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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Work For It.

Earth is not all dark and grim
For the heart that jolly is:
Where the sunlight shineth dim
Showeth us where the folly is:
Part the branches, let a gleam
Of the noonday glory in—
Every fiftal, golden beam
Hath a rich life story in.

Open the door: let the breeze
Bring a song of beauty rare;
Quick the godly impulse sees
Some rich line of duty there
Laughing child and singing bird,
Ploughman's call and lowing kine
Tell a tale of joy unheard
In the minstrel's glowing line.

Rake the meadow, turn a stone;
Stand upon the mountain's brow!
Nature sings her sweetest tone,
Spring her clearest fountains now.
Glean the harvest by the way,
Whate'er it leaves to thee:
Thou shalt sing a merry lay,
All its golden sheaves to see.

A HORSE THIEF'S STORY

Of Murderer Holmes and His Operations.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—A Herald special from Little Rock Ark. says—J. C. Allen, alias Caldwell, the horse thief, now serving a ten years sentence in the penitentiary here, has made a statement to Warden Moore regarding his knowledge of H. H. Holmes and his operations.

In the course of this statement he said he met Holmes in Tennessee in 1892, and met Pietzel in Chicago later.

Allen further said that Minnie Williams, who was living with Holmes as his wife, was present at a meeting in St. Joseph Mo. of Holmes, Pietzel and himself. The Minnie Williams' property in Fort Worth, was then and there decided to Allen by Minnie Williams.

The deed was made with the distinct understanding that it was to be a swindling operation. Allen thinks that Minnie Williams was persuaded or scared into making the transfer of the property by Holmes. In a few days the property was transferred by Allen to Pietzel, Holmes making the transfer without Allen's knowledge or consent.

Then, Allen continued, the party with the exception of Miss Williams went to Fort Worth where they were joined by Pat Quinlan.

The latter and Holmes talked of a plan to kill Pietzel who had \$10,000 insurance on his life, because he was drinking, and apt to talk too much and also knew too much. Allen was to assist and a trunk was bought in Fort Worth, in which to put the body. Pietzel was then in Kansas city.

At this point, Allen says, Holmes patted Allen on the back and said "Mascoot it is \$10,000 and a trip to Long Branch and from there to California and more buildings." Pietzel was to be fixed in Chicago.

Holmes asked Allen, the latter says to insure his life for \$10,000 which Holmes was to collect in his peculiar way, but Allen thought of the large trunk bought for Pietzel and would not do it.

He declares he then parted company with Holmes and has not seen him since. He absolutely denies having participated in any murders.

Allen says he last saw Minnie Williams at St. Joseph, Mo., at the meeting referred to. He thinks she went to India, as he saw letters from her and knows Holmes sent \$1600 to her there.

Referring to the castle Allen says: It was used as a death trap for I heard Holmes and Quinlan talk about putting people out of the way. A stranger to the city, during the world's fair was decoyed into that "Castle" and murdered for his money.

He did not have as much money as Holmes thought, only \$3500. A bright

little boy was enticed into the castle during the fair and held in a room for 5 days for a reward for his recovery.

No reward being offered they were afraid to turn him out and the gas was turned into his room at night and he was suffocated.

I was not in Chicago when Annie Williams was killed but was at the castle two or three days afterwards. Holmes and Quinlan coolly discussed the manner of the murder to me.

Holmes' version was that she was knocked on the head with a stool by Minnie Williams, and then given some drug by Holmes to make her die easy.

The cause of her killing as explained by Holmes was that one of the girls must be put out of the way and he could manage Minnie easier than he could Annie.

Minnie Williams was crazy in love with Holmes and she was jealous of her sister as Holmes was paying her some attention too, and he took particular attention increasing her jealousy to work her up to the point of killing Annie.

The death trap in the castle was made by Quinlan, who is a fine mason, and a negro whose name I have forgotten. Quinlan is equally guilty with Holmes in taking human life, Holmes doing the planning and Quinlan the executing, Quinlan's wife knowing all their work of this kind.

I will state here that Pietzel's wife, I am thoroughly convinced, knew of the murder of her husband and children Holmes and she were very confidential and she knew what was going on.

"Cold Water to a Thirsty Soul."

Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton, Cal., well known in Canada: I have tried K. D. C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the doctor ordered. The very first dose of K. D. C. helped me and now that miserable headache is all gone, also that oppressed feeling that I have suffered from for months. I never mean to be without K. D. C. again; no medicine I have ever taken worked like it; it is like cold water to a thirsty soul. This is the second second time I have tried K. D. C. and there is no failure or disappointment.

K. D. C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Chinese Ventriiloquist.

The following description of the performance of a Chinese ventriiloquist is given by the author of "The Chinaman at Home." It was furnished to him by a friend, who heard the performance in Pekin.

The ventriiloquist was seated behind a screen, where there were only a chair, a table, a fan and a ruler. With the ruler he knocked on the table to enforce silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking, there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog. Then we heard the movements of a woman. She had been waked by the dog, and was shaking her husband.

We were just expecting to hear the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify it the mother gave it food; we could hear it drinking and crying at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly and then rose to change its clothes.

Meanwhile another child had wakened and was beginning to make a noise. The father scolded it, while the baby continued crying. By-and-by the whole family went back to bed and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse was heard. It climbed up some vase and upset it. We heard the clatter of the vase as it fell.

The woman coughed in her sleep. Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; the bed-curtains were on fire. The husband and wife waked up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running and shouting.

Children cried, dogs barked, the walls came crashing down, squibs and crackers exploded. The fire brigade came racing up. Water was pumped up in torrents, and hissed in the flames.

The representation was so true to life that everyone rose to his feet and was starting away, when a second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriiloquist, his table, his chair, and his ruler.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 50 years.

For immediate relief after eating use K. D. C.

Intemperance as the Cause of Suicide.

(Literary Digest.)

The Prohibition movement may be said to be non-existent in Germany. Not even the friends of temperance will advocate the legal abolition of the liquor traffic. But there is a very decided movement against intemperance, which manifests itself in the publication of articles and pamphlets setting forth the injurious effects of liquor drinking. Dr. Prinzing, of Ulm, has just published a work entitled "Drunkennes and Suicide," in which he demonstrates that intemperance is the most prevalent cause of self-murder, more than thirty per cent. of all suicides committed by men in the prime of life being due to drunkenness. Dr. Prinzing coolly remarks that society does not lose much when a morally and physically ruined person commits suicide; but societies should be formed to prevent the intemperance which causes this moral and physical decay. The Berliner Tageblatt, from which we take the following extracts out of Dr. Prinzing's work, calls his arguments most convincing. Dr. Prinzing says:

"This is nothing new. Aristotle says that 'many men commit suicide during a drunken bout, and others become nervous and melancholy.' During the Middle Ages little attention was given to the subject. Few people asked what caused suicide and still fewer had any theory as to the proper method of stopping it. It is only in our own century that the subject has become one of considerable inquiry. Statistics relating to suicide are, however, seldom very reliable. Often a 'temporary insanity' is invented to account for the deed; disgust with life in general, physical ailment, insanity, repentance, the pangs of conscience, debt, etc., are often mentioned as the causes of suicide in cases where drunkenness has originally caused the misery, either in the suicide himself or in a relative. There are so many ways for drunkenness to lead to suicide. Many people commit suicide while drunk. Actual or fancied poverty and distress, whose ills appear magnified to the brain of the drunkard and cause hallucination, may easily produce that melancholy state in which suicide is committed. This is specially the case with absinthe drinkers. A man will commit suicide in a state of drunkenness without proper realization of the importance of his act. Cesare Lombroso tells of a man who jumped into the Po with the avowed intent to commit suicide. He was fished out and when he became sober he knew nothing about the whole matter. Briere de Boismonet relates the case of a Parisian laborer. During a drunken fit he complained that life was unbearable, and that his mind was made up to escape its misery; but the limb of a tree on which he hanged himself broke; he was found with the rope around his neck and taken to the police station. When he sobered up he could not imagine what led him to attempt suicide; he was very glad of his escape, and preserved the rope as a warning. The curious animals which appear to persons in a state of delirium tremens cause such terror that drunkards often jump out of the window to escape them. Then there are such hallucinations as the hearing of insults, the fancied unfaithfulness of the wife, the idea that the executioner is waiting—all these are very common. From 1883 to 1891 an average of 138 persons committed suicide in Prussia while in a state of delirium tremens. Mostly, however, the drunkard commits suicide while sober. He loses all pleasure in life, blames himself for having fallen into this vice, believes that he can not give it up (which is very often a wrong conception), and thus takes his own life in a state of hopelessness. His stomach is out of order, and after a while liquor refuses to brace up the nerves. Business declines, positions are lost, and thus worry is added to physical ills. As long as there is sufficient credit to obtain liquor, the drunkard holds on; when he can not obtain his customary quantity of alcohol, he takes to a rope to escape his creditors. The abuse of liquor produces hypochondria. A drunkard cares very little whether his family is clothed and fed, and will commit suicide because he can not bear to see their misery, but he can not bear the thought of being unable to procure liquor. Indirectly, therefore, drunkenness is often the cause of suicide committed by the drunkard's relations. A drunkard regards the parents whom he ought to maintain as useless appendages, and every one knows how badly the wives of drunkards are treated."

