

**A Grateful Tribute.**

FROM A MAN WHO LOOKED UPON HIS CASE AS HOPELESS.

Doctors Diagnosed His Case as Catarrh of the Stomach, but Failed to Help Him—Many Remedies Were Tried Before a Cure Was Found.

From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N. S.

We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There are many such cases here in Bridgewater and its vicinity, and we are this week given permission to record one for the benefit of similar sufferers. This case is well known in this vicinity and the tenacity of the disorder was remarkable. For six years Alfred Veinot, a surveyor of lumber for the great lumber firm of Davison & Sons, was a victim of a serious disorder of the stomach. His sufferings were excruciating and he had wasted to a shadow. Doctors prescribed for him, yet the agonizing pains remained. Many remedies were tried but to no avail. The case was diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach, food became distasteful, life a burden. The trouble went on for nearly six years, then a good Samaritan advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills were given a fair, patient trial, Mr. Veinot using about a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone a permanent cure was effected. Mr. Veinot is now able to attend to his business when it looked as if he was doomed to die. He is grateful to this great medicine for his cure and has no hesitation in saying so.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which makes the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The King of Sweden has for the first time conferred the Order of the Seraphim on a British subject, in the person of the Marquess of Breadalbane, K. G. Several years ago Lord Breadalbane saved from drowning one of his retainers at great risk to himself.

**"Amber, Test It."**

A Pipeful of "AMBER" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.

"Test it?"

Save the tags they are valuable.

Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, the new financial secretary of the British Treasury, has been a ministerial whip since 1895 and a Junior Lord of the Treasury. He is an Oxford man, with honors, and a barrister. He was private secretary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for a short time, and to Mr. Balfour for a longer time.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All drug gists.

Mr. Martin of Wrexeter, Huron County, aged 73, is supposed to have walked from the harvesters' train while in his sleep, and was taken to a Port Arthur hospital in a critical condition.

**Bladder Troubles, Kidney Disease**

Old people are especially liable to derangements of the kidneys and bladder and it is therefore not unusual to find them great admirers of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. John Lalene, Woodworker, Trenton, Ont., states:—"I am seventy years old and have been using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for some time. I have been troubled a great deal with my kidneys and bladder and at times would go two or three days without passing any thing. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have proved to be exactly what I needed and I owe it to them that I am in such good health to-day. They acted promptly on my kidneys and bladder with the most satisfactory results, bringing quick relief and setting these organs in perfect working order."

One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Insist on getting what you ask for and refuse substitutes.

**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

Advertise in The Review

**WONDERFUL BROECK**

THE ORIGINAL SPOTLESS TOWN IS IN NORTHERN HOLLAND.

A Neatness and a Brilliance That Are Absolutely Painful Permeate the Whole Place—Rules Which the Inhabitants Must Observe.

Far up in northern Holland among the dikes and canals of the little kingdom lies Broeck, the original Spotless Town. The palings of the fences of Broeck are sky blue. The streets are paved with shining bricks of many colors. The houses are rose colored, black, gray, purple, light blue or pale green. The doors are painted and gilded. For hours you may not see a soul in the streets or at the windows. The streets and houses, bridges, windows and barns show a neatness and a brilliancy that are absolutely painful. At every step a new effect is disclosed, a new scene is beheld, as if painted upon the drop curtain of a stage. Everything is minute, compact, painted, spotless and clean. In the houses of Broeck for cleaning purposes you will find big brooms, little brooms, tooth-brushes, aqua fortis, whitening for the window panes, rouge for the forks and spoons, coal dust for the copper, emery for the iron utensils, brick powder for the floors and even small splinters of wood with which to pick out the tiny bits of straw in the cracks between the bricks. Here are some of the rules of this wonderful town:

Citizens must leave their shoes at the door when entering a house.

Before or after sunset no one is allowed to smoke excepting with a pipe having a cover, so that the ashes will not be scattered upon the street.

Any one crossing the village on horseback must get out of the saddle and lead the horse.

A cuspidor shall be kept by the front door of each house, where it may be accessible from the window.

It is forbidden to cross the village in a carriage or to drive animals through the streets.

