

**PRIZES**

Given Away on the Day of Demonstration

- E. D. Smith & Son Famous Jams and Jellies.
- Eby Blain Gold Medal Tea with cup and saucer.
- Chase & Sanborn Seal Brand Tea and Coffee.
- Harry Horne Neu-Jell.
- Glassco Ltd. Celebrated Jams, Jellies and Marmalades.
- W. J. Crothers Ltd., Meadow Cream Sodas.

**300 PRIZES**

Something Different-----Don't Miss It

Honest Weight Demonstration and Pure Food Show

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th  
ANDERSON BROS' BIG STORE**

**PRIZES**

Given Away on the Day of Demonstration

- St. Thomas Elgin Brand Hams.
- Swift's Premium Brand Smoked Hams.
- Canadian Packing Co. Rose Brand Smoked Hams.
- Gunn's Easy First Shortening.
- Green Bros' Spring Lambs, Legs of Lamb, Loins of Lamb, Fore-quarters of Lamb.
- William Davies Co. Perfection brand sides of Bacon.

You are cordially invited to attend an HONEST WEIGHT DEMONSTRATION and PURE FOOD SHOW to be held in our store on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th. This is the First Demonstration of its kind that has been held in this vicinity. We are making great preparations so that you will enjoy yourself and receive beneficial information as to how you can reduce the cost of eating. There will be good Music and also Souvenirs for the Ladies.

**VALUABLE PRIZES FREE**

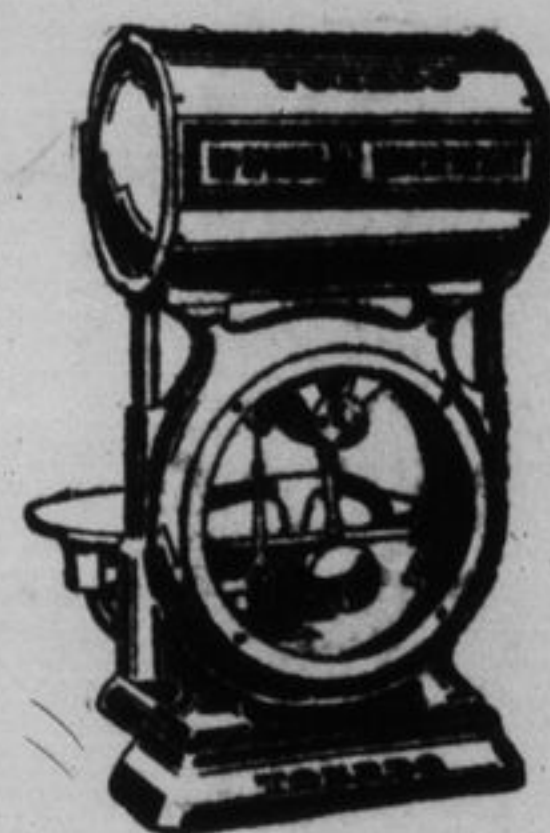
In order to repay you partly for your time, and to make you remember this event, we are going to distribute 300 PRIZES during the day. You will receive a Coupon, which you can fill out with your name and address. Tear off and keep the stub, and deposit the Coupon in the box in our store, which will be provided for that purpose. Drawings will be held during the day and handsome prizes awarded the winners.

Do you realize that 43 cents out of every dollar earned by the average family is spent in food. Think how important it is that you get full 16 ounces to the pound. We want our customers to get the best possible protection and have, therefore, just recently installed a complete system of TOLEDO NO SPRINGS, HONEST WEIGHT SCALES. TOLEDO SCALES are famous as being both the highest priced and most accurate Scales in the world. They guarantee a square deal, and this is what we want you to have. We also want you to get pure and wholesome food.

Special attendants will be at our store on April 19th, to demonstrate to you the many advantages of buying your goods where you are assured of honest weight and good food, and how this affects the cost of eating.

**Don't Forget the Date--Wednesday, April 19th**

BRING YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND ENJOY YOURSELF  
Store opens Seven O'clock a.m. and Remains Open Until Ten O'clock in the Evening



**ANDERSON BROS, Limited**

PHONES 458-459.

