

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest,
Quickest Route by which
to reach purchasers in the
North Shore Counties of
New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express
to the homes of all the
people, and most direct
line to the pocketbooks of
buyers everywhere.

See that your Advertisement is
ticketed via THE REVIEW.

WHICH ONE WAS MAD?

CHAPTER III.

The doctor entered with a smiling excuse for his long delay. Francis rose, laid his book on the table, and proceeded with volubility to explain the business that had brought him there.

"It is my uncle on my mother's side that I desire to intrust to your care," he began. "He is, as you see, a man between forty-five or fifty years of age, accustomed to manual labor and the economy and privations of a humble and busy life; moreover, he was born of healthy, hard-working parents, in a family where no case of mental aberration was ever before known. You will not therefore be obliged to contend with an hereditary malady. His is probably the most peculiar case of monomania that has ever come under your observation. His mood changes almost instantaneously from one of extreme gaiety to profound melancholy. In fact, it is a strange compound of monomania and melancholy."

"He has not lost his reason entirely?"

"Oh, no, he is never violent; in fact, he is insane upon one subject only."

"What is the nature of his malady?"

"Alas! the besetting sin of the age, sir; cupiditv. He has become deeply imbued with the spirit of our times. After working hard from childhood, he finds himself still comparatively poor, while my father, who began life under like circumstances, was able to leave me a snug little fortune. My uncle began by being envious of me; then the thought occurred to him that, being my only relative, he would become my heir in case of my death, and my guardian in case I became insane; and as it is very easy for a weak-minded person to believe whatever he desires to believe, the unfortunate man soon persuaded himself that I had lost my reason. He has told everybody that this is the case; and he will soon tell you so. In the carriage, though his hands were tied, he really believed that it was he who was bringing me here."

"When did this malady first show itself?"

"About three months ago. He came to my concierge and said to him, in the wildest manner: 'Monsieur Emmanuel, you have a daughter. Let me in, and then come and assist me in binding my nephew.'"

"Is he aware of his condition? Does he know that his mind is affected?"

"No, sir, and I think that is a favorable sign. I should add, however, that his physical health is somewhat impaired, and he is much troubled with indigestion and insomnia."

"So—, the better; an insane person, who sleeps and eats regularly is generally incurable. Suppose you allow me to wake him."

Dr. Auvray placed his hand gently on the shoulder of the sleeper, who instantly sprang to his feet. The first movement he made was to rub his eyes. When he discovered that his hands were tied, he instantly suspected what had taken place while he was asleep, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"A good joke, a very good joke!" he exclaimed.

Francis drew the doctor a little aside.

"Sir, in five minutes, he will be in a towering rage," he whispered.

"Let me manage him. I know how to take him."

The good doctor smiled on the supposed patient as one smiles on a child one wishes to amuse. "Well, you wake in good spirits, my friend; did you have pleasant dreams?" he asked affably.

"No, I had no dreams at all; I'm merely laughing to find myself tied up

like a bundle of fagots. One would suppose that I was the madman, instead of my nephew."

"There, I told you so," whispered Francis.

"Have the goodness to untie my hands, doctor. I can explain better when I am free."

"I will unbind you, my friend, but you must promise to give no trouble."

"Can it be, doctor, that you really take me for an insane person?"

"No, my friend, but you are ill, and we will take care of you, and, I hope, cure you. See, your hands are free, don't abuse your liberty."

"What the devil do you imagine I'll do? I came here merely to bring my nephew."

"Very well, we will talk about that matter by-and-by. I found you sound asleep. Do you often fall asleep in the day-time?"

"Never! It was that stupid book that—"

"Oh, ho! this is a serious case," muttered the author of the book referred to. "So you really believe that your nephew is insane?"

"Dangerously so, doctor. The fact that I was obliged to bind his hands with this very rope is proof of that."

"But it was your hands that were bound. Don't you recollect that I just untied them?"

"But let me explain—"

"Gently, gently, my friend, you are becoming excited. Your face is very red; I don't want you to fatigue yourself. Just be content to answer my questions. You say your nephew is ill?"

"Mad, mad, mad, I tell you!"

"And it pleases you to see him mad?"

"What?"

