

# THE ARGUS.

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

VOL. XIII

LUNENBURG NOVA SCOTIA, NOVEMBER 18, 1902

NO 44

## E. L. Nash,



### THE IMPORTANT POINT—

in Buying Drugs is Quality. Quantity really makes but little difference.

**A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE.** Goes along way. Your smile is sunshine, but it is so 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 tooth by neglecting them. A few injure them by brushing them with a powder that eats the enamel off the surface of the teeth. The proper tooth powder will not only clean the tooth but furnish them with an antidote to some of the poisons that reach them through the food.

**TOILET ARTICLES.** Keep off chaps—cure them if they have already come—by the use of Rese-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 in choosing your Toilet Soap. Only those of the purest makes should be used. We have an immense variety—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 Watches to clear.

**A Mark That Counts.** Here are things which make writing easier, make school work more enjoyable. Pads, Pens, Paper, Ink, Erasers, Pencils, Slates, Books, Crayons. Several grades of each at prices according to quality.

**Novels—The latest books of popular writers.**

**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 one yourself with that old hatchet, when you can get the best at this price? Only a limited supply of these here.

**PING PONG PLAYERS.** 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 fixtures \$1.20 up now. From \$50 upwards when our enormous Christmas stock arrives.

**BEST GRAM-O-PHONES.** A fine assortment of Autographs, Accordeons, Violins and Mouth Organs, Music Books etc.

**E. L. NASH,**  
LUNENBURG, N. S.

## ZEB TAYLOR'S ROMANCE.

Several events had happened in the life of Zeb Taylor before his romance came. For instance, he had grown up to be twenty-three years old and had become a farmer's hired man; he had almost become engaged to one farmer's daughter and fully engaged to another; he had read a dozen love stories, taken the prize at a spelling school, learned to play the accordion and written a poem.

Such a thing as a summer boarder had never been heard of at Sheldon's. Corners, but one evening after Zeb had come up from the corncfield his mother looked at him in a very wise manner and half whispered:

"Zeb, you can never guess what's happened! The Sheldon's have got a summer boarder!"

No, by gosh!

Yes, they have. I was there when she came. It's a young woman, an she brought two trunks, Mrs. Sheldon had never let on, though I always tell her everything that's goin' to happen to us. Yes, it's a young woman, an' she's goin' to stay a month.

Good lookin'! inquired Zeb, with a little more interest.

Handsome as a picture, replied his mother. Yes, sir; she's the handsomest girl I believe I ever see. She's got brown hair an' blue eyes an' teeth as white as chalk. An' when she laughs it's like the jingle of sleigh bells. Zeb, don't you want to get a lick up her?

I ain't dyin' to but I suppose it would be ettiket to call on her an' sort of welcome her to the neighborhood.

Of course it would, of course. Yes, you'd better dress up a bit after supper an' go over, an' if you want any excuse you can ask Mrs. Sheldon to lend her netting greater.

An hour later, dressed in his Sunday clothes, Zeb walked over to the other farmhouse. Farmer Sheldon hadn't finished milking yet, and his wife was still washing dishes, but on the porch sat the young woman with teeth as white as chalk. On the way over Zeb had been preparing a little speech of welcome, and he intended to lift his hat and shake hands after the latest fashion. When he came upon the summer boarder, however, he was knocked out. He who had stood up without a tremor before 150 people at a spelling match found his heart thumping and his throat dry as he stood before one young lady. She saw his confusion and helplessness, and she pitied him and broke the painful situation by asking:

Did you come here to see Mr. Sheldon about horse or sheep or any thing?

No, marm, stammered Zeb as he reached out and pulled the top off a wheel. He hadn't intended, to say marm, but it had come out that way. Maybe you are a relative or something?

No, marm, came the reply again, with a determination to kick himself along the road for repeating the unfortunate word.

There ensued a painful pause. The boarder looked at Zeb and looked at Zeb's head, and Zeb shifted his weight from one foot to the other and tried his best to get rid of his hands. He finally drew a long breath, straightened up and said:

I—I hope you'll love Sheldon's Corners.

Good night.

Writ that he turned and plodded homeward, and as he plodded he kicked himself and called himself all sorts of names for his stupidity. The mother anxiously awaited his arrival. When he told her what had occurred, she replied:

Now, Zeb, you needn't feel a bit bad. That girl saw how bashful an' modest you was, an' she'll like you all the better for it. I'll be a gander against a chicken that you made an impression.

After thinking matters over for a while Zeb almost concluded that he had, and he began to feel better. If he had made an impression, then he must follow it up, as was always done in novels. He got an idea for a follower, before he slept, and next morning before breakfast he was at the Sheldon kitchen door with a bouquet of hollyhocks for the summer boarder. Zeb's romance had begun.

He did not appear at Sheldon's that evening, as one of the cows was missing, but next day, seeing the summer boarder in the orchard, he made an excuse to cross it and came face to face with her again. She bowed a little coldly instead of extending both hands and expressing her delight over the hollyhocks, half of which were pink and half white, and he almost

lost his wife again. When no words would come, he climbed an apple tree, shook down a bushel of hard, green apples for her, and though he realized that he had hurt one sus-pender in descending he managed to lift his hat and back away without falling down.

Zebby, said his mother when he told her about it, you did just right. There wasn't any use in sayin' anything. You acted shy an' coy, an' that was better than a rod of talk. I know girls better'n you do, an' you needn't worry. I believe I'd like to have you marry this girl.

