A Diagram Picture

Note the Pointed Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves. Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

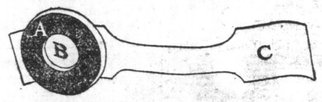
But that is temporary. One should not continue a ring. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the center of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B&B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

These are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



B&B Blue-jay The Scientific Corn Ender — Stops Pain Instantly, Ends Corns Completely, 25c—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago, Toronto, New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products (1652)

The Old Marquis

OR,

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XIX.

WEALTH FOR LOVE.

She sunk down slowly and folded her hands. Her whole attitude was repelling and said plainly: "Say what you have got to say quickly, and go, please;" but he did not quail. Some of the blood that ran through the great marquis' veins ran through his, and there was a trace of the marquis in him as he stood, tall and commanding and self-possessed; but there was a fire in the dark, keen eyes that the marquis' lacked.

"I wish to speak to you," he said, standing with his opera hat under his arm, his hands folded almost in the same attitude as her own. "I did not intend to do so to-night, but circumstances have compelled me, have forced my hand."

"You speak as if you were a conjurer. 'Forced your hand!' I do not understand you!" she said, languidly.

"I am a conjurer!" he said, with a slight smile, his eyes fixed on hers. "I have to conjure for my future fortune, my future fate. I am, as the world would politely put it, an adventurer. A man without money and without title; think, then, how I must believe in my power of conjuring when I admit that I have come back to-night to tell you that—I love you!"

He paused before the daring words, his face white, his lips set with iron resolution and courage, his eyes aflame with suppressed passion, but outwardly calm and self-possessed.

Her face paled, if it could possibly be paler than it was, and she turned her eyes to his.

"You love—is this a fitting time for a proposal, Mr. Revel?" she said, coldly, even with a smile. "Or is this an elaborate jest? Please tell me how I am to take it that I may make the suitable response!"

"Take it as the most serious avowal that you have ever heard," he said in his low, impressive voice. "For, believe me, it is the most serious. Edith—bear with me, I can not call you anything but the name with which I think of you—Edith, my love is no secret to you. You have known it for weeks, months past. Try as I would to keep the sceret from my eyes, from my voice, they must have spoken, and quite plainly! You know that I love you, that I have loved you for some time past."

She made a movement with one white hand; it might have been taken for an assent or a denial.

"Knowing this, you may have wondered why I have kept my lips closed and refrained from putting that avowal into actual words. I have put such restraint upon myself because, though I loved you—perhaps because of my love—I knew your nature."

She looked up at him, at the keen, dark eyes that seemed to penetrate to the innermost heart, and her glance fell.

"I knew your nature. I knew that you were proud, ambitious. That you would no more dream of linking your life with, of giving your beauty into the keeping of a man who was neither wealthy nor noble, than you would think of wedding the beggar at your door. I knew this from the moment that I saw you. I said to myself, 'Here is a woman—you are a girl in reality, but a woman in thought and ideas—whose sole object in life is ambition. She will not be content with less than a coronet, or a millionaire.' And then I loved you. It was madness, you think. So be it, but then there was reason in it!"

He paused, and flung his opera hat onto a chair as if it encumbered him. She followed the hat with her eyes as if under a spell.

"I made a vow that night—I met you first at a ball—you would not dance with me—that I would win you. I have never made any vow in my life that I have not accomplished. I shall accomplish this."

"Indeed!" It was not scornfully said, but its quietness cut deeper than mere common scorn.

"Yes. That night I went home and sat in my solitary chambers and thought of you. I said, 'I am a mere nobody. She is a famous beauty, worshiped and admired by all; a prince is in her train; who am I that I should lift my eyes to her?' Then I thought a man is what he chooses to make himself, and I determined to make myself worth your acceptance."

He paused. He was not out of breath, but he paused that every word might sink deeply into her heart. She sat motionless as a statue, her eyes fixed on the ground, her white, jeweled fingers interlaced.

