

Not a Corn

Last week that foot had corns. But the owner read of Blue-jay.

She applied it one night and the pain instantly stopped. In 48 hours all the corns came out. And those corns will never come back.

That's the story folks have told about sixty million corns. And tens of thousands tell it every day.

Some of them used to pare corns, merely to relieve. Some of them tried the old-time treatments until they gave up in disgust.

Now never again will they suffer from corns. When one appears, Blue-jay goes on it.

There is no more pain. The corn is forgotten. In two days they lift it out. No soreness, no pain, no trouble.

That sounds too good to be true. But remember, please, that a million corns a month are ended in this Blue-jay way.

Why don't you let it put an end to yours?

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Grand Alliance

Love That Knew No Bounds

CHAPTER XII.

"Hold up!" cried Dodge, offering a not unfriendly shove to safe lattices. "Mind where you're a-goin' to! Seems to me—apostrophizing Sydney, who involuntarily sprung forward—a chap can't step straight afore non-time ought to be 'shamed of himself, 'cept he be ha-a-all blind!"

And he grumbled himself off, with his cackling freight, as the obstructor with his shoulder once more by the post of safety, muttered, "Half! Would it were only half!" And Sydney, halting quite near him, saw with an access of profoundest pity that his eyes, turned full upon her now, were absolutely sightless; the light of day to him only darkness!

Such a thrill of pain ran through her as she realized this, it seemed downright cruel to pass him by without one sign of sympathy. A rattling of points and shrill approaching scream announced the train he waited for. With snorts, as of exhausted efforts on such a hot day, the engine came puffing in. "Late!" cried the guard, briskly; "hurry up there porter!" In the distance the staid tourists were all clamoring for a reduction of fare. Carriage-doors began closing. But the stranger Sydney watched seemed forgotten. Will a wistful sigh he moved his head now right, now left, as with old habitual gesture of full vision. It seemed as if he would be left behind. But this was more than the girl could suffer. Obedient to an instinct of courageous courtesy she went quite up to him and spoke.

"I think I heard you say you wished to go on by this train. May I show you to a carriage?"

He turned toward her voice. "I should be very grateful, but—"
There was no time to lose. "Which class?" asked Sydney.
The color rose to his forehead. "It must be third."
"Then—she could not say 'follow me,'" so boldly placing her hand within his arm, "this way, please. I am holding the door open. The compartment is empty. Now—as he took his seat—"will you allow me to fetch your ticket?"

But this service was not demanded. Up rushed the station-master with the needful passport. Sydney, releasing her hand, drew back, with cheeks unnecessarily tingling, as her companion stooped nearer than he perhaps knew.

"I am very thankful," he said, "for your kindness. It is difficult to get used to being helpless."
At the patient gravity of his manner tears sprung to her eyes.

"Ah, that it must be!" she murmured; "I wish—" "I could have done more," she would have said, but the guard was calling out, "Stand back!" With a shriek off went the locomotive. His hat raised in farewell, the stranger was borne away, and Sydney devoted her few more minutes' loneliness to a vain hunt through memory's hiding-place for some clue to an identity not altogether unknown, she felt convinced.

But she was still in a labyrinth on the matter when her own train rushed in and having taken her place in a second-class (prudently economizing for return with Mrs. Dacie; ever ten-pound notes have an end!) he: one fellow passenger occupied her attention for the half hour they were together.

"Will you allow your window to be open as well as mine, if you please?"
"Certainly; it is warmer than a four or two ago."
"Oh, very hot, indeed! Dreadful or traveling!"

"Now, I thought it delightful!" said Sydney, smiling.
"Which shows you bound on pleasure," said the lady, with good humor not untinted by envy, and the slight ended with bespoke some species of soothing such as Sydney, out of present mood, could well spare.

After the few instants' comprehensive inspection travelers naturally make of each other, leaving in this case impression of a person of early middle-age, homely and yet refined denoted a gentlewoman by simple propriety of dress—none too rich; by the exquisite mending of her well worn gloves—Sydney would have returned to meditating and watching westward for a first sight of the Malvern Hills, but from the opposite corner came the question soon.
"I hope you are not bound on any thing sad," she said, quite earnestly desiring no more encounters with sorrow that morning.

"Well, sad—no," was the answer rather with the air of talking being a relief, "I've only come away from something disappointing. I have been a good many miles and spent a good many shillings for nothing, which is provoking."
"Indeed it must be."
"Do you know Northampton?"
"Not at all. I am from the East of England."

