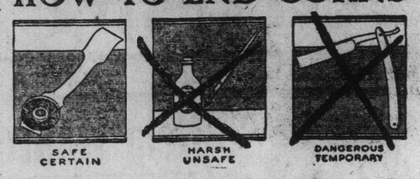
HOW TO END CORNS



Which Way for You?

Above are pictured three ways to treat corns.

Blue-jay is the most certain. It is safe and gentle.

Yet the unknowing ones experiment with harsh, mussy liquids or the dangerous razor.

These two ways are temporary. But Blue-jay is scientific. The spot of medicated wax, discovered by a great chemist, soothes while it works.

Place a Blue-jay Plaster on your throbbing corn tonight.

Relief is instant. The soft felt pad stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

In 48 hours the medicated wax has saturated the corn—undermined it to its roots—and it comes off painlessly, completely. Nature responds quickly to such a gentle, corrective treatment.

Hardly a corn can resist. Of course once in a while there is an old stubborn corn which requires a second or third application. But such are rare.

Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, the great surgical dressing house.

Try a Blue-jay Plaster now. Join the pain-free thousands who rely on Blue-jay.

Once you know Blue-jay, you'll never consent to have a corn again, nor to coddle it with temporary ways.

The cost is slight, the application simple.

Remember, we promise immediate relief and a defenseless corn.

Blue-jay Plasters are sold by all druggists—25c per package. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

B&B

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For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Makers of Surgical Dressings Chicago Toronto New York

A Terrible Disclosure;

OR,

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER IX.

Lela, as they passed to it, could not help thinking of the difference which lay between this and her first visit to London. In what misery and sorrow she had looked out at the rows of cabs, thinking of all she had lost; and now she had gained her lover again, and was to be his wife!

The coachman had received his instructions and drove off without a word. When they had got into the Strand, Lord Edgar put down the window and pointed out the various lions that they passed.

"All this is strange to you, my darling; we will see it together! It will be a new delight for me! Heavens—how happy we shall be!"

She was happy enough that moment; too happy for many words; her brain seemed in a whirl, and yet through all her bewilderment she realized and clung to the thought that he was with her, that she was to be his wife.

They reached the Albany, and Lord Edgar sprang out and helped her to alight.

"Home!" he whispered in her ear, and a scant flush dyed her cheek.

They went upstairs, and Lovel, who had been prepared in some measure, and whose faithfulness could be relied on to the uttermost, opened the door without the faintest trace of expression on his face to indicate that there was anything unusual or extraordinary in his master being accompanied home by a young and beautiful lady.

Lela entered the room, leaning on Lord Edgar's arm, and looked around with a thrill of lovelike interest. She was in her lord and master's house; the room made sacred to her by the fact of his living in it.

It did not occur to her that she was sinning against the proprieties by entering the room until she had been made his wife; neither did it occur to him.

A neat-looking young girl, who had been standing in the background, now came forward. She was a niece of the housekeeper, and had been carefully instructed in her part.

"Go and take off your hat, dear," whispered Lord Edgar.

She went unhesitatingly, and Lord Edgar paed upc and down the room.

"Is everything ready?" he asked of Lovel.

"Yes, my lord, the table is laid in the next room; and Mr. Revel——"

"Is here to answer for himself," said Clifford Revel, entering the room, and grasping Lord Edgar's hand. He looked around the room questioningly, and Edgar nodded.

"All right," he said; "she is here."

Clifford Revel smiled, and pressed his hand again.

"And—and my friend, the curate?"

"Not here yet, sir," said Lovel

Clifford Revel glanced at his watch.

"He is not here yet," he said, quietly. Don't be alarmed, he is a punctual sort of fellow."

He was carefully dressed in a frock coat, which, if not of the regulation blue—why on earth a man's friends, as well as enemies, should be expected to wear a blue coat at his wedding is one of those social mysteries which no man can be expected to understand!—was rendered festive by a magnificent orchid in its buttonhole. He held something wrapped in white tissue paper in his hand, and this he laid on a side table.

"And how is she?" he asked. "Much upset and alarmed?"

"No," said Edgar, with quiet pride; "Lela is not of the hysterical sort. You will not do her justice, Clifford, until you know her."

Clifford Revel nodded, and his eyes wandered to the door of the dressing room. There was a strange look in his eyes, as if he were trying to look self-possessed and thoroughly at his ease, and was afraid that he should not succeed; but Lord Edgar was not in the frame of mind to be critical of any one's looks—excepting Lela's. He felt pleased with him for donning attire, and showed it by a grateful nod and smile at the frock coat.

Clifford turned to the table and began to undo the tissue paper parcel he had brought, when the dressing-room door opened and Lela glided in.

She paused at the threshold, seeing a stranger in the room, and Lord Edgar took her arm through his and said:

"Lela, this is my Cousin Clifford."

Clifford Revel turned, not suddenly, but slowly, and their eyes met. A swift chill, a sudden cold dread, seemed to run through Lela's veins, and her eyes grew large, as he came forward and bowed.

She inclined her head, but Lord Edgar laughed unsatisfied.

"Come," he said, in his impulsive way, "that's too formal a greeting for you two, who will be such friends; shake hands!"

