

AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

A potato went out on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion, weeping, cried,
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You cantaloupe with me!"

But onward still the tuber came
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turn up your lovely nose,
But spinach with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please."
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh,
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed,
"My cherry-bred bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's current now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

St. Louis Republic.

COURTING BY PROXY

(HARMSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.)

"Now, Captain Dick, what's all this about, your not taking your leave?"

The speaker was a lovely woman of 20, rather above the average height and admirably moulded.

Warm hearted and generous to a fault, and, like all healthy minded young women, fond of amusement, which her fine physique enabled her thoroughly to enjoy no wonder that on her arrival in the Himalayas, a bride of three months, Mary Diana Martland speedily took possession of every male heart in the hill quarter and that even the women could not find fault in her.

In her impulsiveness and desire to endear herself to all her husband's friends this bright young creature had unwittingly made havoc of one man's heart. Dick Richards, the sole other occupant of the room, Charlie Martland's closest friend, was hopelessly in love with her.

Lawn tennis had been going on, and all the guests, except the devoted Capt. Richards, had taken their departure. The lady was lounging back in a canvas, bamboo framed chair, fanning herself with a broad brimmed straw hat, and looking, in the opinion of poor Dick, absolutely adorable.

"Oh, the matter is simple enough! I don't care about leaving at present, and I know Howard would like to see his people, so I shall give up my turn to him. I never felt better in my life. The climate suits me, and, after all, one owes a duty to one's country, and then there's the extra pay, you know."

"And pray," she said, "how long have you held these ultra patriotic and at the same time most praiseworthy commercial views?"

"For about two months," he replied meaningly.

"Ah!" she said, "Since they are of such recent date they cannot yet be very deeply rooted. Probably they will disappear as quickly as they came."

"If by that you mean that I shall change my mind and go to England, you are wrong. I was never so happy in my life as I am now and here."

"Are you so happy? Let me speak frankly, Captain Dick. You seem to me to be very restless and unsettled. Now, take my advice—go over to England and seek a wife out of the many nice girls you will meet there. We will welcome her with open arms."

"Your advice is well meant, Mrs. Martland," said Dick in a gloomy tone, "but I shall never marry."

"Is the picture of our married life so very uninviting then, as to have turned you into a misogynist? Now, Charlie and I have been flattering ourselves that we were such patterns of conjugal felicity that you would take the earliest opportunity to rush off to England and follow our example."

"That's just it—it's your doing."

"Well, of all the paradoxical, unreasonable—because you see all the happiness of the married state you have made up your mind to keep single. Do you mean to say that of all the millions of women in the world you have never seen one that you would care to marry?"

"I did not say that," Mrs. Martland. There is one woman in the world I would but too gladly make my wife, but she is as unattainable as though she did not exist. Nothing but the occurrence of an event which may God forbid would render such a consummation possible."

"I never meant to say this to you, Mrs. Martland; but, having gone so far, I will go still further. You are the only woman in the world to me! Until I saw you I never gave a girl a second thought; but, having seen and known you, there is no place in my heart for any other woman."

"How dare you, Captain Richards!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I am bitterly disappointed in you! And I have looked upon you as my dearest friend. I will hear no more."

"Nay, I must speak. Bear with me for a moment, and then, if you will, banish me forever. Even were you the wife

of my bitterest foe, instead of my dearest friend. I should know better than to pursue you with a passion as hopeless as it would be base—you, whom I regard as the incarnation of purity, honor and wife-like love and duty."

"I shall not send you away, Captain Richards," was her gentle reply. "Sit down and listen to me now."

He dropped into a chair, and she continued: "You said just now that I am the only woman in the world to you. Did you mean that in all sober earnestness?"

"I never in my life spoke a truer word."

"But I suppose if you could meet with a woman like myself it would not be impossible for you to transfer your homage?"

"You play with me. It is a cruel jest. The world does not contain your equal."

"But if it does?"

"I would marry her to-morrow."

"Always provided?"

"That I could win her. But why talk thus! I shall never meet the woman that can take your place. Two queens cannot occupy one throne."

"Dethrone Vashti then and set up Esther in her place. This is not fooling, Captain Dick. I like you too well for that. Now, listen. I have a sister so like me that we two can scarcely be told apart. Go to England and marry her."

"Ah, yes, and be your brother," he said in a tone of bitterness. "This is the old story brought up to date; all very proper and platonic, but not good enough for me."

"It is not for me to attempt to force my sister on any man. Indeed she does not need it and would be furious at the very idea. Forget what I have said. We will talk of something else. Give me your opinion on my photo. Will you bring me that album lying on the piano?"

Taking from it a cabinet portrait that lay loose within the cover, she placed it in his hands. "What do you think of it?" she enquired, her face lighting up with a smile that had a touch of wickedness.

For several seconds Dick Richards regarded it with rapt attention; then he raised his eyes to his companion, then reverted to the portrait.

