

DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

TWO DOCTORS WHO BELIEVE IN THEIR PSYCHIC WRITING.

Strong Impressions as a Guide of Conduct—Fascinating of a Marriage—A Mother's Instinctive Knowledge of a Daughter's Illness—Odd Dreams.

A number of men and women interested in the occult side of life had met to discuss and compare things. A few were confessed believers in spirit intercourse, some were only curious inquirers, while others had experience which could not be explained to their satisfaction.

"I'll tell you what tires me in the whole popular way of looking at this matter," said one of the last. "Nearly everybody who sets out to investigate confines himself to the so-called professional side of it; while we who have knowledge of the thing at first hand know that anything of real value comes either to oneself directly or through some one who does not make it a business. Nobody can investigate psychic phenomena without coming on one tangible fact at least, and that is that there is one clue or rule which fully explains why communications, whether through mediums, dreams, or impressions, will come sometimes and not at other times; or why they generally come when we least expect them, or why often when we seek them most ardently they will not come at all. Now a professional is expected to supply something always, and since he cannot command occult conditions he resorts to the fake business in order to keep up his reputation. Hence, all the exposures of this kind neither prove nor disprove anything. I would give more for the opinion of one man of science, who respected the matter enough to give it some serious study, than for the investigations of fifty sceptics who attend platform seances for the purpose of breaking them up.

"I don't suppose there is another man in America to-day who has had so many strange mental stories related to him as has Prof. William James of Harvard. His great reputation as a psychologist and his ceaseless investigation into mental states have made him the recipient of thousands of mental experiences from people who make no professional study of spiritualism. I put a question to him not long ago, and in answer he replied, in substance, that so far as absolute knowledge goes psychic phenomena are not controlled by any known law. They seem to be entirely sporadic. Sometimes they come to people with apparently tangible cause, and at other times without any cause that can be traced. If all the lesser men of science would only be as honestly outspoken in this matter as are most of the great men, notably such men as Crookes, Wallace, Hodgson, Myers, and others of the Society for Psychical Research, the public would obtain much more light on the subject than it gets now. I could name a good many medical men, for instance, and right here in New York, too, who are just now working most zealously to guard the public against fake doctors, including Spiritualists, as well as Christian Scientists, and who are more than half believers in the things they openly condemn. I was walking the other night with a physician, a keen, alert, up-to-date little man, who told me some very strange things in his own experience.

"I've been a believer in the supernatural all my life," he confessed. "It is not a matter of seeking; I can't help it. How am I most affected? You ask. Well, in two ways: by overpowering impression and by dreams which cannot be ignored. I am fairly impelled to do certain things; experimenting with my impressions has taught me to respect them. Where I have done so I have come to grief. Do I act upon my dreams? Well, I would be a chump if I did not. I have known some dreams which were almost literal forerunners of the event which followed. For example, a friend of mine dreamed that he had read in the newspapers of the failure of a concern in which he had some money. The dream was so vivid that he went at once and drew his money out. He had some trouble in doing it, and made enemies of the concern. But that would have happened anyway, for in two weeks' time the whole thing burst up and there was penury all round. But the man who'd dreamed on a dream had his money intact.

"My dreams are seldom literal; they are rather symbolic; but I have learned to diagnose them as I would the case of a patient. Let me illustrate a case: For years past a messenger has come to me in dreams whenever any important event was in the air, or I had any business project in mind about which I hesitated to act. This messenger is a quaint-looking little woman, plain and past middle age. I have never known such a person in this life. She does not come constantly; her visits are at intervals more or less apart. Some three weeks ago she visited me by dream again.

dressed in the same dark, old-fashioned garb, with a close little bonnet about her face. This time she looked smiling and elated, came close up to me, and touching my cheek with her hand, said: "Don't hesitate any longer; go right on and do what you have in mind. You'll succeed. Don't fear." I went next day and completed a money transaction about which there some venture, and which I had let hang fire. The result is that I am about \$10,000 more in pocket to-day.

"I laughed aloud," continued the narrator, "when the man had finished. 'And you,' I said, believing all this, and having reason to believe it, are one of the most active among the men who are working to get up an active law against all soothsayers, medicinemen, and faithcoursers generally! Aren't you ashamed of your inconstancy?"

