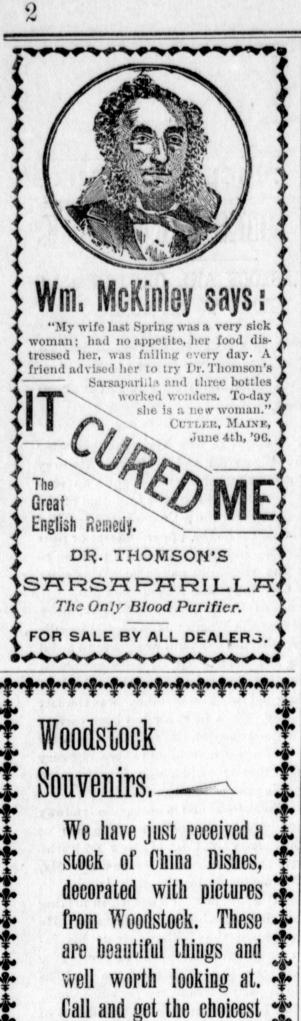
DISPATCH. THE



At last week's meeting of the Clinical Society a distinguished suburban practitioner, showed a girl 12 years of age, who exhibited in the most complete and indubitable form the condition known as "dual existence," or 'double consciousness.'

A Puzzling Girl.

Last year, after a severe illness, which was diagnosed to be meningitis, she became subject to temporary attacks of unconsciousness, on awakening from which she appeared in an entirely different character. In her normal condition she could read and write and speak fluently and with comparative correctness. In the altered mental condition following the attack she loses her memory of ordinary events, though she can recall things that have taken place during previous attacks. So complete is this alteration of memory that at first she was unable to remember even her own name, or to identify herself to her parents. By patient training in the abnormal condition she has been enabled to give things their names, though she still preserves a baby fashion of pronouncing.

She sometimes remains in the abnormal condition for days together, and the change to her real self takes place suddenly, without exciting surprise or dismay, and she forthwith resumes possession of her memory of events of her ordinary life, to the exclusion of those which have transpired during the abnormal state. During the last month or so she appears to have entered on a new phase, for, after a mental blank of a fortnight'a duration, she awakened completely oblivious of all that had happened since June, 1895, and she alludes to events that took place just anterior to that date as though they were of quite recent occurrence; in fact, she s living mentally in July, 1895.

These cases, though rare, are, of course, not infrequently met with, and they have been carefully studied, especially in France, where woman appears more prone to neurotic manifestations. The hypothesis that finds most favor is that the two halves of the brain do not work in unison; in other words, that there has been some interference with the connections which, in the ordinary normal being, make a wonderfully composite organ like the brain one organic whole. Sometimes one part of the brain and sometimes the other, takes possession of the field of physical activity, and, as each part works to the exclusion of the other, we get the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformations.—London Medical Press.

CAPTAIN SWEENEY, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c.

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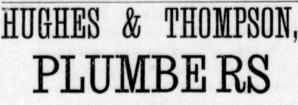


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QUEEN STREET,

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THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP. Some authorities NATURALLY

tell us it is a good thing to be content with what we have. We are assured that associated with godliness, contentment great riches. Again, other students of human nature say that it is bad for

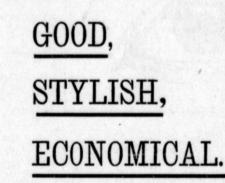
man, especially man in his youthful days, to be content. Contentment is often another name for inertia or laziness. The young man who is quite content, can certainly have little ambition, for ambition can only exist among those who are not satisfied with their present condition. And what is ambition? I once heard a learned student say that the ambition of every youth should be, to become a good, and, if possible, a great man. To be success-ful in worldly affairs, one must have ambition, and yet it was this very ambition that Cæsar' eulogist so vehemently disclaimed was a feature in his character. Perhaps it would be fair to put it this way. So long as man 1s the master and ambition the servant, well, it is for man; but, when ambition becomes the master and man the slave, it were well for that man if he were resting beneath the daisies. Anyway it about amounts to this, as the poet puts it :--

As a rule man's a fool. When it's hot he wants it cool; When it's cold, he wants it hot; Never pleased with what he's got, Always wanting what it's not, As a rule man's a fool. * * *

