

# Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scientific world is that nerve centres located in or near the base of the brain control all the organs of the body, and when these nerve centres are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid, or nerve force, are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force; that is, when a nerve centre is deranged or in any way diseased it is impossible for it to supply the same quantity of nerve force as when in a healthy condition; hence the organs which depend upon it for nerve force suffer, and are unable to properly perform their work, and as a result disease makes its appearance.

At least two-thirds of our chronic diseases and ailments are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centres at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organs

**W. W. SHORT,**

Wholesale and Retail Agent for Kent County, N. B.

"It is plain," said the justice, "that you stole the hog, and I shall send you up for twelve months."

"Judge, kin you gimme 'bout one hour fo I goes?"

"What for?"

"Well, sub, pork won't keep in dis weather. I wants ter go home 'en salt dat hog down!"

## 20 YEARS OF SUFFERING 20 FAILURES TO CURE

"For 20 years I suffered the torments of the damned with blind and itching piles. Had I known of any cure I would not have hesitated to have given hundreds of dollars to obtain it. I followed the instructions of an eminent physician in using syringe treatments, I used Fowler's Pile Cure and 20 others of different kinds. From some a little relief was gained, but nothing approached a cure. I was about resigned to the fate of having to pass through an almost uninterrupted course of suffering so long as I lived, when Chase's Ointment was brought to my notice. The statements in regard to it were so strong and bore with them a sense of conviction sufficient to overcome my skepticism in regard to its being no better than the rest. I used it, with the result of receiving immediate relief and permanent cure. For weeks and weeks I was fearfully afraid of a return to misery, but it did not occur. I started using Chase's Ointment, hoping for relief and realized a cure that is permanent. I do not believe there ever was a worse case of blind and itching piles than mine, which leads me to think there is not a case to be recorded Chase's Ointment will not cure."

Yours truly  
Geo. W. Morris,  
Brantford, Ont.  
Prop. The New Morris Separator.

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

## A Confidence Man Fools Wilson.

"Well, Anna, as business is rather slack I think I will paint the front fence, and save five or ten dollars," said Mr. Wilson, putting on a new chip hat and a checked blouse.

"A very good idea, Henry," said Mrs. Wilson; "but I hope you will not get into a quarrel with the first man who makes a remark about your work."

"What do you suppose I care for what strangers say? They may talk until their heads ache; it will not affect me one whit," he added, picking up his brush and can.

He walked down to the front gate whistling like a mocking bird.

"Painting your fence, are you?" said a man, who wore glasses, and carried his chin very high. "Well, it looks as though a good coat of paint would not hurt it any. Rather dark color to look well, I think," said the man as he walked away.

Wilson stared after him a few moments and then resumed his work.

"My friend, as you have only begun to paint, allow me to tell you that that paint is altogether too light to look well. You are the judge, but that is my opinion," said a tall man with side-whiskers; and giving his cane a flourish, he marched down the street.

This time Wilson arose to his feet, and watched the man until he turned a corner. Then, dropping on one knee, he began painting another picket. Before it was completed a short man came along, and, stopping in front of Wilson, he gazed intently at the work and then, in a short, jerky voice, said:

"Wrong shade, sir, wrong shade entirely. Dark cream is all the rage in Boston and Washington. Scrape it off, sir; scrape it off. As well have it right as wrong."

"Look here, my duck-legged friend, I do not care a continental what the people do in Boston, Washington or any man's town. This is my fence and my paint, and I am putting it on to suit myself. You hear!" yelled Wilson, excitedly flourishing his brush.

"All right sir; all right. No offense, sir. Good-day," wheezed the short man, as he strolled away.

"It is evident that you never did very much painting. I detect your lack of experience by those streaks. Use your brush more; brush out those streaks. More brush and less paint will improve the looks of your work," said a man that was hurrying by with a small tin pail in his hand.

Wilson dropped his brush in the paint, and sprang to his feet, but the man was turning the corner.

"The next man that opens his mouth to interfere in my business I will spot him, if I have to go to prison for thirty-six years," he muttered.

"Good-morning, friend. That is what I call good blending. You could not have selected a color that would better harmonize with the surroundings. You possess an artistic taste that the masses are entirely ignorant of. I passed a fence just back here that was so horribly incongruous that I closed my eyes to avoid seeing it," said a fine-looking man with a high hat and a diamond stud.

"It was Brown's, I will bet fifty dollars! He keeps a goa," said Wilson.

"Just what I would expect of a person of such wretched taste. I know something about tints and colors. I have just perfected a formula for hardening paint and producing harmonious tints. It was accepted and used for the first time last week on the fence that surrounds the White House at Washington. I only sell to one man in a city, and make him my agent. Can you direct me to a good, responsible man?" inquired the stranger.

"What is the price of your preparation?" asked Wilson.

