

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR.

At a quarter to 1 on that Tuesday, Puffinbury looked beautiful—it was all tranquilly. The sky was a wonderful blue, with soft white clouds resting on it, almost as patches on the cheek of a Georgian beauty to enhance its flawlessness; the sun was smiling his merry smile upon the waves, and the waves finding him irresistible, sparkled and coquetted in return, and, most sure proof of finished coquetry, did it silently, and the great white gulls swooped lazily, as if to hurry were to waste a joy.

High up on the cliff stood a young man prodding the stone with his stick and humming softly, "Since first I saw your face." Lower down on the cliff stood a young woman, also humming softly, "On our native land we cannot stand." And the young man gazed down upon the young woman, but the young woman gazed out upon the sea.

Then, in an instant, the tranquility was gone; the soft notes ceased; a muttered exclamation came from above, a sharp cry came from below, and a big stone, dislodged by the young man's stick, went bounding to the sands beneath.

"Great heavens! what have I done?" muttered the young man, as he tore recklessly down the steep cliff path to know the result of his act.

"Great goodness! what is happening?" cried the young woman, as she saw the bounding stone fall past her, and the young man stand before her, hat in hand.

"I'm so awfully sorry," he began. "I hope you are not injured. It was so careless of me. Please accept my apologies."

With innocent, questioning eyes she looked at him.

"Ah!" she murmured, slowly, with a sigh of relief; "then it was not your little joke?"

"Indeed, no," he protested. "It was entirely an accident. I am so thoroughly ashamed of myself. Please forgive me."

"Well, as I am un hurt, I may as well be forgiving," she declared, "but this is really rather a dangerous spot to venture on."

"As I have added to the danger, may I help you back to safety? May I guide you up the path to the hotel?"

"How do you know that I am staying at the hotel?"

"I saw you in the garden last evening."

"Ah, yes; now I remember," she said, slowly, as she looked at him. "You were the being who gazed so long and lovingly upon the moon, and then, instead of breathing upon the scented air the sonnet to her pure beauty for which I waited, you turned to a friend and discoursed upon the likelihood of a catch of fish this morning."

"And the moon was coy and refused to give satisfaction as did the fish."

"Hence your catapulting on the cliff?" His face grew eager as he protested.

"It was, indeed, entirely an accident. I would not have frightened you intentionally for whole shoals of fish."

"I think you are very good-hearted, Mr. —, Mr. —?"

"My name is Brown," hurriedly. "Percival Brown, Miss —?"

With mischief lurking in her eyes, she faltered, "My name is Fitzgerald—Kathleen Fitzgerald."

"I knew you were Irish?" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"By my brogue?" she asked, plaintively.

"By your eyes," he answered, softly.

"Ah—I knew you were English," she sighed, with satisfaction.

"By my awkwardness?"

"Well—and your summer suit."

"Indeed!" he remarked, stiffly. "I fear you have no very good opinion of Englishmen, and I confess I have given you no reason to think better of them."

"Oh, do not think that," she hastened to say, merrily. "They are not all—I mean, I have met—in fact, I know two whom I like very much indeed."

"They are fortunate. May I ask how they won their way to your favor? I am anxious to atone."

"Well," she began, "the first is a very old friend. I knew him when I was quite a child, and he—"

"Did not wear a summer suit, I presume," he interrupted, savagely.

"Well, no, to be sure, he did not; but if you feel disappointed I will not proceed."

He melted at once. "I beg your pardon. Please go on. I do not know why I was so insufferably rude."

"No, nor do I," she agreed, calmly.

"Well, he did not wear a summer suit, and, considering it was Christmas at the time, you need scarcely blame him. And on Christmas day, when there was sorrow in my heart and a verdict hanging undecided in the case of Church vs. Arabian Nights, he said: 'Let the child stay home and read; 'twill do her more good than church while she's in that frame of mind.' And he was a parson, too. Was he not lovable? Was he not good?"

"To let you have your own way? No, he was not good; he could not have helped it," Mr. Brown declared.

"The others seemed able to help it," she sighed.

"But they were not English," he argued, softly.

"You are quite right," she admitted, with a smile of gratitude to him, "they were not."

"And the second?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Ah—the second," she murmured, with lingering tones. "Well, I met him last summer, when I came over to England with my aunt. We were staying at a hotel by the sea, and he came to the house several times a day, and, by and by, he—smiled at me."

"The cad."

"And I," she continued, regardless of the interruption, "smiled back at him, and then, after a little while we said, 'Good morning,' and I liked him so much that soon I began to watch for his coming, and then to get up early in the morning that I might go down the lawn to meet him at the gate."

"Which attention he appreciated greatly, no doubt," he remarked, savagely.

"Oh, I think so, and we became good friends. I quite loved him before I left."

"Indeed! I hope he was duly grateful."

"Yes, I feel sure he was; he almost wept when I said 'good-bye,' and I really think I did quite."

"And I suppose you live in hopes of seeing him again?"

