

THE SPIRIT OF AGRICULTURE AND THE BUGS OF SUNNY BRAE.

While hastening home one dark, dark night Through McAlmon's grove, not a ray of light, Clouds overhead, woods left and right, A tunnel black;

So lonesome, silent, dark and drear, Surely, I thought, ghosts will appear; If any are loose, they will be here, fit time and place.

Then lo! a rustling, rushing sound, A flash of fire ran on the ground, A voice that echoed all around, Not loud, yet stern,

To the park, said he, and thou to man, I followed the light that flashing ran On through the gate, and then began to spread each way.

To the judge's stand the spirits flew, With spirit speed I hastened too, And there among the spirit crew, poor mortal I

There placed before me on the Stand Was paper, pen and ink at hand; Then the mighty spirit did command, Write, mortal, write!

Write what I say and what you hear, Write true and bold from the spirit sphere, That spirit justice may appear With man and time;

When Doctor Isaac on his great Morrel field, Produced his famous potatoe bug yield Through you, Son of Man, my praise was revealed

But now, Son of Man, let the people all know The potatoe bug honors from Isaac must go To the man of Sunny Brae, who has succeeded to grow

Millions on millions of couples are there, Healthy and vigorous, all nurtured with care; Enough for himself and millions to spare to his neighbours as well,

Three cheers, said the spirit, for the man of Sunny Brae, If his potatoe bugs scatter and wander away Like mother Carey's chickens, may they come back to stay,

With a cheer and a flash the spirits were gone, And vanished the light that had brilliantly shone;

Amazed in the darkness, I sat there alone In fear and dismay, But the cheer did still echo, though the spirits had flown,

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Sept. 2nd, 1899.

LATIMER'S FOLLY.

(Conclusion.)

The doctor, a tall man, with the eyes of a raven and a clear-cut, decisive face, stared at his questioner with curiosity, not unmingled with pity.

"It is possible," he returned, "just possible. But the odds are always against a man whose life is a burden to him, as seems to be the case with my patient."

He paused, and, for a moment occupied himself by looking at his watch; then, as if breaking through professional reserve, stepped closer to Dorothy and spoke in an undertone of suppressed excitement.

"I—have thought you ought to know (though perhaps, I am overstepping my duty), but it seems to me right to tell you that a woman holds Mr. Latimer's life in her hands. All through his hours of unconsciousness, night and day, his one cry has been for that woman, whom he loves passionately, but hopelessly. It is very hopeless that retards his recovery, Miss Jewel. Would it interest you—would you care to hear the name which has never left his lips?"

"No, no!" cried Dorothy, almost fiercely, behind hands that were raised to cover her hot blushes. "Don't tell it to me. I—I—know it already. Oh, Dr. Wilson, if he should die, I should be almost a murderer!"

Her fingers trembled as they detached a scarlet dahlia from her belt, and crushed it into the physician's hand.

"Please take this to him, as my ambassador," she urged, "and tell him that Dorothy sent it. Dorothy Jewel. You will not refuse?"

Her purple eyes, wistful and pleading, were like violets wet with dew. Coquette on the surface, there was no doubt of her sincerity now.

Dr. Wilson took the flower, but the next

moment returned it with courteous insistence.

"I think," he argued, kindly but firmly, "that you had better be a little slow in this matter. You are, at the present moment, actuated largely by impulse, and stand on very debatable ground, my dear Miss Jewel."

The next day opened damp and chilly. Little clouds of mist veiled the hill-tops, and from the feathery branches of the pine trees hung crystal tears that toward noon changed to opal, and later, as the sun flashed upon them, to diamonds.

Miss Darlington, lonely without the Dean brothers, who, with Harry Sinclair, had returned to the city, announced that the time for home-going had arrived, and had sought refuge from ennui in a morning of careful preparations for departure.

Dorothy, restless and miserable, had spent the dragging hours between the bed-room and the long hall, through which she wandered like a ghost, hoping to obtain some news of Latimer through Mrs. Roberts. But the hotel might have been a deserted castle, for not a sound disturbed the stillness but the chatter of a mocking-bird, as he swung in his cage on the back porch.

It was just four o'clock in the afternoon when Miss Jewel, having spent an hour of intolerable irresolution among the pines, returned to the house filled with a decision that frightened her by its intensity. Alone, in the solitude of the woods, she had measured her love for Latimer, warring against the truth, yet hugging it to her heart, and finding new pleasure in a new self.

Caressingly she had passed her soft white hands over the little clusters of ferns that encircled her mossy throne, and drawing them closer, leaned down, half shyly, to kiss them. How tender she could be, and all her life long she had called herself a flirt, a girl without any depth of feeling.

"Rudolf! Rudolf! I must save you!" came from her parted lips, as a sigh; then, filled with this sudden resolve, she had sprung to her feet, and turned homeward, the light from the setting sun deepening the blushes on her cheeks, and adding new lustre to her tear-dimmed eyes.

