



## The Truth About Corns

You have read much fiction about corns. Were that not so there would be no corns. All people would use Blue-jay.

Here is the truth, as stated by a chemist who spent 25 years on this corn problem. And as proved already on almost a billion corns.

"This invention—Blue-jay—makes corn troubles needless. It stops the pain instantly, and stops it forever. In 48 hours the whole corn disappears, save in rare cases which take a little longer."

That is the truth, and millions

of people know it. Every month it is being proved on nearly two million corns.

So long as you doubt it you'll suffer. The day that you prove it will see your last corn-ache.

It costs so little—is so easy and quick and painless—that you owe yourself this proof. Try Blue-jay tonight.

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Makers of Surgical  
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Stops Pain—Ends Corns

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dangerous places. From the tiny cockpit, as far as the eye could see, a stretch of mighty waves spread out to all horizons. Now we counselled if we dare put about and get back under Hope. One glance told us that was the way to the finish, so we set our teeth and kept her before it. The broken tops of the huge seas were so unstable that it was very difficult to keep a course, and the nerve straining plunge down those hissing depths was terrific. Before we had gone five miles we were baling, then the dingy was torn loose and it was absolutely impossible to creep forward and lash it so we soon saw it disappear in the huge crests aft. The boy baled with desperation. It was almost impossible to breathe, the scud was so thick.

"Oh! a sailor's li—" the brave lad tried to sing, he told me after it was to keep his heart from leaping right out, but a clean green sea filled his big—yes, I must say big!—open mouth and the brief attempt at cheerfulness ceased abruptly.

to the great railroad speeding along any or all navigable channels in B.C., and went along to Prince Rupert. Here we replenished and took a contractor's train up the valley of the Skeena, escaping another treacherous pass, the Kitsalas Canon, where they used to warp the river steam through last year with a cable. We made Hazelton, on the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Now came a delightful trip along the Bulkley River. If you want to take up land there is a million acres offered here by the B.C. Government at very low prices, \$5 to \$10 per acre. Packtrain and canoe took us to Fort George, that booming junction city where all railroads seem to meet and where property, bought at fairly low prices, will reap a rich return. We decided to do a bit of work among the Shuswaps so continued along these magnificent valleys to Tete Jaune Cache. What a name that is! What wonderful sights the Yellowheaded man saw here in the early days. Suffice it for us to see

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Finally we managed to get her off Cape Calvert, then I had to give a bit more northing and she promptly filled, why she did not instantly sink was the mercy of two almost empty tanks. The auxiliary mast snapped like a lath and the lad wriggled on to the stump, I got a grip of the cruiser cabin and unhooked two life preservers, thank goodness, these were real cork. (I have dissected ones on this coast that were filled with tullies, rushes, life destroyers, these). One I managed to sling to the boy, one I somehow got about myself; what was left of the Mowitch floated fairly high but how long would it—

"Coo-ee," called the boy. Our maori camp call in happier times, his fat fingers pointed towards Rivers Inlet, that busy salmon fishing station, and there, blessed sight, was a Fraser River fishing boat heading out about Hecate. We were now within 200 yards of the island, and were soon dragged into the big craft. They were just in time as the poor old Mowitch suddenly disappeared. These Japanese were both college men and they repulsed the first hint of a gratuity, but we have got even with the two Eastern gentlemen since.

We took the Princess Mary of the C.P.R. There is always a "Princess" belonging

if we could trace in these river Indians signs of Oriental original. Many pictures of trail and travel, packtrain and canoe portage rewarded us here, and two weeks later we were back on the coast undecided whether to take the Prince Rupert of the G.T.P. south or go to the Yukon on a C.P.R. passenger; finally, the "Mary," C.P.R., came along and solved the question, and we made the delightful inside passage. North, past wondrous cascades, mighty mountains, rushing torrents, cedar clad scenes, native crafts of all kinds, on past Ketchikan. Wrangle Juneau until the far-famed Lynn Canal lay before us. There, away above Skagway, glittered the fatal pass, Chilkoot, fatal then when the fearful rush after gold was on, safe enough now in these sane later days, but Cassiar and all that wonderful hunting country lies beyond, the Alaska boundry gives all the shore line, and some thirty miles behind the furthest penetrating arm of the sea to the United States, so Canada is walled off from the Pacific Ocean.

What an exquisite climate to summer in. This old city, old as gold cities go, raises the white spires of her churches in air as clear as crystal, her long tide wharves extend out into clear, brackish water; everything looks magically clean