"I availed myself of every opportunity of being near you. I knew that your mother was against me; that she thought me a nobody, without money or title; I had to stand by and watch you when you were surrounded by a mob of earls and fashionables, but I did not lose heart. I say it without egotism, I am no common man. If I set my heart on an object, I attain it if it be within the power of man to attain. I had set my heart on you, and I waited in patience."

"You had no encouragement from me," she said, speaking, almost for the first time, in self-defense.

"On the contrary, you were cold and capricious. No, you did not encourage me, but I—encouraged myself. My love grew day by day; I fed it on the sight of you, on such chance words as you could find time to speak to me, and it grew until it became the passion of my life."

She saw the dark eyes gleam, the clear-cut lips quiver, and, with a quick effort she suppressed a shudder, for at the moment there came before her the noble brown eyes of Lord Edgar.

"I said nothing—in words—of my love, because I knew it was useless. I should have said nothing to-night, but my hand has been forced. I beg your pardon for using the expression you dislike."

She waved her hand.

"My hand has been forced by the fool who has just left us."

She looked up with a flash of indignant scorn in her eyes, but he did not see it.

"You know," he went on, "that there stands between me and a title which even your ambition will recognize, between me and wealth almost incalculable, one man. That man is my cousin, Lord Edgar Fane."

She looked up, and as her eyes met his dark, sinister ones, her heart sunk.

"If he were to die," he went on in the same low, self-possessed voice, "I should be the next Marquis of Farintosh, with—what is it the poet calls it?—'half a county beneath my feet.'"

"But—" She tried to smile, but the effort was too great.

"But he is alive! Moreover, he is young and may marry. This is what you were going to say?"

She inclined her head.

He drew nearer, and leaned over the back of the settee.

"He is young, yes; but he may break his neck at any moment! What is a life—a single life! He may marry? I think not!" and a sardonic smile lighted up his pale, set face for a moment, then died away again.

"I do not understand," she said, in a low voice, her eyes fixed on his in a species of fascination.

He smiled and leaned nearer, so near that his hand almost touched her white—marble white—shoulder.

"You think that he will? To-night he has confided to you the story of his love and the misfortune which has happened to it?"

She started, and glanced at him with half-fearful surprise.

"Yes, I know it; I saw that he was doing it. He is one of those honest fools who wear their hearts upon their sleeves. He told you what had happened. His pretty love"—no pen could describe the scorn with which he mumbled the words—"has gone from him."

"Yes?" very shortly.

"He does not know the cause; but I do. I am the cause!"

She did not start, but she glanced at him, and then bent her gaze on the floor.

He laughed, and wiped his lips with his white silk handkerchief.

"Yes, little as he thinks it, I am the cause. Do you doubt me?"

"No," she said.

"No," he continued. "You know me too well to think that I could stand by and see my one hope wrecked by his folly. He stands between me and rank and wealth. If any man can prevent his marriage I will do so. You know me well enough, or should do so, to feel convinced that I can prevent this."

"How?" she breathed.

He laughed. In his triumph, his insolent triumph, he permitted his tongue full scope.

"Did you ever see a puppet-show?" he said. "It is amusing. The puppets move upon the stage, dance and walk at the will of the wire-puller. I am the wire-puller, and no less a man than the great Marquis of Farintosh is my puppet."

"The marquis?" she breathed.

"Yes, I pulled the wire of his family pride, and he danced. In other words, I sent him an anonymous letter, informing him that his son was going to marry a daughter of one of his dependents, and he danced. He danced so excellently that he caused the girl to fly. I then pulled the wire to which my puppet Lord Edgar is attached, and he is dancing to my tune. And so I hold them at my fingers' ends. And so I will hold them until no obstacle remains and I am the Marquis of Farintosh!"

He paused, and she looked up at him. If there was fear in her heart she showed nothing of it; she did not quail beneath the glitter of his sinister eyes.

