

The Blind Gentian.

When the autumn lays her finger
Playful, halt, on plain and hill,
Loath to go, forlorn to linger,
Waits the exile Summer still.

Then, in all the golden dower
Of those first September days,
Springs a strange, pathetic flower,
Up and down the woodland ways.

Blue and bright the sky above it,
Yet it never sees the sky;

Nor the winds that seem to love it
As, caressing, they pass by.

Shut forever from the sweetness
Which goes smiling far and near,
Blind to all the dear completeness
Gathered in the closing year.

There beside the roadway gleaming
For the tired passer-by—
Brave, blind gentian—never dreaming
That you give us back the sky!

A STRANGE CASE.

It had always been, from my youth up, my fond ambition to be a member of the legal profession. This particular calling, it seemed to me, would yield me the most abundant opportunity to be of service to my day and generation, as well as to put to their best use such capabilities as destiny had seen fit to bestow upon me.

Consequently when I had at length completed my college and law school course and been admitted to the bar, my joy was well nigh boundless. How well I remember the day of my admission! The future lay before me spanned by the rainbow of promise. My cup of bliss would have been full to overflowing, indeed, had it not been for one fact.

During the period of my post-graduate study, I had met, loved, and won the hand of a most beautiful girl; whose graces and excellences were to me beyond comparison. Her father had met with misfortune in early life, and, remembering his bitter experience, had consented to our marriage upon the sole condition that it should be postponed until I had acquired some little competency, at least.

Fain would I have had the ceremony performed upon that very day when I was at last pronounced fully prepared for the practice of any profession, but this proposition the prudent parent would not for a moment entertain. I must first have come by a few honest dollars, in one way or another.

Naturally this, to my mind, stern restriction but added to my zeal in the end, however, and no sooner did I find myself a full fledged attorney than I began work in earnest, leaving no stone unturned which would in any way lead to the acquirement of success. I was constantly in my attendance upon the sessions of the courts, and ever zealous in the performance of such minor duties as were intrusted to me by the old lawyers.

One day as I sat in the lobby of the court room waiting for the coming in of that body, I was pleasantly accosted by a gentleman there present, who, I had not failed to note, had been eyeing me closely for some time. He was tall and well built, with dark complexion and regular features, but for some reason which I could not explain or understand at the time, his presence at once had a displeasing and repellent effect upon me, possibly on account of his peculiar eyes, which were coal black, and as bright and glittering as two stars.

"Young man," he remarked, "I like your appearance; you seem to be the sort of an individual I have been looking for some time. Now, I have got a little matter which I would like to have you undertake for me. Would you be willing to do it?" My unprepossessing friend was to be a client of mine! Perhaps a valuable one, who could tell! Instantly my prejudices were forgotten, and I hastened to assure him that my services were at his command. "Then follow me," he continued, and we left the court together.

My did companion did not seem to be at all a talkative individual, barely informing me that a gross injury had been perpetrated upon him, and that he intended to rectify the latter after a fashion of his own. "The cellar of my house," he explained, "will be the scene of the main incidents of the case, and I want you to see and thoroughly examine it for yourself before I endeavor to explain it farther to you."

This appeared a most rational approach to an explanation of the matter in hand, and I followed closely after him as he hastened through street after street, finally coming to a halt before an ancient but comely, and altogether respectable appearing, dwelling in the region of St. Peter's street.

After glancing suspiciously up and down the street to make sure that we were unobserved, my companion drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, and together we ascended the broad steps and when at length the ponderous lock had been thrown back, entered within.

I noted at once from the close and musty odor everywhere present and the all pervading chill that the house was unoccupied,

and had probably been so for some time. Consequently I was not at all disappointed when my guide led the way directly to the cellar, without stopping to call to my attention anything in connection with the building itself.

"Here at last," he exclaimed, as he unlocked the heavy door to the cellar and threw it back on its creaking, rusty hinges. He motioned me to enter, and I started to descend the stairway, groping my way in the dim light as I went. No sooner had I got fairly upon the stairs than the door was suddenly slammed to upon me, and the key turned in the lock!