"Answer me frankly. You don't wish him to be cured, do you?"

"Why do ask me that?"

"Because his fortune is under your control. Don't you wish to be rich? Are you not disappointed and discouraged because you have toiled so long without making a fortune. Don't you very naturally think that your turn has come now?"

"M. Morlot made no reply. His eyes were riveted on the floor. He asked himself if he was not dreaming, and tried his best to decide how much of this whole affair was real, and how much imaginary, so completely bewildered was he by the questions of this stranger, who read his heart as if it had been an open book."

"Do you ever hear voices?" inquired Dr. Auvray.

Poor M. Morlot felt his hair stand on end, and remembering that relentless voice that was ever whispering in his ear, he replied mechanically: "Sometimes."

"Ah, he is the victim of an hallucination," muttered the doctor.

"No, there is nothing whatever the matter with me, I tell you. Let me get out of here. I shall be as crazy as my nephew if I remain much longer. Ask my friends. They will all tell you that I am perfectly sane. Feel my pulse. You can see that I have no fever."

"Poor uncle!" murmured Francis. "He doesn't know that insanity is delirium unattended with fever."

"Yes," added the doctor, "if we could give our patients a fever, we could cure every one of them."

M. Morlot sank back despairingly in his arm-chair. His nephew began to pace the floor.

"I am deeply grieved at my uncle's deplorable condition," he remarked, feelingly; "but it is a great consolation to me to be able to intrust him to the care of a man like yourself. I have read your admirable treatise on Monomania. It is the most valuable work of the kind that has appeared since the publication of the great Esquirol's Treatise upon Mental Diseases. I know, moreover, that you are truly a father to your patients, so I will not insult you by commending M. Morlot to your especial care. As for the compensation you are to receive, I leave that entirely to you."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket-book a thousand-franc note and laid it on the mantel. "I shall do myself the honor to call again sometime during the ensuing week. At what hour are your patients allowed to see visitors?"

"From twelve to two, only; but I am always at home. Good day, sir."

"Stop him! stop him!" shouted Uncle Morlot. "Don't let him go. He is the one who is mad; I will tell you all about it."

"Calm yourself, my dear uncle," said Francis, starting towards the door. "I leave you in Dr. Auvray's care; he will soon cure you, I trust."

M. Morlot sprang up to intercept his nephew, but the doctor detained him.

"What a strange fatality!" cried the poor uncle. "He has not uttered a single

senseless remark. If he would only rave as usual, you would soon see that I am not the one who is mad, but—"

Francis already had his hand on the door-knob, but, turning suddenly, he retraced his steps as if he had forgotten something and walking straight to the doctor said:

"My uncle's malady is not the only thing that brought me."

"Ah," murmured M. Morlot, seeing a ray of hope at last.

"You have a daughter," continued the young man.

"At last!" shouted the poor uncle. "You are a witness to the fact that he said: 'You have a daughter.'"

"Yes," replied the doctor, addressing Francis. "Will you kindly explain—"

"You have a daughter, Mlle. Claire Auvray."

"There, there! didn't I tell you so?" cried the uncle.

"Yes," again replied the doctor.

"She was at Ems three months ago with her mother."

"Bravo! bravo!" yelled Morlot.

"Yes," responded the physician for the time.

M. Morlot rushed up to the doctor, and cried: "You are not the doctor, but a patient in the house."

"My friend, if you are not more quiet we shall have to give you a *douche*."

M. Morlot recoiled in terror. His nephew continued calmly:

"I love your daughter, sir; I have some hope that I am loved in return, and if her feelings have not changed since the month of September, I have the honor to ask her hand in marriage."

"Is it to Monsieur Francis Thomas that I have the honor of speaking?" inquired the doctor.

"The same, sir. I should have begun by telling you my name."

"Then you must permit me to say, sir, that you have been guilty of an unseemly haste—"

But just then the good doctor's attention was diverted by M. Morlot, who was rubbing his hands in a frenzied manner.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" the doctor asked in his kind fatherly way.

"Nothing, nothing! I am only washing my hands."

"And why?"

"There is something on them that troubles me."

"Show me what it is. I don't see anything."

"Can't you see it? There, there, between my fingers. I see it plainly enough."

