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NO. 1.

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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WHICH ONE WAS MAD?

CHAPTER I.

One might pass Dr. Auvray's house twenty times without suspecting the miracles that are wrought there. It is a modest establishment near the end of Montaigne Avenue, between Prince Soltikoff's Gothic palace and the gymnasium. The unpretentious iron gates open into a small garden, filled with lilacs and rose-bushes. The porters lodge is on the left side of the gateway; the wing containing the doctor's office and the apartments of his wife and daughter are on the right; while the main building stands with its back to the street, and its south windows overlook a small grove of horse-chestnuts and lindens.

It is there the doctor treats, and generally cures, cases of mental aberration. I would not introduce you into his house, however, if you incurred any risk of meeting frenzied lunatics or hopeless imbeciles. You will be spared all such harrowing sights. Dr. Auvray is a specialist, and treats cases of monomania only. He is an extremely kind-hearted man, endowed with plenty of shrewdness and good sense; a true philosopher, an untiring student, and an enthusiastic follower of the famous Esquirol.

Having come into possession of a small fortune soon after he completed his medical course, he married, and founded the establishment which we have described. Had there been a spark of charlatanism in his composition, he could easily have amassed a fortune, but he had been content to merely earn a living. He shunned notoriety, and when he effected a wonderful cure, he never proclaimed it from the house-tops. His very enviable reputation had been acquired without any effort on his part, and almost against his will. Would you have a proof of this? Well, his treatise on monomania, published by Ballière in 1852, had passed through six editions, though the author had never sent a single copy to the newspapers. Modesty is a good thing, certainly, but one may carry it too far. Mademoiselle Auvray will have a dowry of only twenty thousand francs, and she will be twenty-two in April.

About a month ago, a hired *compè* stopped in front of Dr. Auvray's door, from which two men alighted and entered the office. The servant asked them to be seated, and await his master's return.

One of the visitors was about fifty years of age, a tall, stout, dark-complexioned but ruddy-faced man, rather ungainly in figure and appearance. He had thick, stubby hands and enormous thumbs. Picture a laboring man, dressed in his employer's clothes, and you have M. Morlot.

His nephew, Francis Thomas, is a young man, about twenty-three years old; but it is very hard to describe him, as there is nothing distinctive either in his manner or appearance. He is neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly, stout nor thin; in short, he is commonplace and mediocre in every respect, with chestnut hair, and of an extremely retiring disposition, manner and attire. When he entered Dr. Auvray's office he seemed to be greatly excited. He walked wildly to and fro, as if unable to remain in one place; looked at twenty different things in the same instant, and would certainly have handled them all if his hands had not been tied.

"Compose yourself, my dear Francis," said his uncle soothingly. "What I am doing is for your own good. You will be perfectly comfortable and happy here, and the doctor is sure to cure you."

"I am not sick. There is nothing whatever the matter with me. Why have you tied my hands?"

"Because you would have thrown me out of the window, if I had not. You

are not in your right mind, my poor boy, but Dr. Auvray will soon make you well again."

"I'm as sane as you are, uncle; and I can't imagine what you mean. My mind is perfectly clear and my memory excellent. Shall I recite some poetry to you, or construe some Latin? I see there is a Tacitus in the book-case. Or, if you prefer it, I will solve a problem in Algebra or Geometry. You don't desire it? Very well, then, listen while I tell you what we have been doing this morning."

"You came to my room at eight o'clock, not to wake me, for I was not asleep, but to get me out of bed. I dressed myself without any assistance from Germain. You asked me to accompany you to Dr. Auvray's; I refused; you insisted; then Germain aided you in tying my hands. I shall dismiss him this evening. I owe him thirteen days wages; that is to say, thirteen francs, as I promised to pay him thirty francs a month. You, too, owe him something, as you are the cause of his losing his New Year's gift. Isn't this a tolerably clear statement of the facts? Do you still intend to try to make me out a lunatic? Ah, my dear uncle, let your better nature assert itself. Remember that my mother was your sister. What would my poor mother say if she saw me here? I bear you no ill-will, and everything can be amicably arranged. You have a daughter."

