

## Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself to-night.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that will be unknown to you.

**Blue-jay**  
**For Corns**

**Stops Pain Instantly**  
**Ends Corns Completely**

**Large Package 25c at Druggists**  
Small package discontinued

**Bauer & Black, Limited** Makers of Surgical Dressing, etc. **Chicago, New York, Toronto**  
(932)

## Standing the Strain of War Time Tests

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes grew in popularity in eight years of peace time.

Then when the stress and strain of war conditions on food products came—the real test came.

Since the outbreak of war the sales of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes have increased faster than they did during peace times and in order to take care of this increased business we have just completed another new factory, tremendously increasing our production.

Corn, as a food, is just in its infancy. Its growth has been tested both through peace and war and has proven it to be a standard food.

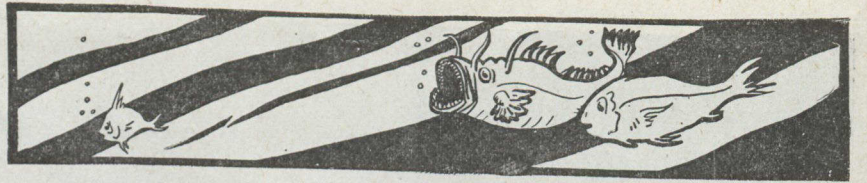
Sold only in the red, white and green package.

**Kellogg's**  
**TOASTED**  
**CORN FLAKES**

Only Made in Canada by

**The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited**

Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.



## The Deader

(Continued from page 9)

picture was Captain P. C. St. George Brotherton. He had his arm around the waist of a woman whose head was buried in his breast. His own head was bent forward, his lips were touching her hair. Alyward's camera had been of the best. The bright sunlight had streamed full on the pair. The picture was beautifully clear and distinct. There was no mistaking the look in Brotherton's eyes.

That was the problem which Carbrey had to face. The year had brought him no hope. After allowing a decent interval to elapse, he had gone again to see Elaine Maywood, and she had received him gladly. It did not augur well for his suit that she herself made public the fact of her engagement as soon as the death of Captain Brotherton had been established. But nevertheless he had gone. To his practical mind, a live love was better than a dead memory. The black she wore might have warned him that she did not hold the same view. He went directly to the point.

"I'm very sorry for you," said he. "My heart has ached for you, but Brotherton is gone!"

"Mr. Carbrey, don't speak. It's useless."

"I must. No man has a right to accept defeat until he has made his last try. I don't think you loved him as I would have the woman I make my wife love me," he went on, "and so I have come to see if you won't let me hope. Perhaps I should have waited longer, but I couldn't."

"I didn't love him as he loved me," admitted the girl, "but since his death, somehow or other, it seems to me that my honor is involved, that if he knows of my lack of faith now I must show him by my devotion, that—oh, don't you understand?"

"I see your point of view, but it's not mine. Don't you care for me a little bit?"

"A great deal."

"And if I had been first and he had not been—"

"Yes, I might, but it's cruel of you to ask me. It's horrible of me to admit it. And I can give you no other answer. He loved me so, he was so devoted to me, he was so proud of me, he built so many plans. I see him and I hear him. As you are strong and merciful, don't ask me any more."

AND Carbrey had gone away unconvinced, dissatisfied. He had not lost hope. They were both young. It was Elaine's first season. He could wait. Meanwhile Elaine Maywood in her secret heart loved him and sometimes, indeed with growing frequency, regretted that honor, as she conceived it, and fidelity as she expressed it, kept them apart. Now fortune had played into his hands. In the last moment before he died, Brotherton was not thinking of Elaine Maywood. It was quite evident that Alyward had just time enough to take out the film and slip it into the "deader" before the ship went down. In the photograph the water was frightfully near the deck level. The last boat apparently was just about to pull away. There could not have been more than a minute between Brotherton and death and in that minute he had another woman in his arms! He was kissing her hair, he was pressing her face against his breast as if to shut from her eyes the horrible sight.

