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R.A.D'OLLOQUI, M.D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

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A Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb, From the sunny land of Spain; But in Northland as in Southland Is its meaning clear and plain, Lock it up within your heart: Neither lose nor lend it— Two it takes to make a quarrel; One can always end it.

A TERRIBLE RELIGION.

The Indian Strangler and his Horrible Work.

Three years after the Sepoy rebellion had been put down in India, and with the country under such military and legal discipline as it had never known before, I was at Hyderabad, a large town 500 miles east of Bombay, in the province of Dekkan. It was there that a band of professional thugs, numbering thirty-two men, was captured and executed in 1860. The vigorous search after and prompt punishment of criminals was having a due effect, and not a case of poisoning or strangling had been known about Hyderabad for several months. In fact, these two classes of murderers were supposed to have become extinct in that province. One morning a royt, or farmer, was found dead on the public square, and it was speedily discovered that he had been choked to death. The imprints proved to be the work of a strangler. The thug used a cord, while the strangler used his fingers. His marks could not be mistaken. He brought his thumbs together on the "Adam's apple," while the ends of the fingers got their purchase just below the victim's ears. Sometimes the fingers clutched his ears or hair. The "mark" was always plain to be seen on the neck. Now and then a victim was attacked from behind. In such cases the strangler's thumbs were brought together on the back of the neck, and his fingers were locked together over the "apple." Several suspects were arrested, but nothing came of it. About twenty days after the first case, a woman was found dead within three blocks of the public square, and she had also fallen a victim to the strangler. Not only had she been choked to death, but her neck was broken. The police were again aroused, and bodies of cavalry scoured the country and brought in dozens of suspicious characters, but, as in the other case, nothing could be proven and all had to be released. At the investigation almost every suspect made the same reply, as follows: "No, sahib, I am ashamed to admit that I am not guilty of this crime. We are no longer men, but slaves. I no longer have courage, but am a coward, and dare not lift my hand." Ten days later the strangler counted his third victim, and this time it was an European. Only at rare intervals had an European fallen a victim to the professionals of any class. It seemed to be an understood thing with all not to meddle with them in any manner. The victim in the case was a clerk in civil-service department attached to the tax-collector's office, I believe. He had been ill for a week or two, and was occupying a room in a bungalow in the heart of the town. Ten or a dozen clerks kept "bachelor's hall" together, and there were half a dozen native-servants to take care of the place. This clerk, whose name was Adams, had a native man for nurse, but was almost convalescent. One night at 10 o'clock he sent his nurse with a note to a bungalow half a mile distant. The nurse was absent about three-quarters of an hour and upon his return he had found Adams dead. There was the mark on his throat and there was no question about his having been the victim of a professional, and probably of the same kind who had strangled the other two. The police and the military now quite lost their heads. During the following week there

were about 700 arrests, some of them being made 200 miles away. Nothing like detective work was attempted, and as a consequence every suspect had to be discharged for want of any evidence against him. The authorities seemed to go on the idea that if a sufficient number of people were arrested the guilty party would somehow betray himself. Strong efforts were made in three or four cases to convict on shady testimony, but after a few weeks every person who had been arrested was set at liberty. Being new to the country, and having taken great interest in the work of exterminating the "professionals," I asked for information on every hand. One day, in conversing with a Major Burke on the subject, he explained:

