

Quackery

Hundreds of treatments have been offered for corns.
Some were sedatives to quiet pain.

Some were sedatives to quiet pain. Some were acids, harsh and risky. Some mere quackery.

But one man—a famous chemist—studied corns for 25 years. And finally discovered Blue-jay.

That is now the standard treatment, gentle, certain, scientific. It is used on a million corns monthly.

It has stopped the corn pain instantly, 70 million times. It has ended the corns completely within 48 hours, in 91 per cent of the cases.

48 hours, in 91 per cent of the cases. The others take a little longer.

Stop paring corns. Stop treating them in wrong ways. Use Blue-jay, and that ends them in a gentle, easy way. Prove that tonight. Prove that tonight.

Blue=jay **Ends Corns**

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.





TORONTO

passengers, which showed him that his discovery of this had not been noticed, showed also that they had not seen the bag opened. They would have been watching him if they had; clearly the bag had been carried out of the car during his absence, and later had been brought back. He set later had been brought back. He set it on the floor between his knees and checked over its contents. Nothing had been taken, so far as he could tell; for the bag had contained only clothing, the Chinese dictionary and the box of cigars, and these all apparently were still there. He had laid out the things on the seat across from him while checking them up, and now he began to put them back in the bag he began to put them back in the bag. Suddenly he noticed that one of his socks was missing; what had been eleven pairs was now only ten pairs and one odd sock.

THE disappearance of a single sock

THE disappearance of a single sock was so strange, so bizarre, so perplexing that—unless it was accidental—he could not account for it at all. No one opens a man's bag and steals one sock, and he was quite sure there had been eleven complete pairs there had been eleven complete pairs there earlier in the day. Certainly then, it had been accidental: the bag had been opened, its contents taken out and examined, and in putting them back, one sock had been dropped unnoticed. The absence of the sock, then, meant no more than that the contents of the bag had been thoroughly investigated. By whom? By the man against whom the telegram directed to Lawrence Hillward had warned Eaton?

Ever since his receipt of the telegram, Eaton—as he passed through the train in going to and from the diner or for other reasons—had been trying covertly to determine which, if any one, among the passengers was the "one" who, the telegram had warned him, was "following" him. For at first he had interpreted it to mean that one of "them" whom he had to fear must be on the train. Later he had felt certain that this could not be the case, for otherwise any one of "them" who knew him would have spoken by this time. He had watched particularly for a time the man who had claimed the telegram and given the name of Hillward; but the only conclusion he had been able to reach was that the man's name might be Hillward, and that coincidence—strange as such a thing seemed—might have put aboard the train a person by this name. Now his suspicions that one of "them" must be aboard the train returned. son by this name. Now his suspicions that one of "them" must be aboard the train returned.

The bag certainly had not been carried out the forward door of the car, or he would have seen it from the compartment at that end of the car

or he would have seen it from the compartment at that end of the car where he had sat smoking. As he tried to recall who had passed the door of the compartment, he remembered no one except trainmen. The bag, therefore, had been carried out the rear door, and the man who had opened it, if a passenger, must still be in the rear part of the train.

Eaton, refilling his cigar-case to give his action a look of casualness, got up and went toward the rear of the train. A porter was still posted at the door of the Santoine car, who warned him to be quiet in passing through. The car, he found, was entirely empty; the door to the drawing-room where Santoine lay was closed. Two berths near the farther end of the car had been made up, no doubt for the surgeon and Harriet Santoine to rest there during the intervals of their watching; but the curtains of these berths were folded back, showing both of them to be empty, though one apparently had been occupied. Was Harriet Santoine with her father?

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

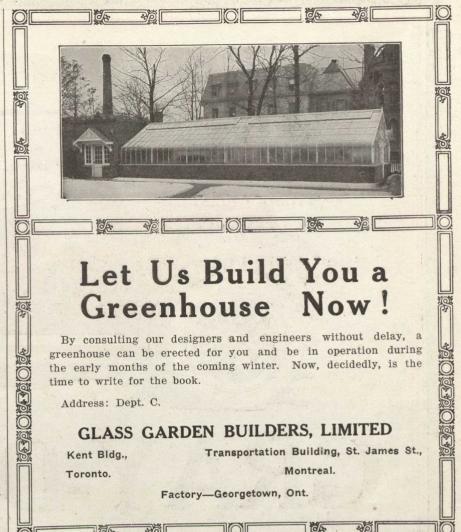
KEEPING IT UP.

"The Kaiser distributed Iron crosses and made speeches," runs a report in a daily paper.

Business as usual!

2 2 . 2 WHERE?

Some statistician has figured it out that the per capita wealth of this country is about \$2,000. Who's got our



THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President. H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager. JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.