(To be Continued.)

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

"Syrup of Figs" for Constipated Child

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhœa, indigestion, colic remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

At the City Hall.

The Municipal Council held its regular weekly session last evening. The Mayor presided and Councillors Morris, Tait, Brownrigg, Mullaly and Vinnicombe were present.

After reading of Minutes, etc., the following matters were discussed and disposed of:—

The Colonial Secretary wrote he would bring Council's letter re certain sections of the charter relating to the disfranchisement in the coming elections before the Executive Government.

George Macklin, on behalf of the residents of Macklin Place, asked for a light to be placed in that locality. This matter will come up for consideration later in the season.

Blackwood & Emerson wrote in reply to the Council's letter that they undestood the amount of the award made in connection with the General Protestant Cemetery some time ago would be paid in cash and not by a debenture. In connection with the matter of the wall they stated they would take further action. It was ordered the amount of the award be paid in cash.

A. E. Chown offered some gravel for road work. If suitable this will be taken.

J. V. Butler, Franklin Avenue, asked when water and sewerage would be laid in that locality. Referred for consideration to a special meeting.

M. P. Tobin was given permission to install an electric motor, Barnes Road.

Patrick Dempsey's application for a pension, was held over for consideration.

C. Campbell quoted prices or Tarvia Oil. A quantity will be ordered at once.

Job Bros. & Co. asked permission to erect a temporary shed on their South Side premises, to be used for summer quarters for their employees. Granted.

F. A. Mews wrote, calling attention to an erection on what he claimed to be a public lane, near William's Lane. The owner of this erection will be asked to show title of land there.

W. D. McCarter was given permission to erect stable and garage, as perplan, on Rennie's Mill Road, rear of Dr. Macpherson's residence.

T. Byrne submitted plan of building to be erected on Kenna's Hill This was not allowed.

A. E. Hickman was given permission to extend garage on Military Rd.

J. Sinnott was given permission to shift back-kitchen on Queen's Road.

W. T. Penney's plan of house, Barnes Road, passed.

The City Engineer reported on work done by the Steam Road Roller during the past week, also that Forest Road and Custom House Hill needed repairs; a number of hoppers repaired and a number of services and leaks repaired.

The Sanitary Inspector reported on the bad condition of the dump near Fort Townsend. The Inspector General will be written in conection with this.

The Plumbing Inspector reported six applications for water and sewerage.

The Health Officer reported seven cases of diphtheria, and two of smallpox in the city for the past week.

J. E. Butler was given permission to erect garage on Flower Hill, provided no gasolene is stored on the premises and the car is not washed there.

A resolution was passed giving the privilege to returned soldiers who use a cart, carriage, truck or motor car for hire, of a free license from this date until the first of May next.

After disposing of some other routine business and passing the pay rolls and bills, the meeting adjourned.

Is India on the Verge of Starvation?

Alarming Reports of Conditions Have Been Received at London, but Little Information is Available.

London, May 1.—Official confirmation has been received here of local famine conditions in India, a fact to which scarcely any publicity has been given owing to the world's pre-occupation with the peace conference and industrial troubles. Little definite confirmation concerning the famine is available, but it is said to be confined to a few districts, and particularly to the Punjab.

Private advices, however, are more alarming. They suggest, according to one newspaper, "that India may be on the verge of a worse food famine than the visitation of 1900."

Where is Flanders?

(Toronto Star.)

D. X.: You ask me to "settle a bet as to whether Flanders is in Belgium or in France." Better call the bet off, for Flanders is in both countries. Flanders is a former country district which is now divided between France, Belgium and Holland and it stretched along the North Sea from the entrance of the Strait of Dover to the Scheldt River, French Flanders is now included mostly in the Department of Nord. Dutch Flanders is included in the Province of Zealand. The remainder—the great bulk of old Flanders—is in Belgium, and still retains its ancient name, and forms the Provinces of East and West Flanders, the capitals of which are respectively Ghent and Bruges.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

YOU HIT IT

where the others miss it when you come to

TRAPNELL'S

FOR YOUR GLASSES.

