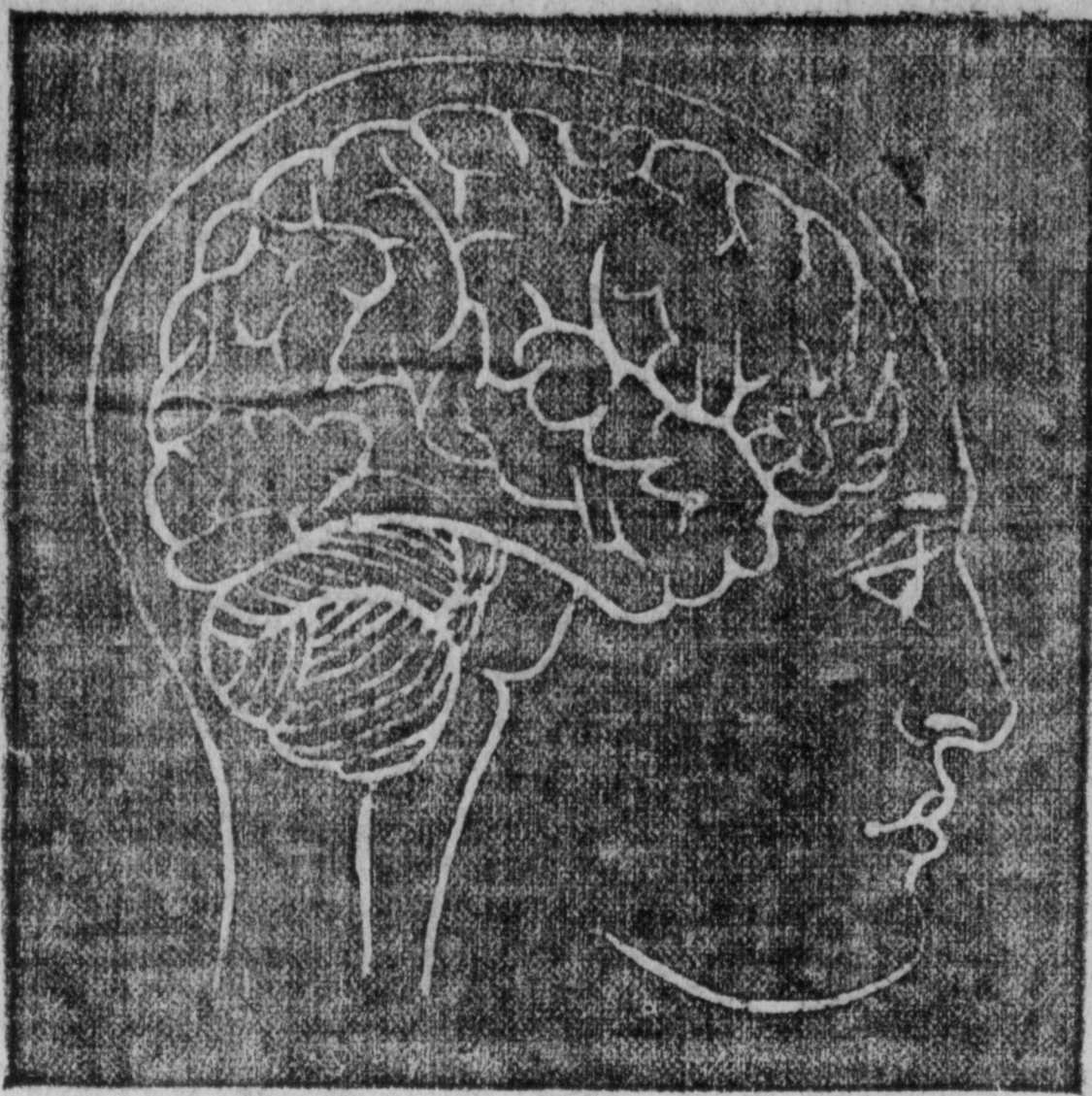


Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



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

and not the nerve centres, which are the cause of the trouble.

The wonderful cures wrought by the Great South American Nervine Tonic are due alone to the fact that this remedy is based upon the foregoing principle. It cures by rebuilding and strengthening the nerve centres, and thereby increasing the supply of nerve force or nervous energy.

This remedy has been found of infinite value for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Paroxysms, Sleeplessness, Forgetfulness, Mental Despondency, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache, Heart Disease. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.

South American Nervine is without doubt the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all Chronic Stomach Troubles, because it acts through the nerves. It gives relief in one day, and absolutely effects a permanent cure in every instance. Do not allow your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, to keep you from using this health-giving remedy. It is based on the result of years of scientific research and study. A single bottle will convince the most incredulous.

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HOW IT FEELS TO STARVE

DIARY OF A MAN OF MORE THAN
AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE.

He Was Looking Forward Not to Breaking a Fasting Record, but to Death—
Pathetic and Interesting is the Record.

