

LUNN'S WEEKLY

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Office, Inglis street Truro, N. S.
C. W. LUNN,
Editor and proprietor.

Death of Judge Laurence.

Death has been busy in our midst of late, carrying away many of our best citizens; but among them all none was a greater loss to this community, his native province and the Dominion at large than Hon. Frederick Andrew Laurence, a member of the Bench of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

Judge Laurence was one of the big men of Nova Scotia, and his place will be hard to fill. As a politician he ruled the councils of his party by sheer force of superior mind and will power. By reason of his great ability and fairness he had many friends and supporters in the ranks of what might be termed the opponents of his political party.

As a Jurist he ranked exceedingly high.

When he left the arena of politics he left his politics there, and freely drank of the spirit of high and lofty Justice to all with whom he had to deal in the Courts.

To his bereaved wife and family LUNN'S WEEKLY extends deepest sympathy in this the hour of their affliction.

A more extended notice from the Morning Chronicle appears elsewhere in this issue.

Where We Are At.

The Editor of LUNN'S WEEKLY has no axe to grind or spites to avenge.

It is aiming to be a newspaper for the people, by the people.

If there are those persons who do not want plain facts, then so much the worse for them.

We stand for the square deal.

We will hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

If you want a onesided newspaper don't read LUNN'S WEEKLY.

We are neither handing out nor receiving boquets.

Kicking at the Grits

A local Grit, who has lost his job, says he has no great kick to make just now. He expected dismissal, otherwise he might not have been so anxious to keep the Liberal Government in power, as he received his appointment from

them. Now the Grits are making such a kick in parliament that even