

Either way Ends every corn

Use Blue-jay as you like best. Apply liquid Blue-jay from a bottle, or use the Blue-jay plaster.

The effects on the corn are identical.

The pain stops. And the entire corn quickly loosens and comes out.

Blue-jay now is ending some two million corns a month.

It has so reduced corn troubles that most folks never have them.

It will end them all when all folks know about it.

The Blue-jay method is easy, gentle, sure.

It is scientific—the creation of a world-famed laboratory.

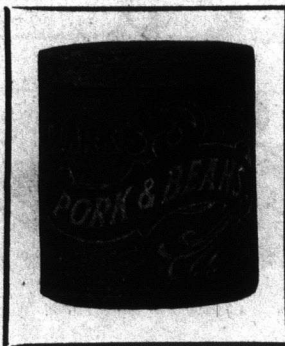
For your own sake, stop paring corns. Cease the old, harsh, inefficient methods.

Learn what millions know—that corns are folly, the pain is needless. Anybody can be kept forever free from corns with Blue-jay.

Prove this tonight. Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

B & B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Will Save the Meats

*And Give Just as Much Satisfaction
and Nourishment*

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versity matter were vague, but the rising inflection of her voice held a timid anxiety.

"Four years—if I get through."

"Five or six years, then, in all." It was as if she were saying the term for which she had received a sentence.

"Yes, but that isn't really so long." The girl looked at it from the viewpoint of one who has time for hopes. "I'd be only twenty-three. I'll get you the book about it and you can see. Miss Ballard sent for it. That was what I went after this morning."

She ran into the house and came back with the pamphlet. Together they looked over it, the girl explaining, full of the excitement of exhibiting newly acquired knowledge. Her enthusiasm threw a faint reflection of itself upon the blankness of her mother's soul, so that at last, feeling she had awakened a reciprocal interest, Julia made her plea.

"You will help me to do it, won't you, mother?" she besought. "You won't want me to stay on here and lead a life like yours? I ought to have a fair chance."

"I don't know what your father will say," Mrs. Stanton transferred the likelihood of difficulties. "You must choose the right time to talk to him." Julia's eyes grew wide with anticipated fright.

"Goodness! I don't want to talk to him," she protested. "I'd be so afraid of him that I wouldn't know what I was saying. I thought you'd probably do it."

"But he is fond of you, and proud of you," urged her mother. Then she added—"in his way."

The girl laughed incredulously. "I'd rather run away than suggest college to him," she stated definitely. "I can see him when he hears what it will cost—though he's perfectly able to afford it. I'm certain he is. Everybody says he has plenty of money—enough to give you a hired girl, too, if he wanted to. No, I'm not going to talk to him," she reiterated. "But you know how to manage him, mother."

Mrs. Stanton thought of the price at which she had learned it and of the trepidation with which she exercised her knowledge upon the few occasions when necessity or duty drove her to it.

But this was surely duty now. Julia was right; she ought not to stay on here, wasting the promise of her youth, settling down unwillingly to marry young Adams, or another like him; doing hard work, losing her freshness and her strength. There were women who lived the life of the farm contentedly enough, but it would not be so with Julia.

Yet it would be no easy matter to make her husband look at it in the same way—he who had always been so impatient with her own inability to endure the strain. He would say that it was she who had been putting notions into Julia's head, spoiling her. And it would be the expense which, above all else, would rouse his wrathful protests. Always, for weeks in advance she shrank from the

ordeal of asking him for enough money to buy herself and the children clothing—to get some necessity for the household. Yet, as Julia had said, he was well-to-do above the majority of his neighbors. Sheer terror at the prospect began to possess her, until at length she had to put down her sewing.

"I must shell the peas for supper," she said. It could be done with hands which shook too much to hold a needle.

"Why don't you have Jimmy do it?" her daughter demanded. "He is growing perfectly worthless."

It was Julia's opinion that her mother exhibited a deplorable weakness in handling Jimmy. His stubborn indolence was being indulged and fostered. It was all very well for her mother to say that the constant struggle of wills tired her, that she had rather do things herself than bring it about. But the boy would become exactly like his father—and to Julia's mind there was no worse comparison.

Her conception of its full import might have been enhanced had she been present to hear what passed between Mr. Stanton and his wife that night.

There was no immediate need for settling the matter. But by the time evening had come, she had decided that anticipation was a useless prolonging of her dread. So, when the two children had gone to bed, and she and her husband were in their room together, she ventured what she had to say.

Once, long ago, when she had intervened to save Jimmy from a punishment altogether disproportionate to any offense of which a four-year-old baby could be capable, there had been a scene almost equal to this one. She had conquered then, and she did so now. Yet, when it was over, when her husband had fallen into the heavy sleep following upon the exhaustion of anger, she lay awake until sunrise, dizzy with fatigue, quivering with nervousness, heartsick with recognition of the days and years before her. She crept out of bed at the first light, and went about preparing breakfast.

Julia cast anxious looks at her father's face as he came to the table and ate in grim silence. "What did he say?" she asked of her mother as soon as they were alone. Mrs. Stanton spared her the whole truth—which she herself was loath to recall.

"I think he will let you do it," she answered.

The girl's uneasy face lighted with satisfaction. "I am so glad," she exclaimed. "You are the greatest one for managing things." She threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed the hollow cheek with facile gratitude. "Was he fearfully cross?"

"Yes," said her mother. "He was." The very lightness of the thanks told her how little her ordeal had really been appreciated. And it seemed only fair that the girl should realize something of what had been met for her sake.