

gave the doctor a rather ungentle push across the stage, and, calling out "Number six hundred and thirty nine," handed him a folded piece of paper and told him to call for his medicine after eleven.

The doctor got down from the stage and opened his paper. It contained the following words, written in a small, neat hand, and headed with the printed word, "Advice":—

"Refrain from poking your nose into other people's business and the symptoms will at once subside."

The doctor burst out laughing. But the honour of the rogue did not change his determination to get to the bottom of the business.

In the first place, he exerted himself to get hold of such of the papers of advice as he could induce the patients round about to let him see.

He found that the charlatan's wit had stood him in good stead, and as, one after the other, he read instructions which, in the circumstances indicated by the sufferers, were much as he would have given himself, Dr. Webley became convinced that the Mesmeric Lady and her accomplices had, by some means or other, become possessed of the rudiments of a medical education, or at least that they had mastered the contents of a work dealing with a certain number of common ailments.

And it occurred to him as possible that one at least of the confederates, of whom there were probably several, might turn out to be a chemist's assistant.

But these facts did not diminish his disgust that these crowds of fools should be ready, under the influence of a brass band and brightly-lighted tent and a little childish mimicry, to give their half-crowns and crowns for commonplace advice given in circumstances of uncomfortable publicity and with too much haste to be anything but superficial, when they would not, for an even smaller fee, put themselves into the hands of a highly-qualified man who could examine and advise them at leisure.

He went out of the tent, and hung about until the clock of the town hall struck the half-hour after eleven, when the man in red shouted that the lady's trance was over, and that the people must "clear out."

They obeyed like a flock of sheep, the more readily that the man in red velvet began to turn the lights out.

Ten minutes later those persons whose numbered tickets entitled them to medicine were filing in and out of a smaller tent where a perspiring man in a cloth cap and shirt-sleeves was handing out bottles, ready corked and labelled, as fast as he could.

The doctor was much interested to know what would be prescribed for his ailment. And once again his sense of humour almost got the better of his annoyance when he had handed out to him, not medicine, but a small bottle of Lass's bitter ale.

Nevertheless he smothered his feelings of rivalry, as before, and waited until the crowd had melted away and the tents were deserted by all but the two men in charge.

Then he sauntered towards the living van, a brightly-painted affair, which stood at a short distance from the tents. As he approached, taking care to do so under cover of an empty stall, he saw that a woman was sitting on the steps of the vehicle, and in spite of the fact that she had divested herself of her fantastic finery and was wearing a long rug coat and a close motor-hood, he had no difficulty in recognizing the handsome young woman before him as the Mesmeric Lady of an hour before.

He walked suddenly out of the shadow into the light cast by the little lamp that hung outside the carriage, and the woman uttered a scream.

"Don't be alarmed, pray, madam," said Dr. Webley, in a dry tone. "You are, I believe, the lady who prescribes for patients suffering from all kinds of ailments; and, as I am a medical man myself, I shall be glad if you will give me, in confidence, of course, some details as to your qualifications."

The woman, who was looking very tired, stared helplessly into his face.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, hurriedly. "There's some mistake. I don't know what you mean."

"Then I'm afraid I must put it more plainly than I like to do in speaking to a lady," said the doctor, instinctively assuming a less aggressive tone when he noticed that her voice was perfectly refined, and that she glanced at him with the shy, helpless perplexity of a great baby. "You pretend to prescribe for ailments, and you use such strong

remedies as raw venica in your medicines. Such things cannot lawfully or safely be done by unqualified persons."

"Oh, I'm qualified—I'm qualified," said she, hurriedly.

"I'm afraid you would have a difficulty in showing me your diplomas, madam," said Dr. Webley. "No; I know more than this. I know that you are a mere cipher, a dummy, in this fraudulent business. The tube which is attached to your ear brings no record of symptoms to you. The tube has two working ends, one into which the patient speaks, and the other which leads, not to your ear, but to someone else's. It is to that someone else, the prime mover in this fraud on the public, that I wish to speak."

The woman hesitated, stammered, turned very red, and burst into tears.

Dr. Webley felt very uncomfortable but he was determined to find out the principal of the infamous business, and to warn him as to the consequences of persisting in his dangerous career. He murmured some apologetic words, and then the woman suddenly looked up on hearing a man's rapid footsteps approaching. Dr. Webley turned, but even before he did so he heard a muttered exclamation, and the other man, with a smothered ejaculation, took to his heels. "Hi!" cried the doctor, as he fled in pursuit.

Across the market-place they ran, down one street, up another, into the churchyard and out again. At last the man pursued stumbled and fell, and in an instant the doctor was upon him.

For a minute the other tried to hide his face. Then realising that he was beaten, he suddenly looked up, and the amazed Dr. Webley recognised the handsome features of Wilfred Broughton, M.D. Lond.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Webley. "What are you doing here? Surely you don't mean that you—"

Broughton was on his feet, brushing the mud off his clothes.

