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How Lost How Restored.

JUST published, a new edition of Dr. Cul-
verwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical
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by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable
essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years'
successful practice, that the alarming conse-
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pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, cer-
tain, and effectual, by means of which every
sufferer, no matter what his condition may be,
may cure himself chiefly, privately and radi-
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This lecture should be in the hand
youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any
address, on receipt of fourcents, or two postage
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THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.
41 Ann 45 St. New York N. O. P. Y. 450

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDERS FOR WATER TANKS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed and marked on the outside, "Tender
for tanks" will be received until Saturday, Au-
gust 10th, for the construction and erection of 50-
000 gallon water tanks at the following places:—
Hallow, St. Pierre, St. Charles, Ste. Helene,
Riviere du Loup, Causapsal, Mill Stream Ba-
thurst, Moncton and Folliegh.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the
Mechanical Superintendents office, Moncton, N.
B., and at the offices of the station masters at
the places where the tanks are to be erected,
where forms of tender may be obtained.

Each tender must be accompanied by a de-
posit equal to five per cent of the amount of the
tender.

This deposit may consist of cash, or of an ac-
cepted bank cheque, made payable to the Hon.
Minister of Railways and Canals, and marked
"accepted" by the bank upon which it is drawn;
and it will be forfeited if the party tendering
neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when
called upon to do so, or if, after entering into the
contract, he fails to complete the work satis-
factorily according to the plans and specification.
If the tender is not accepted, the deposit will be
returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms
supplied by the Department will not be bound to accept
them on any tender.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office,
Moncton N. B., 25th July, 1889,

Harver's Photos.

IN ALL THE

Latest Styles

—STUDIO—

164 Queen Street

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Pictures copied and enlarged.

LUMINOUS INSECTS.

How They Are Robbed of their Radiance
And Utilized by Birds.

Essential to man as a cosmopolite, his
earthly pre-eminence rests on the exclusive
use of fire, says the New York Ledger.
Withholding it from brutes was essential to
his rule over them. Did they possess the
power to elicit it, enraged by his tyranny,
they would set and keep the world in
flames. His superiority would wane, and
his tenure on earth be uncertain and in-
secure. To prevent this, special provision
has been made. Animals fly from fire—a
dread of it is implanted in their natures.
Those that prey in the night are compelled
by a law of their organization to avoid it;
for when dazzled by the blaze of a torch, the
contraction of their pupils amounts in some
species to blindness, and in all the sight is
affected.

Hence, though many of the lower tribes
surpass man in physical energies, speed,
fight, duration of life, minuteness and mag-
nitude of their works, happily none can
strike fire, nor fan it into flame. Still lights
in the night were not withheld wholly from
the lower tribes. For those that required
them, a special illuminating element was
provided. There are some that surpass in
numbers the human species, of which every
individual carries a torch that rivals in
brilliance the best of our candles, the ma-
terials for which they have the power to
secrete. Glow-worms and fire-flies are fa-
miliar examples. In tropical climes various
luminous insects are attached to female
head-dresses. They are used also as lamps.
We have read fine print in a dark room by
the light of two Long Island fire-flies in a
tumbler. But man was not the first to rob
these living gems of their liberty and radi-
ance. There are birds that seize and sus-
pend them as chandeliers for their dwell-
ings. The bottle-nosed sparrow, or baya,
is one of the kidnappers. Its nest is closely
woven like cloth in the form of an inverted
bottle, with the entrance at the orifice of
the neck. It is divided inside into cham-
bers, profoundly dark till lit up by fire-flies
caught alive, and mercifully fixed to the
walls or ceiling with pieces of wet clay for
sconces.

ALL ABOUT PARESIS.

An Insidious Disease Which De-
stroys Many Brain-Workers.

The Theories of Some Noted Physicians—
Once Afflicted with the Brain-Destroy-
er, the Patient's Only Hope is
the Grave—Prominent Victims.

