

There'll
come a
moment
when
your feet
must be
seen!



That moment is close at hand. No concealing stockings, no sandals even—just bare feet. . . . You will slip into your new bathing suit and step out onto the sand. All eyes will be upon you, will appraise your stockingless legs and feet—for it is no longer the fashion to cover the feet for bathing. Are your feet well-cared for, shapely, without disfiguring blemishes? If

you have even one little corn it will be noted and remembered against you. . . . For no one need have corns. Nice people don't have them. At the first hint of one, they apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is now removing half the corns that grow. They're off because they're out. Dainty shoes may cause new corns, but a corn that Blue-jay removes is gone forever.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

OR
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER I.

The gray autumn dusk had crept into the great hall, and was struggling with the ruddy light of the blazing fire for the mastery. It was a stately, lofty apartment, with a floor and ceiling of shining dark oak, the latter massively carved, and a superb wainscoting and panels of the same wood. There was a Turkey-carpet in the center of the polished floor, the furniture consisting of high-backed carved chairs, and oaken cabinets containing curious old Indian china; and a handsome black retriever rose up from rug before the fire, and came to meet Stephen, wagging his tail in friendly salutation, and looked up into his face with pleading, beautiful brown eyes. "Eyes like—" Stephen Daunt began, half aloud, then broke off suddenly, with a little laugh, and a slight color in his usually pale cheek, which perhaps had been brought there by the heat of the great wood fire burning so cheerfully on the open hearth under the tall carved mantelpiece, the shelf of which was about level with Stephen's head, as he stood tall and straight before it.

Perhaps it was the recollection of those other eyes of which Rover's eyes reminded him which made him bend over the dog and stroke his shining head so gently; but Stephen Daunt was very fond of animals, and they returned the affection with interest.

"How are you, old fellow?" he said cheerily. "You ought not to lie so near the fire; it will do you no good. Where are the ladies, Brooke?" he asked, turning to a servant who was crossing the hall and came forward to remove his young master's overcoat. "Her ladyship is in the yellow drawing-room, sir; I have just taken tea in there."

Most of the sitting-rooms at Lamb-wold opened into the hall; and, passing through a little anteroom full of old china and bric-a-brac of various kinds, Stephen entered the yellow drawing-room, pushing aside the heavy

Eastern-looking portiere with due precaution, for Lady Eva's nerves were not, or she thought they were not, of the strongest, and her son loved her tenderly and believed in her ailments implicitly.

The autumn dusk which the ruddy glare of the fire had so successfully combated in the hall had obtained more mastery in the yellow drawing-room, where the light of the wood-fire was carefully shaded and screened. It was a long narrow room with three tall French windows opening on to a terrace, and lighted in the immediate vicinity of the fire by two shaded lamps, which made a soft pleasant illumination at the end of the dim room. The ladies were sitting there in the mellow lamp-light. One was leaning back in a cushioned armchair, with closed eyes and a bored, languid expression on her still beautiful refined face; the other was sitting on a stool, an open book upon her knee, and the light fell upon her as she sat, turning her pretty fair hair into threads of gold and touching a flower-like young face which bore a strong likeness to the other lady's lovely faded countenance.

As Stephen entered, two pairs of blue eyes turned toward the door and brightened perceptibly—eyes very like each other even now, although one pair was faded and languid, the other bright and clear—and two voices in glad tones uttered his name: "Stephen!"

The young man went forward, smiling, and giving one swift glance round the room. Perhaps he was disappointed at finding his mother and sister its only occupants; but there was no trace of disappointment in his voice as he bent over his mother and put his lips to her brow.

"Mother, how are you to-day?" he said gently; and Lady Eva Daunt smiled languidly, and said she was pretty well, and asked if he was not rather early, and looked at him kindly with her pretty, faded blue eyes, very fond and proud, as they always were when they rested on her son.

