

CORNS

removed at first soaking

No matter how long you may have suffered from corns or how deeply embedded they may have become, Radox Bath Salts will remove them without trouble and without pain. To cut a corn is but to prune it, and for the temporary relief you suffer increased agony a little later. A Radox foot-bath is the certain way to be rid of a corn. Read what this Radox user says:

"As an agricultural worker, I have suffered agonies, and have tried all sorts of 'patents.' We got a packet of Radox, and the result was marvellous. The first soaking fetched out two large corns that nothing else would touch. One is about half an inch round, and stood out from the foot a good quarter inch like a button." A.L.

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the dead skin (of the corn) combines with the Radox Bath Salts to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This dissolves in the water and so loosens the corn that it can be lifted out bodily.

We know of no other salt that will do the work of Radox in removing corns.

On your way home to-night, buy a package at the druggists.

60c. Half packet. Full packet 1.00.

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The Vital Flame

A Stirring Serial of Primitive Passions by May Christie

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Marcella turned at last to smile at the seemingly candid visitor. "You don't put much count on sentiment, do you?"

Miss Leonie shrugged her silken shoulders. She was beginning to find out a thing or two about this other girl.

Romantic, wasn't she? And not a bit impressed by the great position that lay ahead of her as Warwick Treman's wife!

"One always comes off worse if one is sentimental," Miss Day declared. "It gives the man the upper hand. My personal belief is that the man should do the adoration part, and the girl accept the homage! That's the proper balance."

"But doesn't love mean giving?" asked Marcella blankly.

An idea was developing within her that this other girl was talking, not sincerely, but with some end in view. She wanted to discover the exact relationship between herself and Warwick Treman—or perhaps between herself and Miles?

"You talk like an early-Victorian maiden!" smiled Miss Leonie, leaning forward to pat Marcella's hand. "Let the man do the loving and the giving, and grab all you can from him, and he'll appreciate you more and more. I've tried both ways, my dear, and so I know."

Ensued a tiny pause, while Leonie blew rings of smoke into the air, and watched them circle.

"Poverty is damnable," said she. "Believe me, I've had chances of marrying without money, and I've passed them up. Someone we both know, for instance—"

She broke off as though in evident confusion at having said too much.

"She can't mean Miles," thought the other girl who loved him. "He said she was merely a friend. . . and he loves me!"

Leonie moved restlessly in her chair. She spoke again. "You met young Holden on the boat coming from New York, didn't you? I suppose he told you about me?"

Marcella shook her head. Something, somewhere, gave a tiny stab.

"That's rather odd," went on the other, as though striving for nonchalance, and not attaining it. "We've been very great friends for quite a long time, he and I."

Marcella looked at her, wondering.

"Since then, since coming here, he told me you and he were friends," she said quietly.

"Friends?" Leonie gave a strained, almost harsh laugh. "I suppose, man-like, he'd call it that. But we've been rather more than friends. I don't mind confiding in you, Marcella, for I like you, and I know my confidence is safe. Miles Holden and I were once awfully much in love with each other—everyone knows it—artists, you know, need sympathy, and I gave it to him. He asked me to marry him more than once, and I very nearly did. I was his model, then, and people sort of expected it. But I was frightened of poverty."

Later on he set me up in business, and then the love rather simmered down on my side. You're sentimental, and I suppose you'll agree that the real thing never dies. Anyhow, in Paris, he explained to me that he'd never really been able to forget. . . a temporary attraction to some other woman, it always ended in a queer sort of longing for his former sweetheart. . . that was me. . ."

Marcella had grown very pale, but otherwise gave no sign of feeling. Leonie continued: "Lady Warrington saw how he felt, in Paris, so she had me here to meet him. And do you know, my dear—there was a strange look in Leonie's eyes—'do you know that, in spite of my seeming scepticism as to the basis of a happy marriage, I'm relenting, rather?'"

"I don't understand," rejoined the other, very low. Leonie shrugged her shoulders, but her eyes were wistful. "I've begun to think I could be awfully happy—as the wife of Miles!" she said.

In the big studio in the grounds, Miles Holden worked. His work was excellent. But he was in a mood that wasn't easily satisfied.

Disturbing thoughts went flitting through his mind, like bats. The girl Marcella! Did she really care for money? Loving himself. . . yes, he believed it. . . she had told him so. . . giving himself, she had accepted Warwick Treman.