"Well, said Mrs. Martland, "does it do me justice?"

"Wonderful, charming, exquisite!" murmured Dick. "Well, I must say the photographer is to be complimented—it is perfect!"

"Oh, you silly fellow! Can't you guess? That's my sister, whose hand you just now declined so cavalierly. Fortunately for her, you are not the only man in the world."

He threw himself into a chair and with his handkerchief removed the perspiration that had gathered on his brow.

"You feel better now," laughed Mrs. Martland. "Upon my word you looked so savage just now that you quite frightened me. So you won't have me for a sister?"

"Won't I? You see if I don't. But is your sister free?"

"So far as I know. She was when I left England."

"There is only one thing about your sister I regret. I wish her name were Diana. When I hear Charlie call you Di, it seems as though no other name would fit you, and your sister is your double."

"Even in this respect also I think you may be happy. Her name as well as mine is Diana. I am Mary Diana, and she is Diana Mary—a whim of our father's. He said the twins should start fair, so gave us the same names, but in different order."

"Really! What a sensible man your father must be! I shall certainly call her Di. I hate any other name."

"Aren't you making the pace rather too hot at starting, Captain Dick? Besides, you must own your wife before you can name her."

"I shall start for England tomorrow."

"But consider the duty you owe to your country, Captain Dick."

"Oh, that's tommyrot!"

"What? And then the extra pay you will sacrifice?"

"Oh, bother the pay! I don't care a red cent if I lose it all!"

* * * * *

One morning, three months after Captain Richards' departure, Charlie and Diana Martland were seated at breakfast when one of their servants entered with letters just received from England.

"Three for you Di!" exclaimed Charlie, handing them across to his wife. "And one, I see, from Mary."

"My darling Di," read Mrs. Martland. "Such news! You'll never dream what's coming. I'm going to be married. And to the dearest fellow in the world. I always thought your Charlie one of the best, but he's not a patch on my Dick, for that's his name."

"Well, I'm sure," grunted Charlie. "Are you going to stand that, Di?"

"Yes, Dick Richards," resumed Mrs. Martland, "and I fancy, in Charlie's regiment. Isn't that strange?"

"By Jove, he has kept himself dark!"

"Well, Captain Richards came down for the hunting and met father. Hearing that he had but recently left India, father asked him whether he knew you and

Charlie. He said he had had the pleasure of meeting you occasionally, and that he believed you were well."

Mrs. Martland paused in her reading. "What do you think of that for cool audacity?" she said. "Why, the rascal was always in our bungalow. Master Dick, you shall hear of this. However, let's see what she says next."

"He made himself so pleasant to father that dad brought him to the house. After this he came here or we met elsewhere every day, several times with the hounds—he can ride, Di, and he's good enough to say I can. Do you know, he proposed after only a week's acquaintanceship. Of course I thought him a little precipitate and told him so, though I had utterly lost my heart to him. But he bore down all my arguments with his impetuosity, knocking my half-hearted objections into atoms, and would not be denied. Of course I had to give way. I was really won before he asked me. He seems to divine what I like and what I dislike; what I can do well, what moderately, and what not at all; brings me the songs that just suit my voice and style and in every way anticipates my wishes. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Not at all," interposed Di. "I could explain it."

"Oh, I am a lucky girl! And then he pays me the most charming compliments; says that to him there is no other girl in the world."

"Just what he said to me," from Di.

"The scamp, he did!" from her husband.

"That until he met me, he had never given a single thought to any girl."

"Said the same thing to me," from Di. "Did he indeed?" from Charlie.

"That had he not met me he would have remained single all his life."

"Well, of all the double-tongued creatures on two legs!" exclaimed Mrs. Martland. "That is really too much. I have some slight recollection of listening to words to the same effect. Oh, faithless wretch!"

"Do you mean to say, madam," asked Charlie, "that he had the impudence to talk to you like that?"

"Well, yes, dear, he had; but it was a sort of despairing wail, when I urged him to marry. The fact was, I was drawing him. It was all for Mary's sake. I wanted to find out how far she was his style."

"Well, there's no harm done at any rate. Fire away. Is there any more?"

"Yes. Where was I. Oh, 'remained single all his life! Wasn't it nice of him? Well, I'd no sooner consented to marry him than he wanted it to be at once; said he must get back to India—just like you and Charlie over again. We shall spend about two months in England, then see a little of the continent, whence we shall make our way to India, when I shall meet my Di once more."

"Writing your name reminds me that we discussed what he should call me. I told him, my first name being Diana, he could call me Di, if he liked. He said that he would rather call me Mary, the sweetest and best of all woman's names; that he had always thought Diana a bit of a prude, which I certainly was not."

"Mrs. Martland put down the letter. "Dear Mary," she said; "nothing could have pleased me half so much as this. I was sure that if she and Dick met they would make a match of it. But, oh, that pre-judged villain—Dick! Thinks Diana was a bit of a prude, and that the name is very suitable to me, does he?"

