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# The Derelicts

Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his official chair and let his clear gray eyes rest critically upon the rows of pathetic faces before him.

The clinical hour was almost up, the day sweltering hot and the patients, victims for the most part of the persistent sultriness and the lack of that potent therapeutic agent, a little brightness in their dreary lives, must soon make their way through the furnace-like streets to the suffocating kennels where they had their wretched beings.

His eye picked out several of his old "chronics"—a little broken-down ex-officer of the French army; a pretty woman of not more than twenty-two, who gave her name as "Mrs. Morell," and who was recovering from a rather suspicious case of gas poisoning; two little shop-girls, with pale, pathetically cheerful faces; a tough old adventurer and gold-seeker racked from dissipation; a poor but handsome Armenian student with a pleasant voice and wonderful eyes. The fine brow of the doctor corrugated.

Personally, he was in striking contrast to his patients; strong, handsome, elegant, a product of the best in the land. Immaculate from the tip of his aristocratic head to the tip of his polished boots, he seemed as impregnable to the assault of vulgar germs as might a crystal globe.

A thought flashed through his alert mind, was dismissed with a frown, crawled back, then was gathered up and put in action.

"The following patients will please remain." His voice was as cool as the whir of the fan above his head. He called a dozen names; the other patients trooped out.

"I have asked you to remain," he said, "because I feel that you all need a little outing to assist my treatment, and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to-morrow on a trip down the Sound."

There was an astonished silence.

"I should like to have you meet me to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. I will make all the arrangements, and if any of you wish to bring a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. To-morrow is Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, then the little Frenchman, M. Lajoux, stepped forward with a bow.

"M. le Docteur honors us. Me, it will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation."

"Good," replied Ogden heartily. "How about the rest of you? We will have the boat all to ourselves."

The astonished patients having by this time recovered, there was a unanimous acceptance.

"That's first rate," said Ogden. "I'll look for you to-morrow morning. Mind you, don't disappoint me. It's part of your treatment, you know," he added with a kindly smile.

The Japanese lanterns that fringed the veranda of the club house of the Sachem Harbor were burning a pale yellow in the white blaze of a great mid-summer moon. In the intermissions of the dances there were wafted across the still water the tinkling of mandolin and guitar, musical laughter and deeper voices, mellowed by the amplitude of space, from the fleet of little yachts at anchor in the basin.

Miss Gladys Harte rested her round elbows on the rail of the rustic summer house on the point of rocks

# Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

# BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It constantly effects cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since."

Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

"Because—" he hesitated — "I can't," he finished abruptly.

"Who are they?" she asked indifferently, albeit with a slight tremor in her voice.

"They are patients of mine. See here, Gladys, you know perfectly well that you can have the boat any time that you want her, for the rest of the season—for good and all; but I just can't disappoint these people to-morrow!"

"Oh, very well," she answered lightly. "It is really of no consequence. Your uncle said that we could use the schooner if we wished."

Promptly at seven bells the following morning Ogden stepped into the Lotus' cutter and was pulled smartly in. It was a glorious August day, and Ogden walked slowly up and down the pier awaiting the coming of his guests.

They were punctual in arriving and with their coming the young physician experienced a succession of shocks. There are few people so destitute as to be unable to rally for an outing, and while Ogden was personally acquainted with the conditions, financial as well as physical, of his prospective guests, he had not reckoned on the ingenuity born of poverty and the paradox of lower mathematics where nothing plus nothing equal something.

M. Lajoux was the first to arrive. The little Frenchman was elegantly attired in a stylish blue serge suit, immaculate linen, patent-leather half-shoes and a new Panama hat—all doubtless borrowed for the occasion.

"Ah, Docteur Moore!" cried the volatile patient, his quick eyes taking in at a glance Ogden's costume, the cutter and the yacht, "it is upon your yacht that we are to sail! What happiness! A pathetic note crept into his voice as he concluded wistfully. "It is many, many years since I have had the pleasure of being entertained aboard a yacht." His face brightened. "Holla! Here come the others!"

Ogden glanced up and discovered the old prospector, who was stalking down the ill-paved sidewalk, one of the little shopgirls on either arm.

"Morning, Doc!" called the miner, cheerfully. "Here we are—me and the gals. I met up with 'em on the First avenue horse car and tuk 'em right in tow."

