

WINTER ECZEMA 'CHAPS' & COLD-SORES

KEEN wintry weather brings a host of skin troubles. Cold-sores, chapped hands, unsightly face-sores and blotches, become a source of discomfort and annoyance. To end the trouble and make your skin clear, healthy and flexible, give the face, arms and hands, a nightly dressing with pure herbal Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk instantly soothes the smarting irritation, it kills disease germs, and quickly heals all soreness, roughness and chafing which, neglected, often develops into eczema or other chronic skin disease. Use also Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap and enjoy real skin health.

This was an obstinate case.

Mrs. Henry Amey, 42, Lyall Avenue, Toronto, says:—"My daughter's face and neck were a mass of eczema. Her doctor prescribed treatment for over two months, but to little avail. I was about to call in a skin specialist when I heard of Zam-Buk treatment rescuing other sufferers from this dread disease. So I got a box of Zam-Buk and a tablet of Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap. In a few days there wrought a decided improvement. Day by day the sores gradually healed, and within a month my daughter's skin was thoroughly cleared of the terrible disease."

FREE SAMPLE BOOKS of this great skin remedy! Send in stamp (for return postage), give name and date of paper, and address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Box, all dealers.



TO SHIELD YOURSELF AGAINST SKIN DISEASE APPLY Zam-Buk TO THE FIRST ITCHY SPOT OR ERUPTION

EGG COAL ONLY

SOWARDS COAL CO

PHONE 155. UP-TOWN OFFICE: McGALL'S CIGAR STORE PHONE 811.

RADIO

We are offering a number of Connecticut Phone Head Sets, 3000 ohm at \$6.00. These are high-grade and worth \$8.00. Radio and Electric supplies of all kinds. Complete sets installed.

Halliday Electric Co.

PHONE 94. CORNER KING AND PRINCESS STS.

Masoud's Electric Bakery

Special orders received in advance for Parties, Wedding Cakes, etc.

SPECIALS:—Fruit Lunch, Marshmallow Rolls, Chocolate Eclairs, Cream Puffs.

For Saturdays—Charlotte Russe.

GEO. MASOUD

288 PRINCESS STREET. TELEPHONE 980.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hutchins

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

IF WINTER COMES

Copyright in Canada, 1922, by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Publishers, Toronto. BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Sabre had a vision of dense crowds of bishops in lawn sleeves, duchesses in Gainsborough hats, and herds of intensely fashionable rank and file applauding vigorously. He could almost hear the applause. But how to deal with this man he never knew. He always felt he was about fourteen when Mr. Boom Bagshaw thus addressed him. He therefore said, "Great!" and Mabel murmured, "How splendid!"

VIII But Sabre's thought—and it remained with him throughout the meal, acutely illustrated by the impressive monologues which Mr. Boom Bagshaw addressed to Mabel, and by her radiant responses—his thought was, "I simply can't get on with this chap—or with any of Mabel's crowd. They all make me feel like a kid. I can't answer them when they talk. They say things I've got ideas about but I never can explain my ideas to them. They've all got convictions and I believe I haven't any convictions. I've only got instincts and these convictions come down on instincts like a hammer on an egg."

Mr. Boom Bagshaw was saying, "And we shall have no poor in the Garden Home. No ugly streets. No mean surroundings. Uplift. Everywhere uplift."

There slipped out of Sabre aloud, "There you are. That's the kind of thing."

Mr. Boom Bagshaw, as if to disclose without fear precisely where he was, dismantled from between them the hedge of flowers which he had replaced and looked sulkily across. "What kind of thing?"

Sabre had a vision of himself advancing an egg for Mr. Bagshaw's hammer. "About having no poor in the Garden Home. Isn't there something about the poor being always with us?"

"Certainly there is."

"In the Bible?"

"In the Bible. Do you know to whom it was addressed?"

Sabre admitted that he didn't.

"To Judas Iscariot." (Smash went the egg!)

Sabre said feebly—he could not handle his arguments—"Well, anyway, 'always with us'—there you are. If you're going to create a place where life is going to be lived as it should be lived, I don't see how you're going to shut the poor out of it. Aren't they a part of life? They've got as much right to get away from mean streets and ugly surroundings as we have—and a jolly sight more need. Always with us. It doesn't matter tuppence whom it was said to."

"It happens," pronounced Mr. Boom Bagshaw, "to matter a great deal more than tuppence. It happens to knock the bottom clean out of your argument. It was addressed to the Iscariot because the Iscariot was trying to do just what you are trying to do. He was trying to make duty to the poor an excuse for grudging service to Christ. Now, listen, Sabre. If people thought a little less about their duty towards the poor and a little more about their duty towards themselves, they would be in a great deal fitter state to help their fellow creatures, poor or rich. That is what the Garden Home is for, that is what the Garden Home is going to do."