"Not at all," he replied with heightened color, "not at all; everything needs to be in the hands of educated men."

"Another doctor, now a middle-aged man related to me not long ago a queer case of his being impression-led. It was in the early days of his practice in a country town where calls were not active and patients lived far apart. One morning he was about to ride to one five miles away. His buggy stood ready at the door; it contained his case of medicines, and everything ready for a start. As he reached the door he seemed to hear a voice—not vocalized, but as it were ringing through his brain, and flooding consciousness; you'll need them.

"So strong was this impression, or sensation, that he paused, hesitating on the doorstep. Then considering that he had little or nothing to do with surgery, and knew no one in need of an application of cold steel, he threw off the impression as absurd, stepped into his buggy, and drove off. Reaching the road, the flood of consciousness again returned, together with the words, 'Take your case of instruments; you'll need them.' They rang in his brain, and haunted him. Finally, he turned back, placed the instruments in the buggy, and drove off.

"Less than two miles from home in the middle of the highway he came upon a man lying there senseless. The man had been thrown by a runaway horse, a limb was fractured in several places and his life-tide was flowing fast. What with dragging the man to a shady place, setting the broken bones, applying restoratives and summoning aid to remove the man, that young doctor had his hands full for the next couple of hours.

"I often afterwards asked myself," he said, "how I would have felt, if, after denying that impression with pig-headed obstinacy, I had come upon that man without the appliances to relieve his condition in time. Oh, yes," he added, in answer to my question, "I have often had those impressions, and after that I never failed to act upon them. My experience, however, tells me that the more you keep yourself in the vortex of worldly affairs the less likely you are to have psychic experiences. Those strong, still, speechless voices have most to say to you when you are alone with yourself and nature. If Joan of Arc herself had been a Paris shop girl instead of a peasant, she might never have heard those voices through whose guidance she wrought marvels before which the world's knighthood pales."

"I know a little woman who lives by lecturing and writing; her home is in one of the Boston suburbs. She spent part of last winter here in New York, bringing with her other members of the family, and closing for the winter the house in the Boston suburb. She had been here a few weeks, giving talks in private houses to such people who cared to listen to her specialty, when one of her patrons appeared and told that she had such a queer dream about her a few nights before. Then she went on to relate how she had seen in her dream the lecturer's house at home, which she had never actually seen. She described its exterior minutely, and said she saw a man place a ladder at the rear of the house, climb it, and enter by an upper window, which he pried open. She saw him go through the house and select his plunder. Leaving all he did not want in direct disorder, he went out by the door.

"The lecturer wished the woman had told her of the dream sooner. She was a believer in the psychic side of life, and with good reason. But she did not have long to wait in order to learn whether or not there was truth in the dream. A letter came soon from neighbors at home, who told of their waking up that morning to find that her house had been ransacked in the manner described by the dreamer. The neighbors said also that there was no absolute necessity of the owner's hastening back, that everything had already been done that she could do in the matter, and that the doors had been again secured as well as possible. The burglar appeared to have made good his escape. Here was a case-when, if a dream had been acted upon in time, a thief might have been secured as proof. But as yet people seem to be too

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various ineffective schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of them, like it, provides for a complete business community where the students perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter the school. All of them use the same old bookkeeping sets of the last book, designed with a little so-called "business practice" or "office practice" which consists merely in making out a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is no actual business about them, so any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Currie Business University,

117 Princess St., - St. John, N. B.
Box 66. Telephone 291.

uncertain or ashamed of their psychic gifts to utilize them with any proper intelligence.

