

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss FRANCES SMITH, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism; outward application cures. Take it.

Point-To-Point Race.

AN ARTIST IN THE SADDLE.

(M. L. Gordon in London World.)

"I wish you to understand once and for all, that in allowing that young man to come philandering about here perpetually you are acting in direct defiance to my wishes. I object to him most strongly."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

Maud Bretherton stood facing her uncle, angrier than she had ever been in the course of a not too smooth existence. Left to his guardianship while still a child, she had learned to feel for him a strong affection and had become accustomed to his irritable temper and his many prejudices, hearing the former with a gay philosophy, and humoring or ignoring the latter, as best befitted the occasion.

But during the past few months philosophy had failed her, ousted by a stronger force to which she might, perhaps, hardly have given a name had not her guardian's opposition forced her to analyze her feelings and acknowledge the truth.

Sir James passed her question by, "I suppose you are aware that you are not in a position to marry without my consent?"

"In so framing his will my father can only have wished to shield me from marriage with a man he himself could not have approved."

"And what would he have said to this brush and palette artist adventurer, may I ask? A man whose livelihood depends upon his fingers and thumb, the smallest accident to which would entail the ruin of his career! It is preposterous, and if you had the least shred of common sense you would agree with me."

Maud's eyes flashed. "Mr. Dickson is no adventurer. As you are well aware his family is as good as our own; and as for his profession, it seems to me a higher and nobler one than that of sport."

Sir James could scarcely believe his ears; amazement and wrath choked his utterance, and Maud continued calmly, and with a ring of scorn in her young voice: "Do you suppose I do not know the real nature of your objections? If Alan Dickson was a hard rider, a good shot, a man bent upon destroying rather than creating, the uncertainty of his future, the lack of a career, would be nothing to you; he would be welcomed with open arms, and you would consider my choice a perfectly wise and natural one. I, on the contrary, prefer brush and palette to stable and kennel."

It was heresy, rank heresy, and in reality no girl in the country loved hound and horn better than Maud herself; but the provocation had been great, and the very expression of her indignation caused it to evaporate.

"I beg your pardon, uncle," she said, her face breaking into a smile. "You must remember that if mother was a sportswoman, father was a bookworm, and therefore I am at best but half and half."

Sir James was partially mollified. "It is perfectly absurd. Why, I don't suppose he knows a horse's fetlocks from his withers!"

"You forget that he has hunted off and on with our pack the whole of this winter."

"More off than on, I suspect," muttered Sir James, pleased at his own small joke. "How could I know, when I have been laid by with this infernal gout? All I know is that I have never heard of him as leading the field. Where did he get his horses?"

"Occasionally Mr. Thurston gave him a mount; more often I have lent him Wanderer."

"You have lent him Wanderer? What insensate folly! Why, he is the best hunter you have ever had."

"Yes, that was my reason," replied Maud, demurely.

"And Dickson managed him?"

Maud thought within herself that it was Wanderer who had managed Dickson, but not for worlds would she have confessed it.

"They seemed to agree very well," was all she said, and added: "By the way, uncle, I have just had a letter from Jack, and he says he cannot get leave, and cannot, therefore, ride Wanderer in the Point-to-Point. What do you think I had better do?"

"Not get leave? Not ride? What nonsense! Why, there is no one else to take

his place. Is everything in league to bother and worry me? Wire to Jack that I insist upon his coming."

"I am afraid it is impossible, uncle, and Wanderer had such a good chance that it really is a dreadful disappointment."

Sir James glanced at her; there was a smile in his eyes, but she did not see it, and his voice was gruff as ever. "Why don't you ask Mr. Dickson to ride him?"

Maud started visibly, her face blanched and she moved away towards the window. Her uncle's smile deepened.

"Would you be afraid to trust him, or is he afraid to trust himself?"

The jesting words shattered an already overtaxed patience.

"He shall ride him, and, what is more, he will win; he is not the milk-sop you misrepresent him to be. I will go and see about it at once. If he wins this race will you, at any rate, allow that he is no coward, and try to judge him more fairly?"

"By George! if he wins the race, if he can beat Minton and that grey horse of his, I'll give him anything he likes to ask. Minton is perfectly unbearable, and though the gray is a good horse—first class in fact—one doesn't want his virtues rubbed into one at all times and seasons. But, of course, Dickson won't beat him. The thing's absurd."

In her heart of hearts Maud thought so too, and her lover shared this opinion. Nevertheless, he vowed he would do his best; and the two set to work to scour the countryside; Maud to teach, Dickson to learn every fence and ditch and furrow that was in the least likely to come into the line of country to be chosen.