In addition to these established rules it is the custom for every citizen who sees a leaf or a bit of straw blown before his house by the wind to pick it up and throw it into the canal. The people go 500 paces out of the village to dust their shoes. Dozens of boys are paid to blow the dust from between the bricks in the streets four times an hour. In certain houses the guests are carried over the threshold so as not to soil the pavements. At one time the mania for cleaning in Broeck reached such a point that the housewives of the village neglected even their religious duties for scrubbing and washing. The village pastor, after trying every sort of persuasion, preached a long sermon, in which he declared that every Dutchwoman who had faithfully fulfilled her duties toward God in this world would find in the next a house packed full of furniture and stored with the most various and precious articles of use and ornament, which, not being distracted by other occupations, she would be able to brush, wash and polish for all eternity. The promise of this sublime recompense and the thought of this extreme happiness filled the women with such fervor and plety that for months thereafter the pastor had no cause for complaint.

Around every house in Broeck are buckets, benches, rakes, hoes and stakes, all colored red, blue, white or yellow. The brilliancy and variety of colors and the cleanliness, brightness and miniature pomp of the place are wonderful. At the windows there are embroidered curtains, with rose colored ribbons. The blades, bands and nails of the gayly painted windmills shine like silver. The houses are brightly varnished and surrounded with red and white railings and fences. The panes of glass in the windows are bordered by many lines of different hues. The trunks of all the trees are painted gray from root to branch. Across the streams are many little wooden bridges, each painted as white as snow. The gutters are ornamented with a sort of wooden festoon, perforated like lace. The pointed facades are surmounted with a small weathercock, a little lance or something resembling a bunch of flowers. Nearly every house has two doors, one in front and one behind, the last for everyday entrance and exit and the former opened only on great occasions, such as births, deaths and marriages.

The gardens are as peculiar as the houses. The paths are hardly wide enough to walk in. One could put his arm around the flowerbeds. The dainty arbors would barely hold two persons sitting close together. The little myrtle hedges would scarcely reach to the knees of a four-year-old child. Between the arbors and the flower beds run little canals which seem made to float paper boats. They are crossed by miniature wooden bridges, with colored pillars and parapets. There are ponds the size of a bath, which are almost concealed by lilliputian boats tied with red cords to blue stakes, tiny staircases and miniature kitchen gardens. Everything could be measured with the hand, crossed at a leap, demolished by a blow. Moreover, there are trees cut in the shape of fans, plumes and disks, with their trunks colored white and blue. At every step one discovers a new effect, a fresh combination of hues, a novel caprice, some new absurdity.

The rooms are very tiny and resemble so many bazaars. There are porcelain figures on the cupboard, Chinese cups and sugar bowls on and under the tables, plates fastened on the walls, clocks, ostrich eggs, shells, vases, plates, glasses, placed in every corner and concealed in every nook—cupboards full of hundreds of trifles and ornaments without name, a crowd of disorder and utter confusion of colors.

An exchange says. At Oyster Bay a new aristocracy, founded, we trust, on merit, has appeared. "Butcher to the President" and "Perfumer to Mrs. Roosevelt" are added to the names of men unknown to fame till now. Merchants walk the streets gazed after by admiring throngs who see the beginnings of a privileged class in America and long for a place in its ranks.

There are 890 automobiles now running on the streets of Philadelphia, representing an outlay of \$1,000,000, and the number is increasing at a rate to justify the prediction that in five years there will be 10,000 or more of the machines in operation. Agitation is beginning in the newspapers for more strongly restrictive regulation of speed and the imposition of considerable license charges for purposes of public revenue.

**THE GIRLS OF KASHMIR.**

Why They Are Not as Beautiful as They Once Were.

The girls of Kashmir in former times were sold and carried away to the Punjab, in India. They commanded a large price, and parents in moderate circumstances for centuries past have been in the habit of parting with their daughters to place themselves in easier circumstances, and the daughters have generally been quite willing to escape from a life of penury and labor to one of opulence and ease.

A laboring man in this part of India cannot earn over \$2 or \$3 a month, while many receive for their daughters as high as \$1,000. There are some cases where \$5,000 was paid, but the usual price has been from \$100 to \$500.

The practice became so common as well as so damaging that a severe law was enacted prohibiting any one from removing any woman from the country, but it is said that the business goes on now as it has done for hundreds of years, and to that practice may be charged the fact that the women of Kashmir are not as beautiful as they once were.

The process of taking all the beautiful girls away, leaving only the ordinary and ugly ones to continue the race, has lowered the standard of beauty. Most of the women and girls perform field labor as much as the men, and their dress is of the coarsest and plainest materials, consisting of a garment like a nightgown made of white cotton. There is no effort to have it fit.

The condition of women in Kashmir is a very sad one, but one from which there does not seem to be any present escape. It is a constant struggle to live, without the least hope of any accumulation or of ever seeing better days.

The men only receive about 5 cents a day and the women generally about 3 cents, and that will provide only the coarsest food.

