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## IF YOUR STOMACH ISN'T ACTING RIGHT

Pimples Are Impurities Seeking at Outlet Through Skin Pores.

Pimples, sores and boils usually result from toxins, poisons and impurities which are generated in the bowels and then absorbed into the blood through the very ducts which should absorb only nourishment to sustain the body.

filter impurities from the blood and cast them out in the form of urine, was to have spent it with Mr. Fargus. but in many instances the bowels cre- The old chess and acrostic evenings ate more toxins and impurities than hardly ever happened now. Mr. Farthe kidneys can eliminate; then the gus, most manifestly unfitted for the blood uses the skin pores as the next exposures of such a life, had become a best means of getting rid of these impurities, which often break out all

ity, is to get from any pharmacy fore then take his rest. Younger men Young Perch! How in pity was he to But I heard them." take a tablespoonful in a glass of the like advantage. It was only fair turning off the lights; from the en- Don't be frightened. Here I am, Mowater each morning before breakfast for one week. This-will help
most wanted. Sabre said it would kill
him in time, but Mrs. Fargus and the
boweis. It also stimulates the kidthree Miss Fargus still at home rethree Miss Fargus still at home boweis. It also stimulates the kidthree Miss Farguses still at home rehome; now passenger into an eternity. Mother, here's my hand. Can't you

lemon juice, combined with lithia. ought to do in the war, not what one tions to peer and peep and shudder? cent drink which usually helps make pimples disappear.



### THEY CALLED HIM AN "OLD PILL"

THAT was years ago when h packed a terrible grouch, mighty irritable stomach and a liver that refused to do the things that all good livers should. No wonder his friends called him ar "old pill" and stayed away.

But that was years ago-long before he discovered Beecham's Pills and learned that two at bedtime can bring sunshine into a man's life. Today, he's an optimist, a here to his wife, and a aunch believer in Beecham's

The cheer that Beecham's Pills bring into a man's disposition, is the incomparable cheer of sound digestion, active liver, and the regular habits that make good

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The giant bamboo of India blossome at the age of 30 years and then dies. It produces large numbers of seeds which the natives use for food if they can live until the crop ma-

## IF WINTER COMES

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BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Mrs. Perch, He wrote long letters to was the inconceivable occupation to Young Perch, telling him how much which it had brought him: alone in more than wonderful Bright Effie was. hereself could have bettered. In that as- watch her. tounding fund of humour of hers, re- Watch her? How long had he been

of one of Mrs. Perch's moods would "Sinking," the doctor had said. be launched upon her in Sabre's pres- process here before his eyes, but not ence, she would turn a dancing eye to- to be seen by them, awful and mysterwards him and immediately she could lous things. Death with practised finstep into the torrent and would begin, gers about his awful and mysterious Now, look here, Mrs. Perch, you surgery of separating the spirit from know perfectly well- "; and in two the flesh, the soul from the body, the minutes the old lady would be molli- incorruptible from the corruptible. fied and happy.

half-whispered talks with her while this never had really happened. Mrs. Perch dozed in her chair. Effie But Young Perch was dead. Young wanting something look was ever to here. This war! be seen in Effie's shining eyes. She had the secret of life. Watching her face while they talked, he came to believe that the secret, the thing miss-But-the old difficulty-many had love little time after his departure. Effie "Effie! Effie!" himself and Nona; and yet were troubled.

"Effie, do you love God?"

"Why do you?" She was utterly at a loss. "Well, of pation. Was all this really happening? pered there. course I do."

"Why, God is love." He stared at her.

