



The Simple Truth About Corns

A corn today is just as needless as a spot of dirt.

It can be ended almost as easily, as simply and completely as a spot of dirt.

The way is scientific. It was invented by a famous chemist. It is prepared by makers of surgical dressings, whom physicians respect.

It is called Blue-jay.

You apply it in a jiffy, and usually but once. There is no muss. The pain stops instantly and forever.

The action is

gentle. It affects the corn alone. The corn is wrapped and protected, so you forget it. In two days, usually, the corn is gone. Only very tough corns need a second application.

The results are sure. The method is gentle, but no corn can resist it. Millions of corns are ended every month in this way. Don't use harsh methods

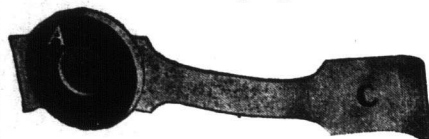
—relics of the old days. See what Blue-jay does.

Prove it on one corn tonight.

B & B Blue-jay
Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK LTD., Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc., Toronto, Canada

How Blue-jay Acts

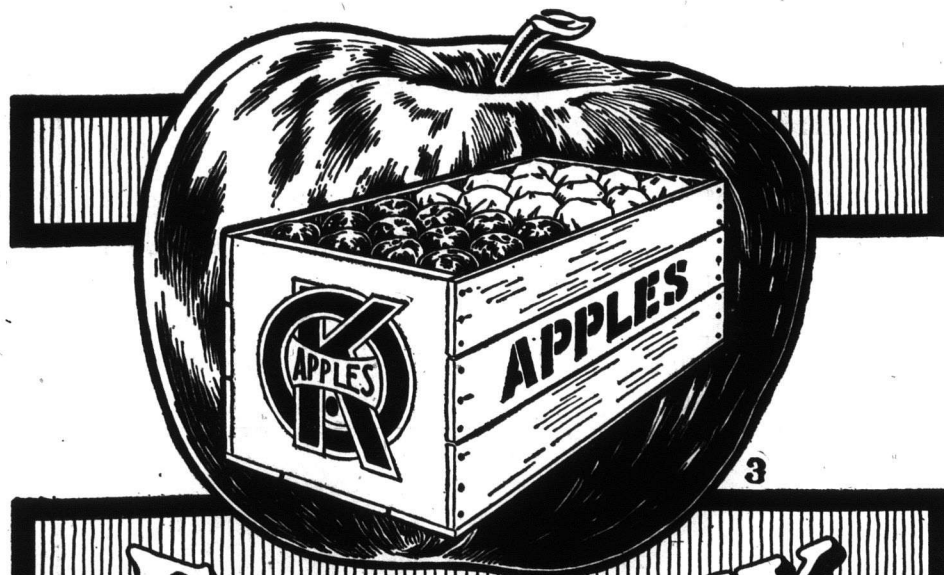


A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive, which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.



ECONOMY

"O.K." Box Apples Are Economical

The apple at the bottom is as good as the one at the top. Only carefully selected, tree-ripened apples are packed under "O.K." brand—clean apples spell economy.

OKANAGAN UNITED GROWERS, LIMITED
VERNON, B.C.

A co-operative organization of 1,400 growers, employing 280 people, who work in 37 packing houses and offices.

WRAPPED APPLES KEEP LONGER

Buy them by the Box

"You look done hup, rare ghost-like, I call hit. I shall distribute the myle w'en hit comes."

"Oh no, Bob, thanks. That's my duty, you see. I'll wait up. It will be here at ten and it's nearly eight now. Besides—" and she smiled through a mist of rising tears, "besides, there will be the package for the Canadian boy and I don't want to miss his joy at the sight of it."

The orderly looked at her and then looked away. He shook his head.

"That bit o' fluff 'e keeps rairing abaht, she's a 'cartless piece o' goods Miss, or she'd remember him. I should like to shyke 'er soundly!"

"So would I! For three weeks now he's been calling for mail that never comes and to-day was his birthday. He's been awfully restless all day, calling out for Mary, Mary, every few minutes. Oh, if there's nothing for him tonight, I don't know how he'll get over it!"

"You tyke it to'eart too much, Miss."

