

Every Corn With Blue-jay Users Now Has a Two-Day Limit



Wrong Ways Which Millions Have Now Abandoned

THIS is why people kept corns in the old days, and why nearly everybody had them.

Most folks soaked and pared their corns—usually once a week.

They never tried to end them. Many people then had corns half as old as they were.

To protect the corn—to stop the pain—they simply used a corn pad. Thus feet were always kept unsightly. And the corn stayed on.

Then someone found that a certain acid often loosened up a corn. A flood of "corn cures"—liquids and plasters—came out with that discovery. And hundreds yet remain.

They were both harsh and uncertain. And were rarely confined to the corn. They were spread on the healthy skin as well, and that often led to soreness.

People tried one, then another, but all were alike. So they finally became discouraged. Then they went back to paring and to pads.

In those days one or more corns deformed nearly every foot. A corn ache blighted nearly every occasion. Nearly every pretty foot had a pad on it. And paring was as common as the bath.

That is true of millions still. But other millions never suffer corns, and never will. Now let us tell you why.

Bauer & Black, Limited Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. **Chicago, New York, Toronto** (933)

The Right Way

Which Half the
World Now Uses

AFAMOUS chemist, after years of studying corns, evolved the Blue-jay method.

Bauer & Black, well-known makers of surgical dressings, make and market Blue-jay.

Now anyone can stop a corn ache in a jiffy, and end the corn completely in two days.

The method is scientific. It is gentle and yet certain. It centers itself on the corn.

Apply the Blue-jay and forget the corn. Leave it on two days. Then remove it and the corn will disappear.

Nine corns in ten will do that. One corn in ten needs another application.

Blue-jay has ended, in this gentle way, some eighty million corns. It is now removing tens of thousands daily. Perhaps half the corns which develop are now being ended in this way.

Millions of people—users of Blue-jay—keep entirely free from corns. Ask the folks about you. You will be amazed to know how few people nowadays suffer corns.

Try Blue-jay on one corn tonight. Note the results. What it does to that corn it will do to all corns. Every new corn after that will have a two-day limit.

**B&B Blue-jay
Corn Plasters**
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
The Modern, Scientific Method
Large Package 25c at Druggists
Small Package Discontinued

In the Days of Lifetime Corns

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PILES

Cause Many Diseases—and you can pour all the medicines down your throat that money can buy;

—or you can allow your anatomy to be cut and slashed to your heart's content—

Yet you will NEVER be rid of such diseases until **YOUR PILES ARE CURED.**

(The proof of all this is that nothing you have ever done has given you permanent relief.)

NOW WILL YOU HEED THIS STATEMENT?

WE CURE, permanently, every case of **PILES**, Mild or Severe, Acute or Chronic, that we treat with our mild **ELECTRICAL TREATMENT** or you Need Not Pay One Cent. **Other Diseases Also Cured Druglessly.** If you can't come, write—

DRS. AXTELL and THOMAS

7503 McGreevy Block - - - Winnipeg, Man.

(Write name and address plainly.)

Distributors for **WATROUS MINERAL WATER**—One of the most wonderful waters in the world for indigestion, constipation, kidney trouble, rheumatism, high blood pressure and skin diseases.

Tumors formed by a morbid dilation of the hemorrhoidal veins. When they do not discharge blood they are called blind piles. When they occasionally emit blood, bleeding or open piles. (Webster's Dictionary.)

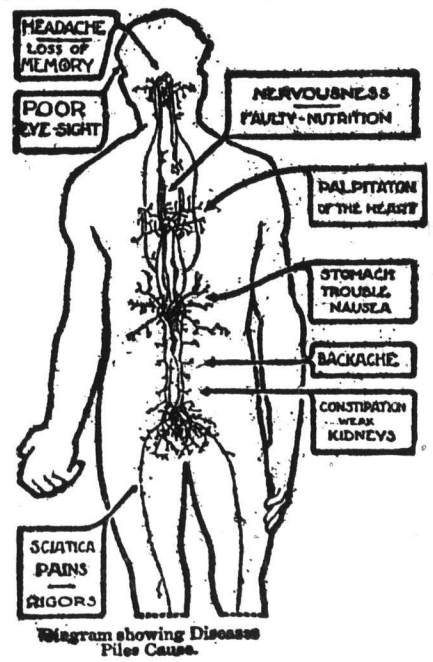


Diagram showing Diseases Piles Cause.

"Yes."
"You'll be sorry to leave it?"
Berenice looked at him once—a fugitive glance. He saw her pansy eyes brimming with tears—silly tears, that would start up at his words.

"Yes," she said again, very low.

He wheeled about.

"Well?" he said.

The Denisons looked at one another—then at him.

"Is it a deal?" he asked.

"Yes. We accept your offer. Of course there are things—personal things which my girls value—"

"Quite so. This room, now—is there anything you wish to take from it?"

Lady Denison was heard to murmur something about her books—a certain piece of china.

Mr. Williamson nodded.

"Then with those exceptions you give me the room as it stands?"

"As it stands."

"With your daughter?"

"They all stared at him."

"I don't understand," said Sir John in a puzzled tone. Lady Denison gave a little gasp.

"I can't manage this place without a mistress. I offer your daughter the post."

She has said she does not want to leave the place. There is no occasion for her to do so. I want her to be my wife. I'll come in again tomorrow. But I buy the place in entirety—or not at all."

And Mr. Williamson went straight out of the room and shut the door, leaving behind him, consternation, blank amazement, speechlessness.