"That I—am making a hundred a week by unprofessional conduct, instead of starving in respectability? Yes, that's the case," said he, coolly.

"You must give it up," said Webley, sternly.

"And starve again? Not me!" said he.

Dr. Webley's anger flashed up within him at this contented degradation.

"Then I must expose you," said he, sternly.

The other turned to him quickly.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," he said, earnestly. "I do no harm. My wife is only the figure-head, as you guessed. I hear the complaints, prescribe, make up the medicines. She scrawls—nothing on one paper, and my red velvet assistant substitutes another paper, on which I have written the advice. I hide behind her chair, and it's I who feel the patient's pulse."

"I know that. It's a disgraceful business. I must put an end to it."

"For mercy's sake, don't!" Broughton's tone was tremulous with feeling. But the other stood firm.

"I must. I owe it to the profession. I shall report you to the Medical Council."

Broughton's agonised countenance grew clear in a moment.

"Oh, you can do that, and welcome," said he, contentedly. "If you report me to the Medical Council for unprofessional conduct my public will never hear of it, and it will do me no harm. But for Heaven's sake don't expose me to my public as a qualified medical practitioner. My receipts would go down to zero to-morrow, and even the brass band and the red velvet and spangles wouldn't save me. For the sake of my wife, come, Webley, be merciful. You go and cure all the wise folk your way, and leave me the fools. The game's a better one than yours, though it's beneath you to play it."

Dr. Webley allowed himself to be persuaded, and retreated—thoughtfully.

Missionary—Why do you look at me so intently? Candid! I am the food inspector.

Here today and gone to-morrow, Lots of fun and much of sorrow; Health and illness, love and hate, Sometimes early, often late. For during life each living human Must cough and come out here; Cut them short, O man, or woman, With Words' Great Epporant Cure.



"Ah, This Is What I Need for My Nerves"

exclaims the man who has read what physicians and their patients say about the wonderful achievements of Sanatogen—the food tonic with lasting effects.

He has read the reports of physicians, ringing with praise of its value, the opinions of leading authorities, convincing beyond words, and the personal experiences of famous men and women who by the use of Sanatogen have obtained new vigour and health. He has read how it is composed of the two life-giving substances—pure milk-proteid and organic phosphorus—how scientific and certain is their action upon a debilitated nervous system.

Inspired with confidence he starts the use of Sanatogen. He feels the wonderful beneficial action of Sanatogen, its rejuvenating effect upon the nervous system—how much better appetite and digestion—how much greater power of endurance—how much improved strength of body and mind! There has been won another devotee of

SANATOGEN The Food Tonic

and every day, in every land, thousands of men and women are thus given a new lease of health, new strength and vitality, a new joy of living! Indeed, the history of Sanatogen is a wonderful record of aid to those whose nerves have become worn and tired.

Try Sanatogen To-day.

Over fifteen thousand letters from practising physicians pay eloquent tribute to the splendid properties of Sanatogen as an upbuilder of nerves and vitality. That is why Sanatogen stands supreme as the food tonic of intrinsic merit and proven effect. That is why you may use Sanatogen with the utmost confidence, with every assurance that it will lastingly benefit your health. Get a tin to-day. It is sold at all Chemists, in tins of three sizes.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known author, has written an extremely interesting health book, called "The Art of Living," in which he fully describes the nature and uses of Sanatogen.

Free copies of this book will be distributed during a limited period. Write for your copy at once, mentioning this paper and addressing your post-card to:—

A. WULFING & CO., 17 BOND ST., SYDNEY N.S.W.

Mr. C. B. Fry, the famous Cricketer, writes:—"Sanatogen is an excellent tonic food in training, especially valuable in nervous exhaustion, to which men who undergo severe training are liable."

Sir Luke White, M.P., writes:—"My experience of Sanatogen confirms the medical opinion; there is no longer that feeling of fatigue which one previously experienced, but there follows from its use a distinct restorative effect."

Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., etc.,

writes:—"Sanatogen is a substance of the highest nutritive value, containing as it does a large amount of organic phosphorus in exactly the form in which it can be easily absorbed. It is an excellent nerve food."

Madame Sarah Grand, the gifted Author of "The Heavenly Twins," writes:—"Sanatogen has done everything for me which it is said to be able to do for cases of nervous debility and exhaustion. I began to take it after nearly four years' enforced idleness from extreme debility, and felt the benefit almost immediately. And now, after taking it steadily three times a day for twelve weeks, I find myself able to enjoy both work and play again, and also able to do as much of both as I ever did!"

Prof. Dr. C. A. Ewald, of Berlin University, writes:—"I have used Sanatogen in a number of cases, mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin, and have obtained excellent results."

Experiments on Human Beings have proved the body-building power of Bovril to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