"Perhaps. But you see—he's the first soldier from my own country, that we've had here."

And the little Canadian nurse, with a finger on her lip for silence left the orderly and tiptoed up the ward to the Canadian lad's bed. He was half-dozing, and moaning fitfully. At her approach he started up, but was arrested by a short stab of pain, fell back and in labor-ed voice asked if the mail had come.

was the English captain who muttered constantly in delirium. The left side of his face had been blown away. There had never been any hopes for him either. In lucid intervals he had asked for mail but nothing had come for him excepting a box which he had been too ill to open. It was placed on a chair by his bedside at Madame Loiset's instigation, so that when next he came to he would see it directly.

Miss Ellen got up and crossed over to a window, the window facing north. It was from this direction that the mail van would come. She peered down the long stretch of muddy Flanders road, but could see nothing. They were behind the danger zone but every moment or so she could see the whitish glare on the horizon line to the east that told of star shells being sent up by enemy lines.

"The Canydian, Miss," spoke the voice of the orderly at her elbow. "E wishes to see you."

"It was the same old query—"any mail yet?"

"Marcel is bringing it," she answered, gently. "Try and sleep, won't you?"

"Do you think—there'll be—anything for me?" he asked, a world of anxiety behind the halting words.

"Surely," returned Miss Ellen, brightly. "She couldn't forget your birthday. Your twentieth, isn't it?"

He nodded. For a moment his eyes rested on a framed print of the Virgin and Child that hung above the bed of



Two German airmen captured by the British, and put in a prison camp near Maidenhead, managed to escape; but their prison leave was short. England was not big enough to hold these two Teutons, and after the authorities tracked and recaptured them, they were returned to Maidenhead. The German airmen are Lieut. Joseph Flink and Lieut. Orben A. Von Schultz. This British official photograph shows them being returned to the prison under military escort. It is not known how these two airmen were captured, whether they were brought down in a raid over England or whether they were brought to earth in France.

"Pretty soon," she answered, smiling. "Take this, please."

"Don't give me anything to put me asleep," he protested, weakly. "I don't want to miss the mail."

"If you do fall asleep, I'll call you," she promised, with a mental reservation.

He was young—scarcely twenty Miss Ellen judged. This Mary whoever she was, was probably his very first love. Miss Ellen smoothed the pillow under his dark curly head. Then she went down the ward again to her desk to make out the delayed reports.

There were nineteen patients in this rude little school-building, and they were all such stoics, so brave, so uncomplaining! There was the little poilu with seventeen wounds. He was in fever constantly, but no amount of suffering seemed to dampen his merry spirits. There was the Belgian boy who had been blinded. All day, if he were allowed, he would sing, and his clear tenor was one of the things for which Miss Ellen nightly gave thanks. It acted upon the others as no medicine possibly could. Then there was big Ivan who had lost an arm and a leg. Gangrene was setting in despite the best efforts of doctor and nurses, and nevertheless would Ivan see the green forests of his little Russia. Yet his broad smile was the cheeriest sight in the ward.

There were others of varying nationalities, ages and dispositions. And there

big Ivan opposite. In the semi-darkness a kind of benediction seemed to descend upon him from those haloed heads. He closed his eyes and presently slept.

Madame Loiset had risen at ten and besought the other nurse to go to her rest but Miss Ellen maintained that she wasn't tired. The mail was late. It did not arrive until midnight and Marcel told, in voluble French, of bad roads, of hundreds of shell-holes, of an upset they had had, of a narrow escape from a collision with a transport going the opposite way.

"Never mind. Just so long as you got here!" Miss Ellen returned, cheerfully.

Feverishly she sorted the letters, papers and parcels. There was nothing for the Canadian! Then and only then did the little nurse's lips tremble. He was sleeping now, but when he awoke how could she break the news, how tell him that there had been nothing? Almost she wished he might never waken!

"Come—Mees! The Anglaise officer—he is—he dies, I think."

It was Madame Loiset in a hurried whisper at Miss Ellen's side.

Someone had drawn a screen about the young captain's bed. He looked up gravely into the kind faces bent over him. The calm light of reason reigned in his fast-dimming eyes. He even tried to smile under the heavy bandages.

"I shan't be needing—this," he said,