

Science Deals With Corns



Not This
Paring never ends
a corn.



Not This
Harsh liquids are
not wise.



Not This
Mere protection
doesn't cure.

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That is due to a chemist who has studied corns for 25 years. He has found a gentle, certain way to end them.

No soreness, no inconvenience. Blue-jay is a wax set in protecting plaster.

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Blue-jay Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Nivelles road, the right the Genappe road. Midway of the crossbar is the spot where the battle was actually won and it is here that the English nation has erected the monumental pyramid of earth surmounted by a lion, that indicates to the tourist the exact section of the field which witnessed the final triumph.

The battle did not commence until nearly noon. Napoleon was waiting for the mud to dry up as his troops could not manoeuvre on the soggy ground. He was also waiting to give Grouchy time to arrive. These careful calculations were perhaps the real cause of his undoing, for after all Grouchy did not come to his aid nor did the sun come out. The sky was overcast all day.

Hougomont held, but La Haiye Sainte was taken, and Napoleon pushed on along the Brussels road in an effort to

Europe! There was an obstacle. It was a crossroad, a deep-trench-like highway running along the slope of the opposite crest and entirely hidden from view. It was even invisible through glasses. It was the short road leading from Ohain to Braine l'Allende, and there was not even the faintest suspicion of a ridge to mark its presence. So Napoleon ordered his Grand Army, three thousand five hundred strong, to carry the plateau. Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head and the formidable squadrons began their advance, lances raised, standards flying.

What a spectacle it must have been! Ah, we could esteem our enemy in those times!

Imagine then that mighty host—steady, uniform, implacable—with sabres flashing and banners fluttering—moving as one man. Picture the havoc wrought in that glorious company when, advancing up the slope, they came suddenly upon the unsuspected road. It was twelve feet across. All was confusion. The front riders plunged into the abyss, the second line following them and the third and fourth and fifth and sixth, until hundreds of men and horses lay struggling and dying in the deep ravine. The left division, however, had wheeled just in time and so was saved such an inglorious end. My grandfather used to tell of the piper of the 75th Highlanders, the brave lad who sat upon a drum play-

A silk Union Jack was presented to the Canadian troops by the women of England through the League of the Empire



bar the approach of the Prussians who had out-manoeuvred Grouchy at Wavre and Ligny and were momentarily expected.

All along throughout the day and until about five o'clock in the afternoon Wellington seemed doomed. Down in the valley the villages were on fire, Hougomont only withstanding defeat. Through his field-glasses my grandfather watched that magnificent attack of the French troops, which is one of the most thrilling stories in all history. I can hear the old man yet, hear that odd shake in his voice as he described the superb deliberate onrush. It was Napoleon's great coup—his final move. It was admirable, even while tragic—that steady onward march down the southern slope, across the valley and then up the northern slope.

Napoleon thought the English were retreating. They had disappeared behind the crest of the plateau and victory indeed seemed imminent. Napoleon smiled. He had been grim and silent all day. Now he sent a messenger off post haste to Paris to announce that the battle was won. But "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"! He rose in his stirrups and scanned the Nivelles road. He noticed a little white chapel in the distance and he stooped and inquired in a low voice of his guide whether there might be any obstacle in the way of the contemplated charge—such as a stream, or a wall, or a ditch. The guide shook his head. On that shake of the head, Victor Hugo says, hung the fate of

ing pibrochs to cheer on his comrades, until he was stopped by a French sabre cut through the heart.

The English had not retired. They had merely fallen back a bit and formed into squares, with the Guards kneeling behind the slope, and ready to spring up at Wellington's word.

About six o'clock Wellington was observed glancing at his watch and he was heard to murmur: "Blücher or night!" For even still, the odds seemed in favor of Napoleon.

When finally, off to the east, Blücher was to be seen approaching, a great cheering broke out among the English. All was riot now in the French lines. The fighting that followed must have been unparalleled! The French were utterly routed and the Prussians gave savage chase, for Blücher had issued the command to "exterminate."

Observe the Prussian method! Does it not sound dimly familiar in the light of present events? "No prisoners—no quarter! Annihilate! Kill, slay, run them through!"

These were Blücher's orders. The French now were crying: "Sauve qui peut," instead of "vive l'Empereur."

At eight o'clock the clouds parted in the west and the red glow of the setting sun shone through the elms upon the field of Waterloo and witnessed the Grand Army of Napoleon that had assembled in such magnificent array in the morning, lying dead, with the small frac-

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