WHOLESALE 1767.

**MAIN STREET**

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Carol again studied the carving-knife. Blood on the whiteness of a tablecloth might be gorgeous. Then: "Fool! Neurotic impossibility! Telling yourself orchard fairy-tales at thirty. . . . Dear Lord, am I really thirty? That boy can't be more than twenty-five."

IV

She went calling. Boarding with the Widow Bogart was Fern Mullins, a girl of twenty-two who was to be teacher of English, French, and gymnastics in the high school this coming season. Fern Mullins had come to town early, for the six-weeks normal course for country teachers. Carol had noticed her on the street, had heard almost as much about her as About Erik Valborg. She was tall, weedy, pretty, and incurably rakish. Whether she

wore a low middy collar or dressed reticently for school in a black suit with a high-necked blouse, she was airy, flippant. "She looks like an absolute totty," said all the Mrs. Sam Clarks, disapprovingly, and all the Juanita Haylocks, enviously. That Sunday evening, sitting in baggy canvas lawn-chairs beside the house, the Kennicotts saw Fern laughing with Cy Bogart who, though still a junior in high school, was now a lump of a man, only two or three years younger than Fern. Cy had to go downtown for weighty matters connected with the pool-parlor. Fern dropped on the Bogart porch, her chin in her hands. "She looks lonely," said Kennicott.

"She does, poor soul. I believe I'll go over and speak to her. I was introduced to her at Dave's but I haven't called." Carol was slipping across the lawn, a white figure in the dim-

ness, faintly brushing the dewy grass. She was thinking of Erik and of the fact that her feet were wet, and she was casual in her greeting: "Hello! The doctor and I wondered if you were lonely."

Resentfully, "I am!" Carol concentrated on her. "My dear, you sound so! I know how it is. I used to be tired when I was on the job—I was a librarian. What was your college? I was Blodgett." More interestedly, "I went to the U." Fern meant the University of Minnesota. "You must have had a splendid time. Blodgett was a bit dull."

"Where were you a librarian?" challengingly. "St. Paul—the main library."

Honest? Oh dear, I wish I was back in the Cities! This is my first year of teaching, and I'm scared stiff. I did have the best time in college: dramatics and basket-ball and fusing and dancing—I'm simply crazy about dancing. And here, except when I have the kids in gymnasium class, or when I'm chaperoning the basket-ball team on a trip out-of-town, I won't dare to move above a whisper. I guess they don't care much if you put any pep into teaching or not, as long as you look like a Good Influence out of school-hours—and that means never doing anything you want to. This normal course is

had enough, but the regular school will be fierce! If it wasn't too late to get a job in the Cities, I swear I'd resign here. I bet I won't dare to go to a single dance all winter. If I cut loose and danced the way I like to, they'd think I was a perfect hellion—poor harmless me! Oh, I oughtn't to be talking like this. Fern, you never could be cagey!"

"Don't be frightened, my dear! . . . Doesn't that sound atrociously old and kind! I'm talking to you the way Mrs. Westlake talks to me! That's having a husband and a kitchen range, I suppose. But I feel young, and I want to dance like a—like a hellion?—too. So I sympathize."

Fern made a sound of gratitude. Carol inquired, "What experience did you have with college dramatics? I tried to start a kind of Little Theater here. It was dreadful. I must tell you about it."

Two hours later, when Kennicott came over to greet Fern and to yawn, "Look here, Carrie, don't you suppose you better be thinking about turning in? I've got a hard day tomorrow," the two were talking so intimately that they constantly interrupted each other.

V

She often passed Erik Valborg on the street; the brown jersey coat became unremarkable. When she was driving with Kennicott, in early evening, she saw him on the lake shore, reading a thin book which might easily have been poetry. She noted that he was the only person in the motorized town who still took long walks.

She told herself that she was the daughter of a judge, the wife of a doctor, and that she did not care to know a capering tailor. She told herself that she was not responsive to men. . . . not even to Percy Bresnahan. She told herself that a woman of thirty who heeded a boy of twenty-five was ridiculous. And on Friday, when she had convinced herself that the errand was necessary, she went to Nat Hick's shop, bearing the not very romantic burden of a pair of her husband's trousers. Hicks was in the back room. She faced the Greek god who, in a somewhat ungodly way, was stitching a coat on a scabby sewing-machine, in a room of smutted plaster walls.

