

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 lit 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 Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely 25c—At Druggists

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

For Her Sake;
—OR—
The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER XIV.

As she lay sobbing there, helpless as a child, he silently gave his whole life to her. He vowed that whatever service she needed should be rendered, that he would sacrifice his life cheerfully for her, that he would live but to watch over her. Without word or sign he made this resolve.

Then he saw that the beautiful face was recovering its color, that the violence of the girl's grief was somewhat abated.

"Diana," he said, "will you listen to me? You are better now; let me get you some wine." He raised the bowed head from his breast, and looked at the tear-stained face. "You must not shed another tear, Diana," he went on, "not one. I have let you weep as long as I dare; now you must cease, and listen to me."

She stood erect then.

"I am ashamed of myself, Royal," she said; "but those tears lay like liquid fire behind my eyeballs. I have never wept so much in my whole life—certainly I have never had so much cause."

His grave, kind face was bent over her; his dark eyes were full of love and pity. But there was no passion in them—there could be no passion, nothing but infinite love, where the child

Diana was concerned. He procured some wine for her and made her drink it; he brought an easy-chair for her, and forced her to rest.

"Now, Dian, it is my turn to speak, dear, and yours to listen. You know the old familiar saying: 'What can't be cured must be endured.' Well, there is plenty of sound philosophy in it, and, applying it to our present case, we have to admit the painful fact of the marriage and to consider what is best to be done."

"There can be no 'best' in the matter," she said. "Do you think," she added anxiously, "that my father will be happier for it?"

Sir Royal was silent for a few minutes, and then he answered:

"No and yes. He will not be so happy in his home-life—not one half; but his ambition will be gratified. He will get into society from which he has hitherto been excluded, and he will be happier for that. And, Dian, although I believe him to be completely mistaken in the matter, I am sure he thinks he has done the best thing for you."

She smiled even amidst her tears.

"I shall soon grow tired of that phrase, 'It is the best thing for Diana,'" she said wearily. "In no way can it be a good thing for me. It has completely spoiled my life. I was the happiest girl in the world, and now I shall never be happy again."

"In the years to come," he began.

"No," she interrupted vehemently, "never in the years to come! Nothing can ever give back my father or my faith in him."

"I should like to say one thing, Dian. I am sure that your father has

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



not been guilty of treachery to you. He kept this secret from you at Lady Scarsdale's suggestion. She made him promise to do so under the pretext of saving you pain," said Sir Royal, feeling sure that his words would be borne out by the actual facts, could they only ascertain them.

Diana looked a little relieved, for the thought of treachery had been hard to bear.

"Do you think so, Royal?" she questioned; and he noticed that her voice was brighter and clearer.

"You remember," he said, "that Rich and others have remarked that your father has not been quite like himself lately? Rely upon it, this has been preying on his mind."

A gleam of hope stole into the lovely eyes. After all, the seeming treachery had been perhaps the hardest to bear.

"I wonder," said Diana, "that, loving me as he did, as he does, my father did not see how miserable this marriage would make me. If I could not endure spending three hours with Lady Scarsdale, how shall I live with her? I cannot do it, Royal—I really cannot! I shall go away from Ferness."

"You must always be reasonable, dear," he returned. "Your going away would make things worse, not better. No one can run away from his or her destiny, Dian."

"Think," she said, appealingly, "how horrible it will be. Here I have always been undisputed mistress, and everybody has been happy under my rule; you know that, Royal—you know that no one has ever complained. And now—I can hardly realize it myself—there will be another mistress for Ferness. Can you fancy, Royal, another dispensing hospitality beneath the roof of Ferness Court?"

"Hardly," he answered.

"I do not think I can bear it," she remarked. "Where can I go? What shall I do? I cannot realize that Lady Scarsdale will be always in the very heart of my home, that she will give orders, and be always with papa; that he will consult her about everything. Royal, where will be my place then?"

"Things will arrange themselves," he replied. "It will be hard at first for you, Dian; but you have plenty of courage."

"Courage will hardly meet the difficulty," she rejoined. "I was very proud of my position in the world, Royal; I enjoyed being mistress of Ferness; how shall I endure this woman in my place?"

"No one can ever take your place, Dian," he told her.

"Do you not see, Royal, that it will be like having two queens in one kingdom? There will not be room for us both. How can I all at once relinquish my authority, and submit to the rule of a woman whom I detest? Oh, Royal, I dread the thought of it! Ferness will never be home to me again. I wish I could go and live elsewhere. I wish I could come here to Westwater and live with you!"

The words were simply spoken, yet they thrilled the man's heart as none others had ever done. For one moment he was tempted to say what his heart prompted. He had vowed to himself that he would be father, brother, and friend—that, being more than double her age, and she having seen as yet so little of the world, he would not intrude a lover's love upon her. But he was sorely tempted in that moment to say to her, "Be my wife, Diana, and live with me here, where no trouble or care can shadow you."

In her trouble she would doubtless have said "Yes," but he scorned to take advantage of her distress.

"I wish you could, Dian," he answered, sorrowfully.

He spoke as simply as she had spoken; only Heaven knew the effort he made to answer calmly, and to trample down the passionate fire of love that flamed in his heart.

"I think," she said, musingly, "that, as papa does, after all, love me very much, if he sees that I am unhappy, he will let me go away. He will not like to see me miserable."

"Do you not think, Dian, that if you were to do your best and try, you might perhaps find some little happiness?"

"Under the same roof with Lady Scarsdale!" she cried, her eyes ablaze with unmistakable anger. "Never, Royal! I should feel as though I were an exiled queen, and that she had usurped my kingdom."

