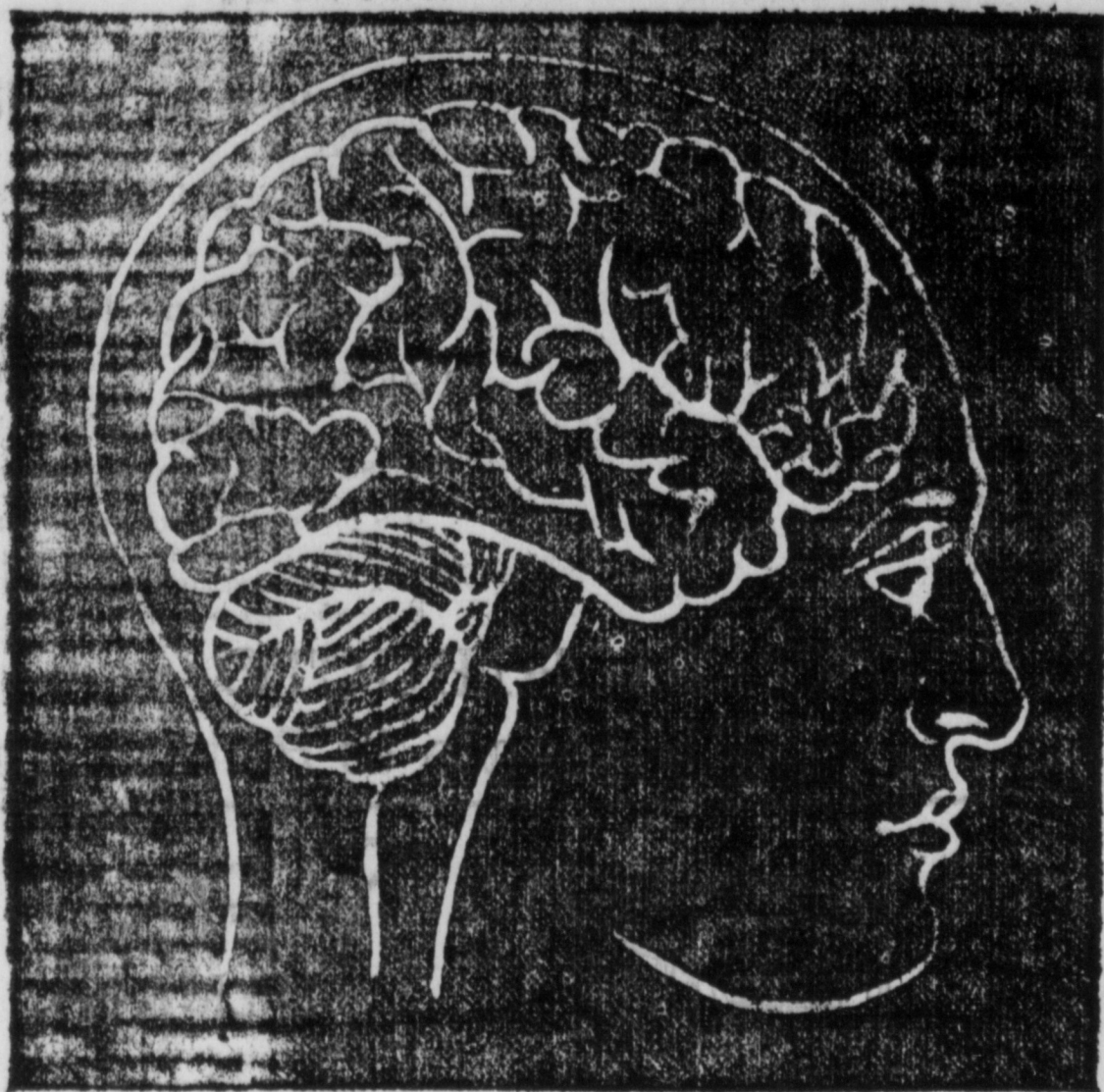


Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



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 healthful 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 Nerve 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 Nerve 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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Heavy Metals, Barbed Fencing Wire, Terra Cotta Pipe and Connections, Lead Pipes, Shot, Etc., Etc. always on Hand.