At that moment the servant entered with a telegram. Captain Martland tore it open.

"Hello," he said, it's all over! Listen to this from Dick: 'Diana Mary Hilton is no more. R. and D. M. Richards send love to Charlie and Diana.'

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PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of United States Patents granted to Canadian inventors on August 1st, 1899. This list is prepared specially for this paper by M. M. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal.

630-207—James T. Finch, Mimico, Ont., Fin for burning sewer pipe.

630-046—Francis Gallant, Tignish, P. E. I., Lock.

629-991—Samuel S. Grant, Montreal. Adjustable nose-guard for eye-glasses.

629-994—James S. Heath, Toronto. Seeding and fertilizing machine.

630-032—Herbert K. Lee, Ottawa, Bulletin board.

630-248—Alexander Lynk, Nelson, Canada, Gage.

630-865—Joseph E. Pellerin, Montreal, Canada, Machine for giving form to materials.

Miss Maude Spencer, of Leeds, Eng., has broken her engagement with George Arundel, a young engineer, and secured \$250 damages in a breach of promise suit because her lover returned her letter with the errors in spelling and grammar corrected in ink.

"The Thorn Comes Forth"

With Point Forward."

The thorn point of disease is an 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." ARTHUR MILLS, 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.

SEVEN LIVES LOST.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON CANADA ATLANTIC. ACCIDENT ON CANADA EASTERN.

FREDERICTON, Aug.—An accident fortunately unattended with loss of lives or injury, occurred on the Canada Eastern on Tuesday at Dudley's crossing eight miles from Boistown. The train which consisted of four freight and two passenger cars jumped the track while running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The rolling stock was almost undamaged. It appears the accident was due to an obstruction in the form of a plank, which was lying lengthwise on one of the rails just at the crossing. Whether the plank had been torn up by a team accidentally or placed there by somebody with a deliberate intent of wrecking the train is only a matter of conjecture.

The trainmen incline to favor the accident theory. The obstruction was sighted by Driver Boyd just as the train rounded a sharp curve. It was only a few yards away and he had scarcely time to whistle for brakes before the engine crashed into the obstruction and immediately left the rails, followed by the tender and four freight cars. Fortunately the space at the side of the track which the engine and cars took is quite level. On the opposite side, however, there was a twenty foot embankment and had the train gone in that direction the accident must have resulted in a fearful loss of life. As it was the two passenger cars did not leave the rails. The ties were badly smashed by the car wheels for a considerable distance.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

OTTAWA, Aug. 10.—The first accident on the Canada Atlantic Railway which has been in operation for seventeen years, occurred yesterday morning while the Montreal and Ottawa Express was approaching toward St. Polycarpe Station near Coteau Junction. The engine left the track and took with it the baggage and second class car. The accident resulted in the death of seven persons and serious injury to others. The dead are firemen George McQuaig.

Wilson O'Connor, Ottawa.
Edward Starre, Ottawa.
Miss Ryan, Maniwaki.

Mr. Rochelon, Montreal.
Mrs. Rochelon, Montreal.
Miss Rochelon, (young girl), Montreal.

The Engineer Robert Orr, is not seriously hurt and is unable to tell how he escaped from the wreck.

Fireman McClure, M. P., on his way to Ottawa from Montreal, was in the first class car, there being behind him a Pullman car and the Intercolonial sleeper. Those in the Pullman were badly shaken, but the passengers in the first class and Intercolonial car scarcely felt a shock. Mr. McClure describes the wreck as appalling. The rails are twisted and the top of the engine is stripped off with cars climbing on top of it.

A later despatch confirms the death of the seven persons named and says there were three seriously injured. Viz Ellen McDougall and Ellen Ryan, of Maniwaki, Quebec, and little eight year old son of Joseph Rochelon, who with his wife and daughter were killed. These three are in the hospital at Ottawa. They are badly scalded with escaping steam from the engine when the second class car ran into the engine. Death also resulted in some cases from suffocation and scalding, not a limb or bone being broken in their bodies. The company gives no theory as to how the accident occurred, but say that their mechanical superintendent will report to-morrow.

TOLEDO, ONT.

Mr. Louis Johnson of this place was taken down with Rheumatism, had two doctors in attendance, was getting no better. Three days after he started taking Miburn's Rheumatic Pills he was out of bed and in one week was well and able to go about.

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Never let a child sob itself to sleep.

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3000 Rolls Wall Paper,
Ladies' Blouse Waists,
Men's and Boy's Shirts,
Men's Clothing,
Boy's Clothing,
Men's Underwear,
Ladies' Underwear,
Fancy Drapery,
Felt for Fancy Work,
Men's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
Ladies' " " " "
Child's " " " "

Men's and Boy's Hats and Caps.

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