought that Ray would have made a wonderful rector. He has what I call an essentially religious soul. My! He'd have read the service beautifully! I suppose it's too late now, but as I tell him, he can also serve the world by selling shoes and—I wonder if we oughtn't to have family-prayers?"

IV. Doubtless all small towns, in all countries, in all ages, Carol admitted, have a tendency to be not only dull but mean, bitter, infested with curiosity. In France or Tibet quite as much as in Wyoming or Indiana these timidities are inherent in isolation.

But a village in a country which is taking pains to become altogether standardized and pure, which aspires to succeed Victorian England as the chief mediocrity of the world, is no longer merely provincial, no longer downy and restful in its leaf-shaded ignorance. It is a force seeking to dominate the earth, to drain the hills and sea of color, to set Dante at boosting Gopher Prairie, and to dress the high gods in Kiassey Kollege Klothes. Sure of itself, it bullies other civilizations, as a traveling salesman in a brown derby conquers the wisdom of China and tacks advertisements of cigarettes over arched for centuries dedicate to the sayings of Confucius.

Such a society functions admirably in the large production of cheap automobiles, dollar watches, and safety razors. But it is not satisfied until the entire world also admits that the end and joyous purpose of living is to ride in flivvers, to make advertising-pictures of dollar watches, and in the twilight to sit talking not of love and courage but of the convenience of safety razors. And such a society, such a nation, is determined by the Gopher Prairies. The greatest manufacturer is but a busier Sam Clark, and all the rotund senators and presidents are village lawyers and bankers grown nine feet tall.

Though a Gopher Prairie regards itself as a part of the Great World, compares itself to Rome and Vienna, it will not acquire the scientific spirit, the international mind, which would make it great. It picks at information which will visibly procure money or social distinction. Its conception of a community ideal is not the grand manner, the noble aspiration, the fine, aristocratic pride, but cheap labor for the kitchen and rapid increase in the price of land. It plays at cards on greasy oil-cloth in a shanty, and does not know that prophets are walking and talking on the terrace.

If all the provincials were as kindly as Champ Perry and Sam Clark there would be no reason for desiring the town to seek great traditions. It is the Harry Haydocks, the Dave Dyers, the Jackson Elders, small busy men crushingly powerful in their common purpose, viewing themselves as men of the world but keeping themselves men of the cash-



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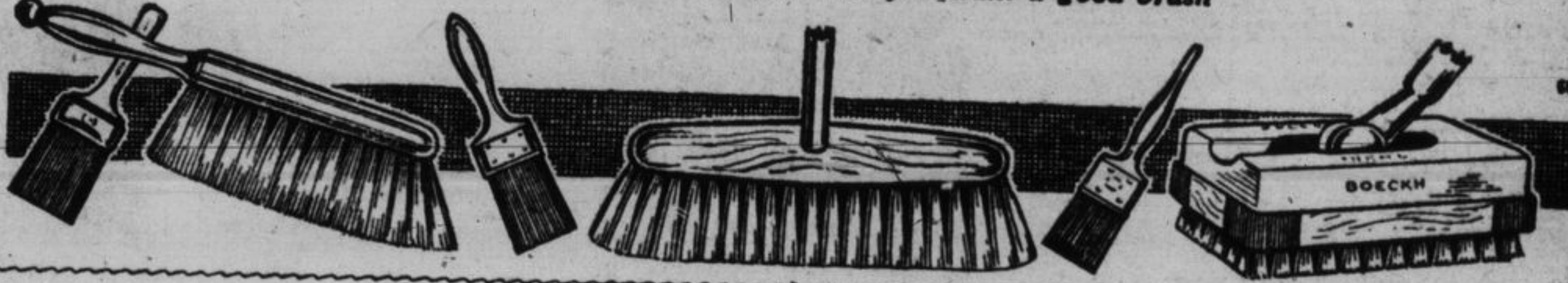
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register and the comic film, who make the town a sterile oligarchy.

VII. She had sought to be definite in analyzing the surface ugliness of the Gopher Prairies. She asserted that it is a maker of universal similarity; of fineness of construction, so that the towns resemble frontier camps; of neglect of natural advantages, so that the hills are covered with brush, the lakes shut off by railroads, and

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the creeks lined with dumping grounds; of depressing sobriety of color; rectangularity of buildings; and excessive breadth and straightness of the gasped streets, so that there is no escape from gaies and from sight of the grim sweep of land, nor any windings to coax the loiterer along, while the breadth which would be majestic in an avenue of palaces makes the low shabby shops creeping down the typical Main Street the more mean by comparison.

The universal similarity—that is the physical expression of the philosophy of dull safety. Nine-tenths of the American towns are so alike that it is the completest boredom to wander from one to another. Always, west of Pittsburg, and often, east of it, there is the same lumber yard, the same railroad station, the same Ford garage, the same creamery, the same box-like houses and two-story shops.

The new, more conscious houses are alike in their very attempts at diversity: the same bungalows, the same square houses of stucco or tapestry brick. The shops show the same standardized, nationally advertised wares; the newspapers of sections three thousand miles apart have the same "syndicated features"; the boy in Arkansas displays just a flamboyant ready-made suit as is found on just such a boy in Delaware, both of them iterate the same slang phrases from the same sporting pages, and if one of them is in college and the other is a barber, no one may surmise which is which.

If Kennicott were snatched from Gopher Prairie and instantly conveyed to a town leagues away, he would not realize it. He would go down apparently the same Main Street (almost certainly it would be called Main Street); in the same drug store he would see the same young man serving the same young woman with the same magazine and phonograph records under her arm. Not till he had climbed to his office and found another sign on the door, another Dr. Kennicott inside, would he understand that something curious had presumably happened.

Finally, behind her comments, Carol saw the fact that the prairie towns no more exist to serve the farmers who are their reason of existence than do the great capitals; they exist to fatten on the farmers, to provide for the townsmen large motors and social preferment; and, unlike the capitals, they do not give

to the district in return for weary a stately and permanent center, but only this ragged camp. It is a "par-

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