



This magic spot ends corns

PLACE it on your throbbing corn tonight. It takes but a second. Relief will come instantly, because the felt ring relieves all pressure.

The medicated spot of wax soothes while it works. You will wonder why you waited so long.

Tomorrow your corn will not hurt as it has today. And within 48 hours the corn will come out easily, painlessly.

Blue-jay is the gentle, certain way, discovered by a great chemist. Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, famed for surgical dressings.

Paring is Extremely Dangerous

and only a makeshift. Infection is possible. Harsh and mussy liquids are disagreeable. Blue-jay is irrefragable to the average corn. Once in a while an old and stubborn corn requires a second treatment.

Tonight prove these truths yourself. It costs so little. Then you will never let a corn hurt again.

At All Druggists—**25c a Package**

BAUER & BLACK, Limited

Makers of Surgical Dressings
Chicago Toronto New York

B&B Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely

25c Packages at Druggists



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which soaks the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the thick wax, which gently underlines 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 1/2". After that, one does not feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn appears without sore!

A Terrible Disclosure ;

What Fools Men Are !

CHAPTER XI.

"No, not very pleasant, is it?" assented Lord Combermere; "but, by George, it fits the brute!"

"Why?" asked Edith, sharply, with a little catch in her voice.

"Because he kills any one who comes within reach of his heels," said Lord Claxtone, decisively.

"Steady, Clax!" laughed Lord Combermere. "He's not so bad as that! He has won the name because he kills all the other horses—that is, outruns them, if he gets a good start."

"But as he only starts decently once in five times, he doesn't stand much chance," said the general, who was supposed to be up in turf matters.

"But if any one can start him, Fane can!" exclaimed Lord Claxtone, stanchly.

Lord Combermere nodded. "Yes; and he means to ride him! Well, I'd rather be excused! I have seen the animal, in one of his tempers, fling a jockey from the saddle like a stone from a catapult—what's the matter, Miss Drayton?" for she had turned her head aside, and she so soon that he saw how deadly white the lovely face had grown.

She swung around to him in an instant, with a smile in her eyes.

"Nothing! How coolly you talk of what must have been a frightful accident, Lord Combermere."

"I beg your pardon! I ought to have remembered. Ah, Miss Drayton, if you had attended Badmore as often as I have done you'd get hardened."

"Perhaps I may," she said, smiling still. "But surely Lord Fane doesn't know the character of this horse!"

Lord Claxtone laughed aloud, then

blushed. "Why, it's his own horse! He has ridden him scores of times. The brute broke his leg and arm once, but Fane swore that he would master him, and when he got well he did!"

"If—said Edith, and her pale face flushed slightly—"if I were a friend of Lord Fane—I mean a close friend—I should try and persuade him to give up the idea of riding the horse, and I would not rest until I had also got him to kill it!"

Lord Claxtone laughed. "You don't know Fane as well as I do, Miss Drayton, that's evident. At any rate, nothing on earth would dissuade him from riding it now. He knows that all of us have or will back him and the horse, and it would be a point of honor with him to ride the race!"

"Quite so," asserted Lord Combermere. "Fane's the soul of honor. Look at his conduct over that Fly-away! He must have lost thousands over that. Refused to make himself safe even for a penny. Oh, he'll ride the brute now he's promised to do so if it costs him his life!"

Edith Drayton shuddered behind her sunshade. Like a flash of lightning she saw Clifford Revel's motive. "If it cost him his life!" Could there be any doubt that Clifford Revel hoped that the horse would vindicate its name, and prove the assassin of the man who stood between Clifford Revel and the marquisate!

Yet, what could she do! As she sat there, shuddering and burning by turns, she knew that they had spoken truly; that no man nor woman could turn him from his promise, from his word of honor. If ever she had hated Clifford Revel she hated him at this moment.

A storm of dread and doubt, and perplexity raged in her heart as they galloped through the beautiful shady lanes, now touching the banks of the silvery Thames, now winding through pine woods, and then climbing some steep and tree-crested hill.

They stopped at a small village to change horses, and while the grooms

did their work with swift, deft movements, Lord Combermere mixed a champagne cup and insisted upon the ladies partaking of it.

Then they were off again, with the excitement of a fresh team, and the refreshing cup. Lady Debenham woke up and grew talkative, Lord Combermere tried his hand at the horn, and all were enjoying themselves immensely, excepting the general, who found his work cut out for him by the fresh and skittish horses, and Edith, upon whose soul sat darkly the vision of Lord Edgar riding the horse named Assassin.

With several squeaks, with his reins in a fearful jumble, with the perspiration standing in huge drops, and with an inaudible thanksgiving, the general drove the coach into Pangley, and pulled up, safe and sound, at the door of the ivy-colored inn.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Lord Combermere, cheerily. "Now ladies, I hope you're prepared to rough it. It will be quite the truly rural, you know! Claxtone, will you give Mrs. Drayton a hand?" And poor Claxtone, who had been fondly hoping that he might be permitted to assist Edith, turned obediently and as cheerfully as he could to her mamma.

Chatting and laughing, they entered the "Moorhen," and were met by the anxious and smiling landlady, who, with a snow-white cap and apron, dropped innumerable curtseys, and led them to the best room.

"You got my telegram, I suppose?" said Lord Combermere.

"Yes, my lord," she said, "and I've done my best. I'm sorry—leastways for your sake, my lord—that some of my rooms are occupied. A young gentleman and his wife it is—"

"Oh, never mind!" cried Lord Combermere, pleasantly. "We shall do. Do not disturb yourself, Mrs. Jones, and I hope we shan't disturb them. Newly married, eh?"

