

# Winter Comes

## A. S. M. Hutchinson

It was from Twynning that Sabre had heard that a post of some sort was being considered for Effie Bright. Her father, as he had told young Perch, was working for a firm at Fortune, East and Sabre's, "Mr. Bright." A massive old man with a massive rather striking face beneath a bald dome and thickly grown hair about and down the throat with stiff white hair. He had been in the firm as long as Mr. Fortune himself and appeared to Sabre, who had little to do with him, to take orders from nobody. He was intensely religious and he had the deep-set and extraordinary penetrating eyes that frequently denote the religious zealot. He was not liked by the hands. They called him Moses, disliked his intense religiosity and feared the cold and heavy manner that he had. He trod heavily about the workshop, looking into the eyes of the young men as if far more concerned to search their souls than their benches; and Sabre, when speaking to him, always had the feeling that Mr. Bright was penetrating him with the same intention.

Extraordinary that such a stern and hard old man should have for daughter such a fresh and lovable slip of a young thing as his Effie! Bright Effie, Sabre always called her, inverting her names. Mr. Bright had a little cupboard called his office at the foot of the main stairway and Bright Effie came often to see her father there. Sabre had spoken to her in the little cupboard or just outside it. He had delight in watching the most extraordinary shining that she had in her eyes.

It was like reading an entertaining book, he used to think, and he had the idea that humor of that rarest kind which is unbounded love mingled with unbounded sense of the oddities of life was packed to bursting within her. All that she saw or heard seemed to be taken into that exhaustless fount, metamorphosed into the most delicious sensations, and shone forth in extraordinarily humorous delight though her face, somewhere in the dimmest day light, found and thrown back by a bright surface. It was just so, Sabre used to think, with Effie. All things were fresh to her and she found freshness in all things.

Some such apprehension of her Sabre had expressed to Twynning on the occasion that came to his mind during young Perch's treaty for some one to live with his mother. Sabre had been standing with Twynning at Mr. Fortune's window, Mr. Bright and Effie leaving the office and crossing the street together beneath them. Twynning, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Bright, had

given a short laugh and said, "Hullo, you seem to have been thinking a lot about the fair Effie!"

The kind of laugh and the kind of remark that Sabre hated and he gave a slight gasp in the metal top of an ordinary catnap or some such bottle. Then the bottle can be filled with water, the cap screwed on and the device used as a water shaker.

together to look, and heaven only knows what they got up to; they were away about half an hour and came back with about three hundred-weight of old wools and nine pounds of needles, and talking about how they were going through all the other boxes, now I've got some one to help me, as my mother said. By Jove, the girl's wonderful. D'you know, she actually kissed my mother when she was leaving and said, 'Now be sure to try that little pillow just under your side tonight. Just press it in as you're falling asleep.' By Jove, you can't think how grateful I am to you, Sabre."

"I am glad," Sabre told him. "I felt sure you'd be just like that. But why have you been having a frightful struggle over it with your mother? If she's taken to her so?"

Young Perch gave the fond little laugh with which Sabre had so often heard him conclude his enormous arguments with his mother. "Oh, you know what my mother is. She's now made up her mind that the girl is coming here to do what she calls 'catch me.' She'll forget that soon. Anyway, the girl's coming. She's coming the day after tomorrow, the day I'm going. Come along in and see my mother and keep her to it."

The subject did not require bringing up. "I suppose Freddie's told you what he's forcing me into now, Mr. Sabre," old Mrs. Perch greeted him. "It's a funny thing that I should be forced to do things at my time of life. Of course, she's older Freddie. Do you suppose I can't see that?"

"Well, but she won't see Freddie, Mrs. Perch. He won't be here." "She'll catch him," declared Mrs. Perch doggedly. "Any girl could catch Freddie. He's a positive fool with one of these girls after him. Now she's got to have her uncle Henry's armchair in her room. If you please. That's a nice thing, isn't it?"

"Now look here, Mother, you know perfectly well that was your own idea. You said you felt sure she had a weak back and that—"

"I never supposed she was going to have your uncle Henry's chair for her weak back or for any other back. Ask Mr. Sabre what he thinks. There he is, ask him."

Sabre said, "But you do like the girl, don't you, Mrs. Perch?" Mrs. Perch pursed her lips. "I don't say I don't like her. I merely ask what I'm going to do with her. When Freddie said he wanted to bring some one to live with me, I never supposed he was going to bring a chit of a child into the house. I assure you I never supposed that was going to be done to me."

And then quite suddenly Mrs. Perch dropped into a chair and said in a hoarse, broken voice, "I don't mind who comes into the house. I can't contend like I used to contend. Immense tears gathered in her eyes and began to run swiftly down her cheeks. 'I'm not fit for anything now. I can't live without Freddie. I like the girl; but all this house where we've been so happy... I shall see... I shall see... Why must he go, Mr. Sabre? Why must he go? I don't understand this war at all.' Her voice trailed off. Her hands fumbled on her lap. A tear fell on them. She brushed at it with a fumbling motion but it remained there."

