

My Corn
Said
"This
Shoe"

-but
Fashion
Said
"This
One"

Touchy Corns and New Shoes

The comfort of old shoes may now be had with new shoes. Blue-jay makes it possible. No need to wince from new shoes nor frown. No need to undergo a period of pain.

Before getting a new pair of shoes be corn-free by using Blue-jay, gentle and certain. Then, should a new corn come later, Blue-jay will bring instant relief.

Most families have a package of Blue-jay Plasters at home, always ready. Relief is always handy, and instant.

Paring never cures. Harsh liquids are harmful. Blue-jay removes the corns permanently, roots and all. The first application removes 91 per cent. More stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

Wear new shoes—any shoes—with complete comfort. Forget your feet. Blue-jay points the way. Know tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
Limited
Toronto, Canada
Makers of Surgical
Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

For Sale by all
Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunions
Plasters.



Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit—It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or callus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

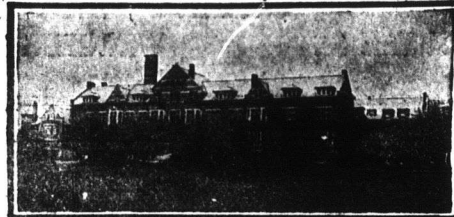
Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

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The Fence
For Real Protection



gives life time service. Is made of the best Open Hearth steel fence wire, all impurities burned out, all the strength and toughness left in. Makes the fence elastic and springy. Will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick atmospheric changes. Galvanized to prevent rust and the coating will not flake, peel or chip off. Can be erected over the most hilly and uneven ground, without buckling, snapping or kinking. Every joint is locked together with the well-known "Peerless Lock." The heavy stay wires we use prevent sagging and require only about half as many posts as other fences. Send for catalog. It also describes our farm gates, poultry fencing and ornamental fencing. Peerless Perfection is rapidly fencing Canada's highways and byways.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario



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Calendar sent on application

came abreast of him, and, planting himself so as to block her way, growled out in a husky voice:

"No screaming, mind, or I'll shoot! If you've got a wad, cough it up!"

Ursula realized at once that she was face to face with what is often spoken of but seldom encountered in the West today—that terrible being, a "hold-up" man.

There had been two or three cases lately in the neighborhood of people being "held up" by an armed man and relieved of their portable property. The victims had in all cases been women and children, and Ursula had not considered the possibility of meeting this unromantic outlaw on her lonely walks with any great alarm. She had even felt at times that she would like a chance of putting his daring to the test.

"I daresay" (the thought flashed through her mind like lightning) "he is more frightened than I am. Very likely his hand is shaking like a leaf. If he should fire—"

The hold-up man had made rather an unlucky choice of a victim. Ursula's experience of delirious patients served her in good stead at that moment.

She stepped quickly forward, and with a dexterous movement struck the leveled revolver out of the man's hand.

Her instinct had not played her false. The shaking fingers had bungled with the work just long enough to let the moment slip. The weapon exploded harmlessly in the air as it spun up and dropped among the waving grass.

The man snarled out an oath, and turned to make good his retreat. He left the trail, and began to hurry with clumsy strides across the rough tangle of grass and weed.

It was not likely Ursula would have followed him; but, as luck would have it, he had not gone many yards before he stumbled over a fallen strand of wire fence, and, measuring his length on the ground, lay alarmingly still where he had fallen.

Ursula was at his side in a moment. She lifted his shoulders and rolled him over on his back.

He was only stunned. It was not because she looked on the face of a dead man that she pressed her hands to her eyes with a low, terrified cry.

The face, white under its tan, which lay there with closed eyes, the color of which she knew so well—the weak face in which weakness had hardened into viciousness since last she saw it—was that of the man who had held—who still held her promise!

The eyes opened—the almost girlishly pretty blue eyes she remembered so well. He looked up into her face with a stupid surprise. Then he sat up and rubbed his forehead in a dazed way under its shock of fair hair.

"Ursie!" he said; "why, Ursie!"

Ursula had hard work to stifle an impulse to wild laughter. She felt as if she must lose her senses. It was—it must be—only a crazy dream, sprung out of her conversation with Philip Ross a few minutes before.

"You'll give me up to the police, I guess?" the man was saying; this strange man with Maurice's eyes and hair and voice. "Well, I can't kick. I can't expect anything different."