"What do you see?"

"My nephew's money. Take it away, doctor. I'm an honest man; I don't want anything that belongs to anybody else."

While the physician was listening attentively to M. Morlot's first ravings, an extraordinary change took place in Francis. He became as pale as death, and seemed to be suffering terribly from cold, for his teeth chattered so violently that Dr. Auvray turned and asked what was the matter with him.

"Nothing," he replied. "She is coming, I hear her. It is joy, but it overpowers me. It seems to be falling on me and burying me beneath its weight like a snow-drift. Winter will be a dreary time for lovers. Oh, doctor, see what is the matter with my head!"

But his uncle rushed up to him, crying: "Enough, enough! Don't rave so! I don't want people to think you mad. They will say I stole your reason from you. I'm an honest man. Doctor, look at my hands; examine my pockets, send to my house on the Rue Charonne. Search the cupboard. Open all the drawers. You will find that I have nothing that belongs to any other person."

Between his two patients the doctor was at his wits' end, when a door opened, and Claire came in to tell her father that breakfast was on the table.

Francis leaped out of his chair, as if moved by a spring, but though his will prompted him to rush toward Mlle. Auvray, his flesh proved weak, and he fell back in his chair like lead. He could scarcely murmur the words:

"Claire, it is I! I love you. Will you—"

He passed his hand over his forehead. His pale face became a vivid scarlet. His temples throbbed almost to bursting; it seemed to him as if an iron band was contracting more and more around his head, just above his brows. Claire, frightened nearly to death, seized both his hands; his skin was so dry and his pulse so rapid that the poor girl was terrified. It was not thus that she had hoped to see him again. In a few minutes, a yellowish tinge appeared about his nostrils; nausea ensued, and Dr. Auvray recognized all the symptoms of a bilious fever.

"How unfortunate!" he said to himself.

"If this fever had only attacked his uncle, it would have cured him?"

He rang. A servant appeared, and shortly afterward Mme. Auvray, who scarcely knew Francis, so greatly had he changed. It was necessary that the sick man should be got to bed without delay, and Claire relinquished her own pretty room to him. While they were installing him there, his uncle wandered excitedly about the parlor, tormenting the doctor with questions, embracing the sick man, seizing Mme. Auvray's hand, and exclaiming wildly: "Save him, save him! He shall not die! I will not have him die! I forbid it. I have a right to. I am his uncle and guardian. If you do not cure him, people will say I killed him. You are witness to the fact that I ask for none of his property! I shall give all his possessions to the poor! Some water—please give me some water to wash my hands!" He was taken to the building occupied by the patients, where he became so violent that it was necessary to put him in a straight-jacket.

Mme. Auvray and her daughter nursed Francis with the tenderest care. You may say that these ladies saw a prospective son-in-law and husband in their patient, but I am confident he would have fared equally well even if he had been a stranger. Saint Vincent de Paul only devised a uniform; for every woman, whatever may be her station in life, is a sister of charity at heart. Confined in the sick room day and night, the mother and daughter spent most of their leisure time in discussing the situation. They could not explain the lover's long absence or his sudden reappearance. If he loved Claire, why did he keep her in suspense for three dreary months? Why did he feel obliged to give his uncle's malady as an excuse for presenting himself at Dr. Auvray's house. But if he had recovered from his infatuation, why did he not take his uncle to some other physician? There were plenty of them in Paris. Possibly he believed himself cured of his folly until the sight of Claire undeceived him? But no, he had asked her father for her hand in marriage before he saw her again. But, in his delirium, Francis answered all or nearly of these questions. Claire, bending tenderly over him, listened breathlessly to his every word, and afterward repeated to her mother and to the doctor, who was not long in discovering the truth. They soon knew that he had lost his reason, and under what circumstances; they even learned how he had been the innocent cause of his uncle's insanity. Fears of an entirely different nature now began to assail Mlle. Auvray. Was the terrible crisis which she had unwittingly brought about likely to cure his mental disorder? The doctor assured his daughter that a fever, under such circumstances, was almost certain to put an end to insanity, but there is no rule without its exception, especially in medicine. And even if he seemed to be cured, was there not danger of a recurrence of the malady?