Thousands of satisfied customers who are generous in their praise should mean something to you when you think of consulting an

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST.

Our examination is thorough.
Our reputation back of every pair. Think it over.

R. H. TRAPNELL, Ltd.,
EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS.

Snappy Styles in New Footwear

We have just opened our New Styles in
WOMEN'S HIGH LACED BOOTS.

Black High Laced	$5.00 to $11.00
Brown High Laced	$5.50 to $13.50
Grey High Laced	$7.00 to $12.00
Patent Laced, Grey Cloth Top, at	$6.00
Patent Laced, Brown Cloth Top, at	$6.00
Grey Kid Laced, Grey Cloth Top, at	$5.50

All New Styles in High or Low Heel.

PARKER & MONROE, LIMITED,
THE SHOE MEN.

Admiration

Get the sensation by using

VERBENA

FLOUR.

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500 Boxes 500

Nixeys Blue

Sinclair's Bacon
Bird's Custard Powder
Granular Egg Yolke

Dandelion—in tins.
Apricots, Peaches
(Sliced—Extra Special).
Macaroni, 1 lb. cartons,
Vermicelli.
Lobster in 1 lb. tins.
LUX.

Carr's Biscuits.
Flake Tapioca.
Marmalade, 7 lb. tins.
Horlick's Malted Milk.
Peeled Peaches—Cartons
Glace Cherries.
Shredded Cocoanut.
Shelled Walnuts.
Preserved Ginger.
Grape Fruit Marmalade.

APPLES in Gallon Tins.

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GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Forty Years in the Public Service the 'Evening Telegram'

The Young Man
Mighty Particu

Keenly critical on matt
generous in matters of
"anything will do" but
—and stands to it.

It is this same chap we
bought something differe
It is this chap who will b
these Advanced Summer
and pronounce his opinio

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Drop in and let your f
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This you ca
Warner's Rust-pr
that a corset is i
ure is a feature

Price from $2.30 pe

Marshall
Sole Agents for New

Mining Activities.

(Western Star.)

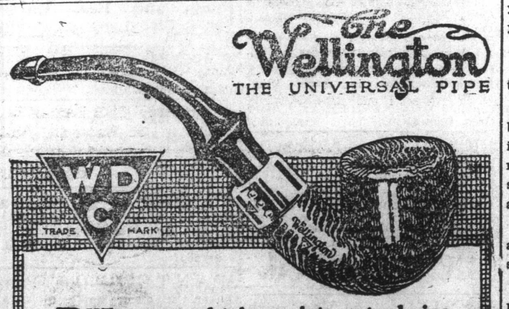
An option has been taken on the Tilt Cove mining property by W. H. Bennett, of New York. Mr. Bennett is president of a large mining syndicate of the United States. His son is now at Tilt Cove together with an engineer going over the property. We learn that a 500 h.p. concentrator is to be installed there this spring; and should results warrant it, one of a 1,000 h.p capacity will be installed later.

Col. J. H. E. Riley, the active partner of a company owning mineral claims adjoining the York Hr. mine at Blomidon, and other parties interested in the property are due to arrive here July or August, to inspect the prospects of a profitable development.

The Natural Resources Department of the Reid Nfld. Co. will have four parties operating on the various claims of the Company the coming year.

For your new Spring Suit, made in the very latest style, pinch back or plain, or any style you want, go to SPURRELL THE TAILOR, 365 Water St.
mar24,eod,tf

The Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE



PUT your good tobacco into a good pipe—a Wellington Pipe. The well catches the moisture. All you draw through the stem is clean, sweet, dry smoke. Every Wellington bears the W.D.C. triangle trademark—mark of pipe quality—sign of good French briar, well seasoned. All shapes and sizes, $1. and up. Pick yours.

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