

## 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 those with qualities that make them effective. We have drug knowledge as well as drug stock, 27 years experience in Lunenburg.

### A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE,

Goes along with you. Your smile is sunshine, but it is a long way off when you are troubled with dyspepsia.

### We Have Dyspepsia Tablets

That will fix you. With them we give directions for the diet, and it is very important that you follow them.

### Perfumes—A real delight

just like the flower.

### TOOTH POWDER,

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

### 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.

### TOILET SOAP.

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



### Get Up! Get Up!

Isn't it 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.

### WATCHES

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

### In Fishing for Business.

Our bait is always giving big value for our money. Ask any one who has bought from us any time in the last 27 years.



### A Mark That Counts—

Here are things, which make writing easier, and office work more satisfactory, make school work more enjoyable.

Fades, Pens, Paper, Slates, Books, Crayons and all other school supplies.

### Novels—The latest books

of popular writers.

Our candies have friends in every household. They are neatly packed in boxes or sold in bulk. They are made in attractive shapes. No dirt or waste in the making of them, which makes it possible to give good things at a low cost.

### RAZORS

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.

### PING PONG PLAY ES.

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 fixings \$1.25 up now. From 25c upwards when our Enormous Christmas stock arrives.

### BEST GRAM-O-PHONES

A fine assortment of Antophones, Accordions, Violins and Mouth Organs Music Books etc.

## E. L. NASH,

LUNENBURG, N. S.

## A HERO.

The book slipped to the floor and Honoria Keller sat back in her chair with a gentle yawn.

That woman was a hero, she said aloud. The kind I'd like to be. I never wanted to be anything quite as much as to be a hero. Dear, dear that's what I used to be under the trees and dream about, while other girls dreamed about lovers. To do something splendid and brave—think of that! Heigho!

She crossed the room and surveyed her small, trim figure in the mirror, with a queer defiance in her face. Oh, it's you again, is it? she cried. It's tall and fine and herish. You'd make a pretty hero wouldn't you? Did you think heroes out of five feet tall in their shoes? And had round baby faces and dimples? Dimples!

She turned away and paced restlessly up and down the bright little room. The gentle purring of the sleeping children stole out to her faintly through the half-open door. Once, when she had failed to hear it, she stopped in her walk to listen anxiously. Heavy feet tramped by, now and then, in the corridors, but the step she was waiting for did not come.

He's late again, she said aloud, in the fashion of a lonely woman. He was late yesterday the day before, and day before that—world without end. A sudden bitterness distorted her sweet face. Home! What kind of a parody on the word was this pair of little rooms in a great noisy hotel? Was there the slightest resemblance to a home about them? They were bright with sunlight to night and pretty with the bits of womanly touches her wistful fingers had given them. She had wrestled the horror of hotel rooms from them against heavy odds. And how the children had helped! Jed's horse over there in the corner, Nell's stray doll on the couch, the Tiny One's rubber dogs and cats everywhere—bless them, how they helped!

Honoria Keller had been married eight years and she had never had a home. From one hotel or boarding house to another, they had drifted restlessly. The children had been born in hotels—that was Honoria's greatest grief. It seemed like doing the children a great wrong. When Harry laughed at her he hurt deep and widened. It was all Harry's doings anyway. When they had money enough, he said in his easy way, they would have a home. Time enough.

Suddenly the woman pacing the bright little room uttered a sharp sound of pain. The old wound would not bear opening. She hurried to her usual refuge, the children in their beds. Their little flushed, peaceful faces always calmed her. You don't lay it up to you? the mother sighed softly. You know mother wanted to give you a home to be born in—Jed, Nell, Tiny One! You don't lay it up!

For a little while she sat beside them in the darkened room, touching their little cheeks in turn, with the soft mother kisses that never waken. Then, comforted, she went back again to the light. But the evening wore on, dragged on, without the sound of familiar steps outside the door. Somewhere a clock chimed 10, then 11, then 12. It was 12 last night, she said, and waited. Then 1 o'clock rang out in one clear note. It was 1 the day before yesterday, Honoria said.

They had parted in bitter anger in the morning, but that was too familiar a thing to count. Lately the partings had all been angry or coolly indifferent. When had they kissed each other good-by in the morning? Honoria caught her breath in sharp distress. At home we would—it would be different if we had a home! she cried wildly. How can we love each other this way without a home?