"It is sure to be on this side," said Maud, anywhere between here and Brayton; they never go further afield than that.

"Don't you hunt as far as the Limekilns?"

"Yes; but they are not likely to flag out the course in that direction."

"I know the lie of the land out there pretty well; I sketched there all one spring."

Which was fortunate, since on the day of the race it was discovered that from start to finish the course lay between Brayton Heath and the Limekilns.

Sir James, in spite of his gout, insisted upon seeing the race, and it was in no small anxiety that Maud took her stand beside him at a point which promised the best view. An exaggerated sense of the importance of victory took possession of her; nothing else in all the world seemed to matter much, and her very hopes for the future were merged in the suspense of the present. What had passed between Alan and herself they alone knew, but certain it is that he knew the stake, he rode for, and his last words to Maud were: "Have no fear. Wanderer won't fail us. I'm not much of a horseman, but I'm an artist and know the look of country; and you won't find me much out of my reckoning there, and you'll see I'll be home first."

Hopeful words, and Maud smiled back at him and whispered injunctions in Wanderer's ear, but her heart was sick with fear—a new, sudden fear for her lover's safety.

A good deal of surprise and some amusement had been expressed when it became known who was to ride Wanderer, but if Dickson was aware of it he betrayed no sign, and, wisely leaving much to Wanderer's discretion, he negotiated the first mile and its fairly stiff fences in a manner that even Minton could find no fault with. Minton was keeping the gray well in hand, confident that in the end he could outstrip all competitors and knowing nothing of the artist's determination to beat him at all costs. It was not till Brayton brook was reached that any mishap occurred, but after that the field sensibly drew out, and before long the spectators were freely remarking that the race lay at most between the leading four.

"Thornton do seem to be comin' along on that young one he bought off Farmer Baines and give a price for, too—more'n it's worth, I said, but may be he war right, though for looks give me Mr. Minton's."

"Ay, he's the best of the lot, to my thinkin'. Not but what I'd be best pleased to see Miss Maud win. My boy, what's the groom there, says she be mighty fond of the horse, and fair set on his winning."

"What for, then, did she put up the painter chap to ride?"

"They do say——" began a shrill female voice, but it was rudely interrupted.

"They do say a sight of nonsense, and I don't hold with listenin' to no gossip. My boy says Wanderer will romp in, but I don't think it. Bless my soul! What's wrong?"

He might well ask. Across a little bit of plough Wanderer had slackened speed,

and of the four leaders lay last. At the end of the field was a bank, and near this obstacle Alan knew that Sir James and Maud had taken up their station. Accordingly he resolved that after easing Wanderer over the plough he would make a final effort to take and keep the lead.

"Thornton and Cresswell are over," cried Sir James, and now comes the gray, but Wanderer is running him close. No chance, though, but I own the fellow rides him better than I suspected. Ugly seat, but he doesn't seem to lose it."

Almost at that moment the gray rose at the jump. Suddenly a dog, breaking away from its owner, ran up from the other side of the bank, barking furiously. Minton's horse, taking fright, stopped short in his stride, and Minton himself landed in the next field at a spot where Wanderer must also have landed had not his rider pulled his head round with a swift sharp tug at the bit. He fell just clear of the prostrate man, and though to Maud it felt an eternity, it was in reality but a few seconds before both riders were in their saddles again, and she heard Alan shout: "Take the low side of the field, better ground, and leads on to grass. We may catch them beyond there."

Sir James muttered something under his breath, and then said aloud: "He hasn't won the race yet, my dear, but he's going near it."

Maud could not answer. Her anxious eyes had detected something which escaped her uncle.

"He is hurt," she cried. "Don't you see that he has taken the reins in his left hand?"

It was quite true, and Dickson began to feel himself growing faint with pain. But it was only two fields now, and Thornton's horse had gone the wrong side of the flag and had to be brought back, and Cresswell's was done up. If only he could keep in his saddle, if only Wanderer would realize his position and lay himself out to win, if only—

The hubbub of voices at the winning post was already in his ears, but louder was the sound of the gray hoofs coming nearer and nearer—so loud, so near. And then there was a long silence.

Some weeks later, when the doctor had gone and the tension of anxiety we relieved, Sir James called his niece and said: "I made a mistake; he is a sportsman and a gentleman, though he has an ugly seat on a horse—I beg your pardon, my dear. And I shall never have forgiven myself if it had been the right arm."

Maud's lip quivered, but a moment later she slipped her hand into her uncle's. "I suppose," she said, half jestingly, half wistfully, "that since he did not win the race he can't be given the prize?"