It was always a subject of faint wonder to Lady Eva how she had become the mother of such a tall son, she herself being so small and fairy-like, like her daughter, who was a regular "pocket Venus" and who looked not unlike a pretty piece of Dresden china, as she stood in the fire-light, smiling at her tall brother, in her pretty velvet dress of a rich crimson hue, with a quaint Vandyke collar and cuffs at her white throat and wrists, a most becoming dress to her flower-like complexion and golden hair.

"You are delightfully early to-day, Stephen," she said gayly. "It is so pleasant to see you!"

"Is it? That is a very welcome greeting, Dolly," he replied in a low-mel-

low tone. "I suppose you have been somewhat bored?"

"Just a little. You are in time for some tea."

"So I was glad to hear from Brooke," he answered, leisurely dropping into an arm-chair near the little tea-table. Mother, I had a telegram from London this afternoon."

"I had a letter from your father," she said languidly. "He is well, and will return in a few days. I suppose your telegram related to business?"

"Yes, partly," Stephen answered, slowly, smiling a little, for Lady Eva's knowledge of business was absolutely nil, and her indifference equaled it. "Well, Dolly, is the tea sufficiently drawn?"

"Yes, I think so," Dolly replied, peering into the Queen Anne tea-pot with a little laugh.

"Then why don't you pour it out?" he asked.

"I thought you would prefer waiting for Sibyl," Dolly answered. "You always say her tea is the best."

"You lazy little mortal! I verily believe you do not want the trouble of pouring it out!" said her brother, laughing. "Where is Miss Nell?"

"She is out!"

"Out? Then we certainly shall not wait for her. Where is she gone? Into town?"

"No, only into the park. I thought you would have met her. She said she would not be long, and she has been gone nearly an hour."

"Well, I don't think we need wait for her," Stephen Daunt remarked. "Give me some tea, Dolly."

"Miss Nell was entertaining Mr. Rutledge most of the afternoon," said Lady Eva, languidly, as her son brought her some tea, and stood holding the sugar and cream while she sweetened it to her taste.

"Indeed," he said, slowly, his face changing a little. "I suppose she required some fresh air after her exertions?"

"She said she did," Dolly answered laughingly. "Here is your tea, my impatient brother!"

"Thank you, my Griselda among sisters," he said, taking it from her and going back to his arm-chair. "How did it happen that Miss Nell had to do the honors to Mr. Rutledge?"

"Simply because he asked for her," Dolly replied quickly.

"Asked for her?" the young man echoed in surprise. "For Miss Nell?"

"Even so," Dolly replied sententially; and there was a little silence, during which the girl's bright eyes glanced keenly at her brother's face as he lay back in his chair sipping his tea lazily, with an expression she could not quite understand.

"Did he remain long?" he asked presently.

"Yes, nearly an hour."

Stephen laughed a little, and the shadow which had gathered on Dolly's pretty face lifted slightly.

"It would be a most excellent match for Miss Nell," Lady Eva said, in her calm even tones. "He is very well off and holds a good position. If she refuses him, it will be very foolish of her."

"I hardly think she means to refuse him," Dolly remarked, with a troubled look on her fair young face.

GOOD FOR LITTLE TUMMIES



Life Savers are the ideal candy for youngsters whose tummies are so easily upset by richer sweets.

Take a few rolls home for that expectant moment when some little feller says: "Daddy, did you bring me anything?" Safe for little teeth, too. No sticky debris to cause tooth decay. It is much better to give children the right kind of candy regularly.

See flavors displayed at all good stores so you may help yourself!

Pop-o-mint, Wist-o-green, Cinnamon, Lic-o-ri-c, Clove, and Vio-let

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sole Agent.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



SCHOOL SHOE SALE

The "ROVER" School Boot for Boys

Our Own Make. All Solid Leather.
Made in Black and Brown. Sizes 1 to 5.