Paresis is a disease of comparatively modern
growth. Americans are its victims
more than any other people on earth. It
loves a brilliant mark, and the best and
brainiest of our land become its prey. It is
incurable. When once within its clutches
the subject undergoes a living death; a
slow, tortuous, deceptive one, but still the
dark river is inevitably reached.

There are many causes which induce
 paresis—overwork, overindulgence in alco-
holic beverages, tobacco or narcotics or
other excesses.

People of small mental caliber need not
fear paresis, provided they do not cripple
their brains by overindulgence in liquor.

Statistics show that but one per cent. of
the cases reported are women.

From the time when the first traces of
the disease are apparent but three years are
required to consign the patient to the grave.
There are cases where the victim lingers on
for twelve or fourteen years. This only oc-
curs where the subject is given to alcoholic
and narcotic excesses and possesses in ad-
dition great physical powers. For three-
quarters of that period he is a pitiable sight.
His frame is without the slightest spark of
life, his eyes are lusterless, his muscles
flabby and flesh like that of a corpse. In a
word, he is a helpless idiot, tortured by
dark hallucinations, tormented by physical
fears, and death finally comes as a glad re-
lease.

Brilliant men are the first to fall beneath
its insidious advances. Bankers, lawyers,
editors, actors, playwrights and even doc-
tors compose the greater part of the roll of
its victims. In the very fact that its progress
is insidious the danger lies. When the
symptoms are discovered the patient
has gone beyond hope of recovery. Once
the work of mental disintegration begun,
the only end is the grave.

The striking peculiarity of paresis, para-
doxical as the statement may seem, is its
apparent suddenness. A strong, vigorous
man, in the prime of life—the president of
a railroad, if you please—a man endowed
with physical and mental attributes to an
extraordinary degree, is suddenly stricken
down and compelled to take a long rest. He
goes to Europe, visits the land of the Cid,
wanders about the catacombs and inhales
the breezes of the Mediterranean at Monte
Carlo. He finally returns to work, but is
incapable of effort. He leaves his desk.
The process of mental disintegration goes
on and the inevitable end is calmly waited.
This case is like thousands of others.
When the victim shows the first symptoms
his "breaking down" is thought to be due to
overwork. Friends urge that a brief rest
will restore him to his usual condition. It
does not. The mind grows weaker. The
body, strange to say, seems to develop.
Finally the mind becomes warped, dark
pictures come before it, and the body fails.
The patient can not sleep, has excruciating
pains in the head, eats abnormally, but
without preserving the physical powers, and
finally the body, like the mind, wastes away
to a mere skeleton. Then comes death.

Sometimes the victim rallies a bit. He
seems to regain in a measure his mental
control, and is permitted to test his strength
of intellect again in business or professional
pursuits. Then the reaction comes quick
and sudden. The mind resumes its defect-
ive condition; the same phantasmagoria
afflict it; the same painful hallucinations
terrify it. Then comes the end.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the famous
specialist and a recognized authority upon
mental diseases, gave a New York Star re-
porter a few facts about the remarkable
disease:

"Paresis," said Dr. Hamilton, "is fre-
quently misunderstood by many people. It
is generally supposed to be insanity—pure
and simple—with a new name. It is the
fashion nowadays to call all forms of men-
tal disturbance paresis. It is a paralyzing
of the nerve fibers. The disease has in-
creased alarmingly in this country within
the last eight or ten years, and from what
I can learn is dependent directly upon vice
and not upon the overworking of the brain.
Alcoholism frequently induces it.

"I have seen innumerable cases of paresis
in the asylums, and many in my private
practice, and find, as a rule, that the disease
attacks persons who are primarily dissipa-
ted and who are addicted to a great or irreg-
ular amount of mental work. Generally the

first symptoms begin with feelings of de-
spondency or depression, which is followed
after a time by wonderfully extravagant
ideas. Some subjects believe that they can
make enormous wealth by carrying out a
scheme or idea they cherish. Others be-
lieve they have a heaven-born mission to do
something good and great for their fellow-
man, such as the establishment of new
faiths or doctrines. The schemes are al-
ways colossal. The victim of paresis never
entertains any thing small. When under
the domination of these delusions the sub-
ject is likely to treat with violence any one
who questions his powers or belief.

