

THE ARGUS.

DEVOTED TO THE FISHING AGRICULTURAL MINING AND COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF LUNENBURG COUNTY

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NO 45

E. L. Nash,



THE IMPORTANT POINT— in Buying Drugs is Quality.

Quantity really makes but little difference. If you want to get well, use drugs that have real worth and use them with qualities that make them effective. We have drug knowledge as well as drug stock. 27 years experience in Lunenburg.

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Many injure the teeth by neglecting them. A few injure them by brushing them with a powder that eats the enamel of the surface of the teeth. The proper tooth powder will not only clean the teeth, but furnish them with an antidote to some of the poisons that reach them through the food.

TOOTH POWDER.

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TOILET ARTICLES.

Keep off chaps—or cure them—if they have already come—by the use of Rose Glycerine Lotion. Keeps the skin as nice in winter as in summer. Even if washed in hard water, and a 15 cent bottle will last a long while.

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You should be very particular about choosing your Toilet Soaps. Only those of the purest make should be used. We have an immense variety English, French, German, American, and Canadian.



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It's time for business? The tired worker needs something to stir him out in the morning. These Alarm Clocks work all night to be sure you'll awake on time.

Jewelry—Pleasing and not expensive.

Our Great drive in the prices of Watch Chains. From one Dollar upwards. One Hundred Dollars to clear.

WATCHES

In Fishing for Business. Be sure of the bait. Value for your money. Ask any one who has bought from us any time in the last 27 years.



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All the old reliable makers goods, made of the best steel, full concave, different styles of handles and every one fully warranted. Why scrape yourself with that old hatchet, when you can get the best at this price? Only a limited supply of these here.

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Declare it to be a most fascinating game and they ought to know. You can learn the game from the directions we give free with each set of Ping-Pong strings \$1.20 up now. From 25c upwards when our Enormous Christmas stock arrives.

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E. L. NASH,

LUNENBURG, N. S.

"AS HIGH AS MY HEART."

Oh, grandmamma, I can't—indeed I can't! Corinne said. It is not that I am contrary, only that I am so—so insultingly tall. Grandmamma Lawson laughed heartily—it was her way to laugh obstacles out of countenance. Don't look so tragic, Rinna, she said soothingly. Remember Mason Fairlie has not yet proposed—

But he will. I saw it in his eyes, Corinne broke in. Again grandmamma laughed. Men were deceivers ever, my dear, she quoted softly. Especially with their eyes, I mean, though you are in the way of knowing the look of serious intentions—you must have had at least twenty proposals since you came out.

Twenty-seven, Corinne said, herself beginning to laugh. Do you know she went on, Mason's inches break my heart! You see, I am rather level headed, as becomes a Lawson. I have felt what a beautiful thing it was that we two could marry and so prevent any break up in the firm of Lawson & Fairlie.

I said as much to your grandpapa when he wanted to forbid Ford Lenox the house, grandmamma answered, her eyes twinkling faintly. Corinne flushed the least bit.

Grandmamma, how could Mason permit himself to grow up so short! A scant five foot four! Think of promising in the sight of all the world to obey the man you look down at by three inches!

There are worse lacks than height, Grandmamma Lawson began. Corinne shooed her head impatiently. Not in my case, she said. I've been so strenuous about it always, said so many times over and over the man I married had to be taller than myself.

Don't decide offhand. Wait until you have known Mason six months instead of six hours. You can't deny that he has a fine face and is through-out a gentleman.

Oh, he's splendid as far as he goes! Corinne said. But, dear, dear! Fancy going through life trying to keep step with those short legs! Why couldn't Mason be tall—as tall as Ford Lenox!

Leave the question to settle itself to-morrow—'tis time you were in bed now, grandmamma said, kissing Corinne upon both cheeks. A wise woman was grandmamma—too wise to give up at once a cherished plan or to strengthen Corinne's whimsical opposition by reasoning against it. Corinne had really a heart full of romance, for all her pretense of practicality. She would end by loving Mason all the better through feeling that to love him she had sacrificed something.

Upon a day three months later Grandmamma Lawson sadly owned herself mistaken. Corinne had said No to Mason Fairlie's suit and so decisively that that young gentleman was going back to his distant home the very next day. Worse still, grandmamma was pretty sure Corinne meant to accept Ford Lenox as soon as poor Mason was well out of the way. Lenox had been at the house almost constantly of late, running in at all hours, as one assured of welcome. He was staying with his uncle, the rector. The rectory stood in narrow fields grounds between the Lawson place, which was wide and handsome, and the Fairlie homestead, wider and still handsomer. The rectory's ragged shrubbery and unkempt grass made it something of an eyesore to its neighbors, but respect for the rector forbade any protest. The most that could be done was metaphorically to turn their backs to it by keeping windows looking out upon it shut and sitting upon porches which faced the other way.