"Ah, there it is again. You must certainly see that you are not in your right mind. I have a daughter—I? Why, I am a bachelor, as you know perfectly well."

"You have a daughter—" repeated Francis, mechanically.

"My poor nephew, listen to me a moment. Have you a cousin?"

"A cousin? No, I have no cousin. Oh, you won't catch me there. I have no cousin, either male or female."

"But I am your uncle, am I not?"

"Yes, you are my uncle, of course, though you seem to have forgotten the fact this morning."

"Then if I had a daughter she would be your cousin; but as you have no cousin, I can have no daughter."

"You are right, of course. I had the pleasure of meeting her at Ems last summer with her mother; I love her; I have reason to believe that she is not indifferent to me, and I have the honor to ask you for her hand in marriage."

"Whose hand, may I ask?"

"Your daughter's hand."

"Just hear him," Morlot said to himself. "Dr. Auvray must be very clever if he succeeds in curing him. I am willing to pay him six thousand francs a year for board and treatment. Six thousand francs a year from thirty thousand, leaves twenty-four thousand. How rich I shall be! Poor Francis!"

He seated himself again, and picked up a book that chanced to be lying on a table near him.

"Calm yourself," he said soothingly, "and I will read you something. Try to listen, it may quiet you."

Opening the volume, he read as follows: "Monomania is opiativeness on one subject; a persistent clinging to one idea; the supreme ascendancy of a single passion. It has its origin in the heart. To cure the malady, the cause must be ascertained and removed. It arises generally from love, fear, vanity, overweening ambition or remorse, and betrays itself by the same symptoms as any other passion; sometimes by boisterousness, gaiety and garrulousness; sometimes by extreme timidity, melancholy, and silence."

As M. Morlot read on, Francis became more quiet, and at last appeared to fall into a peaceful slumber.

"Bravo!" thought the uncle, "here is a triumph of medical skill already. It has put to sleep a man who was neither hungry nor sleepy!"

Francis was not asleep, but he was feigning sleep to perfection. His head dropped lower and lower, and he regulated his heavy breathing with mathematical exactness. Uncle Morlot was completely deceived. He went on reading for some time in more and more subdued tones; then he yawned; then he stopped reading; then he let the book drop from his hands and closed his eyes, and in another minute he was sound asleep, to the intense delight of his nephew, who was watching him maliciously out of the corner of his eye.

Francis began operations by scraping his chair on the uncarpeted floor, but M. Morlot moved no more than a post. Francis then tramped noisily up and down the room, but his uncle only snored the louder. Then the nephew approached the doctor's desk, picked up an eraser that was lying there, and with it finally succeeded in cutting the rope that bound his hands. On regaining his liberty, he uttered a smothered exclamation of joy; then he cautiously approached his uncle. In two minutes,

M. Morlot himself was securely bound, but it had been done so gently and so adroitly that his slumbers had not been disturbed in the least.

Francis stood admiring his work for a moment; then he stooped and picked up the book that had fallen on the floor. It was Dr. Auvray's treatise on Monomania. He carried it off into a corner of the room and began to read it with much apparent interest, while awaiting the doctor's coming.

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to revert briefly to the antecedents of this uncle and nephew. Francis Thomas was the only son of a former toy-merchant, on the Rue du Saumon. The toy trade is an excellent business, about one hundred per cent profit being realized on most of the articles; consequently since his father's death Francis had been enjoying that ease generally known as honest ease, possibly because it enables one to keep one's friends honest, also. In short, he had an income of thirty thousand francs a year.

His tastes were extremely simple, as I have said before. He detested show, and always selected gloves, waistcoats and trousers of those sober hues shading from dark brown to black. He never carried an eyeglass for the very good reason, he said, that he had excellent eye sight; he wore no scarf-pin because he needed no pin to hold his cravat securely; but the fact is, he was afraid of exciting comment. He would have been wretched had his sponsors bestowed upon him any but common place names; but fortunately his cognomen was as modest and unpretending as if he had chosen them himself.