"In my time I have inspected the hands of at least a score of stranglers. Their strength lies mostly in wrist and fingers. Before graduating as professionals they practice on dummies and resort to certain gymnastics to strengthen the parts I have named. This man now among us is certainly a professional. If arrested you will find his thumb flattened at the ball. If I were a detective I should go about looking at thumbs. In most instances the victim leaves scratches or cuts on the hands of the assassin, which would further help to identify him in case of suspicion." From that time on I instinctively glanced at the hands of every native with whom I came in contact, but without the slightest hope of making any discovery of value. Five weeks after the murder of the clerk the strangler was heard from again. This time his victim was a sergeant of infantry, and he met his death on the highway between the town and the camp. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when he started for camp, and it was known that he was considerably under the influence of liquor. He was almost a giant in size and strength, and it was reasonable to conclude that he made something of a struggle, even though half drunk and taken unawares. Indeed, when the surgeon came to look him over, blood was found in his finger nails to prove that he had lacerated the hands of his murderer. This was a point to go on, but was not even considered by the authorities. They followed the same course previously pursued and made several hundred arrests. On the third day after the sergeant's death I had a bit of chain work to do on a piece of land two miles east of the town, and my helper was a native who had served in the department for a year. He was a middle-aged man, very slender, and his weight was not above 120 pounds. He had drifted into the town at the close of the war, and it was said of him that he came from the north and had been faithful to the English during the struggle. When not acting as a helper in the field he had the care of some horses belonging to the department. The only name that he was known by was Peter. When I sent him word that I wanted him he returned a reply that he was ill, but half an hour later he put in an appearance, and explained that he was feeling better. We had reached the field and fairly begun work when my attention was attracted to his hands. The backs of both were scratched and lacerated, though the wounds were half healed. "It was the monkey at the stables who did it, sahib," he explained as he held up his hands; "I was teasing him and he got his revenge. I will sell him if I can find a buyer." I knew he had a monkey at the stable and his explanation was perfectly satisfactory. The matter was forgotten in a moment, and it would never have occurred to me again but for what followed. It was a scorching hot day, and after an hour's work we sought the shade to rest. As I was lighting my pipe for a smoke, Peter observed that he was very thirsty and would visit a spring he knew about a quarter of a mile away. The field on which he was working had once been cleared, but was now pretty well overgrown with bushes and small trees. He disappeared at my back and I gave him no further thought for many minutes. I had out my book and was making some field notes, when all of a sudden it struck me that Peter had a peculiar look as he explained how he received the wounds on his hands. I remembered that his face hardened and that there was a cruel glitter in his eyes. Things of this sort never strike one at the moment, but are vivid when recalled. When I remembered his looks I wondered he had not killed the monkey for attacking him, and reflected the man must have a hot temper when aroused. I do not suppose I devoted over five minutes to this train of thought. As time passed by I forgot my surroundings while busy with the pencil. Peter had gone about thirty minutes as I afterwards figured up, when I was suddenly clutched by the throat. I was leaning back against a tree hardly larger than a man's arm, and was reclining to the left. My eyes caught no

glimpse of anything, nor had my ears detected the slightest sound to put me on guard. The first sensation was exactly like that of falling. I remember a roaring in my ears and fireworks dancing before my eyes, and I was perfectly conscious that my throat was in the clutch of human fingers. What saved me was the tree and the position in which I sat. I did not realize that I struggled to break the clutch, but I did put forth a mighty effort. My right shoulder and arm acted as a lever against the strangler's wrist, and as I heaved I broke his clutch and leaped to my feet. It was Peter as you have suspected. He had only gone a few rods away and then turned and crept back like a serpent. His route was through bushes and vines, but when I came to go over it I could not find that he had broken a twig. My springing up threw him down, but he was on his feet like a cat, and with a cry like that of an enraged beast he sprang for my throat again. His eyes were fairly blazing and his face distorted with passion, and I realized in an instant that it was his life or mine. He clutched for my throat with his right hand as we rolled about, and I caught the ends of his first two fingers in my teeth and bit to the bone. That one bite gave me the victory. Still gripping his fingers I struggled to my knees reached for my revolver, and I had the muzzle against his body, when the thought flashed across my mind that he was the professional strangler wanted by the police. Up to that instant I had no thought as to who he attacked me. When I dropped his fingers and covered him with the revolver he made no further resistance. The native of India, like the Arab, believes in fate.

"Sahib you have won," he said as I stood over him. "It was to be and so it is. Do as you will with me."

"Peter, why should you seek my life?" I asked, even yet half hoping there might be some mistake about it.

"Why did I strangle the others, sahib? A voice commanded me and I obeyed."

"Good heavens! but you are not the murderer of the farmer, the clerk, and the soldier are you—who have been considered so faithful to the English?"

"Even so, sahib. It was to be, and it is. Take me to the police and I will admit everything and die like a man."