"Good," replied Ogden cheerfully, noting with fresh surprise that the hardened old "rustler" was, when carefully groomed, a really distinguished-looking man, tall and with a stern, deep-lined face, grizzled; and that, although bearing the marks of dissipation, he was not without a certain dignity of presence.

The two girls were prettily and tastefully dressed in fresh muslin, frocks, and their pale faces were flushed with pleasure as they gazed in breathless admiration at the yachting costume of their host.

"Say, Doc," observed the miner, who was neatly clad in a well-fitting frock-coat, fresh linen, flowing black scarf and polished boots of the "congress" type, "I tuk advantage of your liberal invite to fetch an old friend o' mine—old Major Harris. I ran into him the other day down to the Mills Hotel."

"Glad of it," said Ogden heartily. He glanced up to see a daintily-gowned woman carefully picking her

way between the piles of fire-proofing with which the wharf was strewn. Not for several seconds did he recognize in the flushed and pretty face that was turned to him the unfortunate victim of the illuminating gas.

"I'm very glad that you could come, Mrs. Morell," he said cordially, then turned to the others.

"Those of us here might as well get aboard. The boat will have to make another trip. We'll leave the Colonel as chairman of the reception committee."

The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm waters of the Sound.

The day had been one of unalloyed delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at their ease with their novel surroundings before Hell Gate was reached.

From the first their delight in the swift motion claimed all of their attention. They overhauled waddling excursion steamers, skimming past them with aristocratic ease, the target for scores of admiring eyes. They had seen the big cup defenders out for practice sails, and listened with deepest interest to the skilled but comprehensive comment of their host on these marvels. Later they had landed at Lobster Bay, where a delicious "shore dinner" had been served them at the Casino.

Ogden, from the bridge where he had gone to speak to the captain, contemplated his guests thoughtfully. His eyes rested upon them successively. The Armenian student, a handsome fellow naturally and becomingly dressed in a suit of clothes given him by one of the clubmen for whom he rendered valet duty, might easily have passed for an aristocrat. The same was true of M. Lajoux, with his little ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. Martin, the grizzled old miner, and his loquacious old friend, Major Harris, were the typical statesmen of the Southwest. As for the women, Ogden thought that he had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests.

Yet all these people represented a class as far removed from his set as if they had belonged to a different race. They were the "other half," the "herd," indigents: objects of charity. He felt that he was drawing closer than ever in his life to the deep truths of humanity. His firm lips came together with a new decision.

"Every Sunday hereafter," he said to himself. "These or others like them. Hereafter the clinic gets a seventh share in this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!"

He walked aft, and a moment later was pointing out various places of interest on either shore to Mrs. Morell and the little shopgirls. While so, occupied the captain approached.

"Dr. Moore," he said, "the Aurora is becalmed on our port bow and is signaling that she would like to speak you, sir."

Ogden glanced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the evening before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind. Had he sighted her in time he would have instructed the captain to give her a wide berth. As it was, there seemed to be no way of avoiding her, especially as she was the flagship of his home club and owned by his uncle.

"Very well," he replied, "run over and see what she wants."

The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner, which lay



# SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

OME PEOPLE WASH FLANNELS with common laundry soap. The rubbing and boiling to get the dirt out makes all the wool fibres contract, and the flannel shrinks until much smaller each way.

When you use "SURPRISE" Soap it isn't necessary to boil or rub hard. "SURPRISE" loosens up the dirt so that it drops right out. The flannel doesn't have any excuse for shrinking.

Everybody who dreads washday should try "SURPRISE" Soap. It doesn't cost any more than common soap.

motionless, a sheet of sail against the late sun. In the shadow of the mainsail was a bright little group of people, and as they slowed down alongside a handsome, middle-aged man in ducks and serge walked to the rail and hailed them through a megaphone.

"Can you take us aboard and drop us at the Yacht Club? The tide's turned ahead and this calm is likely to last until midnight."

Ogden's face hardened a trifle. Just for the instant it struck him as a shame that these rich pleasure-seekers could not leave his poor little party of patients to enjoy their day in peace. Still it was impossible to refuse the request, especially as the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club was only ten miles to the westward and directly in his course.

"Very well," he replied a bit stiffly. "Shall I send a boat?"

"No, we'll take one of ours." He wheeled about. "Call away the cutter."