"I know of another woman who with her husband was visiting here. Her home was also in a town in Massachusetts. She had left at home three children in charge of a sister relative. One evening after she had been here a couple of weeks, she went to her husband as he entered the house and insisted that they should return home at once; giving as her reason that it had been borne in upon her all day that her daughter Mary was very ill and needed her; was yelling for her. Of course her husband peep-poked at her impression, and tried to dissuade her from so foolish a project as returning home before the time set. But leave she would and with express haste. There was great hurry to secure a cab to reach the station in time, and the first to appear was secured. They had not been in it more than three minutes when the wife declared that they were not going in the right direction. The husband again tried to convince her of her error, but she would not be silenced. The driver was called to and the carriage stopped. A little conversation disclosed the fact that the man was in a quiet but advanced stage of intoxication; had misunderstood directions, and was taking them far out of their way and to a wrong station. The wife had no clue as to the real direction; she acted simply on an inner voice which told her the thing was so. Through her insistent action they caught the train just in time.

"They travelled all night; the woman troubled to get home, but assuring her husband that though their child was very ill, an inner voice told her she would not die. When they finally reached home they found everything precisely as she had believed it to be. The child had been taken suddenly and violently ill; the family doctor was summoned, everything was done, but the little one called incessantly for her mother. At last a telegram was sent, which reached its destination some hours after the mother had started for home.

"The question remains, are these things worth heeding? I think they are. I won't

ask are they worth cultivating, for I don't think cultivation has much to do with them. They come more through that quiet, sympathetic contemplation which puts you in touch with all nature. All one has to do is to give such things hospitable lodgements. The obeying of them may help you; even if at times you find nothing comes of them they cannot hurt you. Some people believe all these things come through departed spirits. I'm not ready to accept that belief. There may be many other intelligences at work in this universe besides the spirits of those gone on. Dr. Richard Hodgson of the Society for Psychical Research, after ten years of close research, declares himself a believer in spirit intercourse, and promises to reveal facts which he believes will revolutionize modern thought. Dr. Hodgson has been the champion discoverer of spiritualistic frauds. It was he who exposed Madame Blavatsky and her followers. It was he who discovered the tricks of the Italian woman, Eusapia Palladino, who for years imposed on the great astronomer, Camille Flammarion, and through him on half the wise men of Europe. From a materialist Hodgson has now become a believer. He must have had some tremendous proof. A great many await with most eager interest his latest information from the Beyond."

TRUTH AND A TRUNK.

Look out for Goggles if a Woman Tells you it Isn't Heavy.

I know a woman who travels around the country with a trunk as big as a house. Protests of husband and friends are of no avail, and it seems to me the case is a perfectly proper one; for the Antislavery society. When I mentioned this to the lady with the trunk, she said. But they are only to look after children and animals."

"Perhaps they can twist their constitution to get the baggage under the head of animals and prosecute you."

She did not appear at all discomposed. The last time she went away I groaned for the expressman. The house was in an awful turmoil, and the trunk was on the third floor.

"It's not very heavy," I heard her say. At the remark the expressman immediately called his helper from the wagon. "I always know what that means," he said, with a knowing nod to the maid. When he got up stairs, he could hardly lift one end. "Never failed," he said. "When they say it's light, it's dead sure to be heavy. They don't mean it but they can't tell the truth about a trunk. I don't know whether they think we don't know about weight, or we'll charge them less if they say it's light, or what, but we always look out for the trunk that's called light." Then he and his helper tugged and pulled and jammed holes in the walls as they went downstairs.

An Odd Mail Package.

Strange articles occasionally find their way into the mail-boxes. One package mailed in New York was, to all appearance, very glad to get out from among its uncongenial surroundings.

A collector one day, on opening a mail-box found everything within it in motion. He began to take out the contents, and startled by hearing a shrill yelp.

A moment later a tiny pup poked its nose through the parcels. It seemed delighted to see a human face again, after its sojourn among papers and parcels.

It was carefully tagged for a Western city, and on the tag was a two-cent stamp. The collector took it to the station to which he belonged, and as there is no provision for sending dogs by mail, it was kept at the office.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not over one line (10 lines about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. Charming property situated about 10 miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Kambourie Hotel. Most reasonable. Apply to Mr. G. F. Fenny, Bathurst, or Mr. Fenny, Sydney.

No other man in New Brunswick can claim the honor of starting so many young men on successful careers as the Principal of the St. John Business College. Almost every clerical position here, worth having, is held by his graduates.

Catalogue containing terms, course of study, etc., mailed to any address.

Now is the Time to Enter.
S. KERR & SON.