He stabbed sharply with the butt of a dessert knife on the dessert plate which had just been placed before him. The plate split neatly into two exact halves. He gazed at them sulkily, put them aside, drew another plate before him, and remarked to Mabel:

"You know we are moving into the vicarage tomorrow? We are giving an At Home tomorrow week. You will come."

The plural pronoun included his mother. He was intensely celibate.

IX The day ended in a blazing row. In the afternoon Mr. Boom Bagshaw carried off Mabel to view the progress of the Garden Home. While they dined over coffee at the luncheon table, Sabre was fidgeting for Bagshaw to be gone. Mabel, operating dexterously behind the blue flame of a spirit lamp, Low Jinks hovering around in well-trained acolyte performances, said, "Now I rather pride myself on my Turkish coffee, Mr. Boom Bagshaw."

Mr. Bagshaw, who appeared to pride himself at least as much on his characteristics, replied by sulkily looking at his watch; and a moment later by sulkily taking a cup, rather as if he were a schoolboy bidden to take lemonade when manfully desirous of shandygaff, and sulkily remarking, "I must go."

Sabre fidgeted to see the words put into action. He wanted Bagshaw to be off. He wanted to resume his sudden intention of remedying his normal relations with Mabel and the afternoon promised better than the intention had thus far seen. That niggling over the unexpectedness of his return,—well, of course, it was unexpected and upsetting of her household routine; but the unexpectedness was over and the letter incident over, and Mabel, thanks to her guest, delightfully mooded. Good, therefore, for the afternoon. When the dickens was this chap going?

Then Bagshaw, rising sulkily, "Well, you'd better come up and have a look round."

And Mabel, animatedly, "I'd like to," and to Sabre, "You won't care to come, Mark?"

Sabre said, "No, I won't."

X Throughout dinner Mabel returned only just in time to get ready for dinner. Sabre examined with dispassionate interest the exercise of trying to say certain words and being unable to say

them. They conversed desultorily; in their usual habit. He told himself that he was speaking several hundred "other" words; but the intractable words that he desired to utter would not be framed. He counted them on his fingers under the table. On seven: "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?" Only seven. He could not say them. The incident they brought up rankled. He had come home to take a day off with her. She knew he was there at the luncheon table to take a day off with her. It had interested her so little, she had been so entirely indifferent to it, that she had not even expressed a wish he should so much as attend her on the inspection with Bagshaw. The more he thought of it the worse it rankled. She knew he was at home to be with her and she had deliberately walked off and left him . . . "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?" No. Not much. He couldn't. He visualized the impossible seven written on the tablecloth. He saw them in script; he saw them in print; he imagined them written by a finger on the wall. Say them—no.

Mabel left him sitting at the table with a cigarette. There came suddenly to his assistance in the fight with the stubborn seven, abreast of the thoughts in the office that had brought him home, a realization of her situation such as he had had that first night together in the house, eight years before; there she was in the morning room, alone. She had given up her father's home for his home—and there she was; a happy afternoon behind her and no one to discuss it with. Just because he could not say, "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?"

He thought, "I'm hateful." He got up vigorously and strode into the morning room: "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?" His voice was bright and interested.

She was reading a magazine. She did not raise her eyes from the page. "Eh? Oh, very nice. Delightful."

"Tell us about it."

"What? Oh . . . yes." Her mind was in the magazine. She read on a moment. Then she laid the magazine on her lap and looked up. "The Garden Home? Yes—oh, yes. It was charming. It's simply springing up. You ought to have come."

He stretched himself in a big chair opposite her. He laughed. "Well, dash it, I like that. You didn't exactly inspire me to."

She yawned. "Oh, well. I knew you wouldn't care about it." She yawned again. "Oh, dear, I'm tired. We must have walked miles, to and fro." She put down her hands to take up her magazine again. She clearly was not interested by his interest. But he thought, "Well, of course she's not. For her it's like eating something after it's got cold. Dinner was the time."

He said, "I expect you did—walk miles. Bagshaw all over it, I bet."

She did what he called "tighten herself." "Well, naturally, he's pleased—enthusiastic. He's done more than any one else to keep the idea going."

Sabre laughed. "I should say so! Marvellous person! What's he going to do about not wearing clerical dress when he has to wear gaiters?"

"What do you mean—gaiters?"

Signs of flying up. What on earth for? "Why, when he's a bishop. Don't you—"

She flew up. "I suppose that's some sneer!"