Why? She did not love the man. So then the motive must be. . . money? The position of a rich man's wife had definitely appealed to her. To doubt her love for himself was an easy step from that. . . a mad-denial query!

If only he had known her longer! Did he, indeed, know her at all? Her mind? Its workings? Her past life? Her credo?

At half past six he finished for the day, looked up the studio, and proceeded towards the house. A French window of the library was ajar, so he went in that way. The room was empty, save for Warwick Treman, who was sitting at a small desk with some papers in front of him, and an open check-book.

"Hello, Holden? How does the masterpiece evolve?" He swung

around to address the newcomer. His lips curved in the least hint of a supercilious smile.

For Warwick Treman had no time for "art." He did not understand it, and he regarded sculptors, artists, writers, actors, as odd, temperamental, "sissy" sort of folk.

"Everything's going along all right," said Miles rather shortly, perfectly aware of the other's attitude.

Besides, this man was still Marcella's affianced husband, and he felt awkward in his presence. He must have a long, straight talk with him—but now was not the time. They must be free from interruption, and—before the interview took place—he, (Miles) must come to a clearer understanding with Marcella.

"Have a cigarette?" Treman offered him his case.

"No, thanks. I'm cutting down on smoking," said the other shortly.

The older man laughed. "Nerves a bit overdone? You artistic Johnnies go the pace too hard." He flung the young sculptor a knowing look, which Miles resented.

"I don't quite get your meaning," Holden rejoined, with outward carelessness and making a move as though to go toward the inner door. Treman laughed again, an irritating laugh!

(To Be Continued.)

PROFESSOR HEATON SPOKE

To the Rotary Club at its Luncheon On Friday.

Professor Herbert Heaton was the speaker at the meeting of the Rotary Club held on Thursday, at noon at the British American Hotel, the speaker taking as his subject, "Cranks." Professor Heaton gave a very humorous talk, dealing particularly with answers received in a competition dealing with improvement of international peace. Many of the answers were read out by those who had entered the competition, the answers showing the silliness of some of the suggestions made by many of those entered in the contest, bringing out the narrow vision of the majority of them and displaying certain marks indicating them as cranks.

Professor Heaton, however, declared that the crank had a place in the world and much progress had been made by these cranks. They extended their energies in one direction as they saw and had often accomplished great results.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Rotarian Arthur Lyster and seconded by Rotarian E. W. Mulkin. The meeting was presided over by Rotarian "Gib" Caldwell. During the luncheon several solos were rendered by Mr. S. W. Carrier, a Summer School student and they were much appreciated. An impromptu duet by Rotarians Sid Smith and Roy Ward was well received.

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Lanark county, Chimima Cassel, widow of Erastus Westcomb, passed away in Kitley township at the grand old age of 103 years. She had been a life-long resident of Kitley, where she was born in 1823. Her husband predeceased her forty years ago. Two brothers and two sisters survive: Mrs. Frank Deval of Michigan, Mrs. William Reid, Kitley, Joseph Cassel, Athens, and George Cassel, Burrett's Rapids. The late Mrs. Westcomb was an Anglican. Interment was made in Trinity Anglican Church cemetery, Lombardy.

Sir George Clayton East, Bart., who only succeeded to the baronetcy last year, died at Maidenhead from pneumonia following sleep sickness.

