

Corn Frowns Vanish in a Moment



HERE is a fact which millions know. It is so clear, so simple that it makes a corn ridiculous. You can stop any corn pain in a jiffy, and stop it for good.

You can end any corn quickly and end it completely. You can do this without any bother, without any soreness, without any muss.

No corns are utterly unnecessary. And folks who have them nowadays do themselves wrong.

You can prove these facts on any corn by applying a Blue-jay plaster. The pain will stop instantly.

Then a bit of red wax, centered on the corn, will gently undermine it. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. An occasional corn needs a second application.

This is a scientific method, invented by a famous chemist.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., Chicago, La. 50, 750 York

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly—End Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists—Small Package Discontinued

Happiness Secured AT A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER IV.

IN NEED OF A PHYSICIAN.

With a feeling of depression—of vague foreboding that must have been a sort of forecast of what was to follow—I lifted my head from the pillow on the following morning, and went downstairs to light the fire and prepare the breakfast.

The snow had ceased to fall, but the cold was still intense; and Addie, looking white and scared, came down presently with the tidings that Len seemed so ill and strange that he was quite unable to get up.

"We must send for a doctor, Lesley, and the sooner the better I think," she added.

As soon as possible, a messenger was dispatched, on the advice of our landlady, Mrs. Battles—of whom, in our ignorance of the medical fraternity, we were compelled to ask guidance—to her pet physician, Doctor Clayton, begging him to come to us as quickly as possible.

"Oh! if that doctor would but come!" I exclaimed, for the twentieth time, as we watched hour after hour by the side of the patient, who lay in a state of raging fever that threatened his reason. At last, when despair had reached a climax, I resolved not to wait for Doctor Clayton, but to go in search of another.

Harrying on my hat and ulster with

And the Worst is Yet to Come



again, and certainly not of the stuff of which sentimental young ladies are disposed to make heroes.

"Not a handsome man, by any means," I thought, with a second glance into the dark, determined face, that in spite of its sternness impressed me with the firm conviction that I stood in the presence of a man whom I could trust implicitly; and the next moment I was pouring forth my story of our terrible anxiety about poor Len, and Doctor Clayton's cruel neglect of us.

Something, that in another man might have been a smile, relaxed the grim, dark face for a moment, as with a gentleness hardly to be expected from a somber giant, who looked as if he would have been infinitely more in his element mowing down his enemies with a flashing scimitar, under the burning Eastern sun, than in listening to a prosaic tale of sickness and sorrow in this humdrum little London parlor, he assured me of his willingness to help me to the best of his power.

"And now, Miss Kendrick, go back to your sister," he added. "I shall be there in less than an hour."

Nothing loath to escape the searching gaze of those piercing black eyes that seemed to be looking into rather than at me, I obeyed, to meet the astonished inquiries of Addie, who was in the parlor, preparing a cooling drink for our patient.

"Where have I been? Why, in quest of what Diogenes of old so vainly sought, to be sure—an honest man; and, what's more, I've found him, too," I replied triumphantly. "He's coming directly, Addie, and I hope you won't be afraid of him. I'm afraid he isn't very bland to look at, but we must put up with that, for he's so clever. I don't know how I know it, but I do; and I'm just as sure that he is going to save poor Len for us as I am that you stand there."

"Is it a doctor?" she asked, in surprise. "Why, Lesley, you don't mean to say that you have really found that paragon of youth and skill of whom you were going so glibly to search?"

"Oh, well," I replied, with a sigh of regret to the memory of my ideal young medical man, with his handsome face and engaging manners, "Doctor Fuller isn't very young, and I'm afraid he is fearfully dark and stern. I think it must have been what you clever people call the 'cruel irony of Fate' that dropped such a very square peg as Doctor Fuller into such a drearily round hole as the medical profession.

"You ought to put him into a story," I added, for if not gifted with any of the divine afflatus myself, I am always on the lookout for materials for my artistic brother and sister; "though what on earth you could make of him, unless you could fit him into some highly tragic and effective situation, I can't conceive. You couldn't possibly fancy a man like Doctor Fuller doing the sentimental lover line of business if you tried for a month; and what business any man who looks so much as if he had been designed by nature to play the part of an Eastern despot, with a predilection for chopping off heads and strangling people with a bowstring can have examining people's tongues, and studying medical books, and dry bones and things, I can't conceive." I added, lifting my eyes from Addie's to an opposite mirror, to behold—horror of horrors!—Doctor Robert Fuller's stern, dark face, standing in the open doorway close behind me, listening to every word I was saying.

Shall I ever forget the awful, guilty shock that thrilled me through and through, from the crown of my head to the tips of my toes, as I dropped like a detected thief from my perch on the table, and turned to meet the searching gaze of those stern dark eyes with a desperate longing in my soul for the door to open and swallow me up out of sight!

CHAPTER V.

A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

FOR just one dreadful moment, that seemed like an age, Doctor Fuller stood there, looking down at me with the stern, unbending gaze of a man who is not to be moved by the agonies of any such miserable little culprit as I am; and the next moment, feeling for the first time in my life that there are eyes in the world the glance of which I dared not meet, I turned and fled from the room, leaving Addie to receive and conduct him to his patient as best she could.

