

Will C. P. R. Take D. A. R.?

There is Said to be a Hitch In the Negotiations

Some London Shareholders Hold On Too Firmly

Will they take it over? Who? The C. P. R. Take what over? The D. A. R. Well it is this way. It was said they would take it over the first of this month, but they haven't so far as any formal proceedings are concerned. The trouble is said to be over some of the London shareholders of the old company. They are said to be holding on and that nothing less than a "freeze out" will dislodge them. If the story is true they are like the dog in the manger, that couldn't eat the hay and wouldn't let the cow eat it. They cannot run the road themselves, and will not permit those to run it who can run it. The travelling public demand a change in the train service of the D. A. R. It has become obsolete. The locomotive service, with but few exceptions, is rag tag and bob tail. It is time for a change.

A Sad Mission

Conductor James Craigie, I. R. C., Sydney, was in Truro yesterday on a sad mission. He was en route to St. John to meet the remains of his mother, who died in Portland, Maine, Thursday. This good old old mother in Israel had reached the great age of 92 years. The body was taken to the old home in Merrigomish, Pictou County, for burial. Deceased was a former resident of Truro. Jimmy and other members of the family have the sympathy of hosts of friends in their sad parting, in which LUNN'S WEEKLY joins.

Much Better.

Conductor Tom Johnson, who has not been in good health for a long time, is now much better, much to the delight of his many friends. It is all due to a new treatment.

Not Particular

WAITER—"What will you have, sir?" CUSTOMER—"I'll have some chicken, I guess." WAITER—"What part of the chicken do you prefer?" CUSTOMER—"The meat."

Father Knew.

CURIOS CHARLEY—"Do nuts grow on trees, father?" Father—"They do, my son." Curious Charley—"Then what tree does the doughnut grow on?" Father—"The panty, my son."

I PAY CASH.

I pay cash for second handed furniture and household effects, ROSS ARCHIBALD, Prince Street.

Fine Specimen! Early May Date For Election

MOUNTED BY TRURO'S CLEVER TAXIDERMIST AND MAY GO TO PROVINCIAL MUSEUM.

Dead Moose That Looks The Real Living Animal.

Truro has a Clever taxidermist Mr. H. C. Cruickshank, whose place of business is in the Currie store, Prince Street. He is a graduate of Nature's college. He simply took up the art as a matter of course, just as naturally as a duck takes to water. There are some fine specimens of his work in his shop, which win the praise of all who see them. He has just completed the mounting of a moose, a male, two years old, shot last fall in the Greenfield woods by Mr. Os. Reid, of Harmony. This is said to be the first work of the kind ever undertaken in Nova Scotia, and those in a position to know, who have seen it, pronounce it an excellent piece of work. The chief game commissioner of the province, Mr. J. A. Knight, saw it Monday and was delighted with it. Mr. Cruickshank expects to sell the mount to the local government for the Provincial museum in Halifax. He is asking \$100 for it. Experts say that is a moderate charge. There is also in Mr. Cruickshank's store a moose head having the unique feature of four palms (on the horns). This moose was shot in the Gynsboro woods by Mr. Abner Hingley, of Hilden, Colchester County. Mr. Knight, the chief game commissioner of the province, secured it and exhibited it at the sportsmen's show in New York last winter.

Easter Meats.

As usual Ross' meat market, Outram Street, are right up-to-date. An unusual show of good Easter meats is in evidence, beef, pork, lamb, mutton and fowl. Recently the firm purchased 21 head of fine cattle, fed on Mr. W. J. Kent's fine stock farm at Lower Truro. There were ten pairs of steers and a cow. Two pairs of steers were killed for the Easter trade and dressed close to 3000 pounds. Ross' customers will certainly have the choice of some toothsome morsels, as usual.

Attending to Business

POLICEMAN—"What is your business?" PRISONER—"I am a locksmith." POLICEMAN—"Well, what were you doing up in that gambling joint we just raided?" PRISONER—"I was making a bolt for the door just as you came in."

A Useful Animal

"Do you know that your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday?" "No; is that so? Well, I suppose you will sue me for damages?" "Not at all. What will you take for the dog?"

Premier Murray May Have Given to Lunn's Weekly

A Bit of Public Information That He Did Not Intend.

Premier Murray passed through Truro Thursday en route from Ottawa to Halifax. Asked as to the possible date of the election, he replied that it had not yet been decided upon. He however intimated that they would be pulled off so as not to interfere with seeding operations. Reading between the lines this would seem to indicate that polling day will be either the 9th or 16th of May. Bear those dates in mind and thus ascertain how far LUNN'S WEEKLY is astray in its political prognostications. One thing is sure, the politicians on both sides of the political divide are getting busy. Well, keep a rustling and a hustling gentlemen.

Natural Deduction

"Faith, 'tis wonderful times we're living in these days," some one remarked to Jones the other day. "They're sending messages now without wires or poles." "Sure it is wonderful," replied Jones. "The way things are going, one of these days we'll be able to travel without leaving home at all, at all."

Not the Peal Kind

"They tell me that in Turkey a man doesn't see his wife's face until after they are married." "That's right." "And they do their flirting after marriage?" "They have to. They can't do it before." "Imagine flirting with a husband!" "Yes; your own husband."

Curious Impediment

"While coming down in the subway this morning I noticed two deaf and dumb men sitting opposite me. One of them had an impediment in his speech." "How could a deaf and dumb man have an impediment in his speech?" "Two of his fingers were cut off."

American Style

"Are you a married man?" "I don't know; the jury is still out."

DRINK BUTTERMILK

ROSS ARCHIBALD has it on draught fresh every day from the country.

