



Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann (on left), discoverer of the "cure" for tuberculosis, with his brother, Dr. Arthur Friedmann. Dr. Friedmann is seen carrying the bag containing the serum with which he inoculated a number of patients at the Royal Edward Institute, Montreal, and at other institutions in Canada and the United States.



MARIE MARIÉE

(AN EPISODE.)



The train moved out of the little country station. The wedding party waved handkerchiefs.

"Garde-toi, Marie Mariée!" cried all.

"And thee also, Jean Baptiste!"

Marie Mariée sank into her corner and tried not to weep. Jean Baptiste looked at her; then he glanced round the car. He met sympathetic smiles. He smiled in response.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," he said, "I am Jean Baptiste Lavert, and I would present to you, Madame Lavert, my wife.

Everybody shook hands with Jean Baptiste Lavert and Madame his wife.

Marie Mariée's lips quivered. Jean Baptiste cocked his head to one side and regarded her with a complaisant smile.

"The first time I met Madame," he informed the passengers, "she was a little girl with a hoop, and I . . . but never mind how many years had that rascal, Jean Baptiste! He had just the age that the little Marie liked best. 'N'est ce pas, Marie Mariée?'"

"Oui!"

"Ah, so serious!" murmured Jean Baptiste. "That is Marie Mariée. When the little Marie, the fiancée, said 'Oui' she was all the little dimples." He poked his fat cheeks to show how Marie's dimples had been wont to come and go. "But now when Marie Mariée says 'Oui' the mouth is the small round O."

Marie Mariée tried not to laugh. "Eh bien!" said Jean Baptiste. "The next time I saw the little Marie she was jeune fille with long tails of hair tied with ribbons."

Marie Mariée smiled.

"Ah! The dimples!" cried Jean Baptiste. "Eh bien! Next time I saw Madame she was demoiselle home from school. Ah! But that demoiselle was very pretty."

Flame leapt to the cheeks of Marie Mariée. She leant towards Jean Baptiste. "Tais-toi!" she whispered.

"Comment?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"You make the people to laugh at me!"

Jean Baptiste looked round the car. His face grew red. He pulled up his collar, he drew down his cuffs.

"If anyone laugh at thee . . ." he began.

Marie Mariée gave him a slight push into his corner.

"It is better thou shouldst now sleep!" she announced.

Jean Baptiste crossed his knees, folded his hands, and looked at her. She unfolded a handkerchief and spread it over his face.

"For what is this, ma p'tite?"

"To defend thee from the flies."

Marie drew out her knitting from a pocket. She clicked away, one eye on Jean Baptiste, the other on the scenery. Two stations were left behind, and Jean Baptiste slumbered on. Marie Mariée rolled up her knitting, replaced it in her pocket, rose, stood up on the seat, and seized a hat-box on the rack.

"Guard thy head!" she said to Jean Baptiste. "Je vais faire tomber les bagages."

Jean Baptiste leapt to his feet with a start. The hat-box, a suit-case, a dressing-bag, two bundles of rugs, and a brown paper parcel descended upon him. The train stopped. Jean Baptiste stumbled out of the train with as many of his belongings as he could carry and the rest tumbling after him. Marie Mariée smiled and bowed as she left the train. She had the air of being much pleased with herself.

Jean Baptiste laughed to the faces appearing at the car windows. "Bon voyage, mesdames, messieurs!" "Now, Marie . . ." he turned to find his wife gone, and half of the packages with her.

"Voilà!" cried Jean Baptiste. "That means that I run after her or she comes back for me! If I run now I run always. I await!"

He made a pile of his luggage and sat upon it.

As the train pulled slowly out of the little station a long country road revealed itself. A carriage was drawn up near the station; on top were Marie's hat-box and dressing-bag, and within was Marie herself.

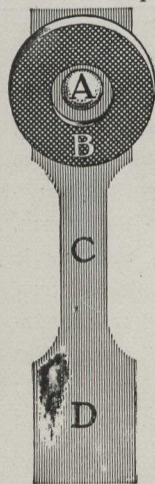
The last glimpse showed Jean Baptiste arriving at the carriage; but a station hand carried his baggage.

Marie Mariée jumped out and showed the porter what to do.

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