"So far as I am concerned, I am not in the least afraid," said Claire, smiling sadly. "I am the cause of all his troubles. Therefore it is my duty to console him. After all, his madness consists merely in continually asking for my hand. There will be no need of doing that after I become his wife, so we really have nothing to fear. The poor fellow lost his reason through his excessive love; so cure him, my dear father, but not entirely. Let him remain insane enough to love me as much as I love him!"

"We will see," replied Dr. Auvray.

"Wait until this fever passes off. If he seems ashamed of having been demented, if he appears gloomy or melancholy after his recovery, I cannot vouch for him; if, on the contrary, he remembers his temporary aberration of mind without mortification or regret—if he speaks of it without any reserve, and if he is not averse to seeing the persons who nursed him through his illness, there is not the slightest reason to apprehend a return of the malady."

After a week of delirium, a profuse perspiration broke up the fever, and the patient was soon out of danger. When he found himself in a strange room with Mme. and Mlle. Auvray, his first impression was that he was still a guest at the Four Seasons Hotel at Ems. His weakness and emaciation, together with the doctor's frequent visits, speedily convinced him that he was mistaken, however; and after that he began to have a vague recollection of the events that had occurred. The doctor now came to his aid, and gave him, bit by bit, a tolerably clear idea of the facts of the case, very much as one doles out food to a person enfeebled by long fasting. At first, Francis listened to his own history as he would have listened to a romance in which he played no part whatever. He was quite another man now. He had risen up from that fever as one rises up out of the grave, but the

empty store-houses in his brain were gradually filled again without any undue effort on his part. In a comparatively short time he regained entire control of his faculties, and, almost simultaneously, the thick haze that had enshrouded the past, rolled away forever. His complete restoration was a work of skill, and, above all, of patience; but patience and gentleness are the chief characteristics of Dr. Auvray's treatment.

On the 25th of December, Francis, fortified by a cup of chicken-broth, and half the yolk of a soft-boiled egg, sat up in bed, and without the slightest hesitancy or mortification, and in a perfectly lucid manner, gave the history of the past three months without any emotion save that of quiet joy. Claire and Mme. Auvray wept as they listened to him; the doctor pretended to be taking notes, or rather to be writing under dictation, but something besides ink fell on the paper. When the story ended, the convalescent added, by way of conclusion:

"And now on this, the 25th day of December, I say to my good doctor, and most loved father, Dr. Auvray—whose street and number I shall never again forget—'Sir, you have a daughter, Mlle. Claire Auvray, whom I met at Ems, with her mother. I love her; she has proved that she loves me in return, and if you have no fears that I will become insane again, I have the honor to ask her hand in marriage.'"

The doctor was so deeply affected that he could only bow his head in token of assent, but Claire put her arms around the sick man's neck and kissed him tenderly on the forehead. I am sure I should desire no better response under like circumstances.

That same day, M. Morlot, who had become much more quiet and tractable, and who had long since been released from the bondage of a straight-jacket, rose about eight o'clock in the morning, as usual. On getting out of bed, he picked up his slippers, examined and re-examined them inside and out, then handed them to a nurse for inspection, begging him to see for himself that they contained no thirty thousand francs. Until positively assured of this fact he would not consent to put them on. Then he carefully shook each of his garments out of the window, but not until after he had searched every fold and pocket in them. After his toilet was completed, he called for a pencil, and wrote on the walls of his chamber:

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's money, nor anything that is his.

Then he began to rub his hands frantically, to convince himself that his nephew's money was not clinging to them. When Dr. Auvray paid his daily visit, the poor man fancied himself in the presence of a magistrate, and insisted upon being searched immediately. When the doctor told him that Francis would soon be entirely well again, the uncle asked if the money had been found.

"As my nephew will soon leave this place, he will want his money. Where is it? I haven't got it, unless it is in my bed."

And he turned and tore his bed to pieces before any one had time to prevent it. When his breakfast was brought in, he subjected his plate, glass, knife and fork and napkin to a rigid scrutiny, declaring that nothing could induce him to devour his nephew's money. After he finished his repast, he washed his hands in several waters.

"The fork is made of silver. What if some of it should have stuck to my hands?" he exclaimed, anxiously.

