



Never a corn on millions of feet nowadays

Do you know that millions of people who use Blue-jay keep entirely free from corns?

If a corn appears it is ended by a touch. A Blue-jay plaster or a drop of liquid Blue-jay is applied.

The corn pain stops. Soon the whole corn loosens and comes out.

Themethod is scientific, is gentle, easy, sure. Old-time harsh treatments are supplanted by it with everyone who knows it.

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Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

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It is made by a world-famed laboratory, which every physician respects.

It is now applied to some 20 million corns a year. You can see that corn troubles are fast disappearing.

Then why pare corns and keep them? Why use methods which are out-of-date?

Try this new-day method. See what it does to one corn. You will never forget its quick and gentle action. Your druggist sells Blue-jay.

Single-Handed Ships That Have Sailed The Seven Seas.

(By Arthur S. Hildebrand, in the New York Post.)

"I'll give you a ship," said Capt. Pirece—and Capt. Slocum, hoping for a fine new steel bark, his mind going back, no doubt, to the old days when he was the last to take in his royal in great gales south of the Horn, followed his friend up the Acushnet River into the fields. A mast was sticking up into the sky—a weathered spar, sprung by long use, with rigging slack and frayed ends of rope trailing. "There she is!" said Capt. Pirece, pointing to the sloop Spray, laid up in the meadows a mile from the sea to end her days in dreams of blue water.

There was nothing to suggest billowing royals in the aspect of the mast of the Spray, but to a sailor, especially if he has been ashore for years and is hungry for the sea, a mast is a mast, and makes promises. To a sailor a ship is a ship, and there is delight for him in patching and tinkering and messing about with wood and hemp and canvas, whether the ship be little or big. Capt. Slocum rebuilt the Spray, though she was more than ninety years old and had been given up for a ruin. Timber by timber and plank by plank he replaced the old with the new, until the old Spray, rising from the bones of her dead self, shaking off the idle years of dreaming, was fit for sea.

Those who passed by and paused to watch the progress of the work asked if it would pay. Was the old

sloop worth it? The broad, powerful bow of the new Spray, rising up above the meadow, was the answer to that. To a sailor a ship is a ship, and will always pay.

The Spray made possible a great last chapter to a career of voyaging, a worthy climax for a long and adventurous life, when she took her captain alone around the world.

The Spray was about 36 feet long and displaced somewhat more than thirteen tons. She was wide and powerful, strongly built, with a broad, flat floor to sail on, a hard turn of the bilge to hold her up when the wind blew and a long keel to keep her steady on her course. By some standards she was ugly; her bows were round as an apple, her stern as square as the end of a barn, her mast was stumpy and her heavy bowsprit ran out above her figurehead like the trunk of a tree. But beauty is virtue, and the Spray was a perfect craft for deep-water voyaging.

Almost casually Capt. Slocum set out from Gloucester, Mass. His chronometer was an ancient tin clock with only one hand, his stove an improvisation of a cabin lamp, his tender a Bank dory cut in two, with the end boarded up, resembling a bathtub. He had no patent windlass, no bronze blocks, no screw steerer, no polished binnacle. He sailed "by guess and by God." He let her go from Yarmouth, N.S., full and by, around Cape Sable, with the wheel lashed for Gibraltar, and hit it end on. Sailors can do such things. A month

at sea, pushing through it, with the white water thundering under the cutwater and a breeze of wind singing over the sea; a chart and a compass, a sight of the sun or the moon when the weather favors—and at the end of the passage he sails her into the harbor mouth true to a hair without touching a rope.

From Gibraltar, the Spray sailed back across the South Atlantic and followed down the coast to the Straits of Magellan. This is the End of the World; a horrible, desolate, gloomy country, with towering black capes and bare mountains, evil winds and cross-currents and bad weather. Capt. Slocum towed through calms, he fought with savages, he beat for days against head winds and adverse currents. When he emerged into the Pacific he ran into a roaring gale of Cape Horn weather that drove him back through the breakers of the Milky Way off Fury Island into the Straits, with a month of weary labor to do over again.

The long swells and the trade winds of the Pacific were a holiday. While his ship took care of herself, the captain sat below in his bunk reading, day and night, watching the stars through the hatch or the square of sunlight that dipped and slid across the floor and up the wall with the rolling of the ship, listening to the noise of the moving water against the planks. There were flying fish and dolphins to watch, sea birds were flying above the wake, and there was always the sea. There was happiness enough in sailing.