His excessive modesty prevented him from adopting a profession. When he left college, he considered long and carefully the seven or eight different paths open before him. A legal career seemed to be attended with too much publicity; the medical profession was too exciting; business too complicated. The responsibilities of an instructor of youth were too onerous; the duties of a government official, too confining and servile. As for the army, that was out of the question, not because he feared the enemy, but because he shuddered at the thought of wearing a uniform; so he finally decided to live on his income, not because it was the easiest thing to do, but because it was the most unobtrusive.

But it was in the presence of the fair sex that his weakness became most apparent. He was always in love with somebody. Whenever he attended a play or a concert, he immediately began to gaze around him in search of a pretty face. If he found one to his taste, the play was admirable, the music perfection; if he failed the whole performance was detestable, the actors murdered their lines, and all the singers sang out of tune. He worshipped these divinities in secret, however, for he had never dared to speak to one of them.

When he fancied himself a victim to the tender passion, he spent the greater part of his time in composing the most impassioned declarations of love, which never passed his lips, however. In imagination he addressed the tenderest words of affection to his adored one, and revealed the innermost depths of his soul to her; he held long conversations with her, delightful interviews, in which he furnished both the questions and answers. His burning protestations of undying love would have melted a heart of ice, but none of his divinities were ever aware of his aspirations and longings.

It chanced, however, in the month of August of that same year, about four months before he so adroitly bound his uncle's hands, that Francis had met at Ems a young lady almost as shy and retiring as himself, a young lady whose exclusive timidity seemed to imbue him with some of the courage of an ordinary mortal. She was a frail, delicate *Parisienne*—pale as a flower that blossomed in the shade, with a skin as transparent as an infant's. She was at Ems in company with her mother, who had been advised to try the waters for an obstinate throat trouble, chronic laryngitis, if I remember right. The mother and daughter had evidently led a very secluded life, for they watched the noisy crowd with undisguised curiosity and amazement. Francis was introduced to them quite unexpectedly by one of his friends who was returning to Italy by way of Germany. After that, Francis was with them almost constantly for a month; in fact, he was their sole companion.

For sensitive, retiring souls, a crowd is the most complete of solitudes; the more people there are around them, the more persistently they retreat to a corner to commune with themselves. Of course, the mother and daughter soon became well acquainted with Francis, and they grew very fond of him. Like the navigator who first set foot on American soil, they

discovered some new principle every day. They never inquired whether he was rich or poor; it was enough for them to know that he was good. Francis, for his part, was irrepressibly delighted with his own transformation. Have you ever heard how spring comes in the gardens of Russia? One day everything is shrouded in snow; the next day, a ray of sunshine appears and begins to melt the snow; by noon, the trees are in bloom; by night they are covered with leaves; a day or two more, and the fruit appears.

The heart of Francis underwent a similar metamorphosis. His reserve and apparent coldness disappeared as if by magic, and in a few short weeks the timid youth was transformed into a resolute, energetic man—at least to all appearances. I do not know which of the three persons first mentioned marriage, but that is a matter of no consequence. Marriage is always understood when two honest hearts avow their love.

Now Francis was of age and undisputed master of himself and his possessions, but the girl he loved had a father whose consent must be obtained, and it was just here that the young man's natural timidity of disposition reasserted itself. True, Claire had said to him: "You can write to my father without any misgivings. He knows all about our attachment. You will receive his consent by return mail."

Francis wrote and rewrote his letter a hundred times, but he could not summon up the courage to send it.

Surely the ordeal was an easy one, and it would seem as though the most timid mind could have passed through it triumphantly. Francis knew the name, position, fortune, and even the disposition of his prospective father-in-law. He had been initiated into all the family secrets, he was virtually a member of the household. The only thing he had to do was to state in the briefest manner who he was and what he possessed. There was no doubt whatever as to the response; but he delayed so long that at the end of a month Claire and her mother very naturally began to doubt his sincerity. I think they would have waited patiently another fortnight, however, but the father would not permit it. If Claire loved the young man, and the lover was not disposed to make known his intentions, the girl must leave him at once. Perhaps Mr. Francis Thomas would then come and ask her hand in marriage. He knew where to find her.

