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Dressmaker's Duties

Are Such as to Cause Backacha

A Toronto Dressmaker has Found a Positive Cure and Gladly Tells About it.



Those who follo the ardnous of making or sawing Bunning sewi machines all day long, bending over

But those who suffer from backache headache, pain in the side or any derangement of the kidneys will be glad to know that there is a remedy that never fails even

It is Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. P. Coyler, the well-known dressmaker, 224 Bathurst St., Toronto, Onto gave the following statement of her experi

"For some time I suffered a good deal from weak back, a tired feeling, and paids and aches in various parts of my body Since I have used Donn's Kidney Pills too, pany the pains have left me, my back has got stronger and the kidney troubles have been corrected. "That tired, dull, drowsy feeling that used to come on me has now gone, and I am happy to say I have not feit so well in years as at

Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lams or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, mist before the eyes, loss of memory. rheumatism, gravel and urinary troubles of young or old. The Doan Kidney Pill Co. Toronto, Ont.

SOMETHING ABOUT TEA

Within the past few years a great deal of money has been spent in advertising special brands of Tea, each one of course claiming to be "the best." And perhaps each one is the best-for those who like I -but many brands are put up for distribution all over Canada; the same Tea going to those who in one district or province use Japan greens, and in another China blacks. Teas which differ as much in taste as Tea differs from Coffee. Hence is it any wonder that some special branch is often condemned at the first trial, and not much wonder if all other brands are condemned without a trial, as all have been advertised as being "the best"-but let the housekeeper select some well known brand which has been put up specially for the province in which she lives and she may discover that to her taste it is "the best Tea" she has ever

This is the secret of the great popular ity and enormous sales of Red Rose Tea It has always been packed specially for Maritime Province trade. - Religious In telligence.

WHEN IT HURTS TO COUGH

The cough that hurts, the cough that gets tight in the chest, is daily getting deeper and deeper into the bronchial tubes and is making directly for the lungs, to become pneumonia, inflammation of the lnngs or consumption. Such coughs yield only to the wounderful efficiency of Dr Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine which loosens the tightness and curecough and cold together. 25 cents a bottle. Family size 60 cents, sold every

A Peanut Party.

A progressive peanut party is conducted exactly after the manner of jack straws. For this purpose small tables are arranged at different points of the room, according to the number of guests invited, allowing each table to four players. In the center of each there is piled up a pint of pea-nuts, and by its side a pair of bonbon tongs, which can be purchased for a few cents each. At a given signal or by the sounding of a gong the game is begun and played on the same principle precisely as the old fashioned jack straws, the peanuts taking the place of the straws, while the tongs that of the hook. The time is called and the scores kept similar to any progressive game, when the winner for each table moves up on the next, and another game is begun. At the conclusion of the allotted time scores are compared and prizes awarded to the lucky ones, the same regularity being preserved as in cards. After the game is finished the peanuts become a part of the feast that follows and are devoured by the guests. In this home amusement one rule should be strictly kept, that small prizes are made or trifles purchased not exceeding 25 cents

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of he pills are imitated and the name-Dodl's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations ire dangerous. The original is safe. Dod's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imtators have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Docd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about-

KIDNEY PILLS

JACKSON'S END.

"I tell you, fellowe, 'tain't no fur by swim a bunch of steers when the water ha as cold as it is now."

The speaker was a short, thickset cow boy, whose fiery red hair had gained or him the sobriquet of "Colorado," the l'extean name for red, which was frequently shortened to "Colly" among the "putch-

". I'ever have any 'sperience at it, Col

Colorado by this time had finished rolling absorbarette and was waiting for the ok, which he had thrust a to to get redhot to light it this and taken a few tre as, he answered: "Yes, I hav at it, Colorado," said the was it. an how did it hap

le's 'lear the story." chimed

down here into Ari

an pulled our freight fer e all good to handle an trouble to hold nights little stampedes, an we and Lee's Ferry with

in one night it were s tied an mounted We was camped for the banks of a wash Mood creek, an along there down into the 'dobe flat feet deep Peck he's 'bout ts off wrong fer the herd an rides straight up to the edge of the

creek thanking all the time he's a-goin out on the prante to the herd His pony sort of balked on his an give a snort, but Peck. bein a crossulatued sort of cuss an only andf awake west oathed him with his quirt an jabbed his spurs into him The pony give a jump an landed in the middle of the cree with six or eight feet of muddy water runnin in it Lord, didn't he wake up sudden like an squall for help! We all turned out in a hurry, but he swam across an the opposite side bein sort of slopinlike, the pony scrambled out. Then Peck was afeered to cross back in the dark an stayed over thar all night, a-shiverin an a-shakin an a-cursin like a crazy man When we got up for breakfast that mornin at 4 o'clock, it was clear an cold an dark The cook he goes down to the creek an hollers to Peck sort of sarcastic like, Come to breakfast, Peck, an Peck he gits mad an swears at the cocinero pretty plenty an said of he didn't go back he'd turn loose on him with his six shooter, an the cook, bein pretty rollicky hisself, he goes back to the wagon an pulls his Win chester an starts fer the creek ag'in, when Jackson stops him an turns him back

camp jist as we was pullin out. "The Big Colorado were a powerful stream when we reached it, bein all swollen by the meltin snows up in the moun tains, an we all kinder hated to tackle it The old man told the wagon boss afore he left to ferry the outfit an horses over in