I drove him before me until we reached a troop of cavalry, which had been scouring the country for suspects, and which was then returning to town with no less than a twenty-six prisoners. Had Peter denied his admissions to me nothing could have been proved, and he only would have been punished for assault. But he felt that fate had delivered him into the hands of his enemies and he was perfectly willing to help convict himself. He gave the particulars of each murder with such detail that no doubt could exist. It was the sergeant who had lacerated his hands. He was keeping shady while he waited for them to heal. He would not have accompanied me that day but for the fear that he would have been suspected, though as a matter of fact he would have been among the very last to fall under the ban.

"I had no thought of strangling you when we started out," he said to me after his trial. "It was only after you had noticed my hands. While you appeared indifferent, I was afraid that you suspected. I could have snatched away your pistol and shot you dead, or I could have beaten you to death with a club, but my creed would not permit. I must either strangle you or let you live on. Had I been successful I should have made my way north as fast as possible." He did not hesitate to tell the police that he was a professional strangler, and it was with considerable pride that he exhibited his flattened thumbs and illustrated the manner in which the deadly clutch was made. He had been a professional for upwards of twenty years. He spent one whole day making out a list of dates, localities and victims, and the number of murders was appalling. The figures ran up to 42 or 43, and there were several Europeans among them. He begged no one's forgiveness—had no apologies to offer. Peter went to the gallows with the utmost indifference. He did not even betray the anxiety of a man walking about the street. He was, I believe, the last professional strangler, executed in that province, although his class flourished elsewhere and were picked up one by one for many years after.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.—The steam which raised the lid of the kettle led a patriotic mind to utilize for man's benefit. No one dreamed that we should now be dragged along by it at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When Perry Davis made a preparation for the medicinal use of his family, over fifty years ago, neither he nor any man imagined that it would now be sold in every land, and prove to be the Panacea of the world. The new big bottle, old price 25c.

The Art of Thinking.

Did you ever notice how bunglingly some men think? There is as much or more difference in the way men use their mental faculties as there is in the way they use their tools. Just as one man will proceed deftly and systematically to the accomplishment of a piece of work with everything conveniently at hand, every motion intelligently directed to the furtherance of the main purpose, and an expedient ready for every irregularity or difficulty which presents itself, so the ready thinker proceeds at once in a right line to the pith of a subject, sifting out the extraneous matter, defining the main point, and bringing to bear upon it all his available information. On the other hand, a clumsy thinker will chase a question up one side and down the other, without getting anywhere or arriving at any relevant conclusion.

The mental like the manual faculties are susceptible and require cultivation. It is only by practice and continual use that the dexterity and skill of the expert machinist or other manipulator is acquired. No matter how naturally ingenious and handy a man may be, he will lack deftness when placed upon work to which he is entirely unaccustomed. In order to think with facility a man must be accustomed to thinking. It is one thing to let the mind roam about among the things one knows, and another to put it hard at work and keep it there, grinding at something you do not know, but want to. It is easy and entertaining to read an article which tells you something which you knew before and which you can indorse, but you learn nothing by reading it. It requires an effort to read an article which contains real information, however plainly expressed. It has to be studied, applied, digested, criticised, the suggestions raised by its perusal have to be followed out to their conclusions, and to conscientiously read an article of this character is a task which a man is inclined to shirk just as a lazy man might shirk a physical task. But compare the man who shirks with the man who reads, and you will find in the first a mental bungler, in the second the acute and able thinker, the man whose head saves his hands, and who is valued, respected, and trusted with the conduct of work and the administration of affairs, and rewarded accordingly. Always read a little ahead of yourself. Read matter which requires an effort upon your part to understand. The effort will not only place you upon a higher intellectual plane, but the mental exercise will develop a habit of accurate thinking which will be of more value to you than volumes of average matter read only to be forgotten.—Power.

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His Wife's Letter.

