



This Man's Methods

The Time  
Has Come  
to Deal  
With Corns  
in a  
Scientific  
Way



Not This Man's

## Let An Expert Deal With Corns

Ask who makes it before you use a method for ending corns.

Harsh methods are not sanctioned now. Mussy methods are unnecessary. Soreness never need occur.

Blue-jay was invented by a chemist of high repute. It is made by a concern of world-wide fame as a maker of surgical dressings. Its action is gentle and results are sure. It acts on the corn alone, not on the healthy tissue.

Apply it as you wrap a cut finger. That ends all pain, all

discomfort. In two days the corn disappears. Sometimes an old, tough corn needs a second application. But no corn can resist this method. It is sure to go.

Millions of people know this. At the first sign of a corn they apply a Blue-jay. Corn pains never bother them.

You will always do likewise when you see the results. One trial will convince you. It means so much, and costs so little, that we urge you to make it now.

Deal with one corn to-night.

**B&B Blue-jay  
Corn Plasters**

Stop Pain Instantly  
End Corns Completely  
25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. Toronto, Canada

### How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.  
B is the B&B wax, which gently

undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

# BABY'S OWN SOAP

## For Nursery Use

you cannot take chances on Soap. Four generations of Canadians have enjoyed the creamy, fragrant skin healing lather of Baby's Own Soap—the Standard in Canada for nursery use, on account of its known purity.

Baby's Own is Best for Baby—Best for You.



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"That can't be, Philip," she said, "this is just my fate. I must bear it—till it kills me. But if it could be, I'll tell you this: I would give it to you, dearest, for you are stronger, and maybe a man could fight it better."

I was off to the main camp then, but when I got back with the codeine she was asleep with her head on his shoulder and he knelt there till four without moving—he was game, that Mr. Ferrau, and no mistake!

SHE slept right through till eight, and I left them together all day, as much as I could, and I let her off her nap, she begged so. I could see from the solemn way she talked that she was saying good-by to him as much as he'd let her. She told me that as soon as it began to get on her brain really, and she got worse (we always called it "getting worse") she was going up to Dr. Jarvyse's place, and he wasn't to see her at all.

"I want him to remember me—as I was," she said. It certainly was tough. I used to cry about it, when I was alone, sometimes. You get awfully fond of some patients.

He stayed the next night, too, and I took my regular nap from ten to one. I could nearly always count on that, and I'd got so I woke the moment she did. I was fast asleep when I felt her touch me, and I woke, feeling scared, for she almost never did that.

"What is it?" I said, half awake. "Is she coming nearer?"

"Miss Jessop, dear Miss Jessop, she isn't here at all!" she said, shaking and crying. "I've been awake an hour, and she hasn't come to-night! Oh, do you think, do you—"

"Yes, I do," I said, though I was pretty excited myself, I can tell you. "I believe you're getting better, Miss Elton, and now I think I'll have Miss Avidson rub you, and see if we can get through the night all right."

The Swedish woman put her right to sleep, working over her head, and we never opened our eyes till nine. One of the guides told me that Mr. Ferrau had been called to the city early, and has left quietly, not to disturb us, but we were both so delighted and yet so anxious not to be delighted too soon, that we didn't notice his going much. She ate three good meals that day, besides her tea, and we walked five or six miles—I wanted to wear her out. And that night she slept right through!

We waited one night more, to be certain, and then I phoned the doctor.

"Hurray!" he yelled, so I nearly dropped the receiver. "Bully for you! Keep out for a week and then move in—with a light. Drop the light in another week. Then I'll send 'em all off to Beachmount." That was their Long Island place.

Well, it all worked out perfectly. She gained nine pounds in three weeks and I don't know when I've been so pleased. The old people came up to see her, and I spent most of my time convincing them that it was no case for tiaras and sunbursts, as I never wore them. Mrs. Elton really looked almost human. She cried so that I finally had to take a little string of pearls. They were small, but all matched, and she said I could wear them under my blouse and I could always sell them. You'd have thought that I'd cured the girl, when, as I told them, the thing had just run its

natural course, and her youth and good sense and the outdoor life had done the rest.

Of course there was no more use for me, and I went right off on a big operation case—a very interesting one, indeed. I promised to come to the wedding if I possibly could; she told me she would be married just as soon as Mr. Ferrau wished, she felt she'd made him go through so much in the last four months. And it seemed that he had felt the strain more than they thought, for her mother told me that just as Anne recovered, he seemed to give way and got very nervous and had gone off on a yacht with some of his college friends to the south somewhere. I was rather surprised not to see him at the house, and so was Miss Anne, I thought, but he sent the loveliest flowers every day and telegrams, and of course they were working on the trousseau and pretty busy, anyway.

I couldn't get to the wedding, after all, for my patient was taken to Lakewood and simply refused to let me off, which was rather mean of her, for I could have run up for the afternoon as well as not. But that's what you have to expect if you go into nursing, and you get used to it.

MRS. ELTON called me up once at the hotel, to see if I couldn't get away (they were going to send the car for me if I could) and I asked if Mr. Ferrau was all right again.

"Really, Miss Jessop," said she—and I could just see how she must have looked, from her voice—"really, my dear, I am terribly, terribly worried about Philip. He looks frightfully, so pale and nervous and run down. And he simply won't see a doctor and when I earnestly begged him to consult Dr. Stanchon he flew out at me—he really flew out!"

"What can it be?" said I. "What does Miss Elton think?"

"Why, how can she know, my dear?" says the old lady, "only he assures her that it will be all right once they're married, and begs her so not to put it off, that she won't, though I don't entirely approve, myself. Really, you'd scarcely know Philip, Miss Jessop."

It did seem too bad, but then those things will happen, and I just thought to myself that probably there was more to that southern trip than the old lady knew, and let it go at that. The doctor says that all the nurses have dime-novel imaginations—but where do we get them, I'd like to know, if not from what we see and hear? The Lord knows we don't have to invent things.

Miss Elton was dreadfully disappointed that I couldn't be there for the wedding, and promised me they'd stop a minute at the hotel on their wedding journey and see me. They were going on a motor trip, nobody knew just where, and Lakewood would only be a few miles out of their way. Wasn't that nice of them? But it was just like both of them. So I was quite excited, of course, and when it poured rain all day, and got worse and worse, I did feel so sorry for them, and never expected they'd leave town. But, lo and behold, about five o'clock didn't the boy bring up their cards, and for a wonder my patient was decent and said she wouldn't want me till next morning—she had her own maid with her and