When it come daylight, Peck went down

the creek a mile and finds a place to cross

whar it wa'n't so deep an so gits back to

the boat, but to swim the steers. "You know how Lee's Ferry is. The riv er comes out of a box canyon above, an the sides break away a little, an then a mile below it goes into the box ag'in, where the walls is 3,000 feet high an the current runs like a mill race. It was shore a nasty place to swim a bunch of steers, an Jackson, the wagon boss, he knowed we had a big job on hand when we got there. Jackson was the best wagon boss I ever see or worked under. He was a tall, slim chap could outwork any two men in the oufit, wa'n't afeerd of nothin, an, though he couldn't read nor write, I tell you, boys, he saveyed cows a heap. What he didn't know 'bout cows wa'n't worth knowin He didn't let the steers water the day before, so's they'd be powerful dry an take to the river easier.

We fust got the chuck wagon over on the ferryboat, which was a big concern, long enuff to drive a four horse team on to, an which was rowed by six men. The cook he was mighty skeery 'bout goin on to this here boat, 'cause he said 'bout a year afore that he'd been a-punchin cows in southern Arizony, an a feller there shipped a lot of cattle up inter Californey to put on an island near Los Angeles They loaded 'em on to flat scows with a high railin round 'em, an put 'bout 50 head on each scow an a puncher on it to look fer em Goin over to the island the tug what was a-towin 'em by the horn of the saddle, so to speak, busted the string, an thar bein quite a wind a-blowin an big ole waves a-floppin around, the four scows began to butt an bump up ag'in one another like a lot of muley bulls a-fightin, an the cattle got to runnin back an forth an a-bellerin an a-bawlin, an them punchers, they shore thought their very last day had come. The cook he never expected to see dry land ag'in, an he jist vowed if ever he got back to the prairie that he'd punch no

"Well, bimeby the tug got a new lariat on to 'em ag'in an corralled 'em al' safe enuff at the wharf, but the cook 'lowed he war a dry land terrapin an wouldn't ever ag'in git into no such scrape, not ef he knowed hisself. Howsumever, he did get up 'nuff spunk to tackle the ferry an went over safely. After we got the wagon acrost we went back an started the cattle down the side canyon what leads into the

"Jackson's fdee was to get the hosses shead of the steers an let 'em follow the hosses. You know hosses swim anywheres, an the cattle will allers foller 'em So he puts three men in a little boat, two to row an one to lead a hoss, knowin the balance would foller him right acrost.

"The hoss wrangler hed the hosses all ready, an jist as the leaders of the herd come down to the water's edge the boys in the boat pulled out, a-leadin a hoss, an the other hosses follered right in an was soon a-swimmin Then, when they was all strung out an doin fine we crowded the steers into the water after 'em. They was all powerful dry an took to the water am an yell like a bunch of Comanches.

"You all know thar's only one thing to be afeerd of in swimmin a lot of cattle, an that's when they gets to millin. Jackson had swum cattle acrost the Pecos in Texas an the Yellowstone in Montana an saveyed 'xactly what to do. But this here Colorado at Lee's Ferry is a bad place to tackle, fer you're bound to get out on the other side afore you get into the box canyon, or your name's Dennis, 'cause once a feller gets into the canyon he's got to go on clean down about 100 miles after he can strike a level place big enuff to crawl

"Soon as the cattle got well strung out Jackson began to undress hisself. He took off all his clothes but his shirt, an then he buckled his six shooter belt around him an pulled the saddle off'n his hoss.

"I says, Bill, you ain't a-goin to try to swim it, are you?' an he says, 'No, not less I have to; but if they gets to millin out thar we'll lose the whole herd, an the only way to break it up is to ride out an shoot among 'em an skeer 'em.' He knowed it were risky, fer if anything went wrong he was shore to be carried into the canyon an drowned. But Bill Jackson wa'n't the sort of a wagon boss to stop at anything to save the herd, an sure 'nuff, bout the time the leaders got fairly into the middle of the river. long comes a big cottonwood tree a-driftin an whirlin down stream right into 'em. That skeert 'em an turned 'em, an 'fore we knowed it they was doubled back on the balance an swimmin round an round, for all the world like driftwood in a big eddy in a creek. This pushed his hoss into the river an takes his six shooter in his hand. He was ridin a little Pinto pony they called I ae Jay, one of the best all round cow ponies I ever see.

