



"I ended corns forever in this scientific way"

Millions have said that about Blue-jay.

Others tried it and told others the same story.

So the use has spread, until corn troubles have largely disappeared.

If you have a corn you can settle it tonight. And find the way to end every corn.

Apply liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. The pain will stop.

Soon the whole corn will loosen and come out.

Think what folly it is to

keep corns, to pare or pad them, or to use the old harsh treatments.

Here is the new-day way, gentle, sure and scientific. It was created by a noted chemist in this world-famed laboratory.

It is ending millions of corns by a touch. The relief is quick, and it ends them completely.

Try it tonight. Corns are utterly needless, and this is the time to prove it.

Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

B & B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

"For why?" Jacques asked, eager to hear the story, meanwhile lighting a taper to replenish the coals in his pipe-bowl.

Then little by little the whole tale of Pierre's flight from his native village became clear as the simply told narrative proceeded.

They had grown up together in the little Quebec village, Madeline, Prosper and Pierre, and because Pierre was the stronger in body, had assumed the care of his younger half-brother. Always they had played together they three, and as Pierre grew older he set himself to making snares for rabbit and mink—for he would be a hunter—and once he had donned his father's rigging, belt, leggings, and hunting coat and all, and marched across the meadow to the play house under the elms, where Madeline had laid out her shelves of broken delf and surprised her at play with her cups and saucers.

"You are almost a man," she had said, surveying him proudly, and he walked home with head erect and with all the glory of the real hunter.

Then had come the first communion and the long row of white-robed youths who knelt to receive the bishop's benediction, but only Prosper had come late. He remembered Madeline as she knelt, with prayer book and missal, all in white, sweet as the opening apple-blossom and her responses to the priest low and mild as the west wind. Once he had dared, as they knelt side by side, to touch her hand, and Madeline had smiled shyly and something in the manner of Father La Joie, a slight inclination of the head, perhaps, but something had seemed to motion assent.

And just then Prosper, tardy and over clumsy with haste, wedged himself between them and they had given him space; but the incident had not passed from mind.

"He will do you some harm," Gran'mere La Pointe had commented on the following day, when Pierre had brought her a mess of game. "It is the bad luck he brings you, no doubt," and Gran'mere knew.

How well Pierre remembered that evening, the last one, with Father La Joie.

"I am so worried, mon enfant," he had confided. "Some one has twice stolen the offerings from the church."

It was little comfort that Pierre could extend the worthy Father, but returning home through the meadow he had heard the faint noise as of the boring of an augur or the gnawing of mice through wood. It came from the chapel. At once the words of the priest had come back to him. He stood still. Should he call the priest? Non—it was a mere nothing. He vaulted the fence and rushed into the vestibule and there—there stood Prosper, the offering box wide open. He was the thief.

"It was too much for me, mon Jacques, that he, my half-brother should be an ordinary thief, and worse, and I struck him, grabbing from his hands the box as

he fell lest any harm should come to it. But here, too, was my luck. Gran'mere La Pointe had spoken the truth, for through the door of the vestry walked Madeline, very white of face. She looked from me, with the box in my hand, to Prosper, half stunned on the floor beside her. It was an ugly moment for me."

"Who—who has this done?" she asked, trembling.

"La Diable," Prosper recovering himself laughed wickedly.

"Ni moi, ni toi-toi, he added. 'Only the rabble are the cowards.'

"Madeline looked at me, me, Pierre, with the box still in my hands.

"Surely this is a joke—a bad joke—you do not mean to—steal?"

"She looked at me questioningly, as if it were I—I, Pierre, who was guilty and not Prosper himself. Almost I felt her tremble in the twilight.

"You trust your friend too much," Prosper said, slipping his arm about her, as if to protect her. She was no longer the little playmate, but the woman.

"My uncle, the priest, has always trusted you so—so—much," she faltered. I did not expect this of—you, her voice breaking with disappointment.

"I was angry that Madeline should seem to trust Prosper before myself. He was no true mate for her, the frivolous, fickle fellow—but she trusted him—that was enough for me. She had the right to be happy with Prosper—if she chose.

"You have seen the wounded pigeon that flutters to its nest in the loft, then you will see Madeline turn to Prosper.

"Take me away, Prosper. He has always been so strong, but—we are ashamed of him, are we not?"

"Let us go," Prosper said, speaking to Madeline alone.

"For myself, I felt that she loved Prosper and that I could bear alone the burden of Prosper's wrong if she were happy.

"You will take good care of her, I pleaded, as I told them goodbye at the notary's office, the following day. For myself, I am going into the North woods, but you—you will be happy.

"But Prosper was as thoughtless as ever. 'You are taking it too hard, mon voyageur,' he said laughingly. 'You will find you a mate in the North.'

And Pierre, grinding his teeth, had allowed him to go unharmed.

* * * * *

The fire had burned to embers in the fireplace and in the scanty light of the cabin it seemed to Jacques that the face of Pierre, always sober was somewhat drawn, as if with pain. Outside the low undertone of the wind among the pines whispered the sadness of distant lonely places.

Glancing toward the uncurtained window Jacques perceived the face of a stranger pressed closely against the pane and staring into his own.

"V'la," he cried, excitedly pointing at the same time toward the window, but

NEVER GRIPE OR SICKEN

Cascarets

FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

All Biliousness, Headache and Constipation gone!

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

This time of year
it's a good idea
to combine fresh
fruit or berries
with your morn-
ing dish of



Grape-Nuts

The blend of flavor proves
delightful and is in tune
with June.

"There's a Reason"