As she neared the hotel she perceived something white, fluttering like a handkerchief, between the lilac bushes at the gate. It was Mrs. Robert's apron, and Mrs. Roberts herself stood just outside the fence, where the garden path widened into the road. She was staring to right and left with anxious eyes.

"Have you seen him? Have you met Mr. Latimer?" screamed she, too impatient to await Dorothy's nearer approach, and throwing a metallic voice between two red hands raised trumpet-like to her mouth. "For mercy's sake, Miss Jewel, do you know where he is?"

There was a moment of silence, during which Dorothy paused, as if transfixed to the spot; a white-faced little figure, with sudden conviction at its heart. Then hurrying forward, she cried:

"Mr. Latimer? I have not seen him. How could I? Surely he is too weak to leave the house."

"I don't know. I can't tell," answered the woman, fumbling with nervous fingers at her apron strings. "This morning he insisted on dressing himself, saying that a breath of air would do him good. After dinner I left him on the veranda, where the sun was warm, and ran in to help Molly with the apple-paring. Only ten minutes ago, I stole out to see if he wanted his beef tea, and found him gone. His room is empty. I have searched the house."

"Oh!" repeated Dorothy, "he cannot have gone far. Why, he was too feeble to walk further than the gate. She stopped speaking, a horrible remembrance of Latimer's talk about suicide thrusting itself upon her, and conviction as to his whereabouts gaining ground with vivid intensity. The unhappy condition of his mind almost unbalanced by hopeless love for her and utter weariness of himself, the fascination which she knew the bottomless lake to possess for him; all evidence pointed to the Indian's Head as the one spot, which, in his present mood, he might be tempted to seek.

Already the setting sun was crimsoning the West with unearthly and gorgeous color. Even the lake, a peaceful sheet of water, caught and returned the fire-glow, and, as in a pool of blood, mirrored the branches of the pine trees growing about its margin.

The expression of indecision had faded from Miss Jewel's manner, to be replaced by a sudden bracing of the shoulders, as she nodded a short "Good-by," to Mrs. Roberts.

"Please do not hinder me," she begged, anticipating the torrent of inquiry that fell from the landlady's lips. "I have an idea where Mr. Latimer may be. There is only one spot where he would be likely to go, and I am going there to find him. No, no; he is not in the pine woods; I have just come from there. Some one has given him a lift toward the Indian's Head."

Mrs. Robert's hands beat the air like the spokes of a windmill as she poured forth her expostulations in a shrill key.

"The Indian's Head! Impossible! What would take him to that unwholesome spot. And him as weak as a cat! My dear Miss Jewel, you'll surely never start out on such a wild goose chase alone; and at this time o' day Miss Jewel! Wait! I'll call one of the men! For mercy's

sake, she's half-way across the big meadow now!"

It was true. No white-winged yacht ever speeds before the wind more swiftly than did Dorothy Jewel on her errand of love, as, gathering up her impeding skirts, she took a short cut to the main road through the long meadow, from whose lush-grass the sober-eyed cattle raised their sleepy heads to stare after her, with a low "Moo-oo" of surprise.

On she sped, pausing only for breath, and undaunted by impediment of fence or bogland, her eyes fixed on the far-distant spire of Redwood Church, which, with its surrounding village, must lie behind her ere she could see the Indian's Head a good mile beyond.

At a fork on the roads, half way to her journey's end, she met John Green, a farmer from Dinsmere, driving a light spring wagon and going at an easy pace toward home. Surprise at this unexpected encounter with one of the "summer-boarders," and perplexity caused by her dishevelled appearance set his mouth agape and slackened his grasp on the rein. The horse stopped.

"Oh, Mr. Green!" came gaspingly from Dorothy's parted lips, "have you met Mr. Latimer? Do you know anything about him?"

"Latimer?" The farmer scratched his head with a meditative finger. "Do you mean him that's been sick down at the hotel? Wears a red cap, eh?"

"Yes, yes," with broadening grin. "Didn't I pick him up this afternoon about three o'clock? He was lying under the big oak, a rod or so from the hotel, and as I drove by he hollered to me. 'Goin' beyond Redwood?' asks he. 'Well, yes,' says I, 'a bit further.' At that he tries to climb into the wagon, but the man was that weak he had to be helped, and his face was white as death. Well, he sat there, 'long side of me and never opened his mouth, till we come to Indian's Head meadow, when he catches his breath like a child sobbin'. 'Here I get off, says he, and down he scrambles."

Mr. Green was talking to the wind, for Miss Jewel, palpitating with impatience, had barely caught his last words ere she again took wing, stopping just long enough to fasten the laces of her tan shoes and to glance at her watch, a tiny affair ablaze with diamonds of a strange, pink hue.