The great house settled into quiet somewhere a great way off, doors shut with a final clang, and loud keys creaked in their locks. He will not come to-night, Honoria said. But she waited that way before, and in the morning Harry had come. This time it was different. In the morning a messenger brought her a note from him. Have gone away. You will not be sorry. It has been in the wind some time. I should like to have kissed the children good-by, Harry.

How long it was she sat there with the brief little note in her hands, before frightened imperative little fingers tugged and pulled her back to semi-consciousness. Honoria Keller never knew. The weight on her heart did not lift or ease. It seemed to crush and choke her. The queer, metallic voice that answered the children's wondering questions was not her voice. She did not wonder it terrified

## the Tiny One. You isn't like mamma

—I 'ant's papa! he wailed.

He has gone away—you will not be sorry, repeated Honoria excitedly. It has been in the wind some time. He was sorry not to kiss the child—She caught her breath as the row of seared little faces impaled itself on her startling retina. A sudden wave of keen, pitiless consciousness swept over her like a flood. It was all so plain now! The kindly mist had lifted from her mind.

That day somehow lived itself out, and then the next. Somehow, for the children, Honoria lived. The throbbing smart of her hurt were all she realized at first. Small things made no impression on her mind. Years afterward she wondered whether on those first days the sun had shone, or it had rained. It was a chance remark she overheard that aroused her from her lethargy. Some one outside in the corridor made the remark to some one else.

The woman in that room there—No. 21—'s been deserted, the strange voice said in what was meant for an undertone. Yes, sir, deserted! Sounds like a novel, don't it? An' the children's there too, all right. Just lit out an' left on, as I'm a sinner.

And he's a sinner! growled the other voice indignantly. It's brutes do things like that. They ain't men. There was sympathy in both rough voices, but Honoria did not heed. The words not the tones burnt into her brain. Was that it! Was Harry a brute? Dear Lord in Heaven, was she deserted?

No! Harry would not do that! she cried in anguish. He went away—we were angry with each other. He thought I would not be sorry. Not sorry! She sprang to the floor and paced by and fro, till the frightened crept away by themselves.

But the days that went by grew into weeks, and he did not come. And at last the kind hearted hotel proprietor was driven to take the step he had been dreading. He went up to Number 21 one evening and knocked gently.

Come in, a weary voice said.

Ah—good evening, Mrs. Keller, good evening, he said nervously. I—what is, I've—called on a terrible embarrassing errand. I've put it off and put it off, hoping he—that is, Mr. Keller—would show up again. I want you to believe it was an awful job for me to come up here to-night and say it, but Mrs. Keller—that is—He caught up his handkerchief and mopped his face. There's a bill against your husband for three months' board, he blurted out desperately.

Honoria sat looking at him steadily, letting this new disgrace filter into her brain. She did not flinch before it.

You mean, she said quietly, after a minute or two, that Har—that is, your husband owes you a good deal of money for our board, his and mine and the children's?

Yes, that is—er—a medium, a medium.

And that we must go away at once? Of course I see that. But—but—for the first time her sweet voice broke, but I have no money to pay the bill. Wait! please don't say a word. Please go away and let me think. I must think. You will give me time to think?

But how to think! Honoria wrestled all night with her problem. One thing was definitely clear. She must pay the bill before she went away! What was to do after that did not matter yet. This mountain must be climbed first.

The next morning she noticed a sign posted below, over the laundry windows: Wanted; a first class woman to do fine ironing. Fancy pay for fancy work. Apply within.

Grandmother used to tell me I ironed her caps beautifully, Honoria said a sudden resolve in her mind. But perhaps—now—I'm not a first-class woman, she added with a pitiful little smile. But she applied for the work and got it. She and the children took a cheaper room in one of the attic, and she went resolutely to work to earn the money to pay the bill. That the work was terribly taxing to her slender strength, did not deter her. Her courage supplemented her strength. And little by little she saved her money. Afterwards she wondered; now, she only worked. The night the sum she was saving had grown to the needed dimensions, her poor sore heart was almost light. On the way up to her attic she heard someone calling her a hero. It sent her straight to her blurry little mirror. You don't look it! she said to the poor, shabby little figure before her, she smiled a little and nodded to friendly wise. You were always

## What Is A Kiss?

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published, and they are here reproduced, being considered well worth the space given them.

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parents' benison, and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the pretty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the 'sounding' system.

Nothing divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument whether to enjoin the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous, something rather wicked, though it can't be called a vice, some think it naughty, others think it wrong. All agree it's jolly. Though it doesn't last long.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and the old man buys.