Young Perch took her hand and fondled it. Sabre saw the wrinkled, fumbling old hand between the strong brown fingers. "That's all right, Mother. Of course, you don't understand it. That's just it. You think I'm going out to fighting and all that. And I'm just going into a training camp here in England for a time. And before Christmas it will all be over and I shall come flying back and we'll send Miss Bright tottling off home and—Don't cry, Mother. Don't cry, Mother. Isn't that so, Sabre? Just training in England. Isn't that so? Now where-ever's your old handkerchief got to? Look here; here's mine. Look, this is the one I chose that day with you in Tidborough. Do you remember what a jolly tea we had that day? Remember what a laugh we had over that funny teapot. There, let me wipe them. Mother..."

Sabre turned away. This frightful war...

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Spare Time Jobs for Father—



SPRINKLING clothes with the hands means a lot of unnecessary motions and takes a long time.

Make it easier for mother by putting holes in the metal top of an ordinary catnap or some such bottle. Then the bottle can be filled with water, the cap screwed on and the device used as a water shaker.

together to look, and heaven only knows what they got up to; they were away about half an hour and came back with about three hundred-weight of old wools and nine pounds of needles, and talking about how they were going through all the other boxes, now I've got some one to help me, as my mother said. By Jove, the girl's wonderful. D'you know, she actually kissed my mother when she was leaving and said, 'Now be sure to try that little pillow just under your side tonight. Just press it in as you're falling asleep.' By Jove, you can't think how grateful I am to you, Sabre."

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Use Movies For Foreign Trade Expansion



Mary Jane Irving and Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle," a poor adaptation of Brieux's story of marital infidelity.

BY JAMES W. DEAN.  
NEW YORK, March 27.—Representatives of the motion picture industry, the U. S. Department of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers will meet in Washington April 11 to develop plans for the utilization of movies to their fullest assistance to industry.

That is fodder upon which Will Hays, generalissimo of the movies, may ruminate if, indeed, he is not now behind this new movement. It is the first participation in a movie project since he accepted his present position.

The U. S. Department of Commerce has already developed tentative plans for the use of motion pictures in boosting trade abroad. Julius Klein, new director of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, has arranged for the services of M. Leopold, expert industrial photographer of the bureau of mines.

Klein will send a government engineer to any plant to arrange for filming of scenes showing production. His foreign representatives will arrange for distribution and exhibition abroad.

The cost of such pictures to manufacturers would be about \$1 a foot. If the idea of exploiting products is "sold" to manufacturers, at the April conference, Will Hays may start work on his first scenario.

It is suggested that the movie industry take the lead in the movement. A movie telling the story of movie production should prove an immense interest to Europeans, since the majority of films shown in Europe are of American make.

The screen version of Eugene Brieux's "The Cradle," is fair sample of what an absurdity the movies can make of a written or staged story through lack of appreciation of the author's motive or moral.

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## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER LVI.—Fate Tangles Her Threads.

By Zoe Beckley

NERVES and body can play strange tricks upon the mind. As Polly lay there, holding the concierge's hand to steady herself in the storm of emotion that swept over her, she did not think with the clearness and straightness that was natural to her. She still felt miserably dizzy and sick. Despite the woman who patted her shoulder and spoke encouragingly she felt alone and deserted in the hour which should have been golden with love and companionship.

Contention and a sleepless night added their tax, and Paul's note, so brief and curt.

Aloud she said to the concierge, "Dear Mme. Dubois, you've been a comfort. Leave me now. I think I can sleep."

"Yes, sleep, ma petite. All will be well, believe me."

When she had gone Polly had an odd fancy—as if she were tiptoeing into the strange region of her inner self and finding marvels there. Dim shadows lurked, hopes half formed, vague fears that made her shiver. Mysteriously beckoning and receding, knowledge revealing itself, and a great deep wisdom over all—motherhood.

Motherhood! Polly whispered the word over and over to herself. How many times she had said it and read

it and dismissed it with scarcely a realization of what it meant. Some of her friends had passed through it, and come out with a deep look in their eyes that Polly had not been able to read. As if they knew many things they did not, or could not, tell.

She went cold at the responsibility. The next instant she felt lifted up as on a wave of exultation.

If Paul had come home when the emotional wave was bearing her on its crest the clouds that had hung so heavily would have been instantly dispersed.

But he didn't. It chanced that some work in a neighboring town had gone wrong and Paul was required to straighten it out. At a point between two tiny villages a repair train was at work and had met with an accident. A load of concrete had fallen upon the track.

With the other passengers Paul scrambled out to ascertain the trouble. It was nothing, they said; would take but a short time to clear. Thus it happened that Polly waited at home, brooding. Not even at dinner time did Paul appear. It was too much. He was cruel, brutal. She wished she were dead.

At 8 o'clock he rushed in, breathless and found an empty flat.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

—BURBANK'S BETTER GARDEN TIPS—

THE SOIL  
Article No. 3.

MRS. LUTHER BURBANK ILLUSTRATES HER HUSBAND'S GARDEN TIPS.