She forced her stiff lips to speak. "You know I will not," she said. "Oh, Maurice—"

"I'd as well be in the pen as any other place," he said sullenly. He gave an ugly laugh. "Fancy us meeting like this. Did you come out here to look for me? I guess you'll wish you'd stayed at home."

"I had nothing left to keep me at home," Ursula said quietly. She felt strangely calm and aloof; almost as if she were reading these strange terrible things in a book. "I have done well out here, Maurice."

"Better than I have," he said bitterly. "I've been down and out—down and out—the whole blessed time! No good trying, I've chucked trying. What's the good? Nobody cares."

"I cared, Maurice," said Ursula simply. "You did, did you?"

"I promised you—something," she said, "long ago. When I make a promise I mean it. It is not I who have forgotten."

The man caught his breath suddenly. He glanced at her swiftly and covertly, and a smile—a smile that was half cunning, half wistful—twinked his weak mouth.

"Ursula," he said slowly, "it is too late!"

"Too late?" she said after him. She shrank involuntarily, and her face whitened.

"Do you know why I never wrote to you?" he went on. "Well, I was ashamed. I wanted you to forget me. I was down and out. I never thought of you sticking to me like that. I loved you too much to write to you when I'd been doing so badly."

Ursula did not speak, but her face softened a little.

"If I'd known," he said, "it might have been different. I might have gone on trying. I think I could begin fresh, even now . . . but it's too late."

She was still silent. In all her dreams she had never visioned anything so terrible as this. She had fancied sometimes that she might meet her old love poor, ill, even wild and reckless: but never, never this!

She remembered what she had just told Philip Ross: how she had boasted of the strength of her faith, and said that nothing could shake it.

Well, here was a test such as she had never looked for.

She had risen, and stood looking across the dusky landscape with eyes that saw none of it; there was still a faint rosy finish behind the distant peaks of the Rockies, and the lights of the little prairie town were gleaming out amid the vast solitude. But Ursula's eyes saw not these things: she was looking into the dark mist that seemed to be enfolding her future life, looking for some help in this bewildering maze of ideals. A new, strange land: an old, old story: love and duty at the parting of the ways.

"Maurice," she said suddenly, "will you—will you really try? Oh, if you mean it, I will try, too—I will keep my promise."

The man looked up at her again under his eyelids, from where he still sat on the turf. But his eyes did not meet hers. He glanced down to the prairie roses and the grey scented weed, and a slow flush crept up and colored his sunburnt cheek.

A queer sort of vision rose in his mind for a moment. It had not been in his mind when, on the spur of the moment, he had first tried to test how much Ursula's old affection for him still lived. He knew, too, that it would probably pass as swiftly as it had come: but for the time it stirred him strangely.

A home—a quiet, prosperous home. Himself respected, honored, loved. Friends and children—

The beat of a horse's unshod hoofs on the soft grass drew suddenly near. They had neither of them noticed the rider's approach, and Ursula turned with a start to see Philip Ross fling himself from the saddle with a face full of concern.

"You're safe?" he said breathlessly, glancing from one to the other. "I heard a shot. Has that hobo there—has he molested you?"

He made a menacing movement towards the man on the grass.

Ursula put out her hand and laid it gently on his. He felt its coldness, and saw the trouble in her eyes. He stopped with a vague fear growing on him.

"Philip—Mr. Ross," she said, "I have met—an old friend—"

"Go on," he said under his breath. "Tell me. Is that—that the man?"

Something in the tone of the few words seemed to make the other wince a little. He looked up, as if about to speak, but shrugged his shoulders and kept silence.

"It is Maurice," she said simply. Their eyes met for a moment, and for a moment Philip's hands closed on hers in a despairing clasp.

"Well! I guess I'd better hike."

It was the hold-up man's voice that broke the silence of their unspoken farewell. He got up on to his feet as he spoke, with a harsh laugh.

"I've been making a fool of you," he said, "I'm no plaster saint if you are."

A sudden wild cry broke from Ursula's lips.

"What—what do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean I'm married. Have been, years. I didn't like to tell you. She's more my sort than you are. And you're more his sort" (he jerked his head toward Ross) "than you're mine."

Ursula swayed as if she would have fallen, but Ross's arm was round her.

"Quite a shock, isn't it?" said the hold-up man. He laughed again in a hard way. "But you'll get over it all right. Well, I'll quit, and leave you two to talk things over."