"Yes, my lord," assented the landlady; "and you won't disturb them at all. They are out nearly all day, and won't come home till dinner time."

"When we shall all be gone. All right. Now, ladies, follow Mrs. Jones, and by the time you have got your bonnets off we will have luncheon ready; eh, general?"

The hampers and wine cases were carried from the coach into the parlour, and the cloth was soon laid. Lord Combermere was a capital caterer, and in addition to the dishes which are beloved by men, he had brought some sweets and an ice pudding for the ladies' delectation, and he and the general assisted—or imagined they did—in the arrangement of the table.

"Now I call this a sensible way of doing things," said Lady Debenham. "I must say—to speak candidly—that if there is one thing I hate more than another, it is an ordinary picnic."

"Quite right," assented the general. "So do I. Had too many of 'em in service. I've picknicked on roast camel and moidy biscuits in Africa, and bear's ham and grass-hoppers in America, also on stewed boot leather—that was in the Crimea—and I'm satiated with picnics. No, give me something decent to eat on a table, and a chair to sit on while I eat it, and I'm content."

"Now, you are to make yourselves comfortable, and we gentlemen are to wait on you," said Lord Combermere. "Clax, I'll get you to open that bottled beer, and give the general a glass to begin with. We must keep him in form, or he won't be able to drive us back. Miss Drayton, will you sit here? Lady Debenham, you are expected to carve that ham."

It was very enjoyable; Edith would have been happy but for that carking care which never left her heart for a moment. But she could smile and laugh with the rest, and no one guessed how far her thoughts were from the scene—certainly not the young marquis, who enjoyed the felicity of sitting beside her, and who waited upon her with the devotion of a devotee for his goddess.

"This is one of the jolliest days I ever had in my life," he ventured to confide to her.

"It isn't over yet, Clax," said the general, who had overheard him. "There is plenty of time for you to fall into the river. You've ordered some boats, haven't you, Combermere?"

"Yes," said his lordship. "And there's plenty of time to be pitched off the coach! Eh, general?"

There was always a certain amount of amiable chaffing between these two, the general affirming that Lord Combermere, who considered himself quite

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an up-river man, knew nothing about a boat; and Lord Combermere retailing by declining to believe that the general would ever learn to drive a four-in-hand properly.

Amidst much laughter, at the mutual good-tempered rally, the party left the Moorhen and strolled toward the river. They found some boats all prepared, and the usual verbal confusion on the question of who should brave the watery element and who should remain on dry land.

Most of the ladies, though they declared their ardent love for the water, remarked that they should only be in the way in the boats; and in the end Edith and one or two of the other girls got into a skiff, and the marquis and Lord Combermere took the oars.

"We'll row up the river to the island—it's an awfully jolly island. Clax, just see if they have put some champagne in, will you?"

It was a lovely afternoon, and the river looked at its best; from either bank the golden poplars and dark-robed yews rose towering toward the skies. Soon they reached a lock, with its tumbling weir, over which the water rolled and frothed like silver in the sunlight; and presently they "made," as Lord Combermere put it nautically, the island.

There was an exclamation of delight from the ladies.

"Why, it is fairland!" said Edith, forgetting in the pleasure of the moment her secret sorrow.

"Prettiest place in England!" declared Lord Combermere. "Now, Clax, help me to take the cushions out of the boat; we'll make a divan for the ladies under the trees."

They seated themselves in this "divan," as his lordship called it, and the marquis was made happy by being allowed to manufacture the champagne cup; then the two gentlemen lit their cigars, and they were all very happy and quiet for a few minutes. At the end of that time some impulse prompted Edith to remark that she should like to see the weir, which stood at the further side of the island, and Lord Claxtone sprang to his feet, begging to be allowed to escort her.

"Don't let Miss Drayton go too near!" called out Lord Combermere, as they started.

"I'll take care of Miss Drayton, you may depend upon it!" retorted the lad, boldly.

"I'm depriving you of your well-earned rest, Lord Claxtone," said Edith, as they made their way through the irregular avenue of trees.

(To be Continued.)

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Yesterday Council C

DEBATE ON EXTENSION BILL RESULTS IN SENSATIONAL EXPOSURES.

When the Council went into Committee on the Extension of Parliament Bill yesterday, Hon. Mr. Milley moved a resolution to Section 1, making it read not later than April 30th, 1919.

Hon. the President rose and said he did not have an opportunity of expressing his views while the second reading was under debate. He regretted that there had been opposition to the measure, and thought the wiser course would have been unanimity in both Houses, as with the Military Service Act. He believed the Government had acted honorably and fairly in sending both Bills to the House. He was amazed at the statement of Hon. Mr. Bishop that once the measure was placed on the Statute Book there would be no trouble in its operation.

With an election on, the Government would have no chance of carrying out the measure. It would be impossible to carry out the one on the one hand and the other on the other hand. Neither did he agree with his statement that only 300 were required for the Regiment at the end of April and a month for the year. He did not think that covered the Prime Minister's views, or what Lloyd George asked for. If that were only so, Confederation would hardly be necessary.

That two-thirds of that total were under military jurisdiction to-day. If that was to be the extent of our effort there was no need for the Bill. He would support the Extension Bill if the Government full opportunity to put the Military Service Act into effect. He viewed with concern what would occur if a general election was in progress while the Con-

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