Wigwag—I never knew what a narrow escape from death I once had till I read the papers a few days ago. Hobson—What was it? Wigwag—I see that I was in Chicago two years ago while Holmes was there.

A Miser.

I knew a man, a voluntary exile from society, a being who sought no vanity with his fellow men—the sum of whose interest was represented by his bags of gold. All the beauty and variety of nature might have no existence; with his hoard to enjoy the world, whether in beauty or waste, whether in joy or sadness, whether desolate or instinct with the life of man, was of no concern to him.

He locked and bolted himself within his hovel, where he hugged his bags of gold counting and recounting their contents with gluttonous, devouring eyes while he kept a vigilant ear for the sound of an intruder. The tinkle of his money was sweeter far than the music of the cathedral organ; and he starved himself amid squalid surroundings to save himself the pang it gave him to part with a copper.

If he heard the footstep of a passer-by he was instantly alert, and securing his gold in its place of hiding, he prepared for an attack. The fear in which he daily lived made every sound the approach of an armed robber. He ventured forth only when necessity compelled him—and how he skulked along the street. His face was a study only for the morbid. It wore an expression of apprehension as if everyone he met were a probable enemy with designs on his life. In his darting glances his eyes might light on a prattling child toddling by its mother's side, but it awakened no tender feelings in him. The most interesting child was simply an entity. A beautiful woman, elegantly dressed, he would recoil from as a thing to be shunned like a viper, whose sting is poisonous and deadly. A little girl, barefooted and in rags, standing at a corner, crying from cold and hunger, awakened no sympathy within him. His sympathy, his thoughts, were all for himself.

Follow him to his pallet at night, where he tries to snatch a few hours sleep. His last thought is of his wealth, and in the silent watches it gives him no rest. He shivers and groans, distorts his features and clutches at the air. He sees his den invaded, the robbers at his bags. He springs up with a malediction on his lips—to listen with eyes distorted and countenance emaciated by terror. Assured that it was nothing but a dream, he lays down his head again, only to be disturbed throughout the night.

Consumed by the one passion that burned within him, that man never once reflected on the remorseless Reaper. But he entered his den one day, and as he stood on the threshold of the border world, the emptiness of his past life, to lose all in the end, was the ministering spirit that attended him. His last supplication was for his money, but he went hence without it. He was a miser.

A PARALLEL CASE.

People in Detroit are interested in a Great Resemblance in two Cases.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 29.—Much interest has been manifested here over the recovery of Mr. G. H. Kent, of Ottawa, from Bright's disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which is now in universal use, and many people have a clear recollection of the similar case which occurred in London, Ontario, not long ago namely, that of Mr. Wm. Langley, who for some time was an inmate of Harper's Hospital here and was operated upon without effect by several Detroit physicians. It was owing to this connection with Detroit and the long accounts published in the press that so much interest was taken in the case, and led to such an enormously increased sale of the medicine.

Are You Despondent.

Has ill health or overwork made you despondent? Has your nervous system been overwrought? If so you need a thorough course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. You will find it exactly what you need. It restores health and strength and hopefulness. And it does it in the most natural way in the world. It improves digestion, stimulates the appetite, affords new vitalizing power to the blood, and so leads to the rebuilding of the weak and wasted tissues of the body, the result of which is the complete renewal of health, and a vigorous mental activity. Its power is irresistible. The formerly despondent sufferer feels the thrill of a new vitality and work is no longer a dreary task or pleasure a thing to be endured. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd.) St. John, N. B. and New York City.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.