



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself to-night.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

**Blue-jay
For Corns**

Stops Pain Instantly

Ends Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists

Small package discontinued

Bauer & Black, Limited Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. **Chicago, New York, Toronto**

(932)

Alma College

**Places Great Stress Upon
Physical Development**

Our young men will return from the trenches after their long military training and discipline with strong physique and hardened muscles. They will be fine and fit, keen of vision and ready to attempt great things for the land they have fought for.

Anticipating this, Alma College is giving the course of physical culture special emphasis in order that Canada's young women may not be weaklings in comparison. No matter how many academic degrees they may win, unless they have a constitution which will stand hard work, their usefulness is sadly curtailed.

Not less of music, art, literature, etc., but more of physical culture than in the past. It is necessary. It is vital. Alma College provides a complete teacher's course in physical culture under one of the finest physical culture teachers in Canada. The wide lawns permit of tennis, bowling and out-of-door exercises of all kinds, and indoor basketball.

Our aim is "Sound minds in sound bodies."

For all particulars regarding courses of study, teachers, school life, write for catalogue.

Principal R. I. WARNER, M.A.,
Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Sky Coaster

By ETHEL BAIN.

A Special Story for the Girls and Boys.

"Hello! Hello!" cried Blue Jay, "First time I've seen you this season."

"Is it? Why I arrived several weeks ago, but then you see I'm more of a night bird than you are."

"A regular night-hawk," remarked Blue Jay.

"I'm not a hawk at all," retorted the other hotly.

"Well, then, why don't you change your name?"

"Couldn't if I wanted to, for you know that I've too many names already. Some people call me the night-jar, others the bull-bat; surely they can see that I'm not batlike at all, whilst still others call me the mosquito-hawk. Now they are partly right, for I eat thousands of mosquitoes, but all the same I'm not a hawk."

"Then what are you?" chattered Bushy Squirrel as he sat listening in a near-by tree.

"I'm just an ordinary bird," replied the Night-hawk, "and not a bird of prey at all. Besides, Blue Jay, I do fly about in the daylight, only you're always too busy teasing the little birds to see me. Especially in September we Night-hawks get together in flocks, and then you will see us flying quite close to the ground. The upper air is getting cooler then, and we have to seek our food nearer to the earth. People seem to mix me up with my cousin, the Whip-poor-will. Now, he is really a night bird, for he sleeps all the day in a deep, shady place in the wood, then after dark he flies about as silently as any owl, yet, unlike the owls, he eats only insects as I do. We both love mosquitoes, and, oh, how they try to escape us, but we are too quick for them."

"But say!" cried the Red Squirrel. "That booming noise you make when flying. How's that done?"

"Oh, that's what mankind calls coasting. It's lovely, and all Night-hawks enjoy it. You see, when we are away up in the sky we suddenly make a headlong dive to earth on our half-closed wings. Our wing feathers are long and stiff, and it is the wind rushing through them as we dart downward that makes the weird sound you hear. Woe betide any insects that are in my way at such times, for that's how I get a good meal." As he finished speaking, he spread his long wings and flew lightly upwards. Higher and higher he went, until Bushy Squirrel saw him as a mere speck against the red gold clouds of the sunset land. The speck disappeared, then without warning came that strange, rushing sound, and seemingly out of nowhere the Night-hawk appeared. Down, down he came, until the squirrel felt sure he would dash his brains out, but no, for before he was anywhere near to the earth, Mr. Night-hawk took a sudden turn and gaily laughed as he flew round to perch beside the wondering squirrel.

"Oh!" gasped Bushy. "You scared me stiff. You'll kill yourself one of these days. I'm sure you will. Oh!" he cried again and shuddered.

"Why, Bushy," laughed the Night-hawk, "that's nothing. It's no harder for me to coast down like that than it is for you to spring from one tree-top to another. Why you do that every day, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the squirrel.

"And think nothing of it! You don't think there is any danger now, do you?"

"Danger, oh, no, because I've always done it. Why, Mother Nature taught me how to do it."