**An Effective Way.**

"They say," said the young dramatist, "that I shall have to cut my play down, but I really don't know where to begin."

"Why not start at both ends," his candid friend asked, "and work toward the middle?"

**Opposite Meanings.**

"Cleave" is the best instance of an English word with two opposite meanings. "Nervous," "let" and "propugn" are other instances.

**Explanation.**

"John never has a collar that isn't broken down in front."

"No. He does it looking at the fraternity pins on his waistcoat."

**What She Mist.**

Captain—We ran into a dense fog last night.  
Miss Tooriste—How strange! Why, the shock never woke me up!

**Useful Purposes of Rosin.**

There are many useful purposes to which rosin can be applied outside of those of general practice. As a non-conductor of heat it is used in the protection of water pipes, particularly in crossing bridges, where the pipe is laid in the middle of a long box and the whole filled with melted rosin. Rosin is also used in supporting basement floors in machine shops, which may be laid over some dry material, as spent molding sand, which is carefully leveled off, and the planking laid upon temporary supports separating it about two inches above the sand.

Numerous holes about two inches in diameter being bored through these planks, melted rosin is forced through them by means of funnels until the whole space is solidly filled, and then the upper flooring is laid upon these planks. In case the floor is subjected to shocks sufficient to break the rosin it rapidly jolts together again in much the same manner as the regulation of ice.

**The Dragon Slayer.**

At an English school a pompous youngster whose father, it was well known, had been a successful omnibus driver was one day fingering ostentatiously a large seal which he is in the habit of wearing, representing St. George and the dragon, and, having drawn the attention of a school companion to it, remarked carelessly:

"Ah, one of my ancestors is supposed to have killed the dragon, don't you know?"

"Good gracious!" inquired the other, somewhat anxiously "Did he run over it?"

**Went Back on the Blue.**

Gerald—My brother turned crimson the other day.

Geraldine—I never knew him to blush.

Gerald—I didn't say that he blushed.

Geraldine—What did he do?

Gerald—Left Yale and entered Harvard.

**Ignoring Precedent.**

Edmonia—Mrs. Topnotch is what I call impertinent.

Eudocia—In what way?

Edmonia—Why, she is not a Colonial Dame, but when she came to the colonial reception she had on a more elegant frock than any one of the Dames.

**Fruitless.**

Little Willie—Pa, what does this paper mean by saying it was a fruitless search?

Father—It probably applies, my son, to the quest of some man who was looking for pineapples on a pine tree.—Chicago News.

**When Moore Sang.**

In singing his own songs Moore altered the arrangement of the airs and sang the first part of each verse twice over at the beginning instead of as a refrain at the end. In that glorious song of his, "Oh, the Light Entangling" Moore's own singing of it was a matchless treat. With head upraised, he seemed almost to revel in the fresh morning light as he gazed on the "sight entrancing," and his eye sparkled as "files arrayed with helm and blade" seemed to pass before him, while a deeper feeling awoke as the passion of the song came upon him. His voice, one of infinite modulation, but of small compass, rose clear and thrilling to its highest pitch as he sang:

Go ask yon despot whether His armed bands could bring such hands And hearts as ours together.

His song was an inspired recitative, and he seemed to improvise as he ran his fingers over the notes, and as the tide of thought came over him it was poured forth in harmonious cadences of exquisite variety. Had he been tied to a chair, with the added doom of a prosy companion, he would have exploded and gone off like a rocket or a bottle of sparkling champagne.

**JEWELRY STORE.**

We have opened up a jewelry store in Richard Hebert's new building, North end Rexton bridge, and will keep on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry of all kinds.

Work done at lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

**A. HATCHES.**

**RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED**

We want at once trustworthy men and women in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards and advertising matter tacked up in conspicuous places throughout the town and country. Steady employment year round; commission or salary, \$65.00 per Month and expenses, not to exceed \$2.50 per day. Write for particulars. Postoffice Box 337.

**INTERNATIONAL MEDICINE**

LONDON

**WHAT ARE YOU DOING?**

In the way of an Exhibit for the GREAT EXHIBITION, ST JOHN, N. B. AUG. 30th To SEPT. 6th, 1902.

NUMEROUS, GENEROUS PRIZES!! Also, a number of ADDITIONAL PRIZES OFFERED EXCLUSIVELY FOR EXHIBITS FROM EACH COUNTY IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE PRIZE LIST is now ready, and can be had FREE, on application to the Manager; GET ONE, and see PAGES: 34 to 37, 43 to 49, 84 to 87, & 93 to 95, for FULL PARTICULARS of the above special inducements exclusively offered to New Brunswick Farmers.