From Juan Fernandez to Samoa and Australia, through Torres Straits and across the Indian Ocean, the route led around the Cape of Good Hope and across the Atlantic again, bound for home. Off the mouth of the Amazon on May 14, 1898, the Spray spoke the Oregon on her way in from the famous voyage around Cape Horn. "Are there any men-of-war about?" signaled the Oregon, to which Capt. Slocum answered that he had seen none, and then, being somewhat nervous at returning to a country at war, added, "Let us keep together for mutual protection." But in a few hours the Oregon was hulled down ahead, a smudge of smoke over the rim of the world.

Off New York, the Spray ran into one of the worst gales of the voyage; she was swept from bow to stern with rushing green water, and was heeled down to her beam ends without a rag of canvas set. But she knew gales; she had come through the Straits of Magellan, and was not one to be caught just there, in the front yard of the United States. She ran along the coast of Long Island, and came into Newport harbor through the mine fields. A few days later, Capt. Slocum took her up the river and tied her to the stake which had been driven into the bank to hold her at her launching. She had been away three years and two months.

No one has asked, since then, if it paid to rebuild the Spray. Her voyage was an achievement. Never before had any ship done what she had done. Because of her voyage, and because of the excellence of the record of it which Capt. Slocum has left behind him in his books, the Spray has been the example and inspiration for all similar voyages which came after her. (To be continued.)

ELKS VISIT BELL ISLAND.—A number of Elks left last evening for Bell Island to attend an initiation service of Bell Island Lodge No. 3. They will return to town this afternoon.

Islands That Are Born.

There was recently another bad earthquake in the Aleutian Islands, which lie west of Alaska, and a new island was born.

It was the third island to rise in these waters within little more than a century. On May 1st, 1796, the Russian admiral, Boganof, was off this coast when a terrible darkness fell, and fire rushed out of the ocean with a mighty, roaring sound. Next day was seen a black island, three miles round and five hundred feet high, with the sea boiling all around it.

Soon it began to decrease, and to-day there is only a little of it left. In 1883 there was another convulsion, and a new island rose close to the remains of the old one. A year later the first landing was made upon it by British officers. It was still very hot, and about eight hundred feet high. It soon began to shrink, and to-day is less than half its former size.

Fifty Feet Below Water.

Expedition Island, off the north-west corner of Australia, was thirteen miles long, and famous for its beauty. It was visited as lately as 1892. To-day it has disappeared, and is now fifty-feet below water.

In 1693, Torca, a large and beautiful island in the Indian Ocean, began to smoke. The centre sank in, leaving a lake of raging fire, and the people took to their boats in terror. Presently the whole of Torca had vanished, and to-day its remains lie hundreds of feet below the surface of the sea.

The most famous of disappearing islands is the fairy-island of St. Brendan, which was said to lie to the south-west of Ireland, to be frequently seen, yet to vanish when any mariner sailed towards it.

That there was once such an island is clearly proved by its mention in an old treaty in which the King of Portugal ceded certain islands to Castile. Among these islands is mentioned St. Brendan.

Crowning a Pagoda.

A curious festival was held not long ago in Mandalay, the chief town of Burma. A new pagoda dedicated to the Buddhist religion was to be completed by the placing of a huge crown or thi upon its summit, more than 300 feet above the ground.

To witness the ceremony came Buddhists from Indo-China, from the Himalayas, from Laos and Chan and Siam. Warriors from Katschin, sorcerers from Mot and people from other places made a medley of languages like that at Babel.

On a street corner would be seen a barber pulling a customer's tooth. On another corner a Mohammedan bird dealer sold caged paroquets to Buddhists who piously set them free. At every modern booth one could buy ice cream, soda or tea. Mandalay was a gorgeous spectacle and the new pagoda was the centre of it.

Every pagoda has at its summit a thi or cap, the placing of which is often a herculean task. The one now to be raised weighed several hundred pounds and consisted of a gilded ball and crown and a great spindle above it. To get it to the top an inclined plane of bamboo scaffolding, like a huge toboggan slide, had been built, and was decorated with silk flags and umbrellas. Up the inclined plane the heavy cap was slowly pulled. Six days were required for the ascent and a seventh to fasten it in place.

Ladies and Gentlemen, buy your New Fall Boots and Shoes at SMALLWOOD'S and we will attach, free of charge, a pair of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels. sep4,tf

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