The second Christmas of the war came. The evening before the last day of the Old Year was to have given Sa-It is the function of the kidneys to bre a rare pleasure to which he had been immensely looking forward. He special constable. He did night duty in over the skin in the form of pimples. the Garden Home. He chose night duty, he told Sabre, because he had the Garden Home. He chose night these eruptions, says a noted author- no work to do by day and could there- der to be gone. Profound and awful them. It was imagination, of course. blood of impurities and clearing the plied, when Sabre ventured this opin- A lifetime settled; now preparing to see my hand?" Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is stronger than any one imagined, also made from the acid of grapes and that they agreed with Papa that one it shrink? Did it pause in its preparaquired to be done; finally that, being at home by day, Papa could help, and liked helping, in the many duties about the house now interfered with by the the bed and replenished the fire and enlistment of the entire battalion of crouched beside it. and disappeared into the voracious bel- thing! He was never going to see ly of the war machine; the remainder Young Perch again. He was never of the battalion thrust their long legs going to see old Mrs. Perch again. He of the giant land girls, shown how | -

shockingly they had done it. Rare, therefore, the old chess and acrostic evergings and most keenly anticipated, accordingly, this- the first for a fortnight-one the eve of New Year's Eve. It was to have been a real long evening; but it proved not very long. It was to have been one in which the war should be shut out and for-

At ten o'clock profound gymnastics of the mind in search of a hidden word beginning with e and ending with I were interrupted by the entry of the Sabre. A young boy took it to your parts, and loosen the phlegm. house and said you was to have it

"For me? Who on earth-?"

bronchitis every winter. In the evenshowed himself to Sabre as about to
the opened it. He did not recognize ing and during the night, she would drift out of it again. This was the the writing on the envelope. He had not the remotest idea—It was a jolly wheesing in her chest. We tried several cough medicines, but they never faces which the war, removing the old, was everywhere introducing, and pos-"Freddie's killed. Please do come at once. I think she's dying .- E. B."

CHAPTER VIII.

He was alone in the room where Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Perch lay,-not even Effie. One Sabre had always thought Bright o'clock. This war! He had thought Effie would be wonderful with old to shut it away for a night, and here

Effie mothered Mrs. Perch and man- The doctor had been and was comaged her and humoroured her in a ing again in the morning. There was way that not even Young Perch him- nothing to be done, he had said; just

flected in those sparkling eyes, even standing at the foot of the huge bed-Mrs. Perch's most querulously violent | the biggest bed he had ever seen-and attacks were transformed into matter what was there to watch? She gave no for whimsical appreciation, delightfully sign. She scarcely seemed to breathe. and most lovingly dealt with. When He would not have recognized her the full, irritable, inconsequent flood face. It had the appearance of a mask.

Marvellous Effie! Sabre used to sign; there was not a sound; and what think; and of course it was because should he be doing to be alone here, ress no longer could be defended. Its her astounding fund of humour was blind watcher of such a finality? It based upon her all-embracing capacity was not real. It was an hallucination. place and handing it over to destrucfor love. That was why it was so as- He was not really here. The morning tion. tounding in its depth and breadth and - and days and weeks and years compass. Sabre liked immensely the would come, and he would know that

was always happy. Nothing of that Perch was killed. It was real. He was the room. He had dozed in a chair.

had been left kneeling by the bed-

He said rather sharply, "Yes, but Effle, still in profound slumber. Why agonizing. It was old Mrs. Perch brief visit. Sabre, who had thought for coming and staying. What I should the Farguses. I must say I do think-" why? Have you ever asked yourself awaken her? Nothing could be done; that stood there whimpering, shrink- him upstairs, and who had a hundred have done without you I daren't think. He felt he could not bear it. "Mabel, TAKING SALIS why? Respecting, fearing, trusting, only watch. He returned to his vigil. Yes, Mrs. Perch was sinking. More abyss, wide as space, dark as night. It him in the hall absorbed in adjusting you've been to me."

You watch. He returned to his vigil. Ing, upon the threshold of that huge perplexities to inquire or min, tound abyss, wide as space, dark as night. It him in the hall absorbed in adjusting you've been to me."

You watch. He returned to his vigil. Ing, upon the threshold of that huge perplexities to inquire or min, tound abyss, wide as space, dark as night. It him in the hall absorbed in adjusting you've been to me."

