



## Remember this Corns are Needless

**I**T'S a pity to suffer corns. Millions of people don't. If a corn appears, they put a Blue-jay on it.

Never a pain after that. In 48 hours the corn disappears, and forever.

Why don't you let Blue-jay prove that?

The way is easy, gentle, quick. It is scientific, and results are inevitable.

One Blue-jay is sufficient on 91 per cent of all corns. On old, stubborn corns simply use another.

Why pare corns and keep them? Why use harsh methods and risk soreness? Or ways that don't end corns?

Apply a Blue-jay and you know the corn will end. Never again will it bother. That is proved a million times a month.

Corns are inexcusable today.

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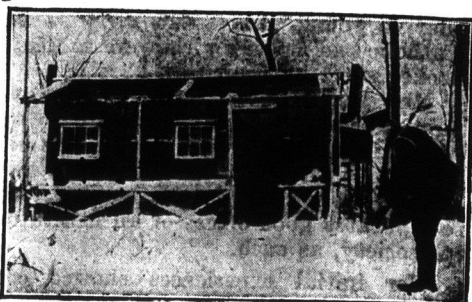
## Fritz's Farewell

By Bonnycastle Dale

**I** want to write directly to my kind readers of this well established magazine. Personally, and sometimes with Fritz, I have visited most of the towns and cities of the great prairie provinces. I know your rolling landscapes, your wide shallow rivers, your prairie hills and woods. In many a place where your happy homesteads dot the scene I have hunted before your coming, when the "chicken" jumped from every trail and the ducks nested on every slough. I could not find these hunting places now, your good cultivation has ploughed and drained the most celebrated spots and the wild fowl have gone ahead of the plough to find nesting places in the far north. I want to write to-day more especially to the maids and mothers, I know my work is more interesting usually to the brothers and the dads, but to-day, when our hearts are full of anxiety for our absent ones braving the desperate enemy, I want to write to the women. I want to trace, if possible, why our lads enlisted.

Our work last fall lay amid deep marshes and drowned lands, photographing the wild fowl. Fritz was in his glory. Up every morning before day-break, off to distant wild rice fields in search of mallards, or, with the Redflex in the bow, he and I paddled silently along the wild rice channels photographing the ducks as they leaped quacking from the thick cover. All these many months the cruel war had raged and I had endeavored to teach the lad that, as I could not go I might be able to help in other ways, but I never even hinted that he should go, this was a matter that he should decide with his own conscience. Week after week we got the papers, their columns filled with noble deeds and heart wracking losses. In

Canadian, but this British strain helps, I think, in the ultimate decision to enlist—for it is actually "home" that is being attacked. He thoroughly understood he was not joining the ranks because of the pay—all soldiers receive money, not as a reward but as a means to pay their debts, all true Canadians are fighting for the Empire—not for the trip, not for the money, not for the Great Adventure. No! no! A thousand times no. They are fighting for home, for mother and sister, for sweetheart, for God and the right.



Fritz clearing the path to the shore

Now came those sorrowful hours, and those glad ones too, when we were busy getting the lad ready for departure. His sunny nature seemed filled with rejoicing that he too was going with the many village and county friends who had joined, and who would soon see absent friends now serving in the ranks. Alas! he had to bid farewell to one inanimate comrade of many a dangerous trip—his good old canoe. I pictured him as he covered it with cedar brush beside the home camp shanty. Many the mile, through rain and shine it had carried him and I, while we collected the adventures you have been so good as to read about us these long years past. Only once had either of the canoes failed him—when he broke through the thin ice and it—being without its airtanks—sank beneath him; but we loved them both, as faithful friends are loved. It is remarkable the feeling with which one regards his canoe—it is so true to respond to every stroke of the paddle, it wards off each wild wave which attacks us, it is so much a piece of every camp scene that finally we become very much attached to it.



Fritz putting away his dear old canoe

the little village, from which our motor boat brought the mail, the lads were talking of enlisting.

"Three of the boys are going to the frontier to enlist," said Fritz one night over the camp fire.

"Good for them," I answered, and I knew from that fateful moment I was going to lose, for a time, the faithful Fritz.

Day after day we proceeded with our most interesting study, night after night, when our eyes were not too sleepy, we read the papers,—War! War! everywhere. Actions done by the enemy more fearful than the tragic pictures in "Paradise Lost," cruelties practised more dreadful than anything in history—all this while the lad held his peace and I did not mention "enlisting." Suddenly, one night, he turned to me and said:

"I think I will enlist," and his kind eyes sought mine for an answer. For a moment my heart was so full I could not trust myself to speak, then I said: "You must judge that matter for yourself, laddie, if you think it is your duty, do it." He gave me no answer, and soon he was far from war's horrors, safe in the "Land of Nod."

We wrote to the O.C. recruiting for the artillery, where so many of our friends were drilling and soon came the answer "to report for inspection." Christmas Day with all its sacred memories and remembrances from many friends (our little home camp was fairly filled with hampers and baskets of goodies) came and went. On the third day after (the 28th) Fritz drove to the frontier town and came back at night a soldier of the King.

Many were the talks we had before he reported for duty. He had the right view of enlisting—you see the dear lad was born in England and the Hun was attacking his natal land. He is a true

needless danger—to be avoided. With nervous hands we got the simple meal—the time the storm seemed to increase instead of diminish—then Fritz buttoned up his tunic, put on his warm service overcoat, adjusted his bandolier and was Gunner Fritz, of His Majesty's Heavy Artillery, ready to bid good-bye to all he held dear in this part of the world—for a moment the sun shone through the blizzard and he said "Good-bye" and ran down the path and out onto the snow-covered ice of the lake. As if in waiting up leaped the blizzard and shut out first the distant shore, then the islands in midlake, and, last of all, our soldier boy—at times through the



Good-bye

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