Lela extended her hand with a hesitation that was but momentary, and Clifford Revel took it and held it; and as his slim white fingers closed over hers she felt the chill again, though his hand was hot—almost feverishly so.

"I hope and trust Miss Temple will let me be her friend!" he said, in his low voice. "I cannot tell how delighted I am to see her!"

Lela listened—as one does to some voice which one would fain find pleasant, which one would wish to like; but, for all its delicate modulation, it ground upon her like a discord. She felt ashamed of the feeling. It was sheer ingratitude to entertain such a sentiment toward this man who was Lord Edgar's tried and closest friend, the man who had done so much to prove his friendship, who had already planned and arranged her marriage! And yet she felt she mistrusted him.

"I feel already as if you and I were old friends," he said, giving her time to recover herself, for he saw the mistrust shining in her pure, candid eyes, and saw that she was struggling against it. "Edgar and I have talked about you so often and so much."

"And he has told me so much about you," she said, in her sweet voice.

Clifford Revel looked pleased.

"That was kind and good of him! But, indeed, we have been more like brothers than cousins."

As he spoke, he drew a chair near for her, and she sat down.

He looked at her more closely, and for the first time felt some respect for the man he was duping.

Fool as he was, Lord Edgar had won the love of a beautiful creature, whom he, Clifford Revel, knew instinctively was as good and pure as she was lovely. He had wronged and misjudged her; he knew, as he looked into the beautiful face and listened to the sweet voice, that there was not an unworthy thought or desire in her mind or heart; that she loved Lord Edgar for himself, and not for his title or wealth. And yet he would not spare her!

Lord Edgar went into the next room where the table was laid for the luncheon, and poured out a glass of wine and brought it to her.

She refused it at first, but in deference to the wish expressed in his eyes, she put her lips to the glass.

"You are not tired with your journey, I hope," said Clifford Revel, and his manner, as he stood beside her, was as reverential as Lord Edgar's own.

"No," she said, "I am not tired. The time passed over quickly," she added, innocently.

Then she wondered why they did not start for the church. Nothing had been said about it, it was true, but she had a vague idea that they would proceed to some church at once

She was thinking of this, with Clifford Revel still talking to her, and Lord Edgar fidgeting about and glancing at his watch, when Lovel opened the door and announced, "The Reverend Mr. Browne."

She looked up and saw a tall, thin man enter. He was dressed as a clergyman, and looked like one. His face was pale, almost unnaturally so, and his dark eyes seemed to gleam and burn from the pallor of the face. His lips was tightly set, and she noticed that, as he entered the room, his eyes seemed to go straight for face, and to linger there searchingly for a moment before he turned them to Clifford Revel.

Clifford Revel went up to him and shook hands, if the irresponsive way in which Mr. Browne gave his hand can be called "shaking."

"I said you would be punctual, Browne," said Clifford Revel, pleasantly. "This is my cousin, Lord Fane, and this is Miss Temple."

Lord Edgar shook hands in his usual hearty fashion, and Nagle's face seemed to turn paler, if that were possible, and his eyes to drop during the greeting. But he bowed calmly to Lela, and turned quietly to Clifford Revel with some remark about the time.

They drew apart to the window while they compared watches, and Lord Edgar bent over Lela, and whispered:

"You are not nervous, frightened, my darling?"

"No," she said, though she was a little pale. "But I may be when I get to the church;" and she smiled.

Lord Edgar started, but recovered himself. It flashed on him in a moment that, in his excitement, he had forgotten to tell her that the ceremony was to be performed in private, in his own rooms.

He touched her on the shoulder as a sign to rise, and drew her away.

"We are not going to a church, dearest," he said, in a low, gentle tone.

"Not——" She gazed at him, bewildered and surprised, but with not a trace of fear, only surprise.

"No!" he said. "I meant to have told you, my darling! It is just like me! Forgive me! You do not mind! It does not matter, you know, excepting as regards your feelings, Lela. I, and Clifford, too, thought it more prudent to arrange it as we have done! If you wish it, however,—Clifford!" and he called to Clifford Revel.

He came with a calm smile, and Lord Edgar laid a hand upon his arm impressively.

"Clifford, Lela would prefer that we were married in a church——"

"Why, Miss Temple——" began Clifford Revel, but Lord Edgar stopped him, almost curtly.

(To be Continued.)

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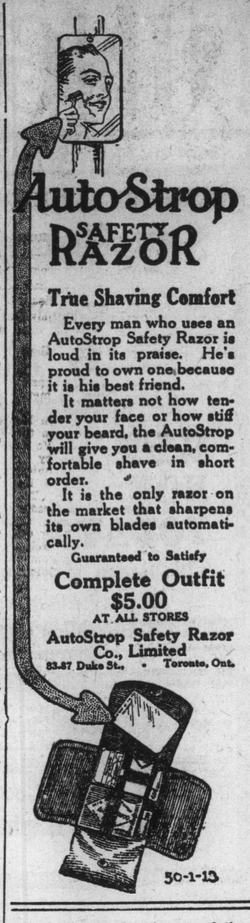

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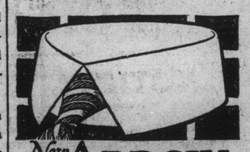

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