"Our great Mother taught me also how to coast through the air," said the Night-hawk. "So you see that there is no danger in it for me. Instinct, that wonderful gift of God, has taught me just when to turn in my headlong dive, and who ever heard of one of my kind being killed whilst coasting?"

"Well, I've never heard of any accidents," replied Bushy Squirrel. "You stay here such a short time. Come late and go away early."

"I couldn't live if I stayed after the first heavy frost had painted the leaves. You see, it's no use my coming with Spring, for I don't belong to her at all. I am the messenger of Summer. You know the old saying—that one swallow does not make a Summer—but everybody knows that Summer has arrived when I appear. With the first

breath of Summertime, myriads of insects come to life. Insects that mankind does not see, for they live in the upper air. Now my cousin Whip-poor-will and I have our work cut out to keep down these insects, so that is why we are so seldom seen near to the ground. We fly through the air with our mouths wide open and catch thousands of insects. The first touch of frost kills them, and that is a warning to us to leave the Northland, for if we did not heed that warning we would soon starve. So, whilst Canada is getting on her snow dress, we are far away in South America, where Nature never sleeps. We enjoy our sky-coasting just as much as any school boy, only you see he has to wait for a snow-storm, and we haven't."

"Awfully interesting," murmured Bushy Squirrel; then said he, "But where do you build your nest? I've never seen one."

The Night-hawk laughed as he replied: "Nest! We don't build a nest."

"What!" exclaimed the squirrel.

"Mrs. Night-hawk just lays her two eggs in a sunny place; if in the city, on the roof of some house; if in the country, in the hollow of a rock or merely on the bare ground. Now, don't think that she is lazy, but no nest is needed. The eggs are speckled beauties, and they cannot be seen, for in color they match the dead leaves so very well. Mrs. Night-hawk is a devoted mother, and loves her babies very much. We have the happiest times teaching our birdies to coast, but there, I must hasten, for my family will be anxious if I leave them alone much longer."

"Good-bye," echoed the squirrel, as he watched him swiftly disappear and listened to his nasal cry of "peent, peent," which is very much like the meadow lark's call. Bushy sat awhile, thinking over what he had learned. Suddenly he chattered, "I've got it. I've got it."

"Got what?" asked a solemn voice.

The squirrel looked up and down and here and there, but could see nothing. As his sharp eyes noticed a tree stump, he said to himself, "That's very funny, but I'm sure that I've never seen that stump before," and his little heart beat nervously. He never moved an inch, but watched the new stump with steady eyes, then as it slowly moved and two yellow eyes shone out in the twilight, he cried, "How do, Mr. Owl. I was just wondering why Night-hawk wasn't called the sky coaster. Anyway, I'll call him by that name, and—"

"You'd better coast, too, Bushy, for it's late for you to be out, and something might get you."

The squirrel gave Mr. Owl one frightened glance, then he laughed and chattered, "Get me! Not yet, Mr. Owl," and shaking his tail in defiance, scampered out of sight.

Camouflage is what one would call the Barn Owl's trick of pulling in his feathers so close that he looks exactly like the stump of a tree, but that is one of the peculiarities which belong to these strange birds. When other birds have left us for their winter home in the Southland, the owls remain to work, and happy is the farmer who makes friends of the useful members of the owl family, for he will be repaid an hundredfold. No cat can beat a Barn Owl at catching rats and mice, therefore these especially should be encouraged. The farmer will find that, although the friendly hawks (and all hawks are not good friends of the farmers, but there are some workers amongst them, and of these you shall learn at some future time) do their part in the daytime, the Barn Owls take up their work where the hawks leave off. As soon as the darkness falls the Barn Owls awake, and then it is we hear their sweet yet weird call, a trembling whistle. This is, perhaps, the most familiar owl to us in Canada. Many owls are useful, but they deserve a special story to themselves. Would you like to pay them a visit? It will have to be at night, for they sleep during the day, and it wouldn't do to disturb them; in fact, it would be a very unkind act, for then they would be too tired to work. But there is no need for any of us to be frightened, for the fireflies will have their lanterns ready to light us on our way. The star and moon fairies will be waiting to welcome us, so just think of the lovely visit we will spend amongst our friends, won't we?