"Poor man," she sighed, "there is no chance of that, I fear; we are not going near his home."

"Surely the fellow might come to you," he declared hotly.

"Please do not call him names," she pleaded; "he could not come to us; you see, he was the postman."

"Oh!" intently relieved. "And those are the only Englishmen you ever cared for?"

"The only ones; at least—until—"

She hesitated, looked down upon the ground and blushed becomingly. He beamed and felt his heart beat high.

"Perhaps Irishmen are more to your taste?" he queried, longing for her denial.

"Well, of course, I like my countrymen pretty well—but," confidingly, "the Irish are great humbugs, you know."

Mr. Brown became generous in his joy. "Oh, no, they are splendid. There is no girl so irresistible as an Irish girl."

"Have you known so many?" she inquired, with demure face and downcast eyes.

"No," he answered boldly, "only one."

"One girl so irresistible that a country may be judged by her! Will you not tell me her name?"

"I think you know it," he said, softly.

"Very likely," she laughed, with the slightest shrug of her shoulders; "they are mostly Norahs or Kathleens, and I suppose they all look much alike. When I was in Dublin it seemed to me that the Dublin girls were all of one pattern."

"I must go to Dublin," he declared, decidedly.

"You do not believe me?" she asked, aggrieved.

"It is because I believe you that I must go."

"Then, I must conclude that you do not find that one aforementioned Irish girl very satisfying. Norah, I think, you said was her name."

"I did not say that Norah was her name," she protested.

"Then if it is not Norah, it must be K—," pausing.

"Exactly," he agreed.

"Kitty," she concluded, triumphantly.

"Or Kathleen," he murmured.

"Ye es," doubtfully. "Kathleen is not a rare name over there. I have several friends named Kathleen. When I go home I shall ask each one if she knows the name Brown—Percival Brown—and then await results."

"What results?"

"Blushes, of course."

"I think you will wait in vain."

"You think that Irish girls cannot blush?" she asked indignantly.

"Oh, no, indeed! I do not doubt their powers," he protested hurriedly.

She tapped her foot in simulated anger.

"Then you think Irish girls—"

"I assure you I do not think anything of Irish girls," he declared hastily.

"Indeed!" frigidly. "You are candid. I had believed you truthful when you protested that you considered Irish girls were—what was it—irresistible?"

"I do! They are! So irresistible, indeed, that when in their presence I can think of nothing at all, and only say the wrong thing."

"That is most unfortunate. May I, on so short an acquaintance, offer you this piece of advice? Eschew the society of Erin's daughters."

"It is so impossible."

"Then why are you here and not in Ireland?"

"She is—not in Ireland."

"You willfully misunderstand me!" he cried.

"You are indeed English," she remarked, in an offended tone. "And, by the way, I forgot to mention incurable wilfulness as an Irish failing."

"Forgive me," he implored. "I am a brute. I seem not to know what I am saying."

"Ah! the effect of the sun, no doubt," she suggested, with exaggerated concern.

"No, he sighed, "the effect of the Irish girl."

"How very sad!" she murmured, her voice sweet with sympathy; "and is this your normal state?"

"It will be."

"How terrible! And can nothing be done? It seems cruel to advise either her absence or her presence."

"It pleases you to laugh at me, Miss Fitzgerald."

"Miss Fitzgerald!" she exclaimed. "Who told you that my name is Miss Fitzgerald?"

"Surely you yourself told me," he cried in wonderment.

"Surely I did not."

"Did you not say, 'My name is—'" He stopped, hesitating and fearful.

"I think I said my name is Kathleen Fitzgerald; did I not?" Her eyes shone merrily as she questioned him.

"You did, indeed," he joyously agreed, "but I did not dare take such a liberty —"

"You are mistaking me, I think," she said, slowly, mischief still dancing in her eyes as she looked at him. "My name is certainly Kathleen Fitzgerald; but my title to casual friends, strangers and acquaintances is—"

"Mrs. Fitzgerald," came a laughing, full lunged voice with plenty of brogue in it, from the top of the cliff, "are—you ever—coming—to lunch?"

"Ah, my husband grows impatient," remarked Mrs. Fitzgerald sweetly. "A few minutes ago I think you said that you would be good enough to help me to rec climb this most dangerous cliff. Thank you so much."

And they ascended in silence as the clock chimed half past 1.

A STRONG BACKING

Commissioner of Wickham, N. B. Civil Courts makes an important statement.

Wickham, Queen's Co., N. B., Sept. 25—Mr. G. L. Worden, commissioner of the Civil Courts here, is emphatic in his endorsement of the great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills," he says, "have been a wonder and surprise to myself. After over twenty years of suffering with my back and kidneys I am well. Not the least painful part of my trouble was the pain, frequency and poor success in urinating. After using Dodd's Kidney Pills I enjoy the natural, comfortable feeling in the particulars above referred to. I feel like a young man, though seventy-six years of age. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to sufferers as they do as they are advertised to do."