You was just that very the weights of a grandfather's clock. "I've done nothing the weights of a grandfather's clock." why? Respecting, fearing, trusting, only watch. He returned to his vigil. ing, upon the threshold of that huge perplexities to inquire of him, found I've never known any one so good as look here. For goodness' sake don't you know what love is, don't you? pronounced now that masklike aspect was no spirit. It was just that very the weights of a grandfather's clock. "I've done nothing, Effie, except you know. I know I ought but I What's love got to do with God?" , of her face. Yes, dying, He spoke the feeble Mrs. Perch with her fumbling He remarked to Sabre, "I thought feel sorry for you." She said in simple wonderment, as word to himself. "Dying." As of a hands and her moving lips, Look here, you'd gone You'd better get off and He saw her into the car. No, he on niggling about it. Young Perch is one asked what had the sun to do with fire in the grate gone to one dull spark Young Perch would never allow her get a bath and some breakfast. Noth- would not take a lift.

> in that form was in process a most here!" tivity. From the windows of her eyes He heard, "Now then, Mother!

ion to them, that Papa was much be away on a journey inconceivably "It's so dark, Freddie."

He felt very cold. He moved from

female Farguses in work for the war. This war! He said beneath his One detachment of female Farguses breath, "Young Perch! Young Perch!" had leapt into blue or khaki uniforms Young Perch was killed. Realize the

#### SIX-YEAR-OLD HAD BRONCHITIS **EVERY WINTER**

gotten in the delights of mental twist. chills, followed by fever and a harsh, this thing. It had closed the door upon ings and slowly puffed pipes; it prov- dry, hacking cough. There is a a ruined house, and looked, and left a ed to be one in which "this frightful raising of phlegm, which at first is of temple. It had departed from beneath war!" was groaned out of Sabre's spi- a light color, but, as the trouble pro- a mask, and looked, and that which gresses it becomes of a yellowish or had been masked now was beautified. greenish color and is sometimes Young Perch! streaked with blood.

All those who are troubled with startled Kate. One hand writhed be- bronchitis will find in Dr. Wood's tween her shoulders for the apron Pine Syrup a remedy that will stimu- with a large white face, crooked specstring, the other held a note. "Please, late the bronchial organs, subdue the tacles and a crooked tie, and a sugges-Mr. Sabre, I think it's for you, Mr. inflammation, soothe the irritated tion of thinking all the time of some-

most particular, and please, your Re- tico, P.E.I., writes:- "My little six- ed about it with apparent complete year-old girl bad very bad attacks of aimlessness of purpose, and presently bor advised us to try Dr. Wood's Nor- sessed of a mysterious and astounding way Pine Syrup, which we did, and faculty of absorbing, resolving, and

got perfectly well." Price 35c. and 60c. a bottle; put up thing to me,' 'it was all he seemed to

to live on here, out of the war, yet insupportably beset by the war. Beset by the war yet useless in the war. oung Perch! How in pity was he to go on living out of the war, now that the war had taken Young Perch and killed old Mrs. Perch and shut this refuge from its oppression? He must get in. He could not endure it. He could not, could not.

Ten minutes past three. There was perceptible to him no change in that face upon the pillow. He brought a lamp from the dressing table and looked at her, shading the light with his hand. Impenetrable mask! Profound and awful mystery. Much more than a house that dreadfully engrossed spirit was preparing to leave. This meagre form, scarcely discernible beneath the coverlet, had been its fortress, once new, once strong, once beautiful, once by its garrison proudly fought, splendidly defended, added to, enlarged, adorned. Then past its glory, past attention. Then crumbling, then decaying-Now to be abandoned. It had known great stresses and abated them; sieges and withstood them; assaults and defeated them. O vanity! It had but temporised with conquest. Time's hosts had camped these many years about its walls, in ceaseless investment, with desultory attacks, but with each attack investing closer. Now a most terrible It could not be! There was not a assault had breached the citadel. The garrison was withdrawing from that

There was some strange sound in Some strange sound, or had he imagined it? He sat up tensely and listened. It was her breathing, a harsh and laboured sound. He stepped quickly He had gone downstairs with the to the bed and looked and then ran ing in half the faces one saw, was love. doctor and had remained there some into the passage and called loudly,

IV.