George Marshall Sloan, lawyer, mathematician, Socialist and economist, died Sunday morning at the residence of Thomas Kelly, 3,449 Wabash avenue. It is probable that at that hour, when the kindly hand of death was laid upon him there passed from earth the strongest and most capable spirit for good among the many who moulded socialist-labor thought in Chicago between the years 1879 and 1886. But he ended his own life at last, for though he considered that death was to him but the relaxation of the power of nature and then the end of all, for fifty days previous he had not taken food. He had addicted himself to the use of morphine. On July 8 he writes of his intention to starve:

"I am faint with hunger. I will try a little brandy and cracker. * * * I realize the solution of the problem of life now better than ever before. I am dying of inanition—slowly, it is true, but surely. * * * If the starvation is only accompanied by lack of consciousness, as is often the case, I will have an easy death and need not hasten it to escape torture. I will not be too weak to take a little morphine by swallowing, if I am too weak to inject it. I am sure now that I must die of starvation, and must alleviate the pain of it as I can."

He thought of the coming end of the last summer month and added to his notes:

"August and I should go out together. Certainly there is no object to be served by my living, but I want to die so that it will be manifest that my sanity is palpable, and manifest that I die of set purpose and with deliberation, as the only method of escaping continuous pain."

The subsequent entries of interest follow, a painful, weary story of suffering and anguish:

"Aug. 21—I am just what I was on Sept. 25, 1893. Nor have I changed mentally in any respect that I can notice. Physically there are changes, of course, and changes again since the date of this letter to the corner. All the while the healing process of nature has been exerted and new intestines have been made and the old patched up, all of which the autopsy, if properly conducted, will disclose. But I don't know how often I have repeated myself, and after all the sole question is: 'Has or has not a short cut between my stomach and intestines been built by nature to get around the stricture, I think, in my stomach?'"

"Aug. 24, Friday, 3.16 a.m.—No sleep. * * * I have found a place in the right thigh where I think I can inject directly into the blood. I think it's a vein. This the prod leaves sore, and I will keep it so."

"6.30 a.m.—Pretty hungry. Eyes weak and sore—no sleep all night. * * * but I can keep my mind off the hunger, and the morphine deadens the pain."

"10.08—I think that the gnawing of hunger can scarcely be worse than I have endured. If I can manage to go along without bother for eight or ten days, then I can throw away the food after that I'll end comes, if my pluck holds out. But that 'if' is a very big word! Hunger, the natural craving for life, that will assert itself, though I can see nothing worth living for. * * *

"Pshaw! 'tis absurd to think of living, and my only anxiety should be that this record should show my sanity indisputably. To be sure, no one that knows me has the slightest idea that I am insane. * * *

"Aug. 25, Saturday, 10.12 a.m.—I suppose that I am now living on myself."

"Aug. 26, Sunday—The wasting away begins to show in my arms and legs, also in my chest. The fat of my breast is nearly all absorbed. My eyes are weak and my muscles don't obey. I spilled some oil filling the can this evening."

"Aug. 28, Tuesday, nine days; six more enough. * * * So weak I can barely stand to arrange my bed. * * *

"Aug. 29, Wednesday—No sleep, dizzy; noise in my ears louder. * * * 11 p.m.—Have taken to-day 4.075 grains, more than during any day in all my life."

"Aug. 30, Thursday—These folks have not the slightest notion of what I am at. If they should and my will is strong enough, I can throw away the food for a day or so."

"Saturday, Sept. 1, 11.32 a.m.—Bad taste, very weak, headache, sore. It seems very difficult to die. But as thirteen days have now passed, during which I have not eaten more than six ounces, certainly, though I drank at will, and perhaps from a pint to a quart daily, I don't think I will be long now in solving the great problem."

"13.35 p.m.—I can't make many more entries. My pen is heavy, my brain confused, mouth nauseous. Now the injection seems to produce no inflammatory action. It lies like a great white blister under the skin and all around it the flesh remains white or natural color. Scarcely a tinge of red shows the flesh conscious of a foreign substance. Vitality must be very low; pulse is just discernible to sight and little better to feeling. Drowsiness seems coming on after that last dose."

"6 p.m.—I find every tooth in my head on the right side loose and can jiggle each and all with my finger. But as this is the close of the fifteenth day my 'trespass' is not to be long delayed, and if I have no greater fight against my appetites than I have had I will win easily enough. I think the second and third days were the most trying. I've used a great deal of paper to-day, but I think I can afford it. If I weaken as much to-morrow as I have to-day I won't be able to write at all."

"Monday, Sept. 3, 5.15 a.m.—Now sick at stomach—ice allayed it after a while, but left me so weak I could not walk. * * * Suppose a man beyond the reach of medical aid, or if within its reach, who is hunched at and called insane when he tells what his trouble is and wishes to be treated for it as he describes it; that when he takes morphine to protract his life and enable him to endure the pain, is he so blameable? Suppose, then, he finds that his case is finally become incurable if the doctors would now use the remedies he wished them to, and so concludes to quit eating and let himself starve since each particle of food he takes but gives him ex-

ceeding pain, is he much to blame for that? So I'm not afflicted with 'groundless terrors' or, indeed, with terrors of any sort, with insomnia, with indifference; for I have been nearly a year coming to the resolution I am now putting into practice and I am glad to say, have been able to maintain for full thirteen days. * * *

"Hoping I may have the fortitude to endure to the end. I lie waiting for what I could do in a minute. But I think that the charge of insanity, &c., will vanish if I meet death in this fashion. * * *

"Sept. 4, Tuesday—Yesterday used but one grain, and then did without for more than twenty-four hours as a last protest that I am not a morphine eater, and that it gives me no trouble to quit it. Now I only took this dose to keep my nerve up, as I am dying, and my breath is very offensive. Perhaps it will improve that. I cannot read; I am too weak to hold up the book. Even to write this gives me trouble. I suppose I will last out the day. So often when I thought that I was dying I passed along Life is so strong in me."