Thus it chanced that, one morning when Francis went to invite the ladies to walk as usual, the proprietor of the hotel informed him that they had returned to Paris, and that their apartments were already occupied by an English family. This crushing blow, falling so unexpectedly, destroyed the poor fellow's reason, and rushing out of the house like a madman, he began a frantic search for Claire in all the places where he had been in the habit of meeting her. At last, he returned to his own hotel with a violent sick headache, which he proceeded to doctor in the most energetic manner. First, he had himself bled, then he took baths in boiling hot water, and applied the most ferocious mustard-plasters; in short, he avenged his mental tortures upon his innocent body. When he believed himself cured, he started for France, firmly resolved to have an interview with Claire's father before even changing his clothes. He travelled with all possible speed, jumped off the train before it stopped, forgetting his baggage entirely, sprang into a cab and shouted to the coachman:

"Drive to her house as quick as you can!"

"Where, sir?"

"To the house of Monsieur—on the Rue—I can't remember." He had forgotten the name and address of the girl he loved.

"I will go home," he said to himself, "and it will come back to me."

So he handed his card to the coachman, who took him to his own home.

His concierge was an aged man, with no children, and named Emmanuel. On seeing him, Francis bowed profoundly, and said:

"Sir, you have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Emmanuel. I intended to write and ask you for her hand in marriage, but decided it would be more seemly to make the request in person."

They saw that he was mad, and his uncle Morlot, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, was immediately summoned.

Now Uncle Morlot was the most scrupulously honest man on the Rue Charonne which, by the way, is one of the longest streets in Paris. He manufactured antique furniture with conscientious care, but only mediocre skill. He was not a man to pass off ebonyized pine for real ebony, or a cabinet of his own make for a mediæval production; and yet, he understood the art of making new wood look old and full of apparent worm holes as

any body living; but it was a principle of his never to cheat or deceive any one. With almost absurd moderation for a follower of this trade, he limited his profits to five per cent over and above the expenses of the business, so he had gained more esteem than money. When he made out a bill, he invariably added up the items three times, so afraid was he of making a mistake in his own favor.

After thirty years of close attention to business, he was very little better off than when he finished his apprenticeship. He had merely earned his living, just like the humblest of his workmen, and he often asked himself rather enviously how his brother-in-law had managed to acquire a competence. If this brother-in-law, with the natural arrogance of a *parvenu*, rather looked down on the poor cabinet-maker, the latter, with all the pride of a man who has not tried to succeed financially, esteemed himself all the more highly. He gloried in his poverty, as it were; and said to himself with plebeian pride: "I, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that I owe nothing to anyone."

Man is a strange animal; I am not the first person who has made that remark. This most estimable Monsieur Morlot, whose over-scrupulous probity made him almost a laughing stock, experienced a singular feeling of elation in his secret heart when apprised of his nephew's condition. An insinuating voice whispered softly: "If Francis is insane you will become his guardian."

"You will be none the richer," responded Conscience, promptly.

"And why not?" persisted the Tempter. "The expenses of an insane person never amount to thirty thousand francs a year. Besides, you will be put to a great deal of trouble and have to neglect your business, very probably, and it is only right that you should receive some compensation. You will not be wronging any one by taking part of the money."

"But one ought to expect no compensation for such services to a member of one's family," retorted the voice of Conscience.

"Then why have the members of our family never done anything for me? I have been in straitened circumstances again and again, and have found it almost impossible to meet my obligations, but neither my nephew Francis nor his deceased father ever rendered me the slightest assistance."

"Nonsense," replied his better nature; "this attack of insanity is nothing serious. Francis will be himself again in a few days."

"It is just as probable that the malady will wear him out, and that you will come into possession of the entire property," persisted the wily Tempter.

The worthy cabinet-maker tried to close his ears to that insidious voice, but his ears were so large that the subtle, persistent voice glided in, despite all his efforts. The establishment on the Rue Charonne was intrusted to the care of the foreman, and the uncle took up his abode in his nephew's comfortable apartments. He slept in an excellent bed, and enjoyed it very much; he sat down to a well-spread table, and the indigestion, which had bothered him for years, vanished as if by enchantment. He was waited upon and shaved by Germain, his nephew's valet, and he speedily came to regard such attentions as a necessity. Gradually, too, he became accustomed to seeing his nephew in this deplorable condition, and to quite reconcile himself to the idea that he would never be cured; but all the while, he kept repeating to himself, as if to ease his conscience, "I am wronging nobody."