Thus it happened that upon the night after Mason's dismissal the rectory got a fire from top to bottom before anybody knew. Across the street their were vacant woods. The shout of a chance passerby gave the alarm and sent everybody within hearing scurrying to the rescue. Ford Lenox and Corinne among the rest. They had been together since twilight flat, sitting in the garden seat in plain sight of grandmamma and grandpapa, though almost out of hearing. The old people had sat hand and hand, now and then sighing a little at sound of chance exclamations or Corinne's laughter, sweet and shrill—too shrill to come from a perfectly quiet heart.

They found the rectory a pillar of fire. It was an old house, almost the oldest in town, and though its brick walls were thick and stanch the woodwork was dry enough to flash up like tinder. Every open window belched smoke—and the easterly side the smoke was shot through with

Looks in Cat's Face and Her Jaws Lock.

Cats are responsible for the state of the jaw of Mrs. E. E. Cunningham, who feels her mouth fly open whenever one of that species of animal starts toward her. She was in Bellevue Hospital twice yesterday with her jaws fixed and rigid, and if another cat runs toward her to-day the institution may again have the honor of entertaining her.

It is not safe for ANYBODY to become indignant at the very name of the furry creatures. Many a time while walking peacefully in the street she has been confronted by a cat, and been obliged to walk home speechless for the muscles of her jaw became cramped and beyond the control of her will. To the estimable woman, who has lived for forty-eight years in this world of sorrow and of cats the strange idiosyncrasy from which she suffers is no joke. She says that when she was only a girl of sixteen a cat went suddenly mad in the house in which she was then living with her parents. The creature started withing and spitting and scratching on its course through the dwelling.

The impression made was one which she declares she shall never be able to forget. She leaped to a table screaming. Then her screams suddenly stopped. She realized that she was starting at the infuriated cat and that her mouth was open as if she were shouting, but not a word issued from her lips. Her jaws were tightly wedged. The cat disappeared, but the jaws of Elizabeth would not come back. She wrote on a piece of paper that she had written and was treated for the supposed attack.

Since then she has been annoyed repeatedly by a recurrence of the malady. If the cat goes about its daily affairs and pays no heed to her she can control her jaws. The moment the creature faces her Mrs. Cunningham has the attack. In vain does she try to govern the maxillary muscles. As far as she is concerned she has lockjaw, although the surgeons do not agree with her diagnosis.

Two ambulance surgeons can testify to the peculiar manifestation of hysteria to which Mrs. Cunningham is subject. Dr. Halliwell yesterday morning responded to an ambulance call at No. 447 Seventeenth street and found Mrs. Cunningham surrounded by sympathetic neighbors who were offering her all kinds of remedies for the relief of the rigid state of the jaws. The surgeon found that several of the marked symptoms of lockjaw were absent and he manipulated the muscles in such a way that the woman soon had the use of them. He told her that she was suffering from hysteria and to the hospital.

Dr. Halliwell was surprised yesterday afternoon while passing through one of the wards to see Mrs. Cunningham sitting up in bed with her mouth wide open. He approached her and placing a hand beneath her jaw, told her that there were no cats in sight and that she had better be calm. The jaws clicked back. Mrs. Cunningham was able to leave the hospital shortly after she had regained the use of her jaws. She had been taken there by Dr. Morris, who said that it was an unusual manifestation of hysteria. He declared that a well known specialist in nervous diseases had examined the case, but had been unable to afford Mrs. Cunningham any permanent relief.

Complimentary to Whistlers.

An old farmer once said that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and animals in his care. He would whistle a child lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man was careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plough were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into the stable. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the shed gathered around him as he whistled, without fear. He never employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

The Equator Defined.

A school inspector was recently examining a class in geography. He had previously given them a short lesson, in the course of which he had told them all about the earth's axis and the Poles at the ends thereof, and that the equator was an imaginary line running around the earth. Wishing to see how much they had learned, he at length asked:

"Now boys, what is the equator?" There was a pause, and the inspector smiled triumphantly, when a fierce-looking boy growled out the answer: "The 'quator," said he, "is a me nagerie lion running round the earth."

A TRYING TIME

IS THE PERIOD WHEN YOUNG GIRLS ARE MERGING INTO WOMANHOOD.

MARKED BY PALE FACES, HEART PALPITATION, LOSS OF APETITE AND GENERAL LASSITUDE—HOW TO OVERCOME THIS CONDITION.