"I sell a bottle of this size for five dollars, which is enough for any ordinary front fence." From his pocket he produced a bottle containing about half a pint of an amber liquid. "I allow a commission of two dollars on each bottle sold," the man continued. "You mix paint enough to do your fence, and add this, and thoroughly stir, and the preparation is ready for application. You can use any color or shade, and this enriches the color, gives a permanent gloss, and the paint hardens in thirty minutes after application; you cannot remove enough to soil the finest fabric."

"I will take it," said Wilson, and he gave the stranger a five-dollar bill.

The man said he would be back at noon with the contract commissioning Wilson as agent.

Wilson was delighted with his purchase, and in a few minutes added the preparation, anxious to test its merit.

Mrs. Wilson had just come down to see how he was getting on with his work, as Wilson emptied the bottle into the paint.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, grasping her nose with both hands, and reeling back. "What in the name of goodness is that?"

"I got it for paint, but I guess the man made a mistake, and put up a yellow fever disinfectant," he replied, stepping back and holding his nose. "If there is such a thing as oil of Limburger cheese, that is it," he gasped, leaning over the fence and turning pale.

"If you want to use any such vile-smelling stuff as that, you can, but I will

not remain with you," she said, hurriedly returning to the house.

Recovering after a few minutes from the nausea caused by the rank odor of the liquid, Wilson again set to work. He painted a panel of the fence by keeping on the windward side, and reaching as far as he could to dip the brush in the paint.

The first man who came by gaped frantically at his nose, and casting a look of withering scorn at Wilson, said:

"I would spend time enough to bury that dead cat, or go shoot myself!"

Wilson grinned, and looked foolish.

The next pedestrian was a woman, who came tripping gracefully along.

When the odor struck her she sprang off the walk, and ran excitedly across the street, where she accosted a gentleman.

She hurriedly addressed him, all the time gesticulating and pointing at Wilson.

The man crossed the street and came toward Wilson, saying:

"How dare you insult a—Faugh! What in the name of uncivilized—Heavens!" he gasped, and turned back.

In a few moments a policeman came marching up on the side where Wilson stood.

"What are you doing here driving people off this street?" the officer asked.

"I am simply painting my fence, and if I choose to use a drier that offends some people's olfactories, they must not poke their noses around here. There is no ordinance against painting fences, and it is none of your business or any other person's," roared Wilson.

"What kind of a drier do you use?" asked the policeman, stepping toward the paint.

"Death and destruction!" he ejaculated, compressing his nostrils with a vice-like grip. "Do you call that a drier? Take it away and bury it! If the mayor will not give you oil to mix your paint with, I will buy it myself. I shall be ordered here to abate this nuisance, and I would sooner face a lock-out of starving workmen. I will sacrifice my position first!" he said, coughing convulsively as he hurried away.

Mrs. Wilson went to call her spouse to dinner, and found him seated on the front steps. One side of him was covered with paint, and grasped in his hands was a picket he had wrenched from the fence.

He was anxiously watching the walk. His mouth was firmly closed, and the expression of his face boded evil to some one.

"Henry, what on earth are you doing?" she asked. "You look like a villain in a cheap play. Dinner is ready. Are you through painting?"

"Yes madam, I am through painting. My occupation at present is looking for a man with black whiskers, brown eyes, a black hat, and a kink in his hair. He can talk like an advance agent for a show, and can lie equal to a confidence man. When the time comes that I lay my eyes on that gentleman, I shall proceed to remove five dollars' worth of hair, scalp, hat and general make-up in less time than it takes to tell it," he savagely said.

"Been taken in on patent paint, have you?" laughed Mrs. Wilson.

"Paint will set in thirty minutes; won't rub off to soil the finest fabric," he said, looking at the paint on himself. "Beautiful tint!" he yelled, striking the steps with the picket.

"All you need to be a painter is a palette, sign, and a guardian," she suggested.

"Mrs. Wilson, do you realize that the name of our family is trailing in the dust—that I am forever disgraced before my fellow-men? And in the face of all this you are giggling and snickering like a silly school-girl. I will do no more to wipe away the stain," he bellowed, throwing away his picket, and disappearing in the house.

"What a silly fellow my husband is," she soliloquized; "always ready to be duped by sharpers!"

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She had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. A man had broken his leg. She confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by and broke it in three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages. When all was completed she summoned a cab and took her patient to the hospital.

"Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" enquired the surgeon. "I did," she blushing replied. "Well, it is most beautifully—most beautifully done, but you have made, I find, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."

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## TAILORING.

Our Fashion Plates and reports for Spring and Summer of 1895 have arrived. We also have the Samples of our purchase of Cloths, which excel anything we have yet shown, and we are always to the front, but our eyes are ever open for improvement, and if there is anything new we know about it and get it. Our traveller will visit our customers and others during March. Kindly reserve your clothing order until you have seen him.

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