BY LUTHER BURBANK,  
World's Greatest Scientific Agriculturalist.

SPADE your ground early! This is of vital importance. Remember that texture in the soil is probably as important as all the other things put together.

So spade your ground early and let it rest. Work in a little stable manure and some sifted ashes, or leaf mould is good. But LET THE GROUND REST!

I stress these points for this reason: with your soil once loosened and ready, the air should be allowed to get in. This gives the soil life. Soil needs air just as humans. The air MUST get down and be ready for the young roots. A little time is necessary for the soil to get the full advantage of the air.

Doctors Recommend Bon-Opto for the Eyes

Physicians and eye specialists prescribe Bon-Opto as a safe home remedy in the treatment of eye troubles and to strengthen eyesight. Sold under money refund guarantee by all druggists.

MOTHER!

Move Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of a "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup—Advt.

WHITENING WAX.

If you would whiten yellow wax boil it in water and then spread it out in thin layers exposed to air and light. Repeat this process until the color is gone.

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## BOOKS

EDITED BY CABR.

THE DEAVES AFFAIR. By Hubert Footner. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.75.

THIS LATEST of Hubert Footner's books concerns the unraveling of a mystery, but it differs from other detective stories in the second chapter, and no murderer is traced to his lair by such rudimentary methods as a chemical analysis of the dust about the body.

There is crime in it, of course, but the law-breakers go about their work in a gentlemanly manner, with a gift for ironically suggestive letter writing which relieves the harshness of their purpose.

Add to such original and polished criminals Simeon Deaves, a self-made millionaire whose fortune was not collected without some peccadilloes, and Evan Weir, a forceful young artist with a flair for discovering hidden facts, and three-fourths of the necessary ingredients for the story are complete. The remaining fourth is soon supplied by the telling presence and more telling absence of a voice, wistful eyes, and a spirit to match the glories of her auburn hair.

The rich old man is a miser, yet naive, and so beset by an aspiring daughter-in-law and a flaccid son that deserves pity; the artist has an unusual way of speaking of his whole mind at odd moments; the lady is in turn all woman and all vixen.

As befits the work of an experienced writer, the narrative moves swiftly, and is but little confused by the necessity of following two threads at once. The plot makes up for what it lacks in lurid horror by the novelty of the situations which arise and the ingenuity of the ruses whereby the enemies of Deaves attempt to gain their ends. And do not forget the breathless second when the amateur detective feels the rim of icy steel against his temple. Surprising freaks of fortune and unexpected discoveries are by no means lacking, nor do they depend on unconvincing chance, and a certain humor runs throughout, lightens the suspense and triumphs in the ending.

The public library may seem an uninspiring milieu for crime until its possibilities are realized, but its use, together with that of other commonplace settings, sustains the interest by lending to the story a circumstantial air of veracity. In short, there is much to catch the reader's attention and nothing that will give the children bad dreams.

Too many beginners turn their soil and immediately start to plant. Don't begin making use of the earth the moment you have turned it over.

Give the soil a chance and your garden will be the better for it.

Tomorrow Burbank discusses "Plant Needs."

KID OR CANVAS.

When cleaning silver it is wise to wear either kid or canvas gloves. Rubber gloves have a tendency to tarnish silver.

GOOD! Because Its Fine Qualities Are Protected by the Sealed Package

## RED ROSE TEA

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## HAD BAD COUGH AND SORE THROAT

Never neglect a cough or cold, however slight. If you do, it can have but one result; it leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected. The surest dose of

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

will help to stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs the healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, along with the soothing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs, root and bark promptly eradicates the bad effects, and the persistent use cannot but help to bring about relief.

Mr. Albert Marsh, Lower L'Ardoise, N. B., writes: "About a year ago I contracted a cold, accompanied by a very bad cough and sore throat. I sent for the doctor, but what he prescribed did me so little good I began to get discouraged. A friend told me of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I told him I had not and sent him right away to get me a bottle. I started using it, and after a couple of days I found I was getting relief, and after taking two bottles the soreness in my throat seemed to be leaving me, so I resolved to continue its use, and after I had used five bottles both my sore throat and cough had gone, and I would not be without 'Dr. Wood's' for any money."

Price, 50c and 60c a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

## ONTARIO MOTHER HELPS DAUGHTER

Mothers—watch your daughter's health. From the time she reaches the age of twelve until womanhood is established she needs your care and advice. Many women have suffered years of ill-health through lack of such care during this time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for girls and women. For nearly fifty years it has been helping mothers and daughters. Let it help you and your daughter.

Hamilton, Ontario.—"When my daughter was thirteen and until she was fifteen she suffered every month so that she could hardly move around the house and when she would have the pains in school she would have to be carried home."

Besides the pains and the irregularity she also had headache, dizzy and faint spells, and soreness in her back. I saw your advertisement in the "Hamilton Spectator" and got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for her. She does not have the least bit of trouble now, and we both recommend your medicine. She works in a candy-shop now and seems well and strong."—Miss I. P. CLARK, 76 Walnut St. South, Hamilton, Ontario.

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