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Pimples Are Impurities Seeking an 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. It is the function of the kidneys to filter impurities from the blood and cast them out in the form of urine, but in many instances the bowels create more toxins and impurities than the kidneys can eliminate; then the blood uses the skin pores as the next best means of getting rid of these impurities, which often break out all over the skin in the form of pimples. The surest way to clear the skin of these eruptions, says a noted authority, is to get from any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water each morning before breakfast for one week. This will help prevent the formation of toxins in the bowels. It also stimulates the kidneys, thus coaxing them to filter the blood of impurities and clearing the skin of pimples. Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia. Here you have a pleasant, effervescent drink which usually helps make pimples disappear.



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THAT was years ago when he packed a terrible grouch, a mighty irritable stomach and a liver that refused to do the things that all good livers should. No wonder his friends called him an "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 hero to his wife, and a staunch believer in Beecham's Pills.

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 health.

At All Druggists—25c and 50c

The giant bamboo of India blossoms 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 matures.

IF WINTER COMES

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VI. Sabre had always thought Bright Effie would be wonderful with old Mrs. Perch. He wrote long letters to Young Perch, telling him how much more than wonderful Bright Effie was. Effie mothered Mrs. Perch and managed her and humoured her in a way that not even Young Perch himself could have bettered. In that astounding fund of humour, in that reflected in those sparkling eyes, even Mrs. Perch's most querulously violent attacks were transformed into matter for whimsical appreciation, delightfully and most lovingly dealt with. When the full, irritable, inconsequent flood of one of Mrs. Perch's moods would be launched upon her in Sabre's presence, she would turn a dancing eye towards him and immediately she could step into the torrent and would begin, "Now, look here, Mrs. Perch, you know perfectly well—"; and in two minutes the old lady would be mollified and happy.

Marvelous Effie! Sabre used to think; and of course it was because her astounding fund of humour was based upon her all-embracing capacity for love. That was why it was so astounding in its depth and breadth and compass. Sabre liked immensely the half-whispered talks with her while Mrs. Perch dozed in her chair. Effie was always happy. Nothing of that wanting something look was ever to 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 missing in half the faces one saw, was love. But—the old difficulty—many had loved himself and Nona; and yet were troubled.

One evening he asked her a most extraordinary question, shot out of him without intending it, discharged out of his questing thoughts as by a hidden spring suddenly touched by groping fingers. "Effie, do you love God?" Her surprise seemed to him to be more at the thing he had asked than at its amazing unexpectedness and amazing irrelevancy. "Why, of course, I do, Mr. Sabre." "Why No you?" "She was utterly at a loss. "Well, of course I do." He said rather sharply, "Yes, but why? Have you ever asked yourself that?" Respecting, fearing, trusting, that was understandable. But love, love, you know what love is, don't you? What's love got to do with God?" She said in simple wonderment, as one asked what had the sun to do with light, or whether water was wet, "Why, God is love." He stared at her.

VII. The second Christmas of the war came. The evening before the last day of the Old Year was to have given Sabre a rare pleasure to which he had been immensely looking forward. He was to have spent it with Mr. Fergus. The old chess and acoustic evenings hardly ever happened now. Mr. Fergus, most manifestly unfitted for the special constable. He did night duty in the Garden Home. He chose night duty, he told Sabre, because he had no work to do by day and could therefore then take his rest. Younger men who were in offices and shops hadn't the like advantage. It was only fair he should help in the hours help was most wanted. Sabre said it would kill him in time, but Mrs. Fergus and the three Miss Ferguses still at home replied, when Sabre ventured this opinion to them, that Papa was much stronger than any one imagined, also that they agreed with Papa that one ought to do in the war, not what one wanted to do, but what was most required 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 enlistment of the entire battalion of female Ferguses in work for the war. One detachment of female Ferguses had leapt into blue or khaki uniforms and disappeared into the voracious belly of the war machine; the remainder of the battalion thrust their long legs into breeches and boots and worked at home as land girls. Little old Mr. Fergus in his grey suit, and the startled child Kate with one hand still up her back in search of the errant apron string "did" what the battalion used to do and were nightly, on the return of the giant land girls, shown how shockingly they had done it.

Rare, therefore, the old chess and acoustic evenings 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 forgotten in the delights of mental twistings and slowly puffed pipes; it proved to be one in which "this frightful war" was groaned out of Sabre's spirit in emotion most terrible to him. At ten o'clock profound gymnastics of the mind in search of a hidden word beginning with e and ending with l were interrupted by the entry of the startled Kate. One hand writhed between her shoulders for the apron string, the other held a note. "Please, Mr. Sabre, I think it's for you, Mr. Sabre. A young boy took it to your house and said you was to have it most particular, and please, your Rebecca sent him on here, please."

"For me? Who on earth—?" He opened it. He did not recognize the writing on the envelope. He had not the remotest idea—it was a jolly evening . . . could Enamel be that word in e and l? He unfolded it. Ah! "Freddie's killed. Please do come at once. I think she's dying—E. B."

CHAPTER VIII. I. He was alone in the room where Toronto, Ont.

to live on here, out of the war, yet insupportably beset by the war. Beset by the war yet useless in the war. Young 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 his 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 terrific assault had breached the citadel. The garrison was stricken again. The fortress was no longer could be defended. Its garrison was withdrawing from that place and handing it over to destruction.

