

Blue-Jay



Ends One-Half the Corns

Do you know that nearly half the corns in the country are now ended in one way?

Blue-jay takes out a million corns a month. It frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. In 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no soreness.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it, and it brings only brief relief.

Don't use old-time treatments. They have never been efficient.

Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay**. It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents at Druggists
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies



WHAT you pay for when you buy any sauce is *satisfaction* — zest, enjoyment, hearty appetite — not mere bulk.

There are cheap sauces which cost much less than the genuine Lea & Perrins'.

They can't give the same satisfaction; and if you have to use more of them, where is the saving?

The white writing on the Red Label:—

Lea & Perrins
indicates the
Original and Genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

much all the week, and felt a bit off colour, but I sat up late, not feeling like sleep again—then I thought I would test the drug on myself—and took a good dose."

Sir Lawrence started, then nodded his head silently.

"I had no sooner taken it, and was just off to bed, when the night-bell rang. It was then two o'clock and I felt considerably annoyed. A cab had come to take me to a dying woman in Portman Square. I couldn't well refuse to go. I thought I should manage to get back before I went under the drug.

"When I got to Portman Square, I wasn't particularly pleased to find it was an empty house. The whole case looked fishy. The woman was as near dead as could be, a beautiful young creature, in charge of the cabman and his wife—caretakers. The cabman was insolent—I lost my temper—told him it looked a case for the police—he got abusive and before I could turn round had clubbed me—and that's all I know."

"Very extraordinary—very!" commented Sir Lawrence Goss thoughtfully. "And after you came to yourself, what then?" he ventured to ask.

"What then? Why, I wake up and find myself here—in bed. What I should like to know is, how I got here?"

"Just so. Exactly." Sir Lawrence Goss was looking at him under bushy eyebrows which had come together in a puzzled frown. "But I wouldn't bother about it too much at present, my boy, if I were you."

"Goss!—don't lose any time sending for the police, there is only one empty house in Portman Square, they can't miss it. I feel so—so confoundedly buzzy in the head somehow or I'd go myself."

"Don't you worry old man," said the big doctor kindly, "I'll look into the matter for you. I'd advise you to keep quiet and stop in bed for a few days."

"I'm afraid I shall have to," said the invalid with an impatient sigh. "Don't let that brute of a cabman get away—mark my words—there's foul play going on there."

"Well, well," said Sir Lawrence soothingly, "leave it to me, Arnold, and look here, my boy, you've got to keep quiet and not excite yourself."

"**YES**, I'm afraid so, for a day or two. He did give me a confounded crack over the skull and no mistake, it's a wonder I am alive."

"It is."

Sir Lawrence spoke fervently, but his thoughts reverted to events which had taken place much more recently, events which the sick man appeared to know nothing of. He felt himself getting more and more befogged.

If Arnold had been knocked down in an empty house and nearly killed, how came he to be sitting nine months afterwards on a bench in the Park, dressed as a private chauffeur?—And what connection could it all have with his incessant ravings during delirium—"A marriage has been arranged—do you hear—and it—must be stopped!" Nothing seemed to agree, or throw any light upon a mystery which seemed all the time to grow more entangled. Could it possibly be all an hallucination of the brain?

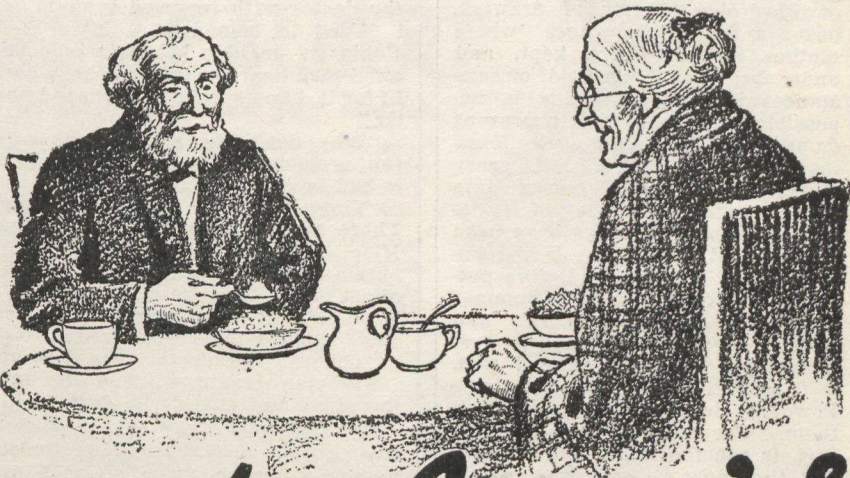
Downstairs the doctor held a private conference with Nurse Wilkinson and Doctor Wilson. He warned them not to arouse the patient's suspicions, but let things come to him gradually, and above all to keep visitors and papers away from him, and avoid giving him any shocks.

Without any real hope, after such a lapse of time, of finding the empty house in Portman Square, which Arnold Bassingbroke had described, and merely for the sake of satisfying him, Sir Lawrence Goss drove straight from Harley Street to the Square, and was considerably startled to see the very house still empty, and bearing every evidence of having been so for several years.

Curiosity impelled him to seek information from a house adjoining.

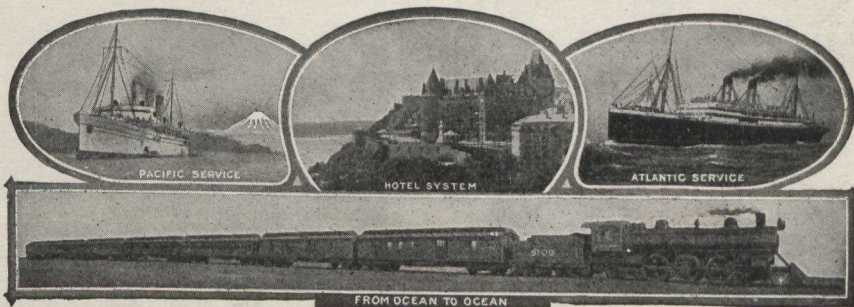
A sedate man-servant opened the door, and glancing past the doctor, saw the large private car from which he had stepped.

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