"It was Northampton I went to yesterday—by appointment—to meet a lady—a widow. Just the person who would have suited so well as well, companion, or—to share out some. I thought I had got exactly what I wanted; then when we had our interview the exasperating woman could only simper like a school girl, and tell me she was going to be married again!"
At this Sydney broke into smiles.
"It was too bad, though!" she confessed. "A telegram ought to have spared you your journey."

It had not altered much in all that time, or its changes lay lower than the surface; Guyswick she could barely remember, but this, an enchanted village full of select delights

to childhood, she had not forgotten. As she went with quick, throbbing enjoyment up once familiar paths, the very cottages with their specialties, a row of silky-seeding poplars—here, the hollow willows there, a non bank covered with blue-eyed periwinkles, as of yore, seemed to bear amiable recognition on her. Further up she could have laughed aloud at sight of The Rampant Lion wearing the self-same expression that once upon a time had alarmed her into suspicion that he might turn alive and come down from his sign, with such artistic craft was depicted the grin bestowed by the noble animal on the

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any article intended to relieve the sufferings of humanity is not lightly won. There must be continued proof of value. But for three generations, and throughout the world, enduring and growing fame and favor have been accorded

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Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents. The largest sale of any medicine. No one should neglect to read the directions with every box.

"Just what I told her! And what makes seeing her all the more annoying is that I'm sure she would have suited. Nice voice, liked reading and, most of all, wanted a home more than a salary. Oh, dear, I wish his man had been at Hong Kong before she'd met him."

"Let us hope you will find some one else just as fitting. There must be plenty such," said Sydney.
"Ah, but not to be found when you want them. And I really must have some one. There are circumstances—but I won't trouble you with those unless you know any one who would fill the situation. I'm sure I would try and make her happy!"

Evidently a kind woman, thought Sydney. Not intellectual, but housewifely "comfortable." If ever dear distant Mary Dacie needed a home—on might that day be coming!—here night have been one for her. But do mention this fancy would be absurd. So she could only answer that she had no such treasure on the roll-call of her acquaintance, but would remember the want, "a good reader—a good voice—and very little salary."

"But a good home," put in the lady, "charmed by Sydney's interest. I really may say that if she doesn't mind some—peculiarities, I know I would try and make her like it."
"I think you would," agreed Sydney; "but if I ever found this valuable person, whom should I direct her to?"
"Oh, dear, I have no card about me but my address is here, drawing an envelope from her satchel: "You stop at Lutterthorpe?" as the train slackened speed. "I must say good-bye, then. I wish you had been going into Herefordshire with me."

She closed with a regretful handshake. Then Sydney alighted at the Lutterthorpe Station, and as the train sped away into distance, read concerning her friend of a few minutes that she was "Miss Hurst, Wynstone, Chapel Moor, Hereford."

CHAPTER XIV.
Lutterthorpe, the hamlet by the busy, active little Lytter, or Lutter, that ran for miles gleaming in and out near by the railway—Lutterthorpe lay basking in the glow of almost noon, when Sydney Alwyn once more threaded her way through lanes her footsteps had not known for nigh three quarters of her young life's years.

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unwary folk who entered his enticing portals!

Past the school, where the children came trooping and shouting out as she went by, just as they did at twelve o'clock when she was small, and their riotous exit gave nurse and her the time of day—and there was the church, and round about the many tombs where she had learned from "Taft" that "widow" must not be encumbered with two d's, and, by the testimony of numerous "Hic Jacet," that never an a must intrude in "Here lieth."

Almost the kind, quavering old voice sounded in her ears again. Almost she could feel the clasp of the old brown hand about her wrist.

She turned longingly to the humble homestead on the grassy lane—the very same, with humming bees about it, and apple-trees grown shadler and bigger—with half an expectation of seeing her old nurse, white-coiffed, and mob-capped, still in her sunny corner, clicking away with glittering pins at some mysterious manufacture in Welsh wool, destined for the incasement of Mr. Lewis's legs.

But there this disillusionment began. Nurse's bench was tenanted now by a rabbit-hutch, whereof the dappled inhabitants worked their long ears and pliant little noses about most intently, as she traversed the box-bordered path; but no other welcome was accorded Sydney from her once holiday haunt.

A woman of unfamiliar form opened the door to her knock, and looking with wonder on the young stranger, answered her inquiry with,
"Lewis! Why, no, miss. There've been no Lewis here this long while. We are Davis. There was a one, Lewis by name, but he went out afore the two people afore us, so I've heard."

"Went out! And a long time ago!" Sydney looked very blank.
"Lewis is gone!" she repeated slowly. "But"—half afraid to put the question, for fear of possible reply—"he is living? And still here, at Lutterthorpe?"

(To be Continued.)

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9927.—A SIMPLE NEAT LITTLE FROCK.



