

This Week's Corns

Will be Gone Next Week—250,000 of Them

This week, 250,000 corns will be removed with Blue-jay. So every week. This invention now is ending a million corns a month.

Think of that—you who pare corns, you who daub them, you who still use ancient methods.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster and the pain will end at once.

In two days take the plaster off. The corn will be loosened. Simply lift it out. There'll be no pain or soreness.

You will never feel that corn again. Others may come if you still pinch your feet. But that corn is ended forever.

You can prove this with one plaster, in two days.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(276) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

SEEDS SEEDS

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was abroad. It was your silence, and hers; your evident antagonism and hers, first made me suspicious; and the remembrance of your old skill in printing did the rest. But your motive, mother, what was your motive? It must have been a strong one surely to induce you to play a part so despicable?"

Mrs. Alston's head drooped, but her voice, though low, was firm.

"I loved Dick Emberson," she said, "and considered I had the first claim on his affections."

"Claim!" echoed her son scornfully. "What possible claim could you have beyond that of his friendship to me?"

"Dick loved me long before he ever met Miss Anerley, and I him," she answered, so low that he had to bend forward to catch the words.

"Mother!" exclaimed Ted, recoiling from her with a look of horror. "What are you saying?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Ted," she answered, quickly, raising her dark head and meeting her son's glance fully and freely. "I have always respected your father's name. When I discovered that the warm young friendship Dick first bestowed on his chum's mother had changed into something deeper, mightier, I had the strength to send him from me, although by so doing my own life became duller—greyer. I did not see him again or hold any communication with him till my year of widowhood had nearly elapsed. Then he told me that he was engaged to Miss Anerley. Can you wonder that I felt sore at his forgetting me apparently so soon? Is it so strange that I should have used every means in my power—to extort from the girl who had supplanted me a promise that she would break her engagement and leave him a twelvemonth's space of time in which to discover who was the real owner of his affections? The bargain was a fair one enough."

"Is it really possible that you can so delude yourself or are you trying to delude me?" asked Ted wonderingly. "In this fair bargain—was it then understood that, whilst Enid was to hold herself sternly aloof, and Dick was left to think her fickle and faithless, he was to be thrown into your daily companionship—nursed and tended by you in his sickness and weakness—so that in the end his sore and wounded heart might turn from sheer gratitude, to you—the woman of whose angelic goodness, poor, deluded fellow, he spoke to me just now?"

A flush—was it of shame?—stained Mrs. Alston's brow.

"Chance favoured me in that," she said hastily. "You yourself brought him here, remember—not I."

"That's true enough, as far as it goes," replied Ted grimly. "As I said, I was a blind fool—I am no longer."

"You will not tell Dick, Ted; you will not degrade and humiliate me in his estimation?" said Mrs. Alston, clasping her hands in passionate pleading.

There was a moment of oppressive silence, during which she watched him with a very agony of entreaty in her beautiful eyes.

Ted drew a long breath, like one who has taken his resolve.

"No," he answered slowly. "I will not degrade and humiliate you. I cannot forget that you are my mother—although you seem to have done so; but I entreat you, return to your nobler self, and release Miss Anerley from the promise she should never have made."

"What, renounce the victory," cried Mrs. Alston derisively, "when it is almost in my hands? Listen, Ted, listen and be reasonable! Why should you interfere in this? Do you think I should not make Dick happy? Am I, then, so old and ugly that you deem it impossible for a man to love me? I tell you this girl's affection for your friend is by the side of my woman's love as water unto wine. Married to him in a year's time I would make him forget his very existence; and to whom would she turn for comfort but to you?"

Her son shook his head sadly. "It will avail you nothing to wave that old temptation before my eyes," he said. "They are not, like yours, blinded by passion. Once more I beg you to try and realize the truth, to face it with bravery and dignity. It is quite possible that Dick's first boyish fancy may have been for you—a woman old enough to be his mother."

"Scarcely, Ted!" interposed Mrs. Alston. "I was seventeen when you

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