Everything in connection with our Show booms encouragingly. Entries and Exhibits in class and variety far exceed original expectations, nothing hangs fire, everything progresses, and the Show opens

**ON A BOR DAY?**

A Cheap Fare From Everywhere

R. B. EMERSON, Acting President.

W. W. HUBBARD, Mgr. and Secy.

**NOTICE.**

The undermentioned non-resident rate-payers of the Parish of Carleton, in the County of Kent, are hereby requested to pay to the undersigned collector the amounts set opposite their names respectively, together with the cost of advertising, within two months from this date; otherwise the real estate will be sold, or other proceedings taken for the recovery of the same:

George K. McLeod	1901. 1902.
John Smith	\$13 50
W. S. Loggie Co., Ltd.,	16 85
Carleton, Kent Co., Aus. 13th 1902.	13 50 16 85
	JAMES SMITH, Collector.

**KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDERS**

THE picture illustrates your feelings when in the grasp of those racking and splitting headaches. What you need is not something that deadens your nerves and dulls and otherwise injures you, but a good, safe, reliable medicine like **KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDER**. These powders are made of the very ingredients Nature intended for the cure of headache and cure. They give relief in a few moments and wherever used are recognized as the one quick, safe, effective headache cure.

We have been a standard remedy for many years. They have no superior. We do not claim that these headache powders are cure-alls, or that they will do the impossible, but we do claim that there is nothing else known to medical science which acts so quickly and effectively in cases of headaches of all kinds.

Your druggists sell **KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDER** at 15 cents for four powders; 25 cents for twelve powders. If desired, you can secure them direct from us on receipt of price.

JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Merchant at Rogersville, N. B., writes: "The best remedy for a headache that I have ever used. They cure in a few minutes, create no habit, and I have found them safe and harmless."

A. V. SAVOY, of Neguac, N. B., writes: "They are the most satisfactory and perfect cure for headache I have ever known."

**THE F. G. WHEATON COMPANY Limited**  
FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

**QUEEN HOTEL**

FREDERICTON, N. B. First-class Livery Stables in connection. W. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

**VICTORIA HOTEL**

King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**D. W. McCORMICK,**

PROPRIETOR.

**TERRACE HOTEL.**

AMHERST, N. S.

Large and well Lighted Sample Rooms in centre of Town formerly occupied by Lamy Hotel.

FREE COACH TO AND FROM ALL TRAIN

W. and W. CALHOUN, Proprietors.

**Waverly Hotel**

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKean house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.

R. H. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house. JOHN McKEEN.

**ADAMS HOUSE,**

CHATHAM, N. B.

Sample Rooms and Livery Stable connection.

THOS. FLANAGAN, Proprietor

**YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY.**

The Review, \$1.00

The Maritime Homestead, 50

and a very fine picture of

King Edward VII, 50

TOTAL, \$2.00

ALL FOR \$1.00.

The Maritime Homestead is the new Farm and Home paper published at Halifax and St. John. It has among its contributors over 50 of the leading farmers of the three provinces. Prof. F. C. Sears the Director of the Nova Scotia School of Horticulture, is Editor of the Horticultural Department. The Managing Editor is W. W. Hubbard, Secretary of the Maritime Stock Breeders' Association, a prominent Farmers' Institute worker and a practical farmer with 19 years experience on a New Brunswick farm. It will be complete in all its departments and illustrated with cuts descriptive of farm work, live stock, the farmers themselves, and all matters of interest.

The King's Portrait is the best ever presented in Canada and will be sent until the large supply is exhausted. Early subscribers will be sure to get it.

Address all orders to The Review Pub. Co., RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

**Farm in Galloway For Sale!**

I offer for sale the Daniel Young farm in Galloway Settlement, Richibucto, containing one hundred acres, with dwelling house, barns and out-buildings. The property will be sold at a reasonable figure, and if desired by purchaser, a portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. Possession given immediately. Also, lot number 30, in said settlement, containing twenty acres, fronting on the road, and granted to Daniel Young in 1863.

Feb 11th, 1902.

**For Sale!**

VANSTONE FARM, BUCTOUCHE ROAD.

I am instructed to sell at a reasonable figure and on easy terms, that well known farm, conveniently situated fronting on the Buctouche Road, and known as the Stevenson or Vanstone farm, with dwelling house and barn.

Possession given at once. This affords an opportunity to any person desiring to purchase a good farm, well situated in a good district of the Country.

J. D. PRINNEY, FEBY, 11th, 1902.