"I wish you would mail this letter as you go down town, Jim," said Mrs. Bloombumper to her husband as he rose from the breakfast table. "I am very anxious for mamma to get it early to-morrow." "All right," replied Bloombumper. He put it in his pocket with this mental observation: "I should not be surprised if I forgot to mail this. Mary has been talking for a week about inviting her mother to come down for a month's visit, but I don't know that I am anxious to see her. I would rather the old lady remained away." "Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" asked Mrs. Bloombumper, when her husband came home that night. "Certainly," replied the unblushing prevaricator. When he returned home an evening later his wife confronted him. "You told me last night you had mailed that letter to mamma." "Well?" "Well, you didn't." "Oh yes, I—"

"Don't tell me any more of your untruths. If you had mailed that letter mamma would not be in this house now." "Here now!" "Yes, here now!" "Why, I thought it was an invitation to her to come and stay a month. You know you were talking of inviting her."

"Exactly, and I did invite her. I mailed that letter myself. The one I asked you to mail was one requesting her to postpone her visit, and if you had done as I asked, you would have received it before it was time for her to leave home. Now come in and tell her she's welcome, and that you can't think of letting her leave under six weeks." And Bloombumper went in.

Big Cove.

DEAR SIR:—Eber since Dr. Legeredie we have been waiting to find out when lecture for Ottawa gone take place, so we kin get our candidate ledly to lun. Bout week ago we hearum lecture soon come now, so we askum all kinds Micmac, Milicote and Mohawk to meet Big Cove last Thursday night, so we can holdum pow-wow, and p in our men to lun. Only two kinds people lend, Micmac and Milicote. Mohawk no come. Good many people wantum Willie Gassie land, but he say, Me no ledly yet, me waitum get one patent-engine from Mr. Caille, just so I can lun political machine and make deals. Cheech, he Milicote, good deal speakum. He say, My fren, Mr. Blair, loose his lecture cause he make deals; so I think more better you no waitum Willie Gassie, takum me, I best a kind man for that business. Then Gassie he speakum. He say, Most Micmac stay this country, so must choosum Micmac. Then Cheech he speakum—to me, he speakum—I see I no habum chance for nomination, so I gone nominate you supposum you promist you makum me curin officer. So I say, All right, me sorry, suppose you get Gassie signum one letter to parliament locomenum you, I sign him, too. So light away he nominate me. Good many people speakum yes, so I get nominated. Now I gone lun sure. I gone be Conservative, cause that kind people strongest and that government in power. I gone favor free trade with Yankee men, so far I kin able, in baskets, peevie stocks, mail hanties and birch canoes, and all other kinds of natural products of the woods and water. I promist, supposum me lected, I gone get a ferry from Injun Island to Big Cove, and collidum him by railway with the Kent Northern at Glumbe load. I also gone get blake-water built from south beach, so good many big ship can come in and loatum up inside bar. Many before lecture day I got vantage to go land and shake hands a good many my fren. Kane seamow, PREDY OCTAER.

The Plain Truth

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Peters' Mill and South Side Richibucto Notes.

A substantial bridge has been built over the Gaspereau River at Peters' Mills. The jovial miller and aide-de-camp are attending to the wants of their numerous customers. Mr. Gould, (of Seraphine and Laura farm), is the happy father of a bouncing girl. Our old friend Sam still drives his trotter "Jimmy."

"Squire" Finnigan has erected a commodious residence, which greatly adds to the appearance of this promising little place. Frank O'Brien is also building a house. Marcel Arsenault, who lost part of his hand while working in E. S. Peters' mill last spring is improving. Messrs. Warman and McEderan with their threshing mill are doing Peter this week. How are you making it boys? Dame rumor has it that pilot William Irving intends taking to himself a life partner. We wish him happiness. James Irving, whose reputation as a boat builder is established, is building a yacht for Mr. James Jardine, of Jardineville. Miss Janie Long is about leaving for the States, and the boys will be oh, so lonely. James Long, jr intends leaving for the north soon. In passing along your correspondents notices a change in the "bachelor's hall" green shades and lace drapery adding an air of refinement to the heretofore desecrated appearance. We wish we were married!

Dr. McBeath and Dr. Champin have entered into a joint business. Mr. John Curwin is building large kilns. Mr. James Blouman is absent on business this week. Snow of the boys have stopped out. Who are after the problem, who? Johnnie McEwen.

Oh, stop that, teaching Johnson's book me. I'm tired, will reduce my seven, and I'm tired.