A NIGHT OF DEATH.

It was a disagreeable night. A sharp cutting wind had set in early in the evening, and continued with unabated vigor all the night. A drizzle, half rain, and half snow, set in with it, and cut the face of the unlucky pedestrian like so much hail.

At the club we huddled around the fires and, warm though the rooms were, shivered uncomfortably every time a strong gust would send the sleet driving against the window panes.

"Ugh!" said the colonel, looking at me under his heavy eyebrows, and grasping the lapels of his coat he pulled them together as though to shut out the unpleasant feeling that seemed to prevail in the air.

I shivered sympathetically. "A bad night," muttered the colonel laconically, and he drew his chair closer to the fireplace.

"It might be worse," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness; but it fell flat.

It was near midnight, and Colonel Montfort and I had just returned from the theatre to enjoy a moment's warmth in the clubroom. We had it almost to ourselves for the night did not encourage late wanderings.

I rose to my feet and stretched my arms and legs.

"Home?" inquired the colonel looking at his watch.

"Just as well," I said with a shrug of my shoulders: the gloom and dismalness of the weather seemed to have settled everywhere.

Colonel Montfort and I enjoyed a suite of rooms in one of the best flats in St. Paul, and led a nearly ideal existence for two such old bachelors as we were.

The colonel was an old southern man, and had seen service in the "Brothers' war." He had earned his rank by valiant and distinguished service for the Union forces he was a tall, well built man, with a commanding presence, and although past the middle age carried his years well.

I, on the other hand, although snugly put together and possessed of unusual endurance, was greatly his inferior in point of physique, and our friends at the club were wont to allude to us as "David and Goliath."

"That comparison is unjust," the colonel said one day laughingly, "for I am sure neither of us desires the other's death."

And we did not think then that that would.

"And it is extremely doubtful that this David will ever inflict a death wound to this Goliath," interposed a friend.

He laughed at the idea. But the colonel rose with a yawn, and again looking at his watch donned his wraps, and we went out into the slippery streets.

"Not a beastly cab in sight," grumbled my friend, as we peered about. "And on such a night too!" he added, with a grimace.

So we had to make the best of it, and trudged slowly home through the slush. The rain poured and beat upon us, and the wind whirled pitilessly about our muffled heads.

"Ugh," said the colonel with a shake.

And "Ugh!" repeated I. But I could not shake off the depression that had settled upon me with the sleet; and a foreboding of evil took possession of me that I tried in vain to dispel.

I was possessed of very sensitive nerves, and this combined with the life I led and the influence that had surrounded me since my birth made me a coward in some things. And never did I feel such an undefinable dread, and never were my senses so quick to make mountains out of molehills as at the times when my spirits were depressed and my nerves made jangling by untoward weather. I was veritably a coward in the dark.

Usually when I got in a well lighted and heated room I could shake this depression off; but not so to night.

"You look excited," my dear Kane, said the colonel as we flung ourselves in easy chairs and stirred up the fire. I rose and went to the looking glass in one end of the room and started back shocked as I caught sight of my face.

It was filled with a tense, suppressed excitement that I had never seen there before—hair actually appeared like bristles upon my head, and under my eyes were large, dark rings.

After my first start I laughed somewhat awkwardly I am afraid, and told the colonel that I had evidently been dissipating too heavily of late.

He smiled absently and kept staring into the fire.

"Well, I guess I'll go to bed," I said after a pause.

The colonel nodded without looking up, and bidding him good night I left the cozy sitting room and made preparations for repose.

The colonel and I occupied separate sleeping apartments, as our suite was large, using the remaining rooms together. Until a day or two ago we had had a valet who attended to our wants, but he had left us, and we had as yet been unable to find a suitable person to take his place. My room was quite large for a bedroom, but for that reason I preferred it to a smaller one, as I was quite a stickler on matters of hygiene.