"Sneer! Rot. I mean it. A chap like Bagshaw's not going to be a parish priest all his life. He's out to be a bishop and he'll be a bishop. If he changed his mind and wanted to be a

Judge or a Cabinet Minister, he'd be a Judge or a Cabinet Minister. He's that sort."

"I knew you were sneering." "Mabel, don't be silly. I'm not sneering. Bagshaw's a clever—"

"You say he's 'that sort.' That's a sneer." She put her hands on the arms of her chair and raised herself to sit upright. She spoke with extraordinary intensity. "Nearly everything you say to me or to my friends is a sneer. There's always something behind what you say. Other people notice it—"

"Other people." "Yes. Other people. They say you're sarcastic. That's just a polite way—"

He said, "Oh, come now, Mabel. Not sarcastic. I swear no one thinks I'm sarcastic. I promise you Bagshaw doesn't. Bagshaw thinks I'm a fool, complete fool. Look at lunch!"

She caught him up. She was really angry. "Yes. Look at lunch. That's just what I mean. Any one that comes to the house, any of my friends, anything they say you must always take differently, always argue about. That's what I call sneering—"

He had the feeling that his anger would arise responsive to hers, as one beast calling defiance to another, if this continued. And he did not want it to arise. He had sometimes thought of anger as a savage beast chained within a man. It had helped him to control rising ill-temper. He thought of it now: of her anger. He had a vision of it prowling as a dark beast among caves, challenging into the night. He wished to retain the vision. His own anger, prowling also, would not respond while he retained the picture. It was prowling. It was suspicious. It would be mute while he watched it. While he watched it . . .

He pulled himself sharply to his feet. "Well, well," he said. "It's not meant to be sneering. Let's call it my unfortunate manner."

He stood before her half-smiling, his hands in his pockets, looking down at her. She said, "Perhaps you're different with your friends. I hope you are. With your friends?"

He caught a glint in her eye as she repeated the words. Its meaning did not occur to him. He bantered, "Oh, I'm not as bad as all that. And anyway, the friends are all the same friends. This piece isn't so big."

Then that quick glint of her eye was explained—the flash before the discharge. "Perhaps your friends are just coming back," she said. "Lady Ty-bar."

The vision of his dark anger broke away. Mute while he watched it, immediately it lifted its head and answered her own. "Look here—" he began; and stopped. "Look here," he said more quietly, "don't begin that absurd business again."

"I don't think it is absurd."

"No, you called it 'funny.'"

She drew in her feet as if to arise. "Yes, and I think it's funny. All of it. I think you've been funny all day today. Coming back like that!"

"I told you why I came back. To have a day off with you. Funny day off it's been! You're right there!"

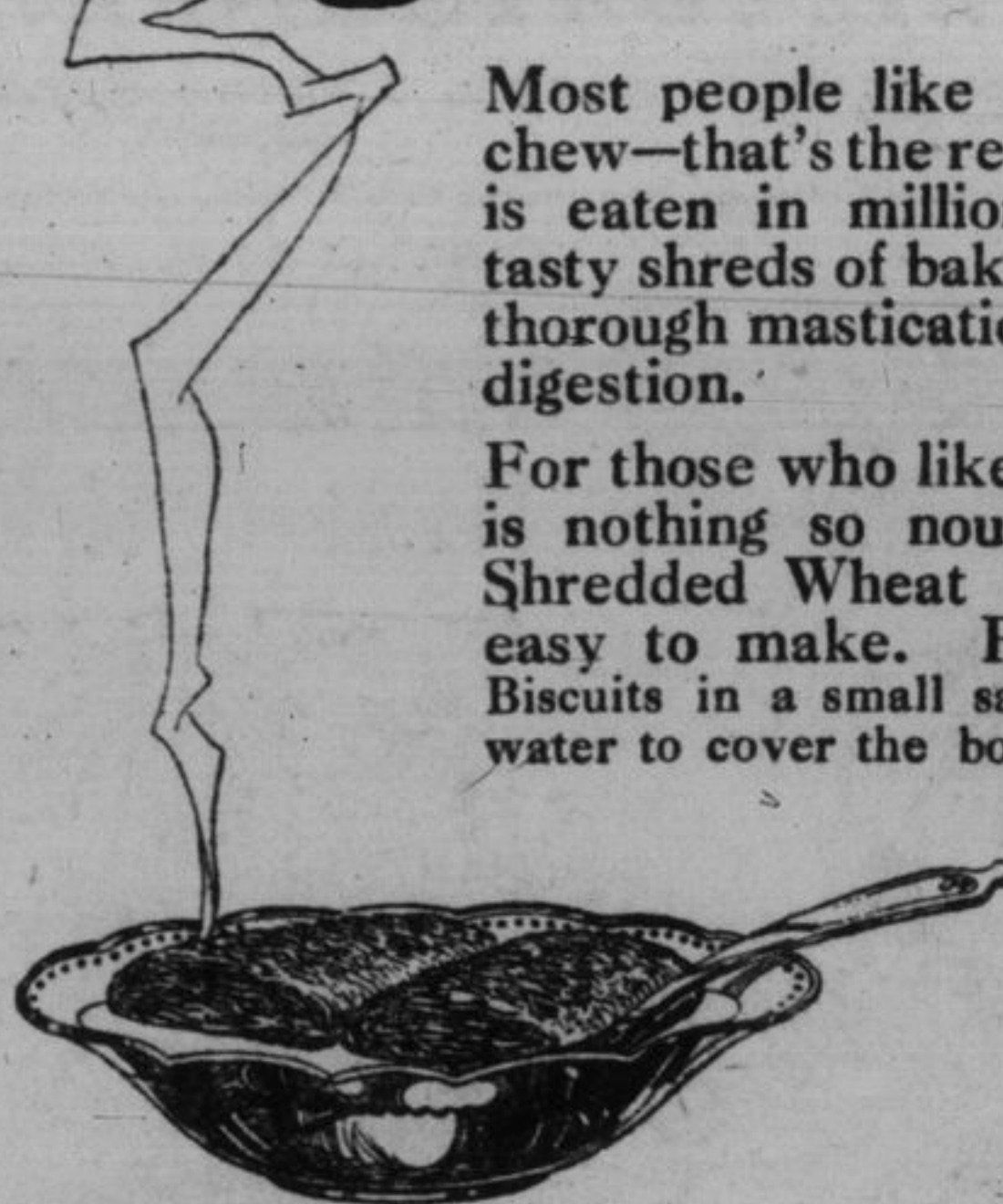
"Yes, it has been a funny day off."