NEW INVENTIONS.

The following inventors have recently been granted patents by the Canadian government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of patents and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, who will send their "Inventor's Help" Free to any address.

63578—Freeman Payzant, Lockport, N. S., Solderless cans.

63754—L. A. W. Godwin, Halifax, N. S., Stiffening Brooms.

63767—F. J. Buote, Tignish, P. E. I., Proof Presses.

63769—W. H. Tobey, Tupperville, Ont., Automatic water feed regulator for boilers.

63670—S. S. Grant, Montreal, P. Q., Adjustable nose guard for eyeglasses.

63798—J. H. Girard, St. Aime, P. Q., Wind wheels.

Nothing Equal to Low's.

Mrs. J. Snelling, Underwood, Ont., says that she has used Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup in her family for the past eight years, and that she knows nothing so good for children who suffer from worms.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

A Parrsboro correspondent writes: About thirty years ago Wm. Kirkpatrick, while driving through the woods a few miles out of Parrsboro, lost three links off his watch chain. A diligent search at the time failed to recover the missing links and they were given up as irrevocably lost. After a lapse of so many years they have been found and are now on exhibition embodied in the head of a cane. John Lewis, a gum picker, while picking gum, found the three links in a knot of a tree branch. He cut the limb down and bringing it to town had a cane made of it. It is thought that when the links fell, they became lodged in a small limb of the tree and had grown up with it. The cane is now in possession of C. Rector.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward.

The thorn point of disease is the ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point. Severe Pains—"I had severe pains in my stomach, a form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." Mrs. JOHN LA PAGE, 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Complete Exhaustion—"After treatment in hospital, I was weak, hardly able to walk. My blood was thin. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla until well and gained 20 lbs. It also benefited my wife." ANNA MILLER, Dresden, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.

IT WAS SUCCESSFULLY CLOSED LAST WEDNESDAY.

The exhibition of 1899—the most successful in the history of the Exhibition Association—is at an end. Wednesday's attendance because of the heavy rain downpour was only 995, and consequently the total fell just a little below 60,000. In every department the Exhibition was a success, and the management gained experience that will be invaluable to them in the future. The attendance day by day was as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Day, 1899, 1898, 1897, 1896. Rows for First day through Ninth day.

Totals.....59,514 47,439 40,182 39,411 In 1895 the attendance was 52,637. This year beats that by more than 6,000.

In Machinery Hall Wednesday evening the exhibitors united in presenting the superintendent, Mr. Harris Allan, with a complimentary address and a beautiful carbuncle pin. Mr. Allan makes a most efficient superintendent and by his kindness and courtesy made all exhibitors and visitors feel at home.

New Brunswick exhibitors captured most of the prizes. The grand total stands: First prizes—New Brunswick, 339; Nova Scotia, 155; Maine, 73; P. E. Island 67; Quebec, 37. Second prizes—New Brunswick, 213; Nova Scotia, 116; Maine, 42; Prince Edward Island, 32; Quebec, 24. Third prizes—New Brunswick, 141; Nova Scotia, 71; Prince Edward Island, 18; Maine, 13; Quebec, 10. In the grand aggregate New Brunswick leads with 693 prizes, of all kinds, Nova Scotia second, with 342, Maine third, with 128, Prince Edward Island fourth, with 117 and Quebec fifth, with 71. New Brunswick obtained its largest number of prizes in the poultry class, aggregating 139; this was also Maine's best class, and in it she had 102 prizes. New Brunswick led in ten departments, horses, field grains, butter and cheese, poultry, field roots, garden vegetables, flowers, natural history, ladies' work, butter making and honey; Nova Scotia led in swine, cattle and fruit; Prince Edward Island in sheep, and close second in butter and cheese; neither Maine nor Quebec led in any department, although they had many good exhibits and gave the leaders a sharp run. To-day dozens of workmen were busy taking down exhibits, a number of which are to be sent to Halifax.

MY FRIENDS DESPAIR.

La Grippe and Nervous Prostration Had Brought Captain Copp Near to Death—South American Service was the Life Saver.

"I was ailing for nearly four years with nervous prostration. I tried many remedies and was treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A year ago I took la grippe, which greatly aggravated my trouble. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was induced to try South American Nervine, and was rejoiced to get almost instant relief. I have used four bottles and feel myself completely cured. I believe it's the best remedy known for the nerves and blood." Wm. M. Copp, Newcastle, N. B. Sold by W. W. Short.

George Harding, charged with killing Andrew Gowatlock in the yard of the O'Neill House, London, Ont., has been committed for trial on a charge of murder.

Pyny-Pectoral The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT and LUNG AFFECTIONS Large Bottles, 25 cents. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Prop's. Perry Davis' Pain Killer, New York Montreal

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Our stock of Mixed Paint, White Lead and Paint Oils ready for spring use will be found complete. Full Stock of Groceries, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, at Lowest Prices.

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