- BOYS' BLACK CALF BLUCHER—Sewn, with Rubber Heels . . . \$3.50
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- BOYS' BROWN CALF BLUCHER—Sewn. Foot form last. Rubber Heels, \$4.00, \$4.50
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SPECIAL! SKUFFER BOOTS in Dark Brown. Laced. Sizes 5 to 2. Only \$1.96 Pair.

THE VICTORIA SCHOOL BOOT FOR GIRLS. SIZES 2½ to 5 ONLY AN IDEAL SCHOOL BOOT.

All Solid Leather Rubber Heeled.



Only \$3.50 the Pair.

The Victoria School Boot for Girls is made in Dark Mahogany Calf Skin, extra high cut, handsomely perforated, wide toe, low rubber heel, with two full soles, solid leather, made on foot-form Lasts. Guaranteed to withstand hard wear.

ONLY \$3.50 THE PAIR.

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BLACK—Same style; sizes 10 to 13, at . . . \$2.50

BLACK—Same style; sizes 10 to 13, at . . . \$2.50

BLACK—Same style; sizes 10 to 13, at . . . \$2.50

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School Bells Will Start Ringing on Monday Next

Sending forth their Message of "SCHOOL BOOTS" to almost every parent of an active boy or girl.

The youngsters are sure to need new Boots and Shoes after the Summer vacation.

The Foot Form corrections, the smart styles, the fitting and the long-wearing qualities of Our Own Make School Boots are the all-important things in Parker's School Boots and Shoes.

We pay special attention to these features, and a trial of our SCHOOL FOOTWEAR will convince you of their exceptional value.

There's ECONOMY in the Undermentioned Prices!

SKUFFER BOOTS. ONLY . . . \$1.96

DARK BROWN SKUFFER BOOTS—Foot-form Lasts, extension edge, leather soles. Some with rubber heels. Sizes 5 to 2. \$1.96 One Price. In Laced only . . . \$1.96

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Child's Black Kid Lace Boots, at . . . \$2.30

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Every pair with rubber heels. Our Own Make.

All Solid Leather; made on foot-form Lasts.

Girls' Black Kid Lace Boots. Only . . . \$2.50

Girls' Brown Calf Blucher Boots. Only . . . \$2.95

Girls' Brown Calf Blucher Boots. Only . . . \$3.30

Girls' Black Calf Laced Boots. Only . . . \$2.85

Every pair rubber heeled. Our Own Make.

All Solid Leather. Sizes 11 to 2.

Girls' Black Kid Lace, Rubber Heel . . . \$2.10

Girls' Tan Calf Hi-Lace, Rubber Heel . . . \$2.50

Girls' Black Calf Hi-Lace, Rubber Heel . . . \$2.50

Wide Toe. Low Rubber Heel.

PARKER & MONROE, Limited

The Shoe Men

Birds Change Their Clothes in August

Of course all the birds came back in the spring, just as we knew they would, birds that sang joyously, gathered bits of string and grass and twigs, built their nests and raised their babies. But about August, with

babes grown to fly on their own wings, what has suddenly become of the birds? Most of the birds we know best have stopped singing, and if you didn't see one, now and then, perhaps you would think they had all flown away. No, they are quiet and shy, because they are changing their feather clothes. A long process it is for birds to change their clothes—sometimes

weeks. Of course if a bird lost all his feathers at once, he would be exposed to rain and chill, as feathers don't grow in again in a minute, and how could he fly? Instead, he changes two or three feathers at a time. He begins to get a new suit by dropping a feather from each wing, and, when the two new ones are nearly grown, he drops two more. His tail feathers he sheds in

the same way, one from each side of his tail, at the same time, until he has a brand new tail. His body feathers drop out one by one, so, all through the changing process, he wears part of his old and part of his new suit.

Some birds have two different suits of clothes each year. For instance, the goldfinch. When he arrives from the south, his feathers are bright yellow, with black wings. When, in August, he changes into clothes he intends, a little later, wear back to the south, he is in olive-green, though still with yellow wings—much the same color that a modest wife wears the year round.

Christian-Register.

NEVER MAKE SUN