"Three hours since he left Dinsmere!" cried she. "Oh, God! can I reach him in time?"

Already the western sky had turned to dull bronze, but jagged swords of orange-colored flame pierced the dark clouds that ushered in the coming night. A wild, uncultivated belt of country followed the circle of the horizon. Patches of bogland from whose brown bosom shot up clusters of fir and pine trees, while here and there a grim skeleton of maple or oak stretched heavenward its naked branches, as if voicing the spirit of despairing desolation.

No human habitation now lay between Miss Jewel and a prairie-like meadow, in whose centre volcanic action had thrown up that massive rock known as the Indian's Head. A strange, uncanny spot it was, and regarded with superstitious horror by those who passed it after dusk, when a full moon had turned the sharp profile of the rocky face into a black cameo, and the bats, which assembled there in numbers, made night hideous by the flapping of their wings.

Just where the chin met the earth, lay a pool of inky blackness, which was believed to be bottomless and whose waters were said to exhale a subtle poison.

Dorothy's gaze, fixed on the bold outline of the Indian's Head, pictured to herself with ever increasing horror the tragedy which even now might be within its keeping, and it seemed to her that the lips, closed in a silence that not even eternity might break, wore the stern expression of one who guards a secret well.

A sudden gust of wind, harbinger of night, swept the uncut grass like a scythe, and stirred the feathery branches of two evergreens which crested the summit of the rock, as, shivering a little, Dorothy climbed over her last impediment, a fence, and pushed fier way through the meadow toward the Indian's profile with beating heart. A pitiful little figure she was, with hat awry and the torn frills of her lace petticoat showing the utter shipwreck of fashion.

As she strained her eyes in search for Latimer, something red, like a corn-popy, showed vividly against the lichens that carpeted the summit of the bowlder. A scarlet cap!

The girl's heart stopped beating, then leaped to her throat, as she detected Latimer, stretched at full length upon the moss, face downward, his chin overhanging the precipice, and his gaze directed upon the pool. He did not stir at her approach, nor did her footsteps through the long grass disturb his reverie. Only a few feet divided them, as she stood near the margin of the water, with face upturned to his, but unable to speak.

But soft! from the distance came a bird-call, clear and sweet, like a note from heaven. Latimer turned slightly, and his glance, sweeping the scene in search of the unseen minstrel, rested upon a pair of violet eyes, tear-dimmed, and full of love for him.

"Dorothy!" fell from his lips—"Dorothy!" it was a mere whisper, almost inarticulate, yet she heard it; and extended a pair of pleading arms, that would fain have reached about his neck and drawn him to her. Then, trembling from utter weariness, she swayed to and fro, catching blindly at the air and sobbing out his name, as the long grass parted to embrace her.

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He bent over her, reverently kissing her hands, but never her lips, for lack of courage. "Oh, Dorothy!" he cried, "what led you to seek me out? Was it love, or only pity? Dorothy, in mercy's name, do not kill me by suspense! One word!"

Then her eyes, seeking his, drew from his very soul the kiss he had not dared to offer, as she whispered:

"How could you make me suffer so? Rudolf, if you must die, take me with you."

At this the night shadows were parted by a laugh, so clear, so joyous, that Latimer himself was startled by the music of his own voice.

"Die? Die? No, indeed. With heaven at my side, why should I?"

THE END.

Clergyman's Good-will.

Rev. F. Elliott, of Richmond Hill, recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto, Sept. 4.—Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Richmond Hill, was in this city recently, on his way home from a trip, and was interviewed as to his experience in the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, published some time ago. Mr. Elliott said at that time: "I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a good reliable medicine for the diseases for which they are recommended. When I hear people complain of lame back or Rheumatic Trouble I always say: 'why don't you take Dodd's Kidney Pills?' I wish to say this testimonial is entirely un solicited and only 'good will to men,' induces me to allow my name to be published in this connection."

When interviewed Mr. Elliott fully and emphatically confirmed his first testimony!

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the report of patents recently granted to Canadian inventors by the Canadian Government. This report is prepared by M. M. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts New York, Life Building, Montreal.

631,638—Jesse A. Henry, Toronto, Canada, Thill holder.

631,525—John E. Kennedy, Montreal, P. Q., Wardrobe.

631,527—George F. Matthews, Montreal, P. Q., Acetylene Gas generator.

631,653—George W. Morgan, Dawson, Canada, Windlass.

681,677—B. Dillman Shantz, Berlin, Canada, Machine for cutting circular disks for buttons.

631,567—Jean E. Cayouette, Ste. Clair, P. Q., Card cutter.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The house of J. Jubenville, two miles from Letellier, Man., was burned Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock. His wife and two children, aged about 2 and 4, were unable to get out, and were burned to death. Jubenville is from Quebec, and one of the most successful farmers. The deceased lady was 37 years of age.

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