IV. There was some strange sound in the room. He had dozed in a chair. Some strange sound, or had he imagined it? He sat up tensely and listened. It was his breathing, a harsh and laboured sound. He stepped quickly to the bed and looked and then ran into the passage and called loudly, "Effie! Effie!" Frightening, terrible, agonizing. He was kneeling on one side of the bed, Effie at the other. The extreme moment was come to her that lay between them. She was moaning. He bowed his face into his hands. The sound of her moaning was terrible to him. That inhabitant of this her body had done its preparations and now stood at the door in the darkness, very frightened. It wanted to go back. It had been very accustomed to being here. It could not go back. It did not want to shut the door. The door was shutting. It stood and shrank and whimpered there.

Oh, terrible! Beyond endurance, agonizing. It was old Mrs. Perch that stood there whimpering, shrinking, upon the threshold of that huge abyss, wide as space, dark as night. It was no spirit. It was just that very feeble Mrs. Perch with her fumbling hands and her moving lips. Look here, Young Perch would never allow her even to cross a road without him! How in pity was she to take this frightful step? He twisted up all his emotions into an appeal of tremendous intensity. "Young Perch! Come here! Your mother! Young Perch, come here!" "Telling it, once, to Nona, he said, "I don't know what happened. They talk about self-hypnotism. Perhaps it is that. I know I made a most frightful effort to see her—what poor terrified thing. Something had to be done. Some one had to go to her. I said it like in a nightmare, bursting to get out of it, 'Young Perch. Come here.' Anyway, there it is, Nona. I heard that. It was imagination, of course. But I heard them."

He heard, "Now then, Mother! Don't be frightened. Here I am, Mother. Come on, Mother. One step, Mother. Only one. I can't reach you. You must take just one step. Look, Mother, here's my hand. Can't you see my hand?" "It's so dark, Freddie."

"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 don't, Freddie. I can't, Freddie. I can't. I can't."

"You must, Mother, you must. Look look here I am. It's I, Freddie. Don't cry, Mother. Just trust yourself entirely to me. You know how you always used to trust me. Look, here's my hand. Just one tiny step and you will touch it. I know you feel it, darling Mother. 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's dead!"

Dead? He stared upon her dead face. Where was gone that mask? Whence had come this glory? That inhabitant of this her body, in act of going had looked back, and its look had done this thing. It had closed the door upon a ruined house, and looked, and left a temple. It had departed from beneath a mask, and looked, and that which had been masked now was beautified. Young Perch!

V. In the morning a mysterious man with a large white face, crooked spectacles and a crooked tie, and a suggestion of thinking all the time of something else, or of nothing at all, mysteriously drifted into the house, drifted about it with apparent complete aimlessness of purpose, and presently showed himself to Sabre as about to drift out of it again. This was the doctor, a stranger, one of those new faces which the war, removing the old, was everywhere introducing, and possessed of a mysterious and astounding faculty of absorbing, resolving, and subjugating all matters without visibly attending to any matter. "Leave everything to me," it was all he seemed to say. He did nothing yet everything seemed to come to his hand with the

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nicety and exactness of a drawing-room conjurer. He bewildered Sabre. His car left and returning during his brief visit, Sabre, who had thought him upstairs, and who had a hundred perplexities to inquire of him, found him in the hall absorbed in adjusting the weights of a grandfather's clock. He remarked to Sabre, "I thought you'd gone. You'd better get off and get a bath and some breakfast. Nothing you can do here. Leave everything to me." "But, look here, I can't leave—" "That's all right. Just leave everything to me. I'm taking Miss Bright back to my wife for breakfast and a rest. After lunch I'll run her to her home. She can't stay here. Have you any idea how this thing hooks on?" "But what about—" The extraordinary man seemed to know everything before it was said. "That's all right. I've sent for a woman and her daughter. Leave everything to me. Here's the car. Here they are." Two women appeared. "But about—" "Yes, that's all right. The poor old lady's brother is coming down. He'll take charge. I found his name in her papers last night. Telegraphed." He was looking through the door. "Here's the answer." A telegraph messenger appeared. "Astonishing man!" He read the telegram. "Yes, that's all right. He'll be here by the eleven train at Tidborough. I'll take Miss Bright now." Effie appeared. Sabre had the feeling that if he opened the next thought in his mind, an undertaker would rise out of the ground with a coffin. This astounding man, coming upon his overwrought state, made him feel hysterical. He turned to Effie and gave her both his hands. "The doctor's taking you, Effie. It's been dreadful for you. It's all over now. Try to leave it out of your mind for a bit." She smiled sadly. "Good-by, Mr. Sabre. Thank you so much, so very much for coming and staying. What I should have done without you I don't think I've never known any one so good as you've been to me." "I've done nothing, Effie, except feel sorry for you." He saw her into the car. No, he would not take a lift. "Well, leave everything to me," said the doctor. The chauffeur spoke to him about some engine trouble. "Yes, I'll see to that. Leave everything to me, Jenkins." Even his car!

When do you really "wake up" in the morning?

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

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