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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

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JACQUES' WIFE.

She had been alone for a week now, while the herders were off on the range rounding up the horses for their yearly branding. To-night she looked for them home. There was a sound of bacon sizzling in the big frying-pan, brown jacketed potatoes peeped from their hiding place in the hot ashes, and Carmen left the door for a moment to peep into the oven at the biscuit coloring delicately inside. Carmen cooked well, and the boys found her presence a welcome one, freeing them from irksome stewing over the stove when they rode home tired and hungry.

She glanced from the window as she rose from her biscuit inspection, then hastily returned to her post in the doorway.

Far off on the edge of the prairie a tiny moving cloud made its appearance, creeping snail-like towards her; gradually it rolled and swelled and came rushing over the intervening plain, taking shape into rounded puffs ever falling and renewing. 'La caballada!' she murmured in a satisfied tone.

At last there came a thunder of quick hoof-beats, and then the excited herd dashed after their leader into the big corral. The heavy gates banged, the chain rattled over the staple. Five hungry men sprang from their saddles, and, hastily picking their ponies, made a bee-line to the cookhouse.

They greeted Carmen with boisterous jollity, flung themselves upon their benches, and, without further ado, began to devour the food set before them.

'Hey! this coffee is prime, my Carmen! Some white woman taught yer to make biscuits, gal! Say, Jake, you bet it's fine to get back to Carmen's cookin'! vociferated one and another, as the edge of their appetites dulled, they began to ply their knives a little more slowly.

Carmen paid no attention to their rough compliments. She was standing behind her husband's chair, acting as waitress when occasion required, at other times fingering his sombrero or timidly touching his sombre curls. Each man was duly supplied with edibles; but the crispest bacon and browniest biscuit found their way to Jake Ringer's plate, until finally he looked up and announced: 'I've had enough! Now eat, yourself.'

The men rose from the table and scattered to their evening occupations; only Jake remained, smoking in the doorway, while Carmen sat down to her meal of fragments.

As the last slouching figure vanished toward the cabins, he turned to the woman with a slow smile, and asked in Mexican: 'Has it been lonely these days cara mia?'

'It is always night in my heart when thou art gone, O, my husband!'

Then, still in the soft Mexican tongue they talked together of such things as made up their life—of the range happenings, of the morrow's work, of what they could buy in Alamito when the herds were driven in to be sold.

Lastly, as Jake rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe, he remarked in English:

'To-morrow and Friday's the brandin', but Saturday I'll make the boys get out a plough on fix us a fire-break. The grass is uncommon long just now, en it's dyin' fast. Ef we don't look out we'll have the whole camp goin' up in smoke.'

He strode through the starlit dusk toward his sleeping shack, and Carmen, shutting softly the door of the cook-house followed slowly in the same direction.

The air felt stifling and oppressive. A stiff breeze came out of the south, but its hot breath filled the frame with un-

comfortable languor. Old Tom Grind standing in the door of the boy's shack, halloed to Jake as he passed him. Carmen slipped past them into her own little shanty.

'Look here, Jake,' growled old Tom; in an undertone, 'the boys is snoozin' already, but I can't turn in for thinkin' of that pesky long bossfeed out yander. With this here breeze a fire cud come a-gopin'—what d'yer say ter you'n me goin' out now an' burnin' off a bit? Just fer luck!

'Pshaw, Tom! 'taint so awful dry yet, neither. Turn in, man, en quit botherin'. After the brandin's done we'll up and plough a good breakin'. You bet I'm tired, en I aint no mind ter go burnin' off this time of night.'

He turned on his heel and disappeared into the smaller cabin. Old Tom shook his head. 'Them boys aint keeful enough,' he muttered; 'seems to me them critters yander air oneasy.' He glanced once more toward the corral, where an unusual stamping and pawing seemed to confirm his words; once more he shook his head doubtfully; then, after a look around the horizon, where no uncommon sign was manifest, he at last sought his bunk. Tired nature soon drowned his fears in sleep.

Five hours later a slim red tongue reached over the crest of the knoll that bounded the horizon of Star Camp to the south. It wreathed this way and that among the long grass stems. Another and another followed, then a wall of flame reaching east and west as far as the eye could follow, rose over the ridge, and bore down with race-horse speed, upon the devoted little settlement below.

Jake Ringer stirred uneasily in his sleep, and flung a protecting arm over the quiet figure beside him. A glare of lurid light filled the little room with the brightness of noonday, but still they slept on. Outside in the corral, horses were snorting and stamping, their wild eyes staring at the distant, but swift-coming danger. The animals picketed on the prairie tugged at their stout ropes rearing and screaming.

