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VOL 37

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1897.

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HOMILY ON NERVOUSNESS.

Some Practical Ideas That Are Drawn by a Thin, Old Layman.

The most casual glance at the columns of the newspapers betrays the fact that nervous complaints, as recently asserted by the medical profession, are greatly on the increase. Comparison will demonstrate that we Americans are becoming, if we are not already, the most highly strung and nervous people in the world.

But nervousness, as expressed by various well meaning citizens, seems to be a certain resentment against noise. I am considering the point from the vantage or disadvantage of a layman. Is mere noise the cause or simply the evidence of nervousness? That's what I want to know. To be clearer, is mere noise the creator of nervousness, or is the universal complaint of these noises merely the evidence of growing nervousness? Most of the errors of reasoning, I believe, are from the confusion of cause and effect.

When a letter carrier suddenly and unexpectedly pipes his thin, shrill whistle up a vibrant hallway and causes me to start, it is easy and natural to say he makes me nervous. And when an elevated train, brakes down, approaches a station, causing every wheel to scream and shriek, it "sets my teeth on edge," and the charge is instantly filed against the railroad company of creating nervous disorders. Whereas, the facts are I was nervous already, and the letter carrier's shrill whistle only demonstrated it, and if I had not been a sufferer from nervousness the elevated noises would simply have had no effect upon my mind whatever. And if I sat down and wrote to the newspapers complaining against all these manifold noises I should only advertise my nervous condition to the whole community.

I am aware that I shall run counter to the popular theory when I assert that noises have nothing whatever to do with nervousness. The nervous person will jump higher and quicker when silently approached from the rear, being unexpectedly confronted silently in the dark, being suddenly touched by some one till that moment unseen or unheard, or even prove more nervous under conditions of absolute silence. It can be easily demonstrated that a man who can sleep like a babe on the line of the elevated road will be awakened at the crow of chickens in the country, and yet be unable to sleep at no sounds at all. The man who is disturbed by the noises of the city is a nervous man who would toss all night on a sleepless couch in the dead quiet of the country. The only reason there is more nervousness is because our mode of life creates nervousness. We drink more, smoke more, eat more and go the pace generally—and then lay it on to noises.—New York Herald.

Carter's for Wall Paper

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May 17th, 1897.

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Can Prove That Paine's Celery Compound Cured Mr. Beechinor.

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Laid low for years by sciatica and rheumatism, and rendered helpless and weak from continued agonies, Mr. J. Beechinor, of Shiloh, Ont., was almost giving up in despair. Doctors and their prescriptions and patent medicines had failed, and the future looked dark and gloomy.

While deep in the pit of misery and suffering a bright ray of hope shined Mr. Beechinor's heart. There was one medicine he had not tried; it might possibly cure him. That medicine was Paine's Celery Compound.

Prompted by faith, Mr. Beechinor used Paine's Celery Compound for a time. This act of faith brought its grand rewards—freedom from pain, new strength, activity, energy, suppleness and a robustness of health.

Mr. Beechinor's motive in coming before the public through the newspaper is to benefit rheumatics and all sick people by directing their attention to the only medicine that can cure. He writes thus:

"For five years I suffered from sciatica and rheumatism, at times being so bad that I could not walk or put my hand to my mouth. If I attempted to do any work I would be crippled for weeks. I took medical treatment, patent medicines, Turkish and mineral baths, but all failed to meet my case. Some time ago I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using six bottles I feel like a new man, and can do a hard day's work and feel none the worse for it. I have also gained in weight, and can say am permanently cured."

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WHY HE FAILED TO LAUGH.

Was Afraid He Would Miss Something if He Did So.

While a small party of Clevelanders were abroad last year they chanced to be in an English town of limited attractions, and it was suggested that all hands attend the theater in the evening to make up for the disappointment of the day. Now, one of the party is a gentleman of somewhat circumscribed notions about the stage and its mission, and it was feared that he might be a little offended at the suggestion. But, no; he consented to go with great, apparent willingness, and the party set forth.

The play of the evening was one of those hilarious adaptations from the French, where a staid householder of mature years takes a night off and makes the most of it in an atmosphere of champagne and general revelry. As the performance progressed and the fun grew faster and more furious the other members of the party looked at the man with rigid views with considerable solicitation. How would he take it? Would he get up and go out? Might he not even rise from his seat and denounce the performance? But, no; he sat there quietly enough, his face fixed in a look of frozen intentions and his eyes glaring through his spectacles at the spectacle beyond the footlights. However else he might regard the performance, he certainly wasn't amused. Not a ghost of a smile crossed his face. The others might laugh and nudge each other, but he sat stolidly through it all to the very fall of the curtain.

When they were all going down the stairs, one of the party had the temerity to ask him how he liked the show, and all the others waited with bated breath to hear his withering denunciation.

"Why," he pleasantly answered, "it was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life." "B-but," stammered the astonished questioner, "you didn't laugh. You didn't even smile." "No," answered the other, "I didn't laugh because I was afraid I might lose some of it."

And the laughter that followed that sally was far more enjoyable than anything the play brought forth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At the Portals of the Unknown.

On one occasion only has any really serious attempt been made to explore and investigate the regions situated to the south of the Antarctic circle, and that attempt, incredible as it may appear, was made more than 50 years ago.

Nothing of importance has been undertaken since. Even the portals of this unknown area can hardly be said to have been approached during that time. Half a century is a long period, especially in this enterprising and adventurous age, when the ever restless and enthusiastic energies of the pioneers of civilization are leaving their indelible footprints over portions of the globe that 50 years ago were deemed almost inaccessible, for one particular part of the world to remain wrapped in the same impenetrable darkness that has surrounded it from time immemorial.

Now, however, the time has arrived when the question of polar research in both hemispheres should be equally considered. There is still much to be done in the north, and so long as gallant explorers, like Nansen, Jackson and Peary continue to devote their energies in that direction, we shall not rest satisfied until the entire area of nearly a million and a half square miles has been faithfully delineated on our maps. But it is an indisputable fact that there is much more than this to be done in the south, for there is more than seven times that extent of undiscovered area to be explored, and although the Antarctic circle has been pierced in two or three places, our geographical knowledge of that region is not only extremely limited, but may be regarded as purely conjectural. In the Antarctic we have absolutely everything to learn.—Admiral A. H. Markham, R. N., in North American Review.

A Church Story.

Not very many years ago, in a country church in the west of England, the rector, preaching with great earnestness for home missions, took for his text, "Feed me with food convenient for me." As he came down from the pulpit, well content with the effect his eloquence had produced on the congregation, the disturbing thought struck him that he had made no arrangement for the collection (sure to be a liberal one on this occasion). As he passed through the chancel he whispered hurriedly to an intelligent choirboy, "Go into the vestry, take the plate you will find on the table, hand it round to the congregation, and then bring it to me." The boy departed on his errand, and the rector took his place within the communion rails and gave out the offertory hymn.

The last words of this had scarcely died away when the boy stood before him, a plate of biscuits in his hand, and an apologetic expression on his chubby face. "Please, sir," he explained in an audible voice, "I've handed them all round to everybody, and nobody won't take none!"—London Gentlewoman.

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