

ping, on the pebbles below us. The copper coloured one drew back his sinewy arm, poised the spear and got a leaping salmon so fairly that I sang out "Good boy," and he turned, dropped the spear and splashed away into the fern and sallow. I knew the native mind well enough to know that only ignorant superstition caused his flight. He was but a big boy himself—so I called out above the roar of the falls—"Chacocoyahwa Kahtah Mika" this means come here, what ails you—and he came—slowly—putting on first one wet garment; for they are always wet it seems—and then another.

Laddie killed a salmon for him that was floundering back into the river; he had sixty odd, clean, firm salmon, in plenty good enough shape to clean and smoke for Indian consumption. We made a fire and gave him a hot drink—in his own cup—as these poor tribes are cursed with tuberculosis. We loaded his canoe with the fish and ourselves and had a merry run down stream.

On another day, when the lad and I were tracking a big cat (mountain lion or panther, or cougar or puma, call the cowardly beast what you will), we were getting "hot" and I jumped a rude fence of branches, right before a woman strawberry picking. Her "Oh!" was so loud that it brought her husband on the run and an invitation to lunch when all was explained. He had a half acre of berries right where the bears wanted them, and it was mighty lucky Laddie and I missed the bear traps.

"The patch is a kind of decoy. I've killed four bears already this year and the wife got one—the beasts are so cowardly that we never are afraid of them. Our neighbor's wife met one face to face on the trail and she just banged her two empty milk pails and the bear ran for its life, there's nothing on this island to dread save a falling tree."

Now here was a ranch away up in a mountain valley, with the crop growing in among the stumps, and he told me he cleared expenses off his berries alone. We made a camp far out on the island on an old sea beach, sheltered from the winds by the yet "good oak ribs" of some ancient wrecked sailing vessel. Just to show you the "poor man's table" otherwise called the tide flats—we were almost out of supplies after an accident, a bit of flour and wet sugar and tea and lard was all the saturated provisions left—

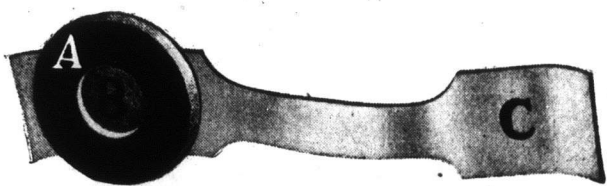
"Visitors," warned Laddie Jr., and disappeared, canoe and all. I made the man and his wife welcome to our camp and, as the sun rode high, asked them to the mid-day meal, about an hour after the boy's disappearance. He came back most triumphant and we had fried sea trout, toasted clams, a couple of big grey crabs, boiled, laid on laver and salted sea pickles, and six boiled sea fowls eggs, these latter I never cared for although many of my friends eat gulls' eggs and all. I whipped up a flapjack, browned it, turned it, and the lad and I, after the guests had gone, figured the menu cost about three cents a plate. If we had had time to go inland to the berry bushes we could have had a good dessert, but "time was the essence of this contract." It is possible to exist for a week on "the Poor Man's Table," but after that the stomach craves civilized food.

We compared the sea beach feast we had had with the one we were offered next day. We were a few leagues further west along the coast of the island. A heavy surf was beating on the shore. I had remarked that "I would not like to drive ashore in that." The spume from it was driven before the west wind far ashore, stinging our eyes and making our skin smart with the sharp sand grains that sped along. The lad pointed—speech was useless. Far out in the boiling white turmoil we saw a canoe, with two squat black figures in it. It was now on the first of the high incoming rollers—just before it broke into creaming scurries—we could now get the sparkle of the flying paddles they were working to keep well up on top until it did break, fully three hundred yards of wild work, on they sped, now the whole great green roller dissolved into a mass of shallow shore driven currents and

Do You Remember The Old Corn Doctor?



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How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms to-day.

Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue-jay

Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and to-night. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.

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The Scientific Corn Ender

**Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists**

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