The whole thing took place so suddenly and unexpectedly that I was unable to move or even utter a word before it had been accomplished. "Come, come," I called but, when I had at length found my tongue somewhat exasperated and not a little frightened, "no practical joking, time is too precious! Open the door!"

My answer was a shrill, demoniacal laugh, and the taunting reply: "Explore the cellar at your leisure, friend, I will be back soon." Then I heard the sound of retreating footsteps through the empty echoing house, the closing and locking of the outer door, and I was alone.

Words are inadequate to describe the abject terror which then took possession of me, for I realized at once the seriousness of my position and the meaning of the unnatural laugh and the strange eyes; I was a prisoner in the hands of a madman.

"What was I to do? Should I cry out? My voice would never penetrate to the street, and the exertion would but exhaust my strength, all of which I might sadly stand in need of yet. Should I endeavor to force the door? It resisted my endeavors like a wall of iron. I took my captor's advice and explored the cellar from end to end, hoping to find some means of exit, or some heavy object with which to batter down the door, but nothing but a cold, solid wall of stone met my touch as I groped my way about.

How long must I remain in the trap into which I had fallen, I asked myself as I sank in a heap upon the floor in a far distant corner of the cellar. Then their came to me with a sickening, chilling sensation the remembrance that the fiend who had incarcerated me there had declared on his departure that he would soon return again. Could he be intending to do me injury? Was I to be the victim of some foul plot which he had concocted in his disordered brain? I shuddered at the thought, while a cold perspiration gathered in beads upon my forehead.

How long I saw thus in the darkness I do not know, but it must have been some hours. Every slightest sound, real or imagined, caused me to start in alarm. Finally, of a sudden, a key was quietly inserted in the lock, the door opened, and my captor had returned.

I trembled from head to foot lest he should pounce upon him, but he did not. Instead, he set a bowl of water and some bread upon the floor, and immediately retired locking the door after him again.

Although fast growing faint with hunger and nervous exhaustion, I dared not touch the meagre refreshment offered me, fearing that it might be drugged or poisoned, but I set it aside in case of extremity. Thankful for my escape, unharmed as yet, I was nevertheless fearful for the future, yet managed during the hours that followed to obtain a little sleep.

Again my keeper returned after what seemed an age, bringing bread and water as before, and paying no heed to me, except to leer at me, as he ascended the stairway: "How do you like it? The tables are turned, you see?"

Finding myself thus unmolested, I began to gain courage and soon my brain was seething with a thousand plots for recovering my liberty. One after another was considered and abandoned as being impracticable. Should I take the initiative and attack the fiend upon his next return, and so endeavor to overpower him with main strength? That would scarcely do. He was much more powerful than I in build, and his mania, as is so often the

case, would doubtless magnify his strength to that of a Hercules. Then, too, he might have some deadly weapon concealed upon his person, with which he could tell me in an instant. No, I must resort to strategy to effect an escape.

For hours I pondered over the question, until at last an idea occurred to me which brought with it a ray of hope of success, and I immediately set to work to put it into execution. Springing to my feet, I hastened to the stairs and felt them over from top to bottom with my hands. They were of rough planking, quite flimsily made, and fastened to the joists of the floor above with spikes.

By working them backward and forward until my arms and hands were well nigh paralyzed with fatigue, I finally managed to loosen them from their fastenings, and removed them from their proper position opposite the cellar door.

My trap was now set, and I awaited with a beating heart the return of my jailor. In time he came. The door suddenly opened, and he stood outlined before me in the archway, his pitcher of water in one hand, a bit of bread in the other.

My heart fairly stood still in the intense excitement and suspense of the moment. Would he unsuspectingly enter the snare which I had set for him, or would he detect my subterfuge before it was too late? For a moment he stood peering into the darkness, and then, putting off his foot to descend, stepped into the black vacancy where the stairway should have been.