"4.25 p.m.—Took 2.5 gr. to numb my consciousness if possible; am semi-nauseated and cannot read anything nor can I sleep. I am sitting in the big chair, but the upright position makes me too dizzy. I am going fast, I think."

"Sept. 6, Thursday—How little is needed to sustain life! * * * Ah, but I'm tired of life! I see the danger of making a mistake of it is too great. Now I almost see the ending. The hunger torture is savage; will apply some calomel to pit of stomach. Perhaps relief."

"Sept. 12, Wednesday, twenty-fifth day—Can't describe the weakness I feel. It takes all the nerve force and some time to make time to make the least motion. My hands just fall on the place I mean to place them. The skin of my arms stretches so that it seems big enough for twice their volume."

Dose and sleep. Incapable of anything else. Eat pretty well from my muscles. * * * Nausea all the while; no respite. * * * Feel myself getting weaker."

"Sept. 13, Thursday, twenty-sixth day—About 7 a.m.—Vomited at last—pure bile, about a teaspoonful. Hope that now the nausea will be relieved. * * *

Nausea even after vomiting. Can't escape it. Oh, but I'm tired! I would not advise anybody else to take this method of leaving life. If I had it to do again I would take a pistol. But this has one advantage; no person can say that the man who adopts it and deliberately carries it out is insane. For all his life while he is thus engaged is plain before those who see him."

"Sept. 14, Friday, twenty-seventh day, 9 p.m.—Took two-sevenths of a grain morphine and vomited at once. * * * It was the consequence of sucking some ice. * * * The ice not pure. As twenty-six and seven-eighths days have passed, a time beyond anything on record except that made by, so to speak, professional fasters, I cannot wait long now for my 'Nunc Dimittis'. Yes, I am sorely tempted often to hasten it. * * * Oh, heavens, but I am weak and nauseated!"

"Sept. 15, Saturday, twenty-eighth day—Can't lift my head from pillow. * * * Got a glass of hot coffee. The nausea is indescribable. Twenty-eighth day overpasses all I thought for. Coffee is good to dissipate the taste. * * *

From Sept. 16 to Sept. 23 the slowly dying man chronicled faithfully the progress of his scheme to starve himself to death. The internal pain he suffered turned his thoughts to a quicker suicide, but he resolutely forced himself to keep along the path he had chosen."

"Monday, Sept. 24, thirty-seventh day—Nauseated! I am colder. I notice the circulation is slower in my legs and arms. * * * If I had not passed my word to myself I would take a grain. I am sure it would do it now. Cold! no circulation up to my knees. * * *

The capacity for enduring torture seems to outlast everything else."

"Tuesday, Sept. 25, thirty-eighth day—Nearly blind with pain. * * * My hands are quite cold. Thirty-eight days with retching to complicate it, so weak at the beginning that I could scarce walk across the room, must change the heretofore accepted ideas of the tenacity of life."

"Sept. 26, Tuesday, thirty-ninth day—The nausea is savage. * * * I lie exposed that I may be chilled all possible. When I feel like fainting I will cover up. It's wonderful what temporary force the morphine gives. I can now move easily, while before each the least motion gave you pain such as a broken-backed snake must feel as it tries to escape. Yet whence comes the lubricator? I put none in, yet I plainly feel from the injection point as a centre, or supply point rather, some occult effect running toward any place on which, when I move, a need for something to assist in granting freedom to the muscles, will be called for. It is not, properly speaking, a force, but a something which makes the use of the will power at that point more easy to exercise. * * *

When I attempt to turn in the bed, the lubricator seems all gone in my joints and I creak at each motion. That would be well enough, but each motion tortures. * * * A something impalpable seems to hold up my hand. * * * It is my will, for the muscular force has vanished with the fatty tissues. * * * Whether in this prolonged act I am wrong or right I do not argue. It is my pleasure to quit life, because it offers me a more lingering death, with constant pain in the interval, and to quit it in this manner because against the intellect of one who so departs, surely nothing can be said of a derogatory nature by any one whose opinion is worth hearing."

From the fortieth day his diary shows how he wondered that death did not come. He began to think that starvation would not end his life, and he had curious ideas as to a man's ability to defeat death without food. His diary closed Sept. 29, with "Am about blind." He was conscious within twelve hours of his death—Chicago Herald.

Canada's Carpet Looms

Something like 250 carpet looms are in operation in Canada, and the annual production amounts to about 1,000,000 yards. About \$150,000 is earned by 500 operatives.

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MARCH 16th, 1893.

DEAR SIR.—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicines. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings

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