Frightening, terrible, agonizing. He When he came back she was sound as- was kneeling on one side of the bed, One evening he asked her a most leep where she knelt, worn out The Effie at the other. The extreme momextraordinary question, shot out of news had come on the previous even- ent was come to her that lay between him without intending it, discharged ing. This was Effic's second night them. She was moaning. He bowed his out of his questing thoughts as by a without sleep. Now she was over- face into his hands. The sound of her hidden spring suddenly touched by come; collapsed; suffocated and bound moaning was terrible to him. That inand gagged in the opiates and bonds habitant of this her body had done its she had for thirty hours resisted. He preparations and now stood at the Her surprise seemed to him to be touched her. She did not stir. He door in the darkness, very frightened. more at the thing he had asked than shook her gently; still no response. He It wanted to go back. It had been at its amazing unexpectedness and am- lifted her up and carried her along the very accustomed to being here. It azing irrelevancy. "Why, of course, I passage to the room he knew to be could not go back. It did not want to hers; laid her on her bed and covered shut the door. The door was shutther with a quilt. Inconceivable occu- ing. It stood and shrank and whim-

among the greying ashes—It is out; even to cross a road without him! ing you can do here. Leave everything "Well, leave everything to me," said goodness' sake, for pity's sake, let it it cannot burn again. So life here too How in pity was she to take this fright to me." far retired, too deeply sunk to struggle ful step? He twisted up all his emoback and vitalise again that hue, those tions into an appeal of tremendous intensity. "Young Perch! Come here! thing to me. I'm taking Miss Bright me, Jenkins." Profound and awful my tery. With- Your mother! Young Perch, come

dreadful activity. The spirit was pre- Telling it, once, to Nona, he said, "I home. She can't stay here. Have you paring to vacate the habitation it had don't know what happened. They talk any idea how this thing hooks on?" so long occupied. It gave no sign. The about self-hypnotism. Perhaps it was better to hide its preparations it had that. I know I made a most frightful drawn that mask about the face. Sev- effort saying 'Young Perch.' I had to. enty years it had sojourned here; now I could see her-that poor terrified "That's all right. I've sent for a wom- tor, did not know how overwrought it was bound away. Seventy years it thing. Something had to be done. had been known to passers-by through Some one had to go to her. I said it to me. Here's the car. Here they are." come to Mabel seated at breakfast. the door and windows of this its habi- like in a nightmare, bursting to get tation; now, deeply retired within the out of it, 'Young Perch. Come here.' inner chambers, it set its house in or- Anyway, there it is, Nona. I heard

tremendous, unimaginably awful. Did "It's not, Mother. It's only dark where you are. It's light here Don't cry, Mother. Don't be frightened. It's all right. It's quite all right."

That tall and pale young man, with his face like one of the old Huguenots! That very frail old woman with her fumbling hands and moving lips! "It's so cold."

"Now, Mother, I tell you it isn't Do just trust me. Do just come." "I daren't, Freddie. I can't, Freddie. can't. I can't."

into breeches and boots and worked was never to come into Puncher's look, here I am. It's I, Freddie. Don't at home as land girls. Little old Mr. again. Another place of his life was to cry, Mother. Just trust yourself entire-Fargus in his grey suit, and the startl- be walled up. His home like an empty ly to me. You know how you always ed child Kate with one hand still up house; the office like an empty house; can trust me. Look, here's my hand. her back in search of the errant apron now no retuge here. Things were Just one tiny step and you will touch string "did" what the battalion used crowding in about him, things were it. I know you feel ill, darling Mother. to do and were nightly, on the return closing in upon him. And he was just You won't any, any more, once you touch my hand. But I can't come any nearer, dearest. You must. You-Ah, brave, beloved Mother-now!" He heard Effie's voice, "Oh, she dead! She's dead!"