After babyhood, the most perilous time in a young girl's life is when she is just entering womanhood. She suffers from pale faces, heart palpitation, feeble appetite, and bloodless cheeks and lips. This condition may easily develop into consumption, and to prevent this—to keep the young girl in good health and strength, mothers should insist upon their taking a blood making tonic, such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Henry McIntyre, Port Dalhousie, Ont., gives sound advice to other mothers in cases of this kind. "About three years ago the health of my daughter, Bertha, began to fail. She grew weak and seemed unable to stand the least exertion. She suffered from distressing headaches, and fainting fits; her appetite left her and she lost flesh. I spent much money on medicines, but they did not help her. Then I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was persisted in for a long time she seemed to be growing weaker and I began to fear she was going into consumption. Then I took her to the specialist, but his treatment was likewise unsuccessful. Finally upon the advice of a lady friend, a doctor practicing in Chicago, Bertha began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long there was a decided improvement in her condition and in the time she had taken nine boxes she was once more enjoying the best of health and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I would strongly advise all similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as her case seemed as hopeless as could be."

All weak and ailing girls and women, sufferers from backache, headaches, indigestion to work or exercise, who show by their pale and sallow cheeks that they are in ill health, will find prompt relief, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and active health in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can obtain these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, postpaid, at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Never accept anything else which a dealer may say is "just as good."

British M. P. Arrested in Brussels, Belgium.

Brussels, Belgium, Nov. 19.—An Englishman named James Hardie was arrested here on suspicion of his having been connected with the attempt made Saturday by Rubino, the Italian Anarchist, on the life of King Leopold.

Hardie thrust out to be James Keir Hardie, M. P., the former chairman of the Independent Labor party and well known labor leader in England. He was subsequently released and lodged a complaint at the British legation.

Mr. Hardie threatens to make his arrest an international affair, and will appeal to the British foreign office immediately after his return to England. He says he had a postal communication telegraphed to him and addressed to the Maison du Peuple, and that the police, through a breach of confidence, became cognizant thereof.

After Mr. Hardie's arrival at the police station the officers asked him if he knew Rubino, and he was only released when he proved he was a member of the British House of Commons.

The Wind Did It.

"I happened to be in a Wyoming town when a city lot was put up at auction," said a Boston drummer, "and in a spirit of fun I made a bid or two. It was knocked down to me at 40, and I was wondering if anybody would take it off my hands at half that when the city marshal called on me and said:

"Look here, pard, I want to lease your lot by the head."

"What do you mean by the head?" I asked.

"Well, it's the only lot in town with a tree on it and I want to use that tree when there's a hanging to be done. I'll give you \$5 every time I use it."

"And about what sum can you guarantee?"

"Oh, it will run \$50 or \$60 a year anyhow, but if times are good 't'll go \$80 or \$90."

"I closed with him," said the drummer, "and in six months my income was \$35. Then, not hearing anything further, I wrote to the marshal, and in reply he said:

"Sorry to inform you that your old tree has blown down and that we now have to walk a man a mile to hang him."

SKY SCRAPERS SWAY.

There is a fact concerning the big sky-scrapers that most people have never encountered," said a prominent New York architect.

"To learn this lesson one must live in a high building for a time—and wait. When a strongly tempered north-east wind is abroad he will have become acquainted with a feature of the sky-scraper of which he would previously have had no idea.

"I speak of the swaying, more alarmingly so at the top itself. This is no slight and scarcely perceptible movement. I know a 26 story building, which under a heavy sway one and one-half feet and this is accounted as not unusual by dwellers in these steel-framed edifices.

"If the structure could not sway it the whole not particularly unpleasant, and high dwellers have told me that they soon become accustomed to it. The swaying implies no fault in the construction of the building, but is simply a condition which it is impossible to eliminate. Allowance is made for it in the construction of the frame, which in the modern tall building is now universally of steel.

"If the structure could not sway it would fall; it is a necessity. Almost any observatory or lighthouse may be felt to sway under like conditions, but it is nothing in comparison to the motion felt by the workers in the upper stories of a 20th century skyscraper. The motion has been known to make sensitive female employees ill, obliging them in a few cases to resign their positions for ones nearer terra-firma, where the winds that blow, pass by unheeded."

Serious Problem.

The man at the desk looked up. A small boy stood in the doorway.

"Are you the man that answers the questions in the newspaper?" asked the boy.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Why, it's this way. I found a pocketbook the other day. It had 30 cents in it. I took it to the newspaper office to advertise it, 'cause I thought that was the honest thing, and they told me it would cost 30 cents. Now if I take the money out of the pocketbook to pay the advertising there won't be any left for the man that owns it, and I don't think it's my place to advertise it and pay for it myself. Do you?"