At the expiration of three months he became very tired of having an insane person shut up in the house with him—for he had long since begun to consider himself at home—and his nephew's incessant mauding, and continual requests for Mlle. Claire's hand in marriage became an intolerable bore. He therefore resolved to get rid of him by placing him in Dr. Auvray's insane asylum.

"After all, my nephew will be much better cared for there," he said to himself, "and I shall be much easier in mind. Every one admits that the best way to divert a lunatic's mind is to give him a change of scene, so I am only doing my duty."

It was with this very thought in his mind that he had fell asleep just before Francis bound his hands. What an awakening was his!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the manufacture of tobacco from the leaf, sugar and molasses and gum of some kind are used. In the manufacture of the "Myrtle Navy" brand the sugar used is the finest white sugar, known in the trade as granulated. This is a sugar which there is seldom any adulteration, but to guard against the possibility of it, all sugar used in the factory is submitted to careful tests of its purity. The gum used is the pure gum arabic.

**Murderous Dog-Fish.**  
A dead dog-fish, with skin as rough as emery-paper, was stretched out on the Market wharf one day last week.

"Curse the varmint," said an old fisherman, as he vented his wrath with the toe of his boot on the *lawgawny* dust-covered carcass, "they've about ruined our fishing lately. The water around the mouth of the Bay has been full of them. As they are regular pirates and murderers, every other fish flees from them."

They chase the cod and haddock, so that we can't get a chance to hook one. If we do happen to get one on our trawls, we ten chances to one if the dog-fish does not eat it up before we get it into the boat. I have seen them strip a trawl and leave nothing on it but the heads and the backbone bones of the fish.

"They are great nuisances around the weirs, too, scattering the schools of herring and sardines in every direction. It is fortunate they don't remain any longer in one place, otherwise they would completely ruin the fishing in a locality."

"Why are they called dog-fish?" I suppose it is because they rise to the top of the water and make a noise, which resembles the bark of a dog. They run in packs, like a pack of hounds, which may be another reason. Their young are brought into the world after the manner of land animals, and are very often called 'pups.'

"They are bloodthirsty critters, too. God help the man who happens to fall in among a school of them. They would have every ounce of flesh stripped off him before he could strike bottom."

And with a parting kick at his head, the fisherman got into his boat and rowed away.—St. Andrews Beacon.

Talk's cheap, but when it is backed up by a pledge of hard cash of a responsible firm or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now there are scores of sarsaparilla and other blood purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one—standing solitary and alone—sold on trial, is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If it doesn't do you good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

"Talk's cheap, but only 'Discovery' is guaranteed."

It is reported that Hon. M. Adams, M. P. for Northumberland county, has sold his fishing pool on the Northwest Miramichi to New York parties. The price is said to have been \$30,000.

Be sure and put a box of Ayer's Pills in your satchel before travelling, either by land or sea. You will find them convenient, efficacious, and safe. The best remedy for costiveness, indigestion, and sick-headache, and adapted to any climate.

The young man at the seaside may now take courage, the summer girl may well consider her ways. Mr. Justice Lawrence, at a trial the other day in Chester, England, declared that "the scales of justice must be held equally between man and woman," and the twelve in a box awarded £50 damages to a young man whose feelings had been trifled with by a woman of independent means.

Whatever may be the cause of, blanching the hair, may be restored to its original color by the use of that potent remedy, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Mars is now only 35,000,000 miles away from us, and the Lick telescope brings it within one-seventh hundredth part of that distance, or only 50,000 miles away. The constant improvement in telescopes will bring it still nearer our vision some day, and we may be able to catch a glimpse of the people who are said to inhabit this planet. Camille Flammarion not only lays it down as a fact that people are living upon Mars in a high state of civilization, but he has claimed also that these people have been plainly trying to signal the inhabitants of our terrestrial sphere for many years.

The smoker who has not yet tried the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has a new pleasure before him in the use of the "weed." An investment of twenty-five cents will furnish him with the means of giving it a fair test. Let us advise him to make the experiment, he will find the tobacco to be all that its thousands of friends claim for it, and they are far from stingy in their praise.