Whereat Sir James laughed. "The thing's absurd, of course, perfectly absurd; but it might have been worse, and you had better go and tell him so."

Stomach and Bowel Troubles.

A promptly satisfactory cure for Cramps, Colic, Indigestion, Heartburn, Biliousness, Sick Stomach and Summer Complaint, is a few drops of Nerviline in sweetened water. Nerviline at once relieves pain and suffering, eradicates the cause of the trouble and cures permanently. Polson's Nerviline is the best general purpose remedy for internal pains known; it acts so quickly that no household should be without it. Buy a 25c. bottle of Nerviline to-day, it's all right. Sold by R. O'Leary.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

KEMP FIGURES OUT THE BOER LOSSES.

THEY NEVER FEARED SHRAPNEL OF LYDITE WHEN ENTRENCHED—TOTAL FORCE 50,000.

KIMBERLEY, Griqualand, West, Monday, June 19.—Commandant Kemp, Gen. De La Rey's lieutenant, who surrendered at Mafeking, Bechuanaland, on June 11, has arrived here. In an interview to-day he gave some interesting figures regarding the war. He said that about 50,000 Boers were in the field at the outset, and that only 1,500 out of 6,000 men available fought at Colenso, where the Boer losses were not heavy. At Spion Kop, where the British suffered so much, the Boers had only 53 men killed. In one of the fights outside Ladysmith the Boers had 56 men killed and over 100 wounded. Their losses were heavier at Brankspuit and Vlanckenfontein.

The Boers were often worried by the British shrapnel and lyddite fire, but, when entrenched, they did not fear the shells. Members of the Boer forces often managed to get into Johannesburg, Krugerdorp and Pretoria, procuring valuable information, and frequently crossed the blockhouse lines at night. Commandant Kemp did not allow the Boers of his command to wear khaki, the British uniform.

INDIA FAMINE THREATENS.

BOMBAY, June 20.—The meteorological department predicts a deficiency of rain almost everywhere in Bombay presidency, particularly at Gujerat, and warns the government to prepare for a severe famine.



Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.
Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

RUN OVER AND KILLED ON THE NORTH SHORE.

VICTIM AN UNKNOWN MAN—DEAN HOFFMAN'S DEATH.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., June 18.—As Webb's special engine was going to Metapedia to-day, an unknown man was run over and killed near Tide Head. He had "Young America" tattooed on his arm and a motto of some order on his breast.

Monday night the I. C. R. manager's car was rushed from Moncton to Metapedia to convey Dean Hoffman to Montreal to connect with the New York train. The dean, who was suffering from Bright's disease, expired shortly before reaching Montreal. He was a multi-millionaire and one of the oldest members of the Restigouche Salmon Club. The Restigouche will miss him, as his generosity was widespread.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.
HERE IS A CASE OF ROYAL SPONSOR.

NEW YORK, June 20.—Prince Henry of Prussia has made glad the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Blumer of Newark, N. J., by consenting to act as godfather by proxy of their two twins, who were born the day the Emperor's yacht was launched. Mrs. Blumer wrote to the Prince saying that she would like to name the two boys William and Henry and asking if he would stand as sponsor. She has just heard from the German consul at this city that Prince Henry has consented, and expressed the hope that some day the twins do honor to their names. The Prince sent a cheque for a good round sum to each of the boys.

GREAT CORN CROP.

FARMERS OF KANSAS EXPECT A BUMPER CROP THIS YEAR.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 20.—The recent rains have given the farmers much confidence in the coming corn crop, and with the enormous acreage—probably the largest ever known in this section of the west—there is promise for a great yield. The subsoil is well soaked now something that had not occurred for more than a year. The shortage of rainfall had been continued for so long that the fields were parched, and had it not been for the unusually heavy rainfall that has come since May 1, a good crop would have been only a matter of chance.

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S Liniment to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

Machines which are expected to revolutionize glass making were put in operation on Thursday by the American Window Glass Company at Alexandria, Ind. Thousands of men will be displaced by the machines.

Legs so Swelled He Couldn't Walk

This case of Mr. James Treneman, the well-known butcher of 536 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., is another proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective in the most severe and complicated diseases of the kidneys.

Mr. Treneman states:—"Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became dropsical, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box and continued the use of this valuable medicine until now I can say for a certainty that I am entirely cured. I never took any medicine that did me so much good, and am firmly convinced that if it had not been for this medicine I would not be working to-day."

These pills act directly on the kidneys and liver, regulate the bowels and ensure the perfect action of the digestive and filtering systems. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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