

A STURDY CANADIAN YOUTH!

MADE SO BY THE WISDOM OF HIS PARENTS.

It Will Interest All Fathers and Mothers to Know How Young George L. Gervan Was Made Strong.



Canada has need of strong, healthy and vigorous boys. In a few years the youths of our dear country will be called upon to battle in business, politics and professions. Success in these varied callings will very much depend upon physical strength and vigor, as well as clear brains. The physically weak and diseased can never cope with the strong and robust, all other things being equal.

Parents are directly responsible to God and our country for the health and well-being of their sons.

A noteworthy example of paternal wisdom, and one deserving of notice by every newspaper in the land, is kindly furnished us for publication.

Mr. J. H. Gervan, of 261 Albert street, Ottawa, Ont., is the father of the sturdy lad whose portrait appears above. Young

George suffered with inflammatory rheumatism from his seventh year. A year ago he became very ill, and could not stand on his feet. Mr. Gervan, anxious about his son's condition, decided to procure Paine's celery compound, about which he had heard so much as a curative agent for rheumatism. The anxious father was not disappointed in his expectations. His son is now cured, and goes out in all kinds of weather, and all wonder and rejoice at the wonderful deliverance from a terrible disease.

Mr. Gervan is now a firm believer in Paine's celery compound, and recommends it at every opportunity; he writes as follows:

"I wrote you some time ago in reference to the case of my boy George, aged 16 years, who has suffered for the past seven or eight years with inflammatory rheumatism. A year ago last May, he could not bear to stand on his feet; and, having heard so much about your Paine's celery compound, I decided to try it. During last summer my boy used sixteen bottles, and continued it occasionally during the winter. I am happy to say that during the past seven or eight months he has been free from pain and at work, going out in all sorts of weather."

I may add, I have had salt rheum myself for nine years in my hands. Every winter it has been bad; in fact, often I have been unable to write. I used several bottles of Paine's celery compound in the summer of 1892, and last winter I was almost free from the trouble. I may also say, that the bottle is often passed around at the table at meals. When I hear any person complaining now, I advise them to take your great remedy."

Where was I being carried? A fear possessed me that all was not as it should be. I was checked in my agitated musings by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle. The mystery was deepened, however, when, instead of our alighting, the door of the vehicle was opened from the outside, and in stepped two men, closing the door behind them; then the journey resumed. A sudden determination possessed me to know what all this mystery meant. I wet my lips with my tongue, for they were dry and hot; then I said, speaking as clearly as I could:—"I have the right to know where I am being conveyed, madam, and why the two men have entered the vehicle without my permission."

I waited for several seconds, but there was no answer. This made me desperate. I rose to my feet, and was about to reach the handle of the door that I might open it and get out, when the two men sprang upon me, forced me back into my seat, and in less time than it takes to write the words, I felt my hands tied and my eyes blindfolded.

"Villains!" I shouted, "you shall suffer for this indignity! Have you brought me into this lonely place to murder me—or what?"

"Don't be a fool, Dr. S—; no harm is intended you. If you do come to harm, it will be your own fault, not ours."

It was the lady who spoke. She spoke calmly; I thought there was a strain of contempt in her voice.

Just then the conveyance stopped a second time. I heard the door open, and the two men descended. I was startled by a heavy breathing close to my ear; then the lady whispered—this time I thought with less acridness:—"Dr. S—, I beg of you not to make any disturbance. So long as you are quiet and do as requested, you have nothing to fear—not a hair of your head shall be injured. Refuse, and I dare not answer for the consequences. You are in desperate hands, who will brook no delay or opposition. I again beg of you to ask no questions; do as you are requested, and you will never regret. Remember!"

All this was said rapidly. The lady's mouth was close to my ear; I could feel her hot breath as she spoke. The concluding caution came sharp and clear, and it seemed to me almost tenderly. Then she left the conveyance, and I heard the command:—"Get up, doctor; give me your hands."

I rose and stretched out my bound hands, which were grasped by the hand of some person. I was led along a gravelly path; my nose informed me, by the peculiar musty smell pervading the atmosphere, that there were bushes and trees near.

Presently I was told (and though the speaker was not the voice of the lady I

two. I had to probe deeply before I discovered the bullet; I felt her lovely form quiver; a slight moan left her lips, nothing more. When I had performed the task, examined the wound, and done what I could, she rewarded me with the sweetest smile that ever illumined the face of fair woman.