"After this period has passed away,
there may be a cessation of the symptoms
of paresis, and his friends begin to hope
that the patient may recover. This period
may last five or six months, but with the
certainty of fate the apparent soundness of
mind vanishes, and the wild mental pic-
tures return with greater force than before.
The disease then makes its way, with prob-
ably recurring periods of sanity, but they
are always shorter, and the inevitable end
comes.

"With the progress of the disease the
frame wastes away, the strength leaves
the patient, the muscles become flabby and
general paralysis sets in. At the last stage
of his illness the patient becomes devoid of
consciousness, incapable of motion, his eyes
are lusterless, saliva oozes from his mouth
and he fades away from earth.

"Men are almost always the victims of
paresis, and they generally vary in age
from forty to forty-five years. Only one
per cent. or thereabout of known cases of
paresis are women. Alcohol and overwork
in an irregular way and in irregular hours
are the causes of paresis.

"Excessive mental work, with recourse
to narcotics, alcohol or other stimulants,
frequently causes paresis. This is fre-
quently exemplified in the case of bankers,
lawyers, journalists and others who insist
on working sixteen hours a day, and who
employ stimulants to keep up their strength
instead of getting natural rest."

Among the distinguished people of this
great and busy land who have died from
paresis caused by intoxicating their mental
strength are Wilber F. Storey, proprietor
of the Chicago Times, John McCullough and
Bartley Campbell.

Mineral Shoe Blacking.

There is a farm in Rush Valley, Utah,
upon which has been discovered a mine
of natural shoe blacking, which produces a
fine polish not easily dimmed. Truly, there
are more things in the earth, Horatio, than
were ever dreamt of by the old philosophers.
Up in Wind river country there was found
some years ago a deposit of natural soap.
No doubt if we keep on digging we shall
find in due time towels, tooth-brushes and
such things all fully developed. She's a
great old Mother Earth, and no wonder so
many people want all of it.

Simple Diphtheria Cure.

A correspondent recommends tar smoke
for a diphtheria cure. His treatment is to
put a few drops of tar, like that used in
ship-yards, on a warm stove-lid, and to re-
quire the patient to inhale and swallow the
smoke ten times a day for five minutes
each time. He has been invariably suc-
cessful in his experiments.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Invent Something That People Need, and
the Dollars Will Roll In.

"One of the best opportunities for a
young fellow to make money quickly in
these days," said a self-made millionaire to
a New York Tribune reporter recently, "is
to rack his brains until he has invented
something useful or that the public wants.
A general impression prevails that it takes
a skilled engineer or a man of phenomenal
inventive ability to develop any thing use-
ful to manufacturers in this age of ma-
chinery. But there is a wide field open to
shrewd amateurs, so to speak, to supply
little articles of convenience to housekeep-
ers, shopkeepers, etc., and designers can
be had at reasonable rates to execute the
idea once it is conceived. American women
are so accustomed to getting what they
want that any thing which lightens their
labors in the household is sure to 'go.'
When I was a boy on the farm at home my
mother used to make me clean all the din-
ner knives on Sunday with bath-brick.
Now, scraping this brick into a fine powder
without lumps in it used to be the most
tedious part of the whole work. The other
day I heard of a man who has made a
fortune by supplying the trade with pow-
dered bath-brick in neat packages. You
know how difficult it is to pick up small
coins from a wooden counter. Yet the
whole civilized world has growled at and
endured it since coins were stamped and
counters made, until the other day a young
fellow invented a rubber mat, with little
bristles of rubber standing up thickly all
over it. Coins thrown on the mat are as
easily picked up as if they stood on edge.
The public was quick to appreciate it, and
the inventor need not work for a living any
longer."

An Important Meeting.