JULY CLEARANCE OF SUMMER FROCKS

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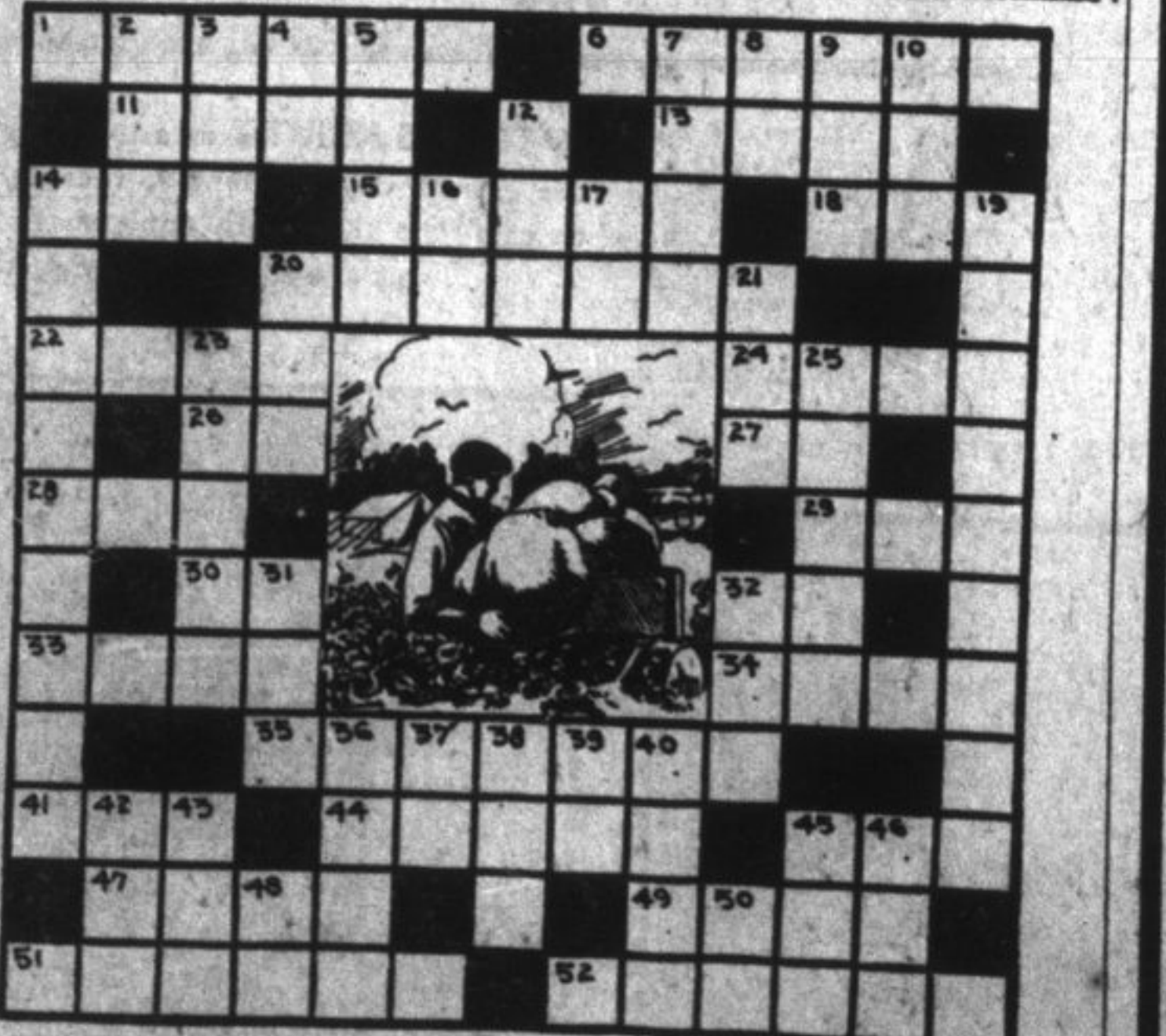
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Answer to Thursday's Crossword Puzzle.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- Horizontal.
- Temporary tant dweller.
 - Wiker.
 - Public highway.
 - Spiral of wire.
 - Shrub used for a type of tea.
 - To plunge into water.
 - Sesame (plant).
 - Art of preparing food.
 - Machine.
 - Astringent.
 - Half an em.
 - Italian river.
 - Sol.
 - Away or apart.
 - Toward.
 - Like.
 - Marginal slope as of a drain.
 - Back.
 - Traveler.
- Vertical.
- Constellation.
 - Witticism.
 - Dad.
 - Root of taro.
 - Maple tree.
 - Behold.
 - Campers' outfit.
 - Prophet who trained Samuel.
 - Sea bird.
 - Casse for carrying hiker's outfit.
 - Yellow Hawaiian bird.
 - Point of compass.
 - Burning piles used by campers instead of stoves.
 - To persue.
 - To bark.
 - Canvas shelter (pl.).
 - Not securely fastened.
 - Hops kiln (variant).
 - Branch of learning.
 - Horses' food.
 - Upward.
 - To steel.
 - Hypothetical structural unit.
 - Identical.
 - Beer.
 - Point.
 - Garden tool.
 - Wayside hotel.
 - Fourth note in scale.
 - Bone.