Then, seeing that she looked pale and exhausted, he persuaded her to lie down and rest.

"I will leave you for a time," he

said; "you are tired out, Dian. When you have rested and feel more refreshed and composed, we will have a longer talk."

He waited until the tired eyes were closed, and, as he watched her, the words of a sweet singer came into his mind.

"I love but thee, I love but thee, with a love that shall not die. Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment book unfold."

CHAPTER XV.

An hour later Diana, looked calm and collected, stood on the lawn at Westwater. Sir Royal had insisted that she should remain with him for luncheon, promising that afterward he would ride back with her to Ferness. A faint color had stolen back to Diana's face, but there was a look of pain in the lovely eyes which would long remain there. Sir Royal had done his best to alleviate her first great trouble. He had shown her the philosophical way of meeting the difficulty, the best method of proceeding, and she had listened with more patience than he had expected. His advice to her was good; none could have been better. It was to make the best of her father's marriage. Neither tears, sighs, nor reproaches could alter the facts of the case.

"Ah, Royal, you called me proud once!" Diana said. "How shall I bring my pride into subjection to her?"

He remembered the lecture he had formerly given her, and his heart melted at the thought of it.

"I little dreamed then, Diana, how soon you would have to take my little lecture to heart. It will be a question between your obedience to your father, your regard for his wishes, your respect for the wife he has chosen, and your pride. Which will win, Dian?"

"I do not know," she replied, gravely. "I shall try, Royal, to conquer myself. You have been so kind, and have spoken so wisely to me, that I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not try to follow your advice. It will be, as you say, a struggle between me and my pride."

"You see, after all, Dian," Sir Royal went on, "your father has a right to please himself. He did so in his first marriage; he has an equal right to please himself in his second. I have done you no wrong that you can resent."

"He has," she said, petulantly; "I have a right to complain. If my father had told me his intentions, it would have been different. As it is, I must say that I do not think he has been just to me. He installed me as mistress of Ferness. He has been everything in the world to me, and has always lived together. If he had even once said to me, 'I may marry again, Diana,' I should in some measure have been prepared for the change, but he never did."

"But, my dear," remarked Sir Royal, "you will marry yourself some day."

"I do not think so," she replied, with flashing eyes. "I should never have left papa to marry any one."

"You cannot be sure of that, Dian," he said, gently.

"I am sure of it, Royal," she cried, "quite sure. You do not suppose the man lives for whom I could care half as much as I do for papa?"

Sir Royal smiled, thinking to himself how little she knew of life and its ever-changing scenes.

"I am glad to see you better, Dian," he said, presently. "A ride will do you good—change your thoughts, and cheer you."

"My face may wear a smile, but my heart will be forever clothed in sadness," she replied.

"No, forever, Diana," said Sir Royal, in his cheeriest tones. "When we do our best, when we do what is our duty, peace always comes."

She raised her lovely, sad face to his.

"Royal," she said, gently, "tell me exactly what my duty is, and I will do it."

"It will be hard, Dian."

"Never mind; I will do it. I will not be proud and rebellious if I can help it. Tell me just what you think my duty is."

(to be continued.)



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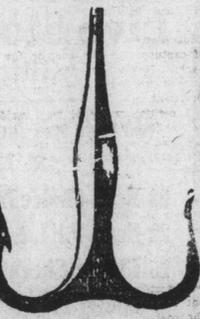
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Coaker and the

Of course no one takes seriously the attacks which Coaker and his hired men make on the Government in connection with the Reid Newfoundland Company. They know that these hysterical shriekings are Mr. Coaker's subsidies for the benefit of the public and are not to be taken by any means as an indication of his real state of feelings. This is election year, and Mr. Coaker is out looking for office which he thinks the people of this country are going to be foolish enough to entrust him with. He has started his little campaign, and "The Reid" cry is his one best bet. In the hands of any other man it might be a weapon of some value, but when Mr. Coaker grasps it and hurls it at the Government, it becomes a boomerang to recoil on himself with damaging results. The fact of the matter is that if Mr. Coaker got in power he would be the best friend the Reids ever had. This is not mere surmise or supposition, but the absolute fact. It can be proved by his past record, and in order to ascertain what that record is, we do not have to seek it through the medium of report or hearsay, but we give it herewith from the organ of his present allies Squires and Modell. We reprint below some extracts from an editorial which appeared in the "Daily Star" of the issue of August 24th 1918 and which will make interesting reading just at present, when not alone Mr. Coaker but his allies Squires and Modell are raising their voices in a chorus of denunciation of the Reids and the Government and everyone else they think they may profit by blackguarding in their papers.

ASK YOURSELF

are you logical in your use of medicine? When your stomach is ailing do you take something that reaches the stomach, but when the trouble is in your lungs or breathing passages, do you take something that acts there directly? This is where so many people make a mistake. They swallow remedies into the stomach in a vain attempt to cure an ailment which is in the lungs! They wonder why they receive no benefit.

For ailments of the lungs and breathing passages, the logical treatment is the use of a remedy that is breathed into the lungs, capable of reaching directly the seat of the trouble.

Papa is the only such remedy—a bronchial remedy, a chest remedy. Other Paps are absorbed in the stomach, and their action is released and directed to all parts of the bronchial system. The salts in the cells of the lungs soothe the inflammation and consequent irritation, healing the sore places and ending the cough.

Next time you are troubled with a cough, sore throat, bronchitis or laryngitis, take Papa and prove for yourself the superiority of the direct treatment. All dealers see.

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