I undressed and went to bed. I finally heard the colonel leave the sitting room and go to his own apartment. A little later I heard the springs of his bed creak and knew that he also had sought the arms of Morpheus.

I heard the clock in the hall strike one, but I was still as wide awake as I was an hour before. My nerves, instead of becoming reposed, became more and more susceptible to the least jar. The cracking of an ember in the fireplace in the next room caused my heart to leap into my mouth and almost stop beating. The creaking of a board set the cold perspiration to my face. I lay still and scarcely dared to breathe until my body pained in every joint from lying in one position so long.

I heard the colonel's breathing in the next room. Then I heard a door slam on the flight below, and with difficulty suppressed a shriek.

And all the time I cursed myself for my cowardice; cursed myself for being such a child, and vowed that if I were allowed to live until morning I would stop drinking hot gins and smoking strong cigars.

I heard the clock strike two, and then must have fallen into a troubled sleep. I dreamed—oh, God, what did I not dream? Would that all that happened that ill fated night had been but a dream!

For one thing, I dreamed that the last day had come, and that I with countless others had hurried toward a large, snow capped mountain. There were billows

of fire behind us and mountains of fire above us, yet we hurried on—on—never stopping, never turning. Clouds of smoke and flame rolled about us, yet through it all could be seen that mountain top, cold and serene in the midst of all that heat and woe, and its snow decked top seemed ever to beckon us on—on—on.

Thousands and millions died at my side, before and behind me. But I cared not. I grew gaunt with hunger and faint with fatigue, but still I hurried on. I crossed rivers of ice and valleys of fire, but they stopped me not.

At last I reached it. I started toward the top. Wearily, night and day, I traveled, and those who with me reached the bottom of the hoar capped giant fell off one by one, and at last I alone was left.

And alone I reached the top. And a feeling of indescribable ease and peace came over me, and I laid myself down in the cold, white snow and fell asleep.

How long I slept in the crystal snow I know not. For there, too, I had a dream. I saw two forms approach. One all white and pure, with peace and good will beaming from his eyes; the other black as night, and from his eyes gleamed forth the fires of hell.

The fair one looked at me sleeping, with a world of agony and sorrow in his eyes; then he turned his head toward the sky and looked up in supplication while great tears fell from his eyes and onto the cold snow. And wherever a tear fell sweet flowers sprang up, and the fragrance that was wafted from them was not of earth.

But the other form approached me until it stood at my very side, looking down at me with burning eyes. I strove to move, to shriek, to pray, but all in vain.

Then I saw him stoop and stretch out his hand. It hung over my face an instant, then fell upon my forehead.

Then a great pain racked all my body and spirit, and at the instant I heard countless voices give a cry that boomed out from the mountain top and was heard over all the earth. And this was what they said, and the words still ring in my ears and never leave me while life lasts:

"And this is death!" And I awoke. And horrors of hell, that clammy, burning hand still rested upon my face, and those burning orbs still peered into mine!

I did not faint. If I had, I would not have been alive to tell the tale. For that clammy, burning hand had moved down my face until it reached my throat, and the gleaming eyes shifted and turned and moved with the hand.

Then with an all powerful effort, with a strength that was not mine, I clutched the hand and flung it from me and leaped out of the bed.

To reach the door and dart into the sitting room was the work of an instant. I turned even as I ran and saw those burning eyes follow.

"Colonel!" I cried hoarsely and scarce louder than a child. And as the dread thing approached I ran to his room. But, oh, God! the door was open, the room empty. And turning again, with the despair of death upon my brow, I saw those burning eyes again. They were the eyes of a madman, and the face approached until the hot breath hissed into my ears.

And the face was that of Colonel Montfort.

What happened then I do not know. It is a year and over since that dread night, and I am still an invalid. They say I am mad at times, but what wonder! My nerves are shattered, my life ruined. Never can I efface one incident of that night from my seared memory, and even as night it haunts me in dreams.