Was Brotherton a traitor to Elaine? Somehow or other Carbrey could not think so. In spite of himself, he liked and admired the laughing, gallant, dashing young Englishman. Yet that damning evidence!

The newspapers had been filled with the story of Brotherton's helpfulness, how he had encouraged the passengers, how he had provided for women and children, how he had died apparently worthy of the V.C. he had received on the bullet-swept field, evidencing another and perhaps higher quality of valor. To show this picture would be like hitting a man when his back was turned, when he was down, when he was dead even, and he could not destroy Miss Maywood's trust in her lover. He could not win her in that way.

That picture was the most vital of the whole series. Nor could the two figures in the foreground be cut out without ruining the whole. He had either to print it as it was or to destroy it. He owed a duty to his paper and to the public. He had no right to destroy that picture. He owed a duty to that dauntless young camera man, too. The picture must go in the paper. Of course he could have blurred the face of Brotherton, but again

he shrank from that. If there hadn't been so many personal things involved, he would have welcomed the picture. It gave the human touch of romance, of sympathy, of love, of passion, to the tragedy. Others had seen it—the man who assisted him in developing it.

HE decided. Calling a taxi he was driven to the office of Philip Maywood. He had met Mr. Maywood, and he secured ready admittance to his private office.

"Mr. Maywood," he began, "you know I am devoted to your daughter. But she is loyal to the memory of Captain Brotherton."

"You aren't exactly the husband I should have picked out for her, Carbrey," said Maywood, frankly, "but if you can wean her away from her obsession and get her to take a cheerful view of life again, I'll be glad. It's horrible. She nurses her grief. It preys upon her. I am afraid it will kill her. She wants to go to Europe and offer herself for service."

"Mr. Maywood," said Carbrey, "look at that."

"I see," said Maywood quietly. "It's Brotherton, and with another woman. This ought to settle things."

"I can't use it."

"But I can."

"I can't let you. I couldn't win her that way."

"Where did you get the photograph?"

Rapidly Carbrey narrated the incident.

"What are you going to do—suppress it?"

"I can't do that either. I have a duty to Alyward, to the newspaper and to the public."

"But she will certainly see it. She reads your paper regularly, sometimes I think because it is yours."

"You must take her away to-night. I'll see that you are provided with an edition from which that picture is omitted."

"Where shall I take her?"

"To Boston, or any place you like. If you can keep her away for a few days, it will all have blown over by the time she returns."

"I'll do what you ask, but I think she is bound to see it sooner or later."

"That is a risk we must take. I am only doing the best I can."

"We'll start at once," concluded Maywood. "I'll telephone that I want her to go with me to Boston. She has friends there and she has been intending to visit them for some time."

"Don't let her buy a paper. What train will you take?"

Maywood looked at his watch.

"We ought to be able to get the Knickerbocker Limited."

"The papers will be there. I'll bring them myself."

Carbrey was at the train when Maywood, his wife and daughter came down the platform.

"Knowing your interest," began Carbrey, directly they were in the compartment Mr. Maywood had reserved, "I brought you the first edition." He handed her the story of the "deader" and its contents.

The girl studied the sheet through a half minute of tense silence.

"Is there no picture of—"

"I'm sorry to say, no," said Carbrey. "You will find them all there. If anything else comes up, I'll let you know through your father's office in Boston."

"I shall return to New York within the week," answered the girl. "If you can come up to see me then, I shall be very glad."

"I'll come," he answered.

Mr. Maywood followed Carbrey to the door.

"I'll let you know if she finds out anything," he whispered.

NO word came. Carbrey told the society editor to let him know when the Maywoods got back. He had been fighting down hopes and prayers that she might learn the truth in spite of all the efforts he had made to prevent her, fighting them down with that same feeling of shame which he had before experienced.

Five days later the society editor told him that the Maywoods had returned the night before. She had scarcely left his private office when the telephone rang.

"I'm back, Mr. Carbrey," she began.

"Have you heard any more?"

"Nothing."

"You're coming to see me soon, aren't you?"