I believe I'd like to, he thought as he sauntered away to keep things over. As he was going over the case in his mind it occurred to him that he was somewhat handicapped by being engaged to Laura Lettiner. He would remove the handicap at once, and before he slept he sat down and wrote a letter that did the business.

The next morning a bouquet of pinks awaited the summer boarder at Sheldon's, and that evening Zeb called with a grim determination to express the hope that she was enjoying herself. She did not appear on the porch, however, and after talking with Farmer Sheldon for an hour about the crops he went home. He was looking and feeling glad, but his mother said:

Zebby, you don't understand girls. She didn't come out because she is coy an' shy, like you, an' perhaps Mrs. Sheldon had been jokin' her. You best keep right on as you are doin'.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

**OFTEN LEADS TO A BREAK-DOWN IN HEALTH.**

SEVERE HEADACHES, LOSS OF APPETITE, DIZZINESS, PALEFICATION OF THE HEART AND OTHER DISTRESSING SYMPTOMS FOLLOW.

Women's cares about the household and many other worries, and it is no wonder that the health of so many give way under the strain. To weak, tired-out, depressed women every where, the story of Mrs. G. Horton, the wife of a well known farmer living near Newick, Ont., will come as a message of hope.

In a reporter who interviewed her on the subject, Mrs. Horton said:— "Yes, I am quite willing to give my testimony to the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, as my experience may help some other sufferer. A couple of years ago my health began to give away, and I suffered from anemia, with most of the depressing symptoms of that trouble. I became much emaciated, had distressing headaches, and a very poor appetite. At first I thought the trouble would pass away, but in this I was mistaken, as I began to palpitate violently at the least exertion; my rest at night was broken and finally I had caught set in, and I was scarcely able to do a bit of work about the house. An aunt in England who had heard that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had restored her to health, and I determined to give the pills a trial. After the use of a few boxes I noticed a distinct improvement in my condition, and after using the pills a few weeks more the trouble had completely left me. I could sleep well at night, the headaches which had made me so miserable vanished, my appetite returned, and I could again perform my household work. I had always felt grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and strongly recommend them to other suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished just such good results in thousands of other cases among ailing men and women, and suffers from any of the numerous ailments resulting from poor, watery blood will soon get on the high road to health and strength. Initiations are sometimes offered by unscrupulous dealers, who care more for their own profit than for their customers' health. Be sure that the pills are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as found on the wrapper around every box you buy. If your dealer does not keep these pills send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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The countryman sat down and in a few minutes began to snuffle, as if he was weeping.

"Say, old man, have I hurt your feelings?" called out the youth. "I have I am very sorry, for of course I did not really mean that you were raised in a stable."

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## Elected on His Promise to Wed, Governor Says He Can't Find Wife.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 12.—J. W. Bailey, Governor-elect of Kansas, wants a wife and can't find one. In fact, it is absolutely necessary that Mr. Bailey should wed, as his word is at stake.

When the politicians at Wichita nominated Mr. Bailey, it was with the agreement that he would find a Kansas girl for a wife. It was one of the issues of the contest, and Mr. Bailey, confirmed bachelor though he was, promised the voters that, if elected, he would install a bride in the executive mansion. Now the Governor-elect pleads that he has diligently sought for a wife and has been unable to find one.

The voters declare he must keep his pledge, and to further enable him to find a wife in Kansas before the day of his inauguration he has been permitted to search outside of the State for one.

D. J. Hanna, Lieutenant Governor elect, promised at the State Convention that if the Republicans would nominate him for Governor he would find a wife. As he was nominated for the second place on the ticket, he now pleads that he is not bound to comply with that promise.

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## A Recipe For Success.

Is there any recipe for success? Men have been asking each other for centuries. And to-day the question is being put more earnestly than it has ever been put before.

Plainly the only answer obtainable is such as may be vouchsafed by men themselves successful. Perhaps the wisest thing to be done, if you are somewhat vaguely starting out on a career and do not know how to make the most of it, is to study some such set of rules as those which the late Lord Russell wrote down for the guidance of his son—a younger member of the Bar, says Household Words.

1. Begin each day's work with a motto of what is to be done, in order of urgency.

2. Do one thing only at a time.

3. In any business interviews note in your diary or in your entries the substance of what takes place—for corroboration in any future difficulty.

4. Arrange any case, whether for brief or for your own judgment, in the order of time.

5. Be scrupulously exact down to the smallest item in money matters, etc., in your account of them.

6. Be careful to keep your own papers in neat and orderly fashion.

7. There is no need to confess ignorance to client, but never be above asking for advice from those competent to give it in any matter of doubt, and never affect to understand thoroughly.

8. Get to the bottom of any affair intrusted to you—even the simplest—and do each piece of work as if you were a tradesman turning out a best sample of his manufacture by which he wishes to be judged.

9. Do not be content with being merely an expert master of form and detail, but strike to be a lawyer.

10. Always be straightforward and sincere.

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## Curious Courtship Clubs.

The city of New York boasts a club which has for its object the promotion of aimless courtship, in so far as matrimony is concerned. A number of young men there have banded themselves together to make love to damsel's who, instead of looking for proposals, are content with what is called "a good time."

Their knights escort them to theaters, picnics and other amusements, make them presents, and are generally attentive even to a greater degree than the ordinary enamored swain. Couples who break the rules of the club by marrying have to pay a fine of fifty dollars, and are forever banished from the club. One or two couples have already paid this fine and entered into the forbidden state, a dinner on each occasion being held by the club to console the members for their loss.