* * *

Berenice was the first to speak.

"He is mad!" she said, her face a flaming pink.

Her father looked at her doubtfully.

"He certainly has rummy ideas," he said, with a whimsical smile. "But the man isn't mad, Berenice. And he's deadly serious. God knows I don't want to sell you, child—but you know how things stand. Take your time about it. Think of your sisters, and the future. Of course I shall make all inquiries, but I don't suppose there's a father in England who would refuse to take him gladly as a son-in-law if they got the chance!"

* * *

In the dark bewilderment that settled on her like a cloud, Berenice could find no ray of light.

What a responsibility rested upon her! She thought it over—recalled all her mother had urged upon her—the future—the present, so full of difficulties which she now had a chance of removing for ever—thought, too oddly enough, of Mr. Williamson's pleasant brown eyes and manner. After all, she really didn't dislike him. She even felt that in time she might grow fond of such a man. And she didn't suppose he would expect much from a bride who had been so curiously won.

* * *

He came the next day. He was very nice. He said there was no hurry. She could take her time.

Sir John looked at him doubtfully.

"She knows so little about me," added Mr. Williamson in an explanatory way.

"It's natural she should want to think a little before she makes up her mind to take me for better or worse—eh?"

"Just so—just so. But, after all, Mr. Williamson, you know just as little of my girl."

An odd look flashed for a moment into the financier's keen eyes.

"I'm accustomed to judge my fellow men and women pretty sharply, Sir John. I knew what I wanted when I looked at Berenice, and if I want a thing I generally get it. I just freeze on to it, you see."

* * *

And that was just what he did.

He froze on to Berenice. He was very tactful and pleasant. Days slipped by, a week passed, and she learned to know him a good deal better.

And the others looked on and waited, and feared—and, at last, hoped.

* * *

It was her birthday. Down where the stream purred over boulders, and purple flags edged its bank thickly, Berenice sat beneath a spreading beech tree.

Through the leaves the sunshine fell in a pattern of gold on her white frock. It caught Mr. Williamson's eyes as he came along the narrow path, and dropped down on the grass beside her.

"Good morning," he said. "Many

very happy days. You will make me very happy if you'll accept this little present."

He slipped a small parcel, done up in stiff white paper, into her lap. Berenice took it up and opened it rather fearfully.

She did not want to feel the chains of gold fastening themselves about her yet. She did not want to wear his diamonds or pearls.

But the little parcel contained neither. Only a slim book, beautifully bound in soft blue leather, emerged from its paper wrappings. She looked at the title.

"Poems—by Henley."

She lifted happy eyes.

"How did you know I loved these?" she asked shyly.

Then an amazing thing happened.

Mr. Williamson, for the first time, put his arm about her shoulders. He drew her to him gently.

"Because I remembered—Vernice," he said.

There was a breathless silence. Berenice shrank from him for a moment, then mastered enough courage to look at him straightly.

"You are Humphrey?" she cried.

"I am Humphrey."

"But the name? Your name—"

"Is Lingard Williamson. It's a long story, Vernice. I went to America all those years ago, and after a number of happenings I was taken into rather a famous firm. I did some work that commended me to the senior partner, whose name was Williamson. I was later the means of more or less saving his life in a ship-wreck. He made a good deal of fuss about a very simple thing, and eventually took me into the firm as a partner. Last year he died, leaving everything to me. I wronged no one by accepting the legacy, for he had no near relations. He asked me to take his name. It's all very simple. But you didn't know me!"

"I felt I did, somehow, but I couldn't understand it."

"And all those years, Vernice, I was working for you. I always meant to get you—some day. And, thank God, the day has come. Do you remember how I told you I'd make my fortune and come back for you? Well, it's come true. Look, Vernice!"

He pulled a fat letter-case from his breast pocket; opening it, he extracted a little packet of newspaper cuttings—a portrait or two—and put them into her lap. She looked at them, and a low cry escaped her.

Her own face smiled at her from the portraits. One of them was cut from a popular weekly journal—the picture of her taken by a famous photographer in her first Court gown. Another taken with a house party; yet another on the river.

And the cuttings were all about her. There was her presentation at Court; a paragraph describing her gown at Ascot—the only Ascot she had been to—"the prettiest debutante of the year."

And more stuff of the same kind. Yet another hinted at an engagement shortly to be announced between the said pretty debutante and the Earl of Lomond.

* * *

Mr. Williamson put a large, shapely finger on the paragraph.

"I felt I could have shot the fellow when I read that," he said. "And when I read later on that he had married a girl from a music hall I felt like cabling him half my fortune. A thank offering, you know. I followed everything that happened to you. I always hoped that when my chance came you'd still be free. And you are, aren't you, Vernice?"

Berenice looked at him with shining eyes, in which he surely could read the answer he longed for. Yet her lips said:

"Aren't you afraid? Aren't you afraid that I'm just going to marry you because you're rich, and we're poor—because I ought to be settled by this time to make room for the others?"

He laughed—and she was in his arms.

"I'm not a bit afraid of that!" he cried with happy triumph. "Only I'd like you to tell me, sweet, that there is no one else—that you've waited, just as I waited."

"I believe I did," she said seriously, "only I didn't honestly know that I was doing it. Something always came between me and anyone else I might have married. I think it was the thought of—"

"—you."

"Oh Vernice," he breathed, "so dreams do come true after all!"

And that bargain for Berenice was sealed in time honored fashion.