"Old Blue Jay he jist seemed to save what was wanted of him an swum 'long without any fuss. When Jackson gits out close to the millin steers, he begins to holler an shoot, an he called to the fellers in the Barrister at Law, Notary. boat to come back an try to stop 'em. Now, you all know what a risky thing it is to go near a steer a-swimmin in the water, for he's sure to try to climb up on you. Jackson knowed this, but he swum Blue Jay right slapdab inter the bunch an tried to scatter 'em an stop 'em from

"Just how it happened we couldn't tell, but first thing we seen Jackson was right in the middle of the millin critters, an in a minute they had crowded pore old Blue Jay under, an all we seen of Jackson was his hands went up, an then he was lost in the whirlin mass of horns that was goin round an round. A man had no chance at all to swim, 'cause their hoofs kep' him under all the time, an they was packed so close a feller couldn't come up between

"The boys in the boat tried to do something, but 'twa'n't no use, fer he never come up, an when they got too close one big steer throwed his head over the side of the boat an purty nigh upset 'em, so they had to keep away to save theirselves. But they kep' up a-shootin an a-hollerin till the leaders finally struck out fer the shore, an in a few minutes the whole herd was strung out fer the opposite side, an sooner than I kin tell it they was all standin on dry land an not a single one missin.

'Meantime the boys in the boat had watched everywhere fer pore Jackson's body, but they never got sight of it, though they went clean into the mouth of the box canyon. They was lots of big trees an drift a-runnin, an we guessed his body had been caught in the branches of floatin tree an carried down with it. Pore old Blue Jay come floatin past 'em, an they tried to catch him, but the current was so swift they couldn't do it. All they wanted was to get Jackson's silver mounted bridle off'n him, 'cause 'twas easy 'nuff to see that the pony was quite

"Well, the rest of us crossed in the big ferryboat an rounded up the steers, which was grazin up the canyon on the other side, an moved 'em out a couple of miles to camp. Shorty, bein the oldest hand in the outfit, took charge an sent two of us back to the ferry to try an see if Jackson's body could be found, but the feller what run the ferry said 'twa'n't no use lookin fer him, 'cause the swift current would carry him miles an miles down the canyon without ever lodgin anywhere. So we went back, an Shorty gave it up an decided to push the herd on next day. We was a blue ole crowd that night around the campfire, I tell you. All the boys liked Jackson, an besides they was a-thinkin of his wife an two kids what was a-waitin for him at the headquarters ranch

'Shorty sent a letter from the next settlement to the ole man, a-tellin him what had happened, an we come along up with the cattle, arrivin safely at the ranch without any more misfortunes.

"An didn't they never find Jackson's

body, Colly?" queried the Kid. 'Waal,' said Colly, "that's a singular thing too. When we gets back to the ranch the ole man he was orful cut up about it, an hated to think that the body wasn't found. He'd been down in the Grand canvon the summer afore with a lot of fellers, an he said he believed he could find it 'bout 100 miles below the ferry, 'cause thar were a place thar down in the canyon whar the walls widen out fer some 20 miles, an thar was quite a wide valley with grassy meadows an trees. So he takes one of the boys an a pack outfit an goes off down thar. They had to leave everything on top of the canyon an climb down a-foot an pack their stuff on their backs. The walls was 6,000 feet high thar, an they had a hard time gettin down. Course it was jist a scratch, but I'm blest if after four or five days' hunt they didn't find it lodged in a pile of drift along the river. Twas easy 'nuff to tell Jackson's body, fer he'd had two fingers of his left hand shot off in a fight once. So they takes it to a place in the valley whar it was safe from flood, an buries it as well as they could, an the next fall, when 'twas cold, he went back an packed the remains out of the canyon an took them clean to the ranch an buried 'em jist as if it was his own brother. I tell you, the boys was ready to swear by the ole man after that.'

But Colorado's story was finished, and as it was about 10:30 the second guard men began putting on overcoats and heavy gloves preparatory to two hours and a half

of watching the herd. The stars were shining clear and bright, the bells of the horse herd came softly over the prairie, making a tuneful chime on the frosty night air, and as I untied the rope that bound my roll of bedding and kicked it out on' the ground I could not keep from thinking of poor Jackson's death and wondering if the morrow held a like fate in store for any of us. -Will C. Barnes in Argonaut.

The Costliest Fur.

The most expensive fur is that of the easy 'nuff, an afore the leaders knowed it black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of they was a-swimmin in fine shape. Jack- which when dressed becomes a very atson wouldn't let us holler or shoot till we tractive blue. A single skin is worth as got 'em all inter the water, an then we much as \$1,000 A pelisse worn by the jerked our six shooters an tegan to for Emperor Nicholas lined with this fur cost

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