"Is the pocketbook itself worth anything?"

"It's no good on earth. Look at it."

"I see it isn't," said the man at the desk. "What's bothering you, my son, is that you want to know whether it would be right, under the circumstances, for you to keep the pocketbook and the money."

"Well, I want to do the square thing."

"I see. It resolves itself into a matter of conscience. Why don't you go and ask your pastor?"

"I did," said the boy, "and he sent me to you."

WHAT IS WORN.

The new felt hats are very shallow and closely cut at the back, projecting greatly in front, and are trimmed with velvet and pads of fancy feathers shaded brown and fancy tints. They are relieved with touches of vivid turquoise, orange or red and blue, and merle feathers are intermixed with impayan pheasant plumes. Mercury wings of varied coloring are also used on autumn hats, and pale, silver and steel buckles and ornaments are more fashionable than those in gilt or bronze.

For pretty dinner and evening gowns there are dainty striped chine louisines in pastel colorings or darker tones, with a plain colored stripe a little over a quarter of an inch wide, a narrow black and white beading stripe laid on the top.

Although white will be much worn this winter in heavy cloths, yet beaver, castor and mouse tints will be seen a great deal, as these trim well with the darker guipure laces and look well with almost any fur.

Swallows a Watch.

Quincy, Ill., Nov. 13.—Maude Lillian Berri, prima donna of "The Sultan of Sulu," Opera company, has been confined to her room at the Newcomb hotel in this city and it is understood she will not be able to rejoin her company for several days. The singer was suddenly taken ill Saturday, and considerable mystery seemed to be connected with her condition. There was a rumor that the actress had been poisoned. Since the departure of the prima donna a delicate operation of the most unusual character, performed by Dr. Henry Hatch of this city, one of the best known surgeons in the West, was submitted to a delicate operation of the most unusual character, performed by Dr. Henry Hatch of this city, one of the best known surgeons in the West.

Dr. Hatch was summoned to the hotel and found the prima donna in great distress, bordering on convulsions. After a hasty physical examination he had the actress removed to his office, where he had one of the most complete X-ray equipments in the country, and made an examination which revealed, it is said, a foreign substance in her stomach. Miss Berri was placed under the influence of ether, and with assistance of another physician, Dr. Hatch is said to have removed from the stomach of the actress her little watch, a dainty affair, not larger than a 25 cent piece.

All parties concerned maintained mysterious secrecy about the affair, even members of "The Sultan of Sulu" company refusing to talk.

However, Dr. Hatch made an X-ray photograph, which was obtained by a Whig reporter, a friend of the family, and the unusual story was thus brought to light. As far as can be learned Miss Berri admitted losing her watch the day before and a complaint was lodged with the hotel proprietor where the actress was stopping, saying she had been robbed, while taking an afternoon sleep in her room. On her arrival at Quincy, Mass., Miss Berri was afflicted with nausea and convulsions with the result as stated.

Dr. Hatch is an old friend of the prima donna and stands high in the profession. His original scientific investigations and experiments have given him a national reputation.

He has absolutely refused to give any information regarding the case, but admitted that Miss Berri was brought to his laboratory and that an X-ray photograph was taken. The manager Braden, who is Mr. Henry W. Savage's representative with the opera company, admitted that Miss Berri lost her watch and that she had found it again, but refused to give any facts about the cause of her sudden illness. The actress, it is reported by her nurse, will remain in the company in Peoria, Ill., on Wednesday.

REJECTED

BECAUSE OF BAD COLOR.

Hundreds of packages of butter are rejected each week by expert butter buyers in Canada, simply because the color is bad. The shade demanded by home consumers and for export is the June golden that which can only be produced by Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color. Other colors sold by some dealers are poor imitations, and must continue to give trouble and cause loss of money to all who use them. The government creameries and schools and the most experienced creamerymen and dairymen in Canada use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color at all seasons for the production of prize butter. No mud, no impurities, never droppable and clear. All druggists and dealers.

One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister all applied for a night's lodging at an inn, where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim out of the three. "I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at A," said the officer. "I have sat as judge years at B," said the judge. "With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood for twenty five years in the ministry at M," said the minister. "That settles all dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; while this old gentleman has been standing for the last twenty-five years, so he certainly has the best claim to the bed."

In Self Defense.

Husband—I wish you'd keep away from that sewing society. They do nothing but gossip about everybody who isn't there.

Wife—That's just it. I want to go so as to make sure that they don't gossip about me.

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