Dead? He stared upon her dead face. Where was gone that mask? Whence had come this glory? That inhabitant Bronchitis generally begins with looked back, and its look had done

thing else, or of nothing at all, mys-Mrs. Oliver C. LePage, South Rus- teriously drifted into the house, driftafter she had taken two bottles she subjugating all matters without visibly attending to any matter. "Leave everyonly by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, say. He did nothing yet everything seemed to come to his hand with the

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nicety and exactness of a drawing- mind for a bit." room conjurer. He bewildered Sabre. She smiled sadly. "Good-by, Mr. Sa- old Mrs. Perch-" Two o'clock. He went to look at Oh, terrible! Beyond endurance, His car left and returning during his bre. Thank you so much, so very much "I know you have. I sent around to

"But, look here, I can't leave-" back to my wife for breakfast and a Even his car! rest. After lunch I'll run her to her

"But what about-" an and her daughter. Leave everything he was until he was at home again and Two women appeared.

"But about-" lady's brother is coming down. He'll for morning. After this, after the war take charge. I found his name in her had done this, how was he to go on think it was very extraordinary your papers last night. Telegraphed." He enduring the war and refused part in being there. If you ask me, I think it

Astounding man!

Bright now." Effie appeared.

state, made him feel hysterical. He could not. hands. "The doctor's taking you, Effie. fast. "Well, I do think-" It's been dreadful for you. It's all over This was the beginning of it. He to send for you." now. Try to leave it out of your felt himself digging his nails into the

him about some engine trouble, "Yes, the end of it." "That's all right. Just leave every- I'll see to that. Leave everything to

Sabre, passed on from the ordeal of The extraordinary man seemed to the night to the ordeal of the day by know everything before it was said. this interlude of the astonishing doc-The thought in his mind as he walked that extraordinary manner." had been the thought in his mind as "Yes, that's all right. The poor old he had sat on after the death, waiting

none of these people, to no one he you of all people?" He read the telegram. "Yes, that's could meet, could he explain how he all right. He'll be here by the eleven felt about Young Perch and what he train at Tidborough. I'll take Miss had gone through with Mrs. Perch,

palms of his hands. "I've been up with

killed and his mother's dead. Now for the dector. The chauffeur spoke to alone. I couldn't send and there's

He went out of the room. He thought, "There you are! Now I've done it!" He went back. "I say, I'm sorry for bursting out like that; but I've had rather a night of it. It's terrible, isn't it, both of them like that? Aren't you awfully sorry about it,

She said, "I'm very sorry. Very sorry indeed. But you can't expect me to say much when you speak in

"I was with her when she died It's

was looking through the door. "Here's it? He dreaded meeting Mabel. He was very funny of that Miss Bright the answer." meeting Fortune and Twyning. To night. Whyever should she send for

"I was their greatest friend."

"Yes, I know you always liked them. nor why, because of what he felt, But you couldn't be of any use. I must more poignant than ever was his need say I do think people are very funny Sabre had the feeling that if he op- to get into the war. And yet with these sometimes. If Miss Bright had done ened the next thought in his mind, an feelings he must go on facing these the right thing, as we are their nearest undertaker would rise out of the people and go on meeting the war in neighbors, she would have sent and ground with a coffin. This astounding every printed page, in every sight, in asked me if I could let one of the man, coming upon his overwrought every conversation. Unbearable! He maids go over and be with her. They you could have gone up too if you'd turned to Effie and gave her both his Mabel looked up from her break- wished and could have come back again. I don't think she had any right

(To be Continued.)

# When do you really wake up in the morning

?) the golden morning hours find you fit and wide-awake, or do they find you tired and sleepy?

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