She saw that his hands were not in keeping with a Hellenic face. They were thick, roughened with needle and hot iron and plow-handle. Even in the shop he persisted in his finery. He wore a silk shirt, a topaz scarf, thin tan shoes.

This she absorbed while she was

saying curtly, "Can I get these pressed, please?"

Not rising from the sewing-machine he stuck out his hand, mumbled, "When do you want them?" "Oh, Monday." The adventure was over. She was marching out.

"What name?" he called after her. He had risen and, despite the farcicality of Dr. Will Kennicott's bulgy trousers draped over his arm, he had the grace of a cat.

"Kennicott. Oh! Oh say, you're Mrs. Dr. Kennicott then, aren't you?"

"Yes." She stood at the door. Now that she had carried out her preposterous impulse to see what he was like, she was cold, she was as ready to detect familiarities as the virtuous Miss Ella Stowbody.

"I've heard about you. Myrtle Cass was saying you got up a dramatic club and gave a dandy play. I've always wished I had a chance to belong to a Little Theater, and give some European plays, or whimsical like Barrie, or a pageant."

He pronounced it "pageant"; he rhymed "rag" with "rag." Carol nodded in the manner of a

lady being kind to a tradesman, and one of her selves sneered, "Our Erik is indeed a lost John Keats."

He was appealing. "Do you suppose it would be possible to get up another dramatic club this coming fall?"

"Well, it might be worth thinking of." She came out of her several conflicting poses, and said sincerely, "There's a new teacher, Miss Mullins, who might have some talent. That would make three of us for a nucleus. If we could scrape up half a dozen we might give a real play with a small cast. Have you had any experience?"

"Just a bum club that some of us got up in Minneapolis when I was working there. We had one good man, an interior decorator—maybe he was kind of sis and effeminate, but he really was an artist, and we gave on dandy play. But I—of course I've always had to work hard, and study myself, and I'm probably sloppier, and I'd love it if I had training in rehearsing—I mean, the crankier the director was, the better I'd like it. If you didn't want to use me as an actor, I'd love to design the costumes. I'm crazy about fabrics—textures and colors and de-

signs."

She knew that he was trying to keep her from going, trying to indicate that he was something more than a person to whom one brought trousers for pressing. He besought: "Some day I hope I can get away from this fool repairing, when I have the money saved up. I want to go East and work for some big dress-maker, and study art drawing, and become a high-class designer. Or do you think that's a kind of addit'n ambition for a fellow? I was brought up on a farm. And then monkeyin' round with silks! I don't know. What do you think? Myrtle Cass says you're awfully educated."

"I am. Awfully. Tell me: Have the boys made fun of your ambition?"

She was seventy years old, and sexless, and more advisory than Vida Sherwin.

(To be Continued.)

A man never appreciates beauty unadorned more than at the time he gets the bill for his wife's winter furs.

Many a man has lost chances on a sure thing because he was afraid to take chances.

**The Boy Who Started to Town With a Hundred Dollars**



The advice they gave him for getting on in the world was simple and familiar enough: "Keep what you have, and build on it. Be careful what you do and it will grow into more."

It's a safe rule—with money or health, but a good many overlook the rule with health, until they have lost what they had. Then it's hard to get a new supply.

Postum is a splendid help in saving health from the very common losses through the drug elements of tea and coffee—whose effects on the nervous system any doctor can tell you.

Thousands of people who think it wise to be careful of their health as they are of their dollars are users of Postum. They find this famous cereal beverage a delightful drink with any meal,

and it's free from any disturbing element.

You can begin with Postum today, with an order to your grocer. The road to health is a good road for anybody to follow. "Save what you have, and build on it," is sound policy for everybody.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

**Postum for Health—"There's a Reason"**

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ont.

**SMOKE SENATOR CUT PLUG**

Deliciously Fragrant

**15¢ a package**  
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