Girls' One Piece Dress with Straight or Shaped Edge at the Closing, and with or without Girls. Such a pretty dress was developed from this design in blue and white dotted silk. It is equally effective in gingham, percale, galatea, challie, lawn, dimity, voile, or crepe. Feather-stitching or insertion would form a pretty trimming on this model. The model has inverted fullness at the underarm seams and the sleeve and neck finish is pleasing though simple. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 5-8 yards of 36 or 40 inch material for a 6 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9930.—A SPLENDID MODEL. Girl's Apron.



This simple little design is so easy to develop, that "mother's" girl will be glad to do it alone. The deep arm-eye is so comfortable and the effect so neat, to say nothing of the good covering which the apron will give to the dress beneath. For home, cooking school, for play time, this design will prove very satisfactory. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1-8 yards of 27 inch material for a 6 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Quarrels as Safety Valves.

By RUTH CAMERON.



It is sad to clash with his. Both defend their beliefs. The point is that at times they are two forces which clash. The same thing happens in nature over and over again. Then there is a storm, nature's safety valve, and fine weather for another spell.

The little storms that mar our domestic life are, after all, just safety valves. We wonder if we are not breeding a period when the air seems charged, and then, the storm. After that we have fine weather again.

Household Notes

Never use a very hot iron on mohair.
Eggs baked in tomato sauce make a savory dish.
Slow cooking is the best cooking for children.
The most economical way of cooking meat is to stew it.
Plenty of time should always be allowed for a child's meal.
Wrap cut bread in waxed paper if you would keep it fresh.
Try scrambling eggs with minced green peppers for a change.
Hang very dusty skirts out on the clothesline in a high wind.
Carrots and spinach are among the best of tonics in the spring.
Dry lamp chimneys on the radiator and on the back of the stove.
The smoke from burning sugar is one of the very best disinfectants.
Discard inner auto tires can be cut up into the best of rubber bands.
Keep a pair of ordinary pliers in the kitchen for lifting intensely hot pans.
Keep an egg-timer near the telephone to gauge your long-distance calls.
It is a good idea to buy a supply of extra bobbins for the sewing machine.
Dip matches in hot, melted paraffin if you wish to make them water proof.
Cut the invalid's toast into inch squares; it can be eaten much more easily.
Good nets for dresses can frequently be bought in the upholstery stores.
In planning spring menus get as far as possible away from winter dishes.
Soak sweet peas in a cupful of warm water for half a day before planting.
In the sick room be sure to wash each glass and spoon immediately after use.
Choose high, narrow sauce pans, with close-fitting lids, for cooking vegetables.
A linen cover for the hot water bag is a good thing to have in the guest room.
In roasting meat allow fifteen minutes for each pound and fifteen minutes over.
Satin slippers of the most delicate colors can be cleaned with denatured alcohol.
Allspice, soaked until soft enough to string, may be made into a fragrant necklace.
Every sheer dress material should be pressed on a soft surface and with out dampening.
Oranges preserved whole make a delicious dessert if filled with whipped cream or custard.

Place a large sponge in the bottom of the umbrella jar if you would avoid breaking it.

Cranberries!
Extra Fancy Cape Cod Cranberries on retail.
APPLES!
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Large California Oranges. Sweet Valencia Oranges.
To Arrive:
Due per s.s. Durango:
50 cases Sweet Oranges.
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SOPER & MOORE

WORDS.

It isn't what you say, my friend, that makes the gray world brighter; fine words are a furnished wilderness end by any skilful writer; and gifted orators will rise, and boost the silver lining, and fill the space beneath the skies with language that is shining. We all can utter Noble Things, and sweet uplifting phrases, and think we've earned a crown and wings because we talk like blazes. The meanest tightwad in the town can hand words to the sinner, but would he help the man who's down, to get a good square dinner? The helpful word is good as when it's backed by helpful action; but if you hone for grab to eat, words are poor satisfaction. The sunny smile is worth its weight in gold if wisely flaunted, but smiling will not pay the freight, if wienewurst is wanted. I'd rather dry a widow's tears (if she is young and winsome) than fill with platitudes her ears and stand around and grin some. I'd rather give an orphan pie than hand him helpful stories concerning mansions in the sky and all the future glories. Oh, let us not depend on talk, to fill this world with laughter, but help the needy on our block, and do our smiling after.

Negress Lynched

For Killing a White Man with a Knife. Muskogee, Okla., March 31.—Marie Scott, a negro woman, who Sunday night killed Lemuel Peace, a young white man, by driving a knife into his heart, was taken out of the county jail early to-day and hanged to a telephone pole. The mob, which was masked, overpowered the jailer, a one-armed man, threw a rope over the woman's head and dragged her out of the jail.

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