My every nerve and muscle was drawn to its tensest, and with a mighty bound I was up the dislodged steps and out of the doorway, but there was no occasion for haste. The dull thud upon the hard cellar floor, and the shattering of the pitcher into thousands of tinkling fragments, was followed by a low moan, and then all was still.

The bunch of keys was still dangling in the cellar door. Closing and fastening it securely, I hastened out as I had been led in, how long ago I knew not, but as it seemed to me, ages before, so intense had been my suspense.

Ah, how refreshing it was to breathe the sweet air of heaven, after the damp and mould-tainted atmosphere of that cellar dungeon! The sun was just peering over the tops of the houses, and I knew that it must be as yet early in the day. My first impulse was to turn at once to the nearest restaurant for refreshment, being as I was, already weak with hunger and thirst; but upon afterthought, remembering the human being swooning, perhaps dying, in the musty cellar from which I was so thankful to have escaped, I determined, rather, to seek medical assistance first.

Hastily arranging my toilet as well as I could under the circumstances, and brushing from my clothes the dust laden cobwebs with which they were covered, I hurried toward the public square where I had often noted were located the offices of many of the physicians.

"Dr. Butterworth," was the first glittering symbol to meet my eyes, and ascending to the door upon which it was fastened, I rang for admission. The doctor I found just preparing to go out. "Come with me, sir, and make haste," I called to him, and make haste, I called to him, and my request was complied with with as much alacrity as could have been desired.

Upon the way back, I told the story of my strange adventure, while the good doctor's eyes opened wide with interest, which increased into intense excitement as we stepped at the house, descended into the cellar, and bore the limp form out into the light. A cab was quickly called and the patient hurried away, the doctor insisting that he should be taken to his own home.

Some two weeks afterwards I received a note from Dr. Butterworth, requesting me to call at his house at my early convenience. I did so, and was ushered forthwith into the chamber of the strange patient. He looked pale and wan, as though he had been through years of suffering, but his smile was bright and cheerful, and the wild, glittering look was gone from his eyes, utterly altering the appearance of his countenance. He greeted me with a hearty handshake, as he remarked: "So this is my benefactor, is it? Thanks be to God for him!" For a few moments we chatted together, and then the doctor led me away, remarking that his patient must not be allowed to overtax his strength.

Once back in the office, he motioned me to a chair, and when I was seated, remarked: "Young man, you must know the history of this case, which is one well known among all the members of our profession. Mr. Frederick Breed, for such is the gentleman's name, is a wealthy banker, and was formerly an honored and influential citizen of this place, living at the house on St. Peter's street.

"One day, some three years ago, while driving, he was accidentally thrown from his carriage, receiving a severe blow upon the head, as a result of which mental derangement followed, developing into insanity.

"Ever since, he has been confined in the Greenhill asylum. Twice before he has made his escape, and each time, laboring under his mania, has undertaken to incarcerate someone else, as he probably imagines, in his stead, as he did you. The severe shock he received upon falling into the cellar, has in some unaccountable way, restored him to his right mind again.

"Now, the point that I'm coming at is this. At the time of his third escape, a reward of five hundred dollars was offered for his safe capture. He does not know that, or the seriousness of his former condition, and we think it best that he should not, at least for the present. We have told him that he fell into a cellar, injuring himself, from which you were instrumental in rescuing him, and that is all. Naturally, he wants to do something for you. Now this (taking a piece of paper from his desk) is understood to include the reward for his apprehension, about which you are to say nothing. Do you agree?"

As I replied in the affirmative, he handed me a bit of paper. Could I believe my



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This soap



greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics.

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eyes! It was a check for five thousand dollars! I urged and implored him to share it with me, but he would not listen to the suggestion.

"No, no!" he replied again and again, "you have won a handsome reward, but you deserve it!"

Of the latter of his assertions I was not so sure, but of the former I was positive, for with the first glimpse of that generous check, I knew that the hand of my beloved was mine.