Of course he must have heard every word I said of him. How could he have failed? Throwing myself ab-

jectly down in the first safe place of refuge to which I came, I buried my face in my hands, and wondered whether he would hate me for what I had said as deeply as I hated myself.

"Good gracious, Addie, what can he think of me?" I gasped, when at last the sound of Doctor Fuller's slow, firm tread had gone downstairs, and my sister, looking more hopeful than she had looked in days past, came to find me crouched down in the very depths of humiliation and self-embarrassment in front of the expiring embers of the kitchen fire. "What shall I do? How on earth shall I ever dare to look him in the face again? He must have heard every word I said of him!" I added, with rather a hysterical sort of compromise between a laugh and a cry. "And oh, dear, what will he think of me, I wonder?"

"I don't think you need disquiet yourself very much about that, Lesley," she replied, with a smile. "I doubt if Doctor Fuller will give you a second thought." He is evidently every inch a physician; too much engrossed with his patient to be very easily ruffled by any mere personal consideration. But as to his being so stern, your description prepared me for a perfect ogre; and he certainly does not strike me as such an alarming personage. On the contrary, I rather like him. There is something refreshingly earnest and sympathetic in Doctor Fuller's grim, dark face, stern and uncompromising as he looks. I fancy he could be very kind and gentle if he chose."

In speechless amazement I sprang to my feet and looked at her with eyes wide open with astonishment.

"This was a good deal for Addie to say." Her quiet "I rather like him" meant more than most people's enthusiastic rhapsodies would have meant. But then, when did Adelaide ever see or think as other people say or thought? And the idea of any one finding anything "gentle" or "sympathetic" in Doctor Fuller's stern, dark face and searching black eyes were almost too much for my gravity.

"Only don't fall in love with him, there's a dear," I replied, with a smile. "I believe he has a wife already."

(To be Continued.)

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2508—This model will make a cool and comfortable dress. It is composed of a separate gümpe that may be buttoned to the skirt, which is finished with a suspender waist. Lawn, crepe and batiste are nice for the gümpe, and the same materials may be used for the dress, which is good also for serge, gabardine, gingham, seersucker, chambray and linen.

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Where Quality Does Count.

BECAUSE an aged in cold storage, has lost its flavor; has nothing to do with the eggs which the farmer brings fresh from the barn.

Because you can't make a good cup of coffee with poorly nourished and improperly roasted coffee beans, we have nothing to do with the coffee you can make with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

"SEAL BRAND" is from the best plantations, cultivated by experts. Then, blended and roasted and ground by those who have made a lifetime study of the subject.

"Seal Brand" is a rich, full-bodied, delicious beverage—wholesome, invigorating, refreshing.

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CIGARETTE BURN

Men who smoke know how painful a burn of this kind can be. Just smear on a little Zam-Buk and it will give you no more trouble. Even a little burn, if neglected, may develop into a very sore place, as Mr. J. A. Savard, of Detroit, Que., found. He says: "I burned one of my fingers with a cigarette. I applied some ointment and thought it would be all right, but instead of getting better it got worse, until the nerve showed the entire top of my hand. I suffered such pain that I could not sleep, and tried everything I could think of but could not cure it. Finally a friend recommended Zam-Buk, which gave me wonderful relief, and the continued use of it completely healed the sore."

For cuts, blisters, rash, eczema, sores, blood-poisoning and piles Zam-Buk is equally good. All cures 50c box.

Zam-Buk

To A Boy Stamp Collector.

Build up your "Album-Beautiful"! It is a kingly cult; An album may be wonderful with rare and rich result; Of foreign bird on foreign stamp without a catapult; Of foreign kings on foreign thrones, from youngsters to adult; Each creature of heraldic arms, Each creature of the sea, Each feature from domestic farms, Act teacher unto thee!

The beanie-stamps of Borneo, Australian Kangaroo, The eagle and the lion-stamps will make a little Zoo; The games of Greece, the sets of stamps from Persia and Peru; Columbus and his venture far, America to view; Your album-page, like trellis-work, Supports a varied show, The Jap, the Yank, the Frank, the Turk, The stamp from Mexico.

Our good King George—most popular of Royal root and flower, Is of our Horus, Siccus, now the regal guardian power, His garden of philately is bright as Eden bower, Complete and fine, superbly grand, a philatral tower! The centre of our rainbow arch "Philately's strong cypher"— The leader of our "Globe-trot" march— In cult of wide renown.

It is a giant culture grown, of universal grip, An album, filled from every land, has like a tourist trip; It bears a freight of previous stores, like any chosen ship; A fount of learning, Bible-tongued, whereat a lad may sip, Look! what vignettes of land and sea, Of temple, map and tower; Transferred far away you'll be, For many a quiet hour.

What range of panoramic views, Handsome album shows; All scarlet, orange, flame and plum, maroon and ruby-rose; From mauve to purple, violet, turquoise to deepest blue; Gold, copper-spricot, and buff, and lemon; pepper-tree, Blank albums favour new designs (instead of formal sets), Original—on colour-lines, Or collis, and wreaths, and froth.

Not all your boys in wintry gloom, have hot-house blossoms gay, With range of colour bringing joy, just like a summer day, Philately will guarantee perennial colour play.

A bush of everlasting leaves, from proof from snow, always, An artist, and historian, Accountant, tutor fool, The linguist, and the idle man, Philately will school you well, In the Stamp Collect

Where Quality Does Count.

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