The drop that smoothes over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.

## GREAT BLUNDERS.

In the Great Library, Chicago, is a book compiled by Dr. Earl Pratt, in which five hundred men, out of work, have recorded "the greatest blunder of their life." Here are some of them.

1. "Didn't save what I earned."
2. "Did not as a boy realize the value of an education."
3. "If I had taken better care of my money, I would be in better health and morals."
4. "Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."
5. "The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."
6. One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."
7. "My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."
8. "The turning point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home."
9. "Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages."
10. "When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing."
11. "Self-conceit and not listening to my parents."
12. "Was to fool away my time when at school."

A German statistician has amused himself by the discovery of how many words he could write with a common lead pencil. When the pencil was worn down so short he could not hold it in his fingers he attached a holder and wore it to its point. When this was done he had copied a German novel of 400,000 words. An Englishman copied "Ivanhoe" until he had written 95,608 words and then abandoned the job, the pencil being too short to hold in his fingers.

The Pennsylvania railroad, for a distance of 170 miles is blocked-aded by loaded freight cars, 20,000 in number and it will be weeks before the blockade can be removed. The blockade is costing the railroad thousands of dollars each day. Skippers and consignees contemplate filing claims for more than \$300,000 damages. Locomotive engineers are earning from \$200 to \$275 a month and other railroad trainmen are making over-

## EXTRAORDINARY SLEEPERS.

About three years ago quite a sensation was caused among medical experts by the remarkable case of a girl named Kramer, who lived in the village of Huelswiler. This girl, who was thirteen years of age suddenly fell into a deep sleep from which she could not be awakened, and she remained in this comatose condition for a whole year, when she was removed to the asylum at Merzig.

Nothing could be done for the child child beyond carefully tending her, in the hope that she would waken naturally, which she actually did two months after her admission. During the time she was asleep her teeth were so firmly clenched that her food had to be administered through the nose, and when she awoke her gums had completely overgrown her teeth. She was detained in the asylum until her faculties had resumed their normal condition, and until her memory, which had completely gone, was gradually restored. When discharged a "perfect cure had been effected."

This case, which is probably one of the most remarkable of its kind which has ever been recorded, is by no means without a parallel, as the following will show.

Blanchet, a French physician, records the case of a patient—a lady twenty-four years of age—who on three separate occasions slept for extraordinary periods of time. At the age of twenty she again slept for fifty days, and the last recorded sleep extended for nearly a year.

On this occasion she was supplied with liquid nourishment, and during the time she remained in that comatose condition she was motionless and insensible, the pulse was low, and her breathing scarcely perceptible; but her complexion remained florid and healthy.

Something similar was the case of a laboring man named Samuel Clinton, who resided at Timbury, near Bath. At the age of twenty-five he fell into a profound sleep, in which he continued for a month in spite of all the efforts that were made to arouse him from his lethargic slumber. When at length he awakened up he at once resumed his usual habits.

Two years later he slept for seven weeks, and during that time he occasionally without waking, partook of the food which was constantly kept beside him. Again he awoke naturally, and on resuming work was somewhat surprised to find it was harvest-time the sowing and, reaping had been to him a blank.

A year later, after complaining of a shivering and coldness in his back he again fell into a sleep which lasted fully five months. Many and various were the means adopted for the purpose of rousing him, but all attempts proved fruitless. Even the infliction of pain, which under ordinary circumstances would have been excruciating, failed to make the slightest impression upon him.

William Foxley, who was one time potmaker for the Mint in the Tower of London, once slept for fourteen days and fifteen nights, and then awoke under the impression that he had slept no longer than usual. The most eminent physicians of the time were quite unable to account for his extraordinary sleep.

## She Knew of a Board.

Even small help applied at the right point and at the right time can do great good.

The large audience room was packed with people from all parts of the great city. It was the "farewell" service held in honor of a dozen young men who were about to take their departure as missionaries to far-away lands.

At the close of the service one of the prominent officers of the missionary board made a short speech in which he said that he regretted that there was one young man present who wished very much to go to heathen lands as a missionary, but the board was not able financially, to send him. Immediately after the speaker sat down, a woman of middle age, with wrinkled face and hands brown and rough from much toil arose quickly to her feet and said:

I know of a missionary board that can support him. I'll see that he goes.

After the audience was dismissed the woman made her way to the side of the disappointed young man.

"Now you must go! I can get the funds."

The young man who was so anxious to work for Christ went to India to preach the gospel. His work there was effective in a marked degree.