He thought, "My God, this bickering! Why don't I get out of the room?"

(To be Continued.)

Make your mistakes a stepping-stone to success.

Start the day right



Most people like a cereal that makes them chew—that's the reason why Shredded Wheat is eaten in millions of homes. Its crisp, tasty shreds of baked whole wheat encourage thorough mastication—and that means perfect digestion.

For those who like porridge, however, there is nothing so nourishing and satisfying as Shredded Wheat porridge, and nothing so easy to make. Put the Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a small saucepan; add salt and enough water to cover the bottom of the pan; stir and boil until it thickens, then serve with milk or cream. Better than ordinary porridges for youngsters or grown-ups.

Shredded Wheat contains all the bran you need to stimulate bowel movement.

Shredded Wheat

Ready-cooked-saves fuel, saves money

Order Spring Shrubbery Now

We can supply your needs in this respect admirably. POTTED AND CUT FLOWERS ALWAYS IN STOCK. Supplied fresh from our Greenhouses each day.

P. C. LAWSON

THE LEADING FLORIST

STONE: Corner Wellington and Brock Streets. Phone 179.

CONSERVATORIES: 65 Centre Street. Phone 1174.



There's nothing like a good cup of tea. It stimulates and invigorates. It soothes jumpy nerves and takes away that tired feeling. And to make good tea, you need the right pot.

This SMP Enamelled Tea Pot steeps the tea to perfection. Keeps it right, too. An SMP Tea Pot never gets rusty or stale, as the hard enamel is non-porous and non-metallic, like all SMP Enamelled cooking utensils. It is as smooth as china and as strong as steel. But be sure to get genuine SMP utensils, each carrying the SMP trademark. Ask for

SMP Enamelled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out; Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining; Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED
SPRINTERS, TORONTO WORKS
SPRINTERS, VANCOUVER, CANADA

Group!
THE dreaded midnight cough is not meant to frighten but to warn. Guard against serious developments by giving the children MINTINE at first symptoms of croup, colds, coughs, sore throats, etc.
MINTINE CO., LTD. - Toronto.
Sole Agents: Harold H. Hines & Co., Ltd. 18-19 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Dr. Martell's Pills
For Women's Ailments
25 years standard for Delayed and Painful Menstruation, Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Nervousness.
Sealed Tin Box only, all druggists or direct by mail. Price \$1.50. Kieckhefer-Boeker Remedy Co., 71 E. Front St., Toronto. Do not accept substitutes.

SULPHUR CLEARS A PIMPLY SKIN
Apply Sulphur as Told When Your Skin Breaks Out
Any breaking out of the skin on face, neck, arms or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur. The pimples seem to dry right up and go away, declares a noted skin specialist.
Nothing has ever been found to take the place of sulphur as a pimple-remover. It is harmless and inexpensive. Just ask any druggist for a small jar of Mentho-Sulphur and use it like cold cream.