Old Tom Griffin, waked by the rising clamor, sprang with a bound to the door. 'Fire! Fire!' he shouted. 'Quick, out of this or ye'll smother like rats in a hole!' Four half clad figures rushed out into the night, and Dick Elland beat on Jake Ringer's door: 'Up! Up! if ye value yer lives!'

Roused from his heavy slumber, Jake stumbled across the floor; trembling, Carmen followed close behind.

One look at the on coming demon brought Jake to his wandering senses.

'A back fire, quick, you idiots!' he bawled and made a break for the cookhouse.

Old Tom laid a powerful, restraining hand on his shoulder.

'Two late, my lad!' he shouted above the din of the frantic, penned in herd. 'That furnace ud reach us before t'was even started.'

Indeed, the fiery breath of the advancing flames already scorched their faces.

'We must trust to our good horse-flesh!' spoke up Dick Elland, quickly.

A rush for the picketed ponies—in an instant more each man was riding for his life.

Jake Ringer was first in the saddle; he curbed his frightened steed with one strong arm, and with the other swung Carmen's light form to a seat behind him.

It was old Tom who stopped at the corral, snatched the chain from the door, and flinging wide the gates, gave freedom to the poor, crazed creatures within its walls.

Fear lent wings to their feet—the ridden and the riderless together dashed eagerly toward the dark northern horizon where, miles away, lay safety in the cool waters of the Brazos. No one looked back to see how with a leap and a roar the hungry flames pounced on the deserted buildings, and in one short moment licked up every trace of man's handiwork. On and on, mile after mile of dry prairie slipping back from their swift beating hoofs, sped the fleeing band.

Anxious faces now and then turned to see if they kept their start from their evil pursuer. It was Carmen, cowering on old General's broad back—Carmen, clinging with a clutch of despair to Jake's shoulders—who turned the oftenest. It was Carmen who first noticed that the short distance—so terribly hopelessly short—between them and the eddying flame-cloud was lessening. She shrieked aloud in her terror, but Jake bade her sternerly: 'Take courage! it's only two miles more to the river!'

Only two miles—but the race was telling. The work-weary and laden ponies were already distanced by the flying herd. Old General with his doul le burden, still kept his place in the van, but Jake could feel he was weakening.

Nearer and nearer swept the destroying element. Slower and slower seemed to move the panting and straining horses.

A mile—a half-mile—now but a quarter—to safety? Could they make it? The fire was pressing them closely; the stinging smoke blinded men and horses; their skins parched and cracked in the awful heat. Inch by inch did General lose his frontage; in vain Jake plied the spur, in vain he swore and pleaded; the good old horse was spent.

In one last, despairing glance backward Jake saw that the flames were upon them; his brave breast still staggered forward, but at that pace nothing could save them. Carmen's face was buried in his shoulder.

With parched lips the man uttered 'At least we die together!'

A wild scream rang through the pall of grass smoke. Old Tom on the river bank heard it—Adios, caro mio, one alone can be saved.

The clinging arms relaxed; relieved of the woman's weight the horse sprang forward; then the swirling billows skat out the terrible picture.

Jake Ringer covered his eyes and fell forward on General's neck. He did not know that his hair was singed and his clothes already smouldering as his horse plunged into the Brazos. He did not know that his comrades lifted him gently up the opposite bank as the fire swept to the water's edge and died into sudden darkness. But when he came back to consciousness then he knew that Carmen had given her life for him.

Rheumatism Cured

Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood attacking the fibrous tissues of the joints. Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness, and tones the whole body neutralizes the acidity of the blood and thus cures rheumatism.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after dinner pills, assist digestion, cures headache.

Facts About the Hair.

So many people are constantly lamenting the profuse manner in which their hair falls, its lack of lustre, its dandruff, etc., but when questioned about the treatment it receives, "Do you brush your hair?" "How often is it washed?" the answers invariably are: "Dear me, I haven't time to do that! I'm sure other people have nice hair, and they don't all go to such trouble."

True, they do not, but it's only one or two out of a hundred who can retain a luxuriant growth of hair without a judicious amount of treatment. How often do we see members of the fair sex who never dream of taking down the day's coiffure when retiring, never use a brush, just to do it "up" in the morning, and cannot understand why it is their hair falls out so. Now for a little practical and tried advice:

Every night your hair must be loosened and released. Part it in every conceivable manner, and thoroughly brush the scalp, not roughly, but until you produce a warm glow. Give it at least about thirty strokes morning and evening, and repeatedly change the way you brush it, some nights combing it up on the head, at other times braiding your hair loosely, but above all never forget to use the brush freely.

An article too often called into action is the fine-tooth comb. It invariably irritates the scalp, is the frequent cause of dandruff, and acts in very much the same capacity as a rake would if applied to the head.