Chairman (at the Ladies' Anti-Slang So-
ciety)—I have heard remarks made by
members to the effect that, while it is doubt-
less a good thing to cultivate an elegant
mode of expression, it is hardly important
enough to meet in session over it. This is a
great mistake, my sisters—a deplorable
mistake. The woman whose speech is pure
and free from slangy idioms has a perfect
picnic.

Monkeys in a Corn-Field.

In a very interesting article recently pub-
lished by the Popular Science Monthly on
the "Directive Faculty in Brutes," the
foray of a tribe of monkeys on a field of
corn is described. When they get ready to
start on their expedition an old monkey, the
leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand,
so as to stand upright more easily, marches
ahead on two legs, thus being more elevat-
ed than the others, so as to see signs of
danger more readily. The rest follow him
on all fours. The leader advances slowly
and cautiously, carefully reconnoitering in
all directions till the party arrive at the
corn-field. He then assigns the sentinels to
their respective posts. All being now in
readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and
eat to their heart's content. When they
retire each one carries two or three ears of
corn along, and from this provision the sen-
tinels are regaled on their arrival at their
lair. Here we see ability to rule and a wil-
lingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful
preparation of means to the end in view
and a recognition of the rights of the sen-
tinels to be suitably rewarded at the close
of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ
from a similar foray of a tribe of savage
men? The only difference that really exists
is in degree; otherwise it is much the
same.

SULTAN SIDI MOHAMMED.

A Ruler Who, by His Subjects, Is Consid-
ered Almost Divine.

This morning M. Tissot is to carry to the
Sultan, on behalf of the President of the
Republic, the grand cordon of the Legion of
Honor, writes Benjamin Constant in Har-
per's Magazine. I shall see the man before
whom trembles the whole race of one of the
oldest peoples of the world, the Sultan in
person, the Eldest Son of God, clothed in
glory and power, a man more than royal and
almost divine.

I have donned my dress clothes and my
white cravat, and my gibbous hat towers
above my head. This garb seems to me so
ridiculous that I am ashamed of it for the
sake of art, for the sake of my country, and
above all for my own sake. Must I, then, ap-
pear thus masqueraded beneath the irony of
the sun? And if there were only the sun to
see me, it would not be so terrible, but
there will be a whole nation to jeer at us!

My anticipation is being realized—we are
a laughing-stock. The whole town is in a
hubbub as we march through with our
escort of infantry in red uniforms, of Jan-
issaries attached to the legation, of inter-
preters and officers and all the official
gala. My dress-coat is mingled with rose-
colored caftans, and my tall hat rises with
misplaced pride above turbans of spotless
whiteness; around me ceremonial court
swords clatter against Barbary yataghans,
gold-striped trousers pass side by side with
bare legs, and white gloved hands shake
hands with black hands. The women, when
they see me, hide behind pillars to give
vent to their laughter without restraint,
and the countenances of the men finally as-
sume a smile of disdain and pity. Amongst
the Moors black cloth is of an accused
color. Perhaps they take me for the public
executioner.

We pass through the door, and we are
now in the court-yard where the Sultan
Sidi Mohammed is to receive us. It is a
square court, which the oblique rays of the
sun cut into two divisions of light and shadow.
In the middle the crowd of courtiers is
collected; ministers, officers, slaves, either
Arabs or negroes, all dressed in white, are
drawn up in two lines face to face. In the
right-hand corner are the horses of the
Sultan with their gold harness, each one
held by a Moorish warrior, and a gala car-
riage formerly presented to the Sultan by
Queen Victoria. In this carriage no one
ever sat, and no horse was ever harnessed
to it, but on the occasion of all official cer-
emonies it is dragged out as if it were a
triumphal trophy. To the left is drawn up
the private guard of the Emperor.

We dismounted, and the master of the
ceremonies, himself but slightly cere-
monious, armed with a staff, points out our
places with a ferocious look, and beneath
the blazing sun, in the torrent of light that
plays on the burnoose, we wait in silence.