In Dunoon, Scotland, there was unveiled on the recent anniversary of the death of Robert Burns, a handsome statue of Highland Mary. Burns is certainly a wonderful and rare poet. When we consider that much of his poetry is in the dialect of his native land, including the immortal Auld Lang Syne, and yet, that this poetry is quoted and sung and appreciated by thousands of Anglo-Saxons who haven't a drop of Scotch blood in their veins, it is surely proof of the true greatness of the poet. Like wine-or perhaps to be more definite-like whiskey of which Bobbie was so unfortunately fond, his poetry improves with age, and he has certainly writ-ten much which will die only with the poetic instinct in man. A contemporary writing on this subject, has this to say:--"It has been the fashion lately among some literary critics from. to bewail the shortcomings of Burns, and to exaggerate all his peccadillos into serious sins, but with one voice the women are against it. Not very long ago an able lecturer gave a discourse on Burns, before a woman's club, and when the hour was over every woman in the place went away thoroughly indignant and chasrined. One high-bred Scotch lady said, with unmistakable emphasis: "I think an intelligent man might have better employment for his brains than to hunt out the failings of gentle Robbie Burns," and another added: "There was sweetness enough in Robbie's heart to cure more bitter things than ever he was guilty of." Another writes, "Poor Bobby Burns His frolicsome gayety, his roystering jollity, and his reckless amours cost him many hours of bitter self-reproach. His soul was bubbling over with love. He drew the divine inspiration of his songs from love, and the quaint humor of his "Tam O'Shanter" from the tavern. Had Burns had no love, had Burns shunned the wine cup, we should have had no Burns. There would have been no soul-stirring hymn, "To Mary in Heaven," been disturbed by the towering statue to "Highland Mary." His love for his fellows and for sinful humanity is not all wasted, when a century after his death, men and 64 and 66 Main Stree women hate to hear him harshly criticized, recognizing that his great charity, more perhaps than his great genius, covereth a multitude of sins. * * * I have often noticed, in small localities, a disposition of the inhabitants to exaggerate. I do not use the term exaggerate, as a polite way of getting rid of the nasty expression, lying. It is not that the people of a small place tell any lies, more or less, than the people of more congested districts. But, it is certainly characteristic of small communities to "snowballize" a story. I invented this word snowballize and I want to say that it is I, who have the patent on it. A snow ball in its original condition may be the size of a cricket ball. As it is rolled along it gets bigger and soon attains the proportion of a small sized balloon. A story often starts, as a very small affair, but as it is passed along, a little is added here and a little there, and it soon becomes an exciting novel. Baron Munchausan has many disciples who tell marvellous and thrilling tales, based on slender authority, yet, hard of positive contradiction. Sometimes we hear of So and So having met with an accident. A few days afterwards we hear that blood poisoning has set in, and all sorts of complications. In nine cases out of ten, a visit to the party immedi-ately concerned in the accident, convinces us that the various romances or tragedies connected with the accident are quite foundation-less. But everyone is not able to visit the unfortunate victim of the accident and of the embellishments which are added to the original facts, and so the great majority, naturally fond of a sensation—believe all that can be told. Someway or other we are always rather happy in noting the misfortunes of our fellows, and, when having heard of a railway accident, where fifty people are reported killed, if we are quite honest, we will, perhaps admit a feeling of disappointment, when the more reliable news reaches us that nobody is burt. It is trying to have to stick to the impose on oneself, and if everyone in this county realized it, my office as High Com-



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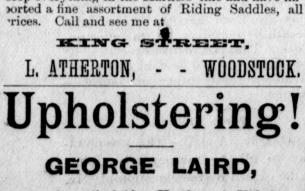
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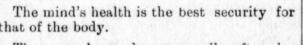
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Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandalree perfumes the axe which strikes it.

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Show me the man that is a lover of animals, and I will answer for his philanthrophy.

In a truly loving heart either jealousy kills love or love kills jealousy .- Paul Bourget.

See temperance, exercise, and virtue as often as you can, and the doctor as seldom s vou can.

He who has a spirit of harmony in his nature will exhibit it in every other direction as well as that of music.

It would tire the hands of an angel to write down all the pardons God bestows upon true, penitent believers.

-AT THE----

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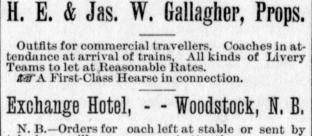
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PROP.





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