Pens, ink, and paper were brought me by the veiled lady, and I wrote full instructions—indeed, by this time I had become deeply interested in my lovely patient—how to treat the wound, what was to be her diet, etc. At the foot of the sheet I put these words: "If any dangerous symptoms appear, do not fail to seek my aid. You are safe with me now and ever—J. S., M. D."

"You have done your work well, doctor, for which I thank you—nay, I could almost fall on your neck and kiss you. She is my only child, and you may perhaps guess how I love her."

"Madam," I said, "this has been a strange experience for me. I do not know who you are, nor the mode of your life; but I am glad to have rendered a service to that lovely creature whom you call daughter. One request I should like to make."

"What is it?"

"Let me touch her cheeks with my lips!" The lady paused a moment. I saw her breast heave and swell, as her dark eyes flashed upon me through her veil.

"Granted," she said; "but I beg you will do it quickly and unseen by the others present."

I turned to the bed, apparently to see that all was comfortable. I put my ear to her face as though listening to her breathing. Then, for just one moment, my lips pressed her cheek.

Turning round I saw the veiled lady with the bandage ready for my eyes.

"Is it necessary?" I asked.

"It must be; I dare do no other," she answered.

Then I submitted to be blindfolded once more, but my hands were left free.

"Here is your fee—a hundred guineas," said the veiled lady.

"A hundred guineas!" I exclaimed; "it is too much—ten would have been sufficient."

"You are welcome. Remember, we have bound you by no oath, but not a word to a living soul of what you have seen and done! I should be sorry to be your enemy!"

"Madam! I am silent as the grave!"

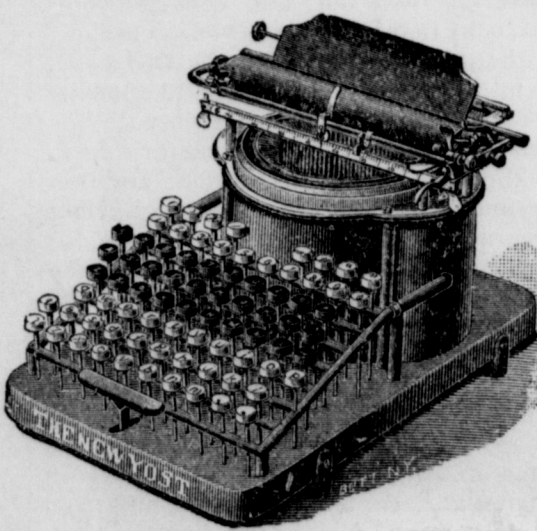
I need not prolong my story by relating the return journey. I was taken back alone in the strange conveyance used to convey me thither.

Everybody old enough will remember the startling discovery made by the police, some twenty years ago, of a band of female housebreakers. The whole country was roused to intense excitement by the revelations then made. The newspapers for weeks provided the most thrilling accounts of the depredations the gang had committed, dressed in men's clothing—robbing gentlemen's mansions and the better-class houses. Only three of the gang were captured, an elderly woman and two younger ones; the rest escaped, and nothing could persuade those captured to betray their companions in crime.

On the day of the trial I went to the court, for a strong suspicion had taken possession of me that my strange episode some years back had a connection with this gang of female burglars. When the prisoners were brought into the dock I at once recognized the form of the veiled lady. Casting her eyes round the court fell upon me. I saw she recognized me. She gave a faint smile, put her fingers to her lips and waited me a kiss. So artfully was this done that even the lynx-eyed reporters failed to notice the action, and so missed what might have been a very romantic bit of news for the millions who read an account of the trial next day. She and her two companions were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and so ended the great female burglar case.

Hope is ever on the sea-saw.

MANY A BITTER FIGHT OVER LEGAL DOCUMENTS ARISES FROM STUPID WORDING AND PUNCTUATION.



Books, newspapers, and all manuscripts furnish proof of the prevailing ignorance of *spelling* also. And as to *composition*, how many of us can write clear, crisp and correct English? Very few. Why so? Because the art is not taught in schools, and in later life we cannot acquire it. Leave adults to struggle with the bad habits of years and save the children from a like fate. There are two ways to do this; practice with a pen, which is tedious torture, and a method hinted at by a man who thus notes

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Chairman of School Board, Manchester, N. H.

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