Suddenly the bronze gates re-echo with a
shock, a flourish of trumpets is heard, the
palace opens, and the Sultan appears, clad
in white. He is mounted on a superb white
horse with a green saddle and trappings,
green being the color of the Emir. The in-
stant the master appears the whole court
bows to the ground, and, like a murmur at
once humble and martial, a clamor ever
growing in strength, the cry rises: "May
Allah protect our master!"

The Sultan advances toward us in his sac-
erdotal majesty; at his side walks a man
who holds over the Emperor's head the pa-
rasol, symbol of command. This parasol,
nearly ten feet high, is of amaranthine
color, lined with blue silk, embroidered
with gold and surmounted by a gilded ball.
The man who carries it from time to time
lifts his eyes toward the all-mighty master
whom he shelters, with an expression of re-
ligious dread, like that of a dog beneath the
threat of the whip, and when he lowers his
eyes and looks upon his own person he
seems to admire himself, as if his soul ven-
erated his body because that body is, as it
were, an inherent part of the sacred thing
with which rests the glory of furnishing
shade for the brow of the Sultan.

Motionless in his green saddle and golden
stirrups, the Emperor has stopped M.
Tissot, and looks straight before him.
From time to time his eyes move and glance
at us with rapid inspection; but in spite of
the curiosity with which we feel that he is
filled, his eyes never condescend to fix us
directly. Sidi Mohammed and the Amba-
sador exchange, through the organ of the
interpreters, the usual compliments. When
the Sultan speaks he contemplates atten-
tively his horse's ears, as if the lesson that
he repeats were written there. The court-
iers, prostrate around him, drink the words
that fall from his divine lips; and yet, di-
vine as are those lips, Sidi Mohammed
stammers. While the ears listen to him,
the eyes of the assembly caress rather
than contemplate him. Two Moors, awe-
stricken by their holy task, drive away
with their hands the flies that buzz around
the royal babouches; another has the mis-
sion of passing his finger-tips every few
minutes along the hem of the imperial bur-
noose, to drive away the desecrating air;
while to another—and how many envy
him—is allotted the task of stroking and
patting the Sultan's horse. In all eyes, in
all hearts, you feel that there is an absolute
devotion, a loving passion, a frenzy, a
worship of this sexagenarian mulatto who
is more than a man, more than a King—a
god who deigns to live amongst them. He
would only have to say one word, and every
one of those fanatics would shed every
drop of his blood gratefully and with
ecstasy in order to satisfy a single one of
his caprices.

M. Tissot handed to the Sultan's Minister
the case containing the grand cordon, and
then presented each of us in turn. Each time
that a name was pronounced with the ac-
companying title the Sultan cast upon us a
rapid glance, furtive but kindly, and said,
automatically: "Marababickoum!" (welcome!

Suddenly the Emperor wheeled his horse
round and rode toward the threshold of his
palace. Then once more the trumpets flour-
ished; ministers, generals, soldiers, slaves,
all bowed to the ground; and again the cry
arose: "May Allah protect our master!"
And when the bronze gates were closed,
the crowd rose from the ground and looked
around with a remnant of alarm, as if still
terror-stricken by what had taken place.

After this the dignitaries came to us and
laid upon us marks of the liveliest affec-
tion, gesticulating and smiling, and press-
ing our hands to their hearts. They said to
us: "How handsome he is, is he not? How
great is our master! He is the divinity!"
And evidently these men, who are not given
to sincerity, and who lie with such facility
when they talk to us, sincere in this pres-
ent case, expressed only the thousandth
part of their religious adoration.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

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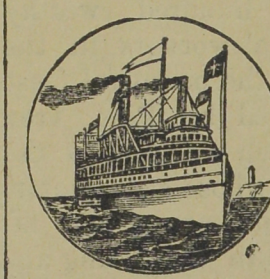
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pleasant and the expenses moderate.
The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90
begins on the 29th of August next, and the 2nd
term on the 2nd of January, 1890.
For further particulars address the President
for a Calendar.
Sackville, Aug. 10, 1889.