That morning, so they say, they found the colonel and myself lying on the floor in his bedroom, the colonel with a knife in his heart and I lying by his side with my hand still clutching the handle of the knife. I was delirious for months, and from my ravings they gathered the story. I suppose now that at that moment of supreme agony and despair I grasped a knife which the colonel always had in his room, and to save myself killed him.

And in the colonel's will it was found that he had left his all to "my friend"—the man that killed him.—A. B. Federmann in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The British Empire.

The British empire is a political creation unparalleled in the world's history, not only by its extent and population, in both which respects it is slightly surpassed by China, but because, with an area of more than 10,000,000 square miles and with 352,000,000 inhabitants, it is scattered over the whole globe. It embraces all zones from the icy wilderness of Hudson Bay to the tropical jungles of India and the mahogany forests of Honduras; there is scarcely a product which a British province does not bring forth in excellent quality; and not less various are the degrees of civilization of its inhabitants, from the Kafirs of the Cape to the highly cultivated citizens of Toronto or Sydney. We find, with Christians of all confessions, 200,000,000 Hindoos, about 70,000,000 Mohammedans, and 8,000,000 Buddhists; and the Bible is printed in 130 languages and dialects represented in the empire, yet, notwithstanding such promiscuous elements, the government, with rare exceptions, maintains order, and no sign of dissolution is visible.—Dr. F. Heinrich Geffcken, in October Forum.

Her Slumming Experience.

An amusing story is told of a West Walnut street young woman who, having read strange tales of slumming in London, determined to visit Philadelphia's own very tough slum district and see what life there was like. As a sort of preliminary she supplied herself with a number of tracts, having a vague idea that the benighted residents there were in need of spiritual instruction. Boarding a Seventh street car she got off at Bainbridge and to the first man she saw, who was leaning idly against a lamp post, she very politely handed one of the tracts. He took it good-naturedly, and, after glancing at it, returned it with the smiling remark that he was a married man. Greatly mystified by this expression, she looked at the tract and saw that it was entitled "Abide With Me." She took the next car home, vowing vengeance against tracts and slumming.—Philadelphia Record.

Hardships of Literature.

Bilgers—I tell you this literary work is terribly wearing. Why, I've got writer's cramp.

Willis—Working on a book?

Bilgers—No. Signing petitions for candidates.—Chicago Record.

USE PELEE ISLAND WINES FOR DEBILITY NATURE'S TONIC.

E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. MARCH 15th, 1895.

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 weakness 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, N. B.

E. G. SCOVILL,
TEA and WINE MERCHANT, wholesale
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Successor to Curran & Walker.
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CROCKERYWARE and GLASSWARE.

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ALL GOODS SOLD AT VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

KINGSTON, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

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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CHROMATIC PRINTING a Specialty.

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Stencils furnished at a moment's notice

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NOTHING EASIER

if you will let us help you.

HOW?

Why, send in an order for a sample lot of

SOMETHING GOOD,
THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR ON EARTH.

Manufactured only by the

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO.,
MONTREAL.

I offer for sale a two-thirds interest in all that farm and premises on which the late Harrison T. Smith resided at the time of his death, situate at Molus River, Weldford Parish and purchased by him from William Chandler and Holderness and Chilton. The farm is conveniently situated on the Post Road and the road leading down the north side of the river and is a well known and desirable property.

ALSO—100 acres near the Kent Northern Railway granted to Bushrod W. Smith.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Richibucto, Sept. 22nd, 1894.

Public Notice!

Public Notice is hereby given that, in accordance with a resolution adopted at a public meeting held in the Court House at Richibucto, Saturday, Dec. 22nd, 1894, a bill will be presented for enactment at the next session of the provincial legislature. The object desired to be attained by this bill is to give the Kent County council authority to assess the town of Richibucto for the purpose of lighting the streets of said town.

D. W. GIBBERSON,
Sec. to Public Meeting,
Richibucto, Jan. 15th, 1895.