Dr. Auvray is confident of his ability to cure him, but it will take time. It is in the summer and autumn that physicians are most successful in their efforts to cure insanity.

Some people are constantly troubled with boils—no sooner does one heal up than another makes its appearance. A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best of blood purifiers, effectually puts an end to this annoyance. We recommend a trial.

It is fitting that the Canadian flag is shortly to take its place among the national ensigns recognized by maritime authorities the world over. Heretofore Canadian ships other than Government vessels, have not been able to distinguish their nationality abroad, being obliged to fly the British flag only when in foreign ports. The proper steps have been taken by the Dominion Government to have the Canadian flag duly recognized by the Admiralty, and as soon as the regulations are formally promulgated Canadian ships will be able to hoist the Dominion colors in addition, and soon our national flag will be familiar in every seaport on the globe.—Ex.

Rinard's Liniment cures Distemper.

ALL SORTS.

A fly is best off when he lights on a sticky paper.

"This smacks of the painful," as the small boy said while being spanked.

No child will refuse to take McLean's Worm Syrup, pleasant and effectual.

Jagson says you can take a tramp to task, but you can't make him do it.

"I'll be chiggered!" is the proper form of expletive for people who take rural rambles;

McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup is as pleasant as sugar and a safe and effectual remedy.

The hot spell of summer is known as the dog days because it is too warm then to make sausage.

Summer complaints and all bowel troubles are soon cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Women dentists are a great success in London. They belong to a profession that has a knack of catching on.

A Georgia man cured himself of dyspepsia by swallowing a mouthful of bran after each meal. This is a brand new cure.

When weak, weary and worn out, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to restore your strength and give you a good appetite.

Stranger—I would like to see your bill collector a moment.

Editor—Certainly. John, reach the gentleman that shotgun.

Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural luster, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late apply Hall's Hair Renewer a sure remedy.

Maudie's papa is night editor on a newspaper—a fact which Maudie hasn't learned; for when someone asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living, she replied:—'I div it up. I dess he's a burglar, 'cause he's out all night.

From a sluggish and torpid liver, nothing can surpass Ayer's Pills. They contain no calomel, nor any mineral drug, but are composed of the active principles of the best vegetable cathartics, and their use is always a marked benefit to the patient.

Caterpillars from six inches to a foot long are common in the vicinity of Darling river, Australia. The natives twist them together and boil them in kangaroo grease. Travellers who have tasted this delicacy say that it is not altogether unpalatable.

The experiment which Messrs. Tuckett & Son entered upon when they commenced to make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was this to give the public a tobacco of the very finest Virginia leaf at the smallest margin beyond its actual cost, in the hope that it would be so extensively used as to remunerate them. By the end of three years the demand for it had grown so much as to give assurance that the success of the experiment was within reach. The demand for it to-day is more than ten times greater than it was then and it is still increasing. Success has been reached.

Near Schreiber, on the C. P. R., a shocking accident occurred last week. Seven Swedes started from Schreiber on a hand car, going to a ballast pit some distance away. When in a rock cutting, the engine coming in the opposite direction crashed into them, shattering the car. Three of the men were ground into pieces and the other four were thrown against the sides of the rocky embankment, two of whom were badly bruised so that they can hardly recover, while the others were seriously injured. The three men killed were carried under the cow catcher and when the engine and cars had passed over them it was impossible to recognize any semblance to humanity in the crushed and mangled mass. The remains were picked up and interred at Schreiber, while the injured were taken to Port Arthur hospital.

People who wonder why anybody should seek an abode on the slopes of a volcano like Mt. Etna may be interested to learn that the richest and most fertile soil that is to be found in the world exists there. The lava that is poured forth from the crater makes the finest fertilizer, and no other land yields such frequent and abundant crops. The lava beds decomposing under the influence of the wind and rain make up a soil on which almost anything can be grown. On the slopes of Etna there are to-day over 300,000 people, a greater number in proportion to the area than are to be found in all the rest of Italy. These people are housed in two cities and 42 towns and villages, many of which contain over 300 people each. On the slopes of the other great volcanoes it is the same, the people crowding to the luxuriant soil, despite all the danger that their residence there involves.