Once a month, or even once in six weeks, is a short enough period to elapse between the "hair wash," oftener than that may cause that dry look by removing the natural oil. The contents of two or more eggs put on the hair and well rubbed is a wonderful cleanser and promotes the growth. Also a lump of borax has the same effect, while borax and salt combined have a very strengthening action. Leave the salt and borax in boiling water for at least five minutes before using.

Now is the time when the brush is not called into brisk action, for one of the worst things you could do would be to brush or in any way meddle with your hair when it is wet, or even damp.

If the "wash" is done in warm weather always do the drying process out of doors, where one can sit in the sun and let the breezes play hide-and-seek with your tresses. If in winter sit in a strong sun and get some one to waft artificial breezes by the use of a large fan.

Although sometimes unavoidable, it is not advisable to wash the head at night, for retiring with wet hair is sure to cause a mouldy smell and will rot the roots.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TRY TO BE CALM.

Don't Fly Into a Passion and Quarrel With Your Wife.

Maybe she is fretful, restless, subject to fits of despondency. Wears her old dresses. Is careless about how things go. Doesn't take the old-time cheerful interest in household affairs.

Do you know why? The poor woman is worn out with care and worry. She needs sympathy, encouragement, rest. She needs something to restore the bloom of health to her cheeks, the old light of her eye, the old ambition, the old strength and vigor to her nervous system.

Nothing in the world will do this so effectively as a thorough course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. Thousands of grateful women know it and bear testimony to the fact.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is especially adapted to the diseases peculiar to women, such as nervousness, nervous headaches, neuralgia, hysteria, pale and sallow complexions, suppressions, anemia, despondency, loss of memory, or any nerve weakness of heart or brain, arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body, or excesses of any nature. It gives tone to the nerves and stomach, vigor to the mind and body, and strength to the blood, restoring the bloom of health to the pale and delicate. It is for sale by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured by The Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

It Must Be the Best.

Rev. W. H. Madill, Alton, Ontario:—"I received the bottle of K. D. C. and have given it a fair trial, and I can say it done me more good than the hundreds of dollars worth of doctors medicine that I have taken."

The mildest as well as the worst forms of indigestion need a remedy, and that remedy is K. D. C. Free samples mailed to any address K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

John Gilderoy's Narrow Escape From Strangulation.

When John Gilderoy, of Puckett's Corners, Ill., got up about four o'clock one morning and went out to build a fire in the kitchen stove, he little realized what a surprise was in store for him. Mr. Gilderoy has built fires in that same stove for the last fifteen years, but he never met with the experience he met with that morning. In turning over the fuel in the wood box to get a nice dry stick from which he could whittle a few shavings, his hand struck a cold slimy substance, causing a shiver to pass through the brawny farmer's bones. Thoroughly frightened he sprang back just in time to miss the spring of a huge rattlesnake, which resented the intrusion upon his domestic happiness.

The rattler sprang from the box and landed in the middle of the floor, where it lay coiled for another attack. Seizing the stove poker, Mr. Gilderoy advanced upon the reptile and was preparing to deal it a blow, when the snake, by another sudden spring, landed upon the farmer's neck, and proceeded to secure the strangle hold. Try as he would Mr. Gilderoy could not tear off the reptile, and screaming with fright, he called for the assistance of one of his sons. When the boy got to the kitchen he found his father lying upon the floor half strangled. He took in the situation at a glance. Getting his hand upon the family rolling pin, he struck the snake upon the head with it and the reptile loosened his hold. Another blow killed the strange visitor, and the boy was able to rescue his father, who was nearly suffocated by this time. The snake had escaped from a menagerie. It could not bite, for its fangs had been extracted, but it inconvenienced Mr. Gilderoy for some time, and he is not likely to soon forget the occurrence.—Toledo Commercial.

This is Concentration.

One pill a dose, one box 25 cents. One pill relieves constipation. One box cures an ordinary case. One pill taken weekly neutralizes formation of the uric acid in the blood and prevents Bright's Kidney disease and Diabetes. True only of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mother—"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you have come. We have just had such a scare! We thought at first that Johnny had swallowed a sovereign."

Doctor—"And you found out that he hadn't?"

Mother—"Yes; it was only a shilling."

K. D. C. imparts strength to the whole system.



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These portraits are unexcelled as faithful likenesses. They are done by artists who have been selected from those foremost in their line in Boston, and no more suitable or artistic adornment for parlor or drawing-room can be found. Belonging, as they do, to the class of work which give tone and rich effect to a room, they ought to be found in every household. Our arrangements admit of our furnishing as many portraits as a subscriber may have members in his family at the rate of \$2.75 each.

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