The "board" which was able to send him was none other than the washboard of this hard-working yet consecrated woman.

Husband: "My darling, when I am gone how will you ever pay the doctor's bill?"

Wife: "Oh, don't worry about that, dear. If the worst comes to the worst" I will marry the doctor.

## Professional Cards.

**WILLOUGHBY BRENT, MD. CM.**  
Physician, Surgeon, and Druggist.  
Mahone Bay.  
Office Main Street over Drug Store Telephone connection Night & Day.

**ARTHUR ROBERTS, LLB**  
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

**G. W. LANE,**  
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.  
LUNENBURG, N. S.  
Claims collected in all parts of Canada and United States. Fire insurance effected in reliable companies. Residence—No. 20—

**MONEY TO LOAN**  
Money loaned on Real Estate Security.  
Easy terms as to repayment. Repayment on the installment plan. Straight loan, as borrower prefers. Interest 6 per cent. For further information apply to

**ARTHUR ROBERTS**  
BARRISTER

**DR. H. LEONCE MITCHENER,**  
DENTIST,  
Lunenburg Office—Over Nash's Drug Store.  
Over People's Bank, Mahone Bay, EVERY MONDAY TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY.  
GAS ADMINISTERED at the Lunenburg Office, and at Mahone Bay by appointment.

**QUEEN**  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF AMERICA.  
Backed by forty million dollar Security to Policy holders insured by any other company.  
INSURANCES EFFECTED AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.  
Losses paid immediately upon completion of claim papers. The Queen paid \$350,462.00 for losses by the conflagration at St. John's, Newfoundland, 24th July, 1892 without contesting a single claim.  
D. M. OWEN  
Secretary

**GRIFFIN & KELLIE,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
MONUMENTS  
IN  
MARBLE RED & GRAY GRANITE  
IMPORTERS OF  
EQUILIB TILE HEARTHES  
FILE & MARBLE FLOORS.  
AGENTS—W. A. Gaetz, Lunenburg  
Monty & Galt, Mahone Bay  
James H. Wentzell, Ritey  
Gover, A. G. Gardner, New Germany.

**W. H. OWEN, K. C.**  
MONEY TO LOAN  
BRIDGEWATER  
Barrister at Law,  
CONWAY CEB  
AGENTS FOR  
Nova Scotia Building Society Canada Life and Halifax Fire (non-Tariff Assurance Co's.)

**D. M. OWEN,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
CONVEYANCER & NOTARY PUBLIC  
Real Estate Agent,  
Consular Agency of the United States,  
Agent Queen Fire Insurance Co.  
Collections made throughout Canada and United States  
Lunenburg, Nova Scotia  
Telephone 20.

**R. C. S. KAULBACH M. A. L B**  
Barrister & Solicitor,  
Notary Public,  
Lunenburg, Nova Scotia  
P. O. Box 257.

**McLEAN & FREEMAN**  
Barristers Solicitors, Etc.  
Office—Bridgewater and Liverpool. Bridgewater office, Marshall Buildings Liverpool offices, Union Bank Building, Aug. 17.  
J. A. McLean, K. O  
C. L. Freeman, B.A., LL

**MONEY TO LEND**  
Money to loan on good improved real estate security at 6 per cent, on terms to suit borrowers. Apply to  
G. W. LANE  
Solicitor,  
Lunenburg

## War on Canada.

Attleboro, Mass., Nov. 25.—The following notice is being distributed throughout this section:

"We are on our way to Winnipeg to organize the republic and to help the Doukhobors Camp, No. 10, Canadian republican army."

In this connection one of the leaders of the French-Canadians in this section makes the following statement:

"In this country are hundreds of thousands of the French-Canadians who would gladly return to their native soil in Canada if it could be made a republic and thus remove the British control. The Canadians in this section and in fact those located all over the country are endeavoring to form an army. These men will then go to Winnipeg and there join the forty thousand or more who are now moving toward that centre."

Massachusetts and Connecticut contain thousands of these French citizens who are working in the mills and farms who would gladly return to Canada, but for British rule."

**CHRISTMAS**  
—is just—  
—and—  
**WE ARE READY FOR IT.**

Our Stock is the  
Finest we have ever opened and will be on Exhibition every day from

**Saturday**  
**Nov. 29th,**  
UNTIL ALL IS SOLD.  
A Big Add. Next Week.

**J. A. HIRTLE,**  
HIRTLE'S BOOK STORE.