"A-w-a-y, cutter!" sang the mate, and the smart sailors sprang to the boatfalls. A few moments later the deep-laden cutter shot alongside the Lotus and a gaily chattering party filed up the little accommodation ladder.

The newcomers proceeded to distribute themselves about the decks of the little yacht, some glancing curiously at the rather odd-looking group of people under the after awning. For Ogden himself there existed absolutely no doubt as to the ethics of the situation. The patients were his invited guests, and as such were the peers of any who chose of their own accord to make use of his vessel. While the numbers made a general introduction uncalled for, he would not hesitate to present any individual of either set who happened to become adjacent.

He saw at once that the party which had just boarded his yacht was the one arranged by Gladys Harte, and for the entertainment of which she had asked him for the Lotus. He could easily guess that the girl herself had vehemently opposed the transshipping, but had doubtless been overruled by the majority.

She flushed angrily as her eyes fell upon Ogden, who was standing by the head of the ladder to receive his self-invited guests.

"I am sorry that we were obliged to inconvenience you," she said coldly, at the same time unable to avoid a curious glance towards the people aft.

"I am sorry that you should feel so about it," he replied evenly, stepping aside to let her pass.

"Great luck, Ogden—catching you just as we did!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and he turned to face the commodore. "Might have drifted around here all night." He glanced aft. "Who are your friends? Anybody I know?"

"I fancy not, uncle," replied Ogden, drily. "They are patients of mine whom I have asked for a day's sail."

"By George, that's clever of you! 'Ph. commodore?" commented a richer adonise man standing by the rail. "Nothing like a staid yacht to drum up practice! I wonder that more struggling young practitioners don't use 'em."

"Why, you see, Bentley," replied Ogden, "pills don't bring as big a

profit as soap. Besides," he pursued thoughtfully, "drumming isn't included in the early stages of a medical education."

Mr. Bentley laughed with a slight effort and walked forward. The commodore whistled softly under his breath.

"By the—I say, you got him with both barrels that time, Ogden. Didn't you think you have it in a little solid?"

"Oh, no, he's fairly thick in the pelt! Besides, why can't he mind his own business? Hello, Van Buren!" he called genially to a pleasant-faced young fellow who was walking past.

"Hello, doctor! I say, doctor, who's that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly." Ogden led him aft.

"Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr. Van Buren," he said quietly, adding, "M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley."

Ogden saw the color stealing into the woman's face, as did also Van Buren, who, a trifle puzzled, opened the conversation casually. Ogden paused to speak to the little shop-girls, who were stealing admiring glances at the women from the schooner. As he strolled forward again he observed that the genial commodore had entered into conversation with the miner and Major Harris.

"Dr. Moore!" called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognized her as a young widow who was rather celebrated about the Yacht Club for her harmless gaieties.

"Who is that stunning-looking young man with the eyes?" she whispered.

"He is an Armenian, Mrs. Townsend. He is studying law in New York."

"Oh, do bring him here. I want to talk to him."

Ogden walked over to the Armenian and told him his mission. The young man was delighted.

Leaving them, Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the angry flash from her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amazement.

"I say, Dr. Moore," exclaimed the young man, "can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Townsend really is?"

"I think so," said Ogden.

"Well, I'll bet you don't. He's a valet in the Powhatan Club!"

Ogden's straight eyebrows came together, and his cold grey eyes grew stony.

"Do you know what else he is?" he asked.

"What?"

"He's a guest aboard my yacht, and as such is not open to criticism."

The young man drew back a trifle, and Gladys came to his assistance.

"(That appears to cover a multitude of delinquencies," she retorted. "One of the young ladies in pink sold me several yards of silk the other day in Terne's."

"Indeed! I fail to see that that is anything against her."

"If you must invite valets and

(Continued on Page 8.)

# CURED HIS WIFE of LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dufresne of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

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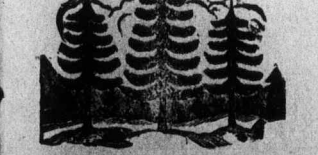
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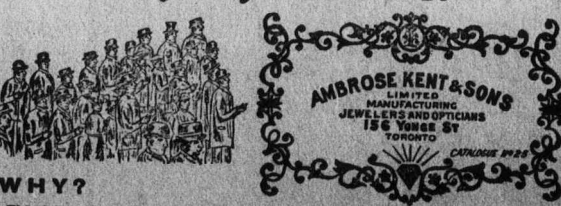
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