ABOUT THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Cowper's Report of the Loss of Kempenfelt's Ship not Accurate.

"His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men."

The old skipper repeated the lines from Cowper's poem in a tone that indicated a pronounced lack of reverence for the poet. Then he remarked:

"I believe there never has been a poet who has known much about a ship or the sea. There is one, Rudyard Kipling, who has the merit of never being absurd, and he appears to have made some study of the sailorman. As for Cowper, I don't believe he knew port from starboard, and he certainly did not inform himself about the number of persons who were drowned by the sinking of the Royal George. Cowper simply—well, I'll say he simply took a poet's license in dealing with that subject.

"I suppose I'll have to shatter a British idol when I tell the truth about the Royal George. She was a line-of-battle ship of 100 guns and, in the summer of 1782, had just returned from a cruise and was leaking. It was impolitic, of course, to dock the vessel at Portsmouth, for repairs, as the crew, many of whom were impressed men, could not be kept by her so near the town. The ship was careened in the roadstead. It was a hazardous proceeding, even though the water was almost as smooth as glass.

"When the ship was heeled until her lower deck ports nearly touched the water, a summer squall struck her. She carried at the time the tallest masts and squarest yards of any ship in the British Navy. The lower deck ports being open, she soon filled, and down she went. Twelve hundred souls were aboard of her, and every person who was between decks was drowned. Nine hundred lives were lost. Boats from other vessels lying in the roadstead rescued those who were on the upper deck.

"The first news of the disaster reached the Admiralty Office in London on Aug. 29, 1782, and was published the next day in the Gentleman's Magazine. This account gave the loss of life as '400 of her crew and at least as many women and children.' The poet does not say anything about the luckless women who were on board in the ship's cabins and between decks. The ship sunk in the middle of the day, and it was eight minutes, according to some accounts, before she disappeared. It appears to me that if the crew had been in fit condition some of the 'fifty seamen's wives and 250 women from Portsmouth,' who were not the wives of anybody, might have been saved. On Kempenfelt's monument the loss is put at 900 souls.

"My boy, these sailor's wives and the women who were with them were courageous souls, and deserved well of the poet. Kipling would not hesitate to celebrate them, I think. They had proved themselves worthy to have verses written about them. I recall that one of Rodney's sea fights with the French the Admiral noticed a sailor's wife assisting the men at one of the guns on the main deck. Her husband had been wounded and carried below, and she had taken his place. In answer to the Admiral's hurried exhortation in regard to the dangers to which she was exposed, she answered: 'And sure, your honor, do you think that I am afraid of a Frenchman?' After the action the Admiral reprimanded her for having committed a breach of orders by being aboard of the ship at such a time, but he gave her ten guineas, which took the edge of the censure.

"In the tough combat between the French and English fleets off Ushant in 1794 the French who fought gallantly, were badly beaten. Lord Howe commanded the Eng-

lish fleet, and all England went wild over his success. It was a fight of ship to ship and man to man. History is not garrulous about the part the women played in this famous battle, but women were aboard some of the ships and fought with the most determined valor at the guns. Lord Howe received the thanks of Parliament, a sword, and was made a knight of the garter for his victory."

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous
---No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

He was there.

Some visitors in Virginia hired an old negro on a plantation to drive them to see the Natural Bridge. So says the Toronto Saturday Night.

On nearing the bridge they asked the colored man its height and width, and it he really thought it such a wonder, after all. His replies were so vague that one of them said:

"Now, Sam, confess; you have never been so near the bridge before."

"Lord, sah!" he replied. "I 'member coming here to help de day dey lay de corner-ston'; but I aint teck notice 'bout how high de bridge was built, nor how far 'cross 'twuz. Of co'se, I ain't come heah much sense; but dis nigger never goin' to forgit dat day."

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Many have tried for years to discover a remedy suitable to their own case for the Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaints arising from Poor Digestion, Weak Stomach, and Disordered Liver.

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