YOUNG PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply at ROSS' MEAT MARKET, Outram Street.

What the Moon Man Believes

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT

By the "Man in the Moon." The man in the moon sees many funny things.

To be sure, he cannot see them every night.

But wait till the clouds roll away; then he sees.

He says, early as it is, moonlight walks in the park are on for the season.

He is of the opinion that a "Curfew Bell" would be a good thing in this town of churches and seat of education.

He thinks that if manhood and womanhood are a valuable asset to the country, that church and state should take an interest in it.

He is not fighting with the law, but he believes the gospel would be more effective if practiced as it is preached.

He sees deceit practiced under the guise of the law and the gospel.

He believes the clergymen are faithful in their preaching, but that many church members are unfaithful in their practices.

He believes the almighty dollar is more powerful than the Almighty in far too many cases, in this so-called Christian country.

He is wondering what has become of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in looking after the welfare of girls who come to this town from countryside homes to earn a living.

He knows that parents in the countryside homes are wondering if the W. C. T. U. and professing Christians of Truro are doing their duty by those girls within their gates.

Somewhat in Doubt

An absent-minded man was wending his way unsteadily homeward about 4 o'clock one morning. He was soliloquizing.

"I wish I wasn't—hic—so absent-minded. I can't remember the life of me—hic—whether my wife told me to have—hic—three drinks and be home at 10 o'clock or to have ten drinks—hic—and be home at—hic—and he fell asleep in his tracks."

No Loss To Him.

THE MARKETER—"Aren't you wasting a good deal of that steak in trimming it?" THE BUTCHER—"No, ma'am; I weighed it first."

WHAT SHE SHOWS.

"The girl who likes to be seen on the street in a thirty mile gale shows poor taste." "Perhaps so; but she shows good form."

The Whole Thing

"Where were you born?" "I was born in America." "What part?" "All of me."

Jamaica Ginger.

That's the Stuff Which Did the Awful Thing.

DID WHAT?

Well, here is the story, by paragraphs.

Two thirsty ones came to town. Owing to the vigilance of "Bill" and "Pat" (the two inspectors,) they found it difficult to slake that awful thirst.

They discovered some innocent cider in a certain saloon, of which they imbibed quite freely, with the result that both became "tangle-legged."

Later on they were "pinched," but they protested that it was on cider obtained at the saloon in question.

However, the police investigated and learned that before going to partake of the "blood of the apple" they first went to a drug store and secured one or more bottles of Jamaica Ginger, and poured a portion of this favorite New England local-option liquid into each drink of cider they imbibed.

Hence the drunk.

What! Jamaica Ginger make you drunk? Sure.

But, say, don't try it to prove the correctness of our statement.

You will feel better next morning.

Jamaica Ginger contains a large percentage of—of—of—the old time joy-water used by Bacchus, the god of hilarity.

So do lots of other patent medicines.

Don't talk temperance-law enforcement and preach temperance, if you patronize and indulge in drugs of that kind.

Don't parade your temperance virtues under a patent-medicine cloak.

The good Lord has more respect, according to our theology, for the misguided one who takes the real stuff, providing he has it come from Halifax or St. John, marked "personal."

THE NEW I. R. C. FREIGHT HOUSE.

Where will it be located? Those who should know, say on the block bounded by Railway Esplanade, Forrester, Victoria and Young streets. This would mean the purchase of the Captain Murray, Lewis, James D. Ross, the Mutual Training and other properties.

The location is a good one. No fault can be found in that respect. The government would do the right thing by Truro in locating the new freight house there.

It would be ideal from the standpoint of location. It would be easy of access.

Taught Her A Lesson.

SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE—"Look here, now, young man, you promised that if I would give you your dinner you would mow the lawn for me."

THE HOBO—"I'd like to, ma'am, but I gotta teach you a lesson. Never trust the word of a total stranger."

EGGS FOR HATCHING

Pure bred Black Minorca. ROSS ARCHIBALD, Prince Street.

Good Mates Good Progeny

IS FARMER'S THEORY OF GOOD BREEDING THE CURE

Officers ran across a sad case one day last week, two boys, mere children, drunk.

It seems a man went to Halifax and brought home several bottles purchased in the licensed places in that city.

The story is that the boys got in touch with the booze and became drunk.

They are not that class of children who are looked after by the Sunday Schools, and Bands of Hope, not even the Y. M. C. A.

They are what are known as the waifs of the street, the children of the unfortunate poor who live in what can be termed the slums of this little town of churches, and seat of provincial education. Poor and wretched they may be, but just the same they are human.

They have souls, and like the sparrows are not lost sight of by the great God of our universe.

Christian men and women of Truro, if the parents are the victims of circumstances, He has entrusted them to your keeping.

Wonder if we are not practicing more law than gospel in this town.

Over there on the government farm on Bible Hill we are willingly being taxed to improve the breed of horses, cows and hogs, but not a dollar to improve the breed of humanity.

In the name of revenue getting we see permits for degenerates to marry.

Ministers of the gospel carry out the imposts of those permits with the result that like begets like.

Oh! Lord, and all this in the name of our boasted civilization and christianity.

Kick LUNN'S WEEKLY if you will, for speaking thus plainly, but we don't mind the kick, if we can arouse God's professed chosen to a sense of their duty towards God's unfortunate.

Tomorrow there will be sung in our churches the grand truth, "He Is Risen."

Have you the risen spirit? Do you practice it? If not, why not? Think it over.

The Cynical Farmer.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

FARMER—"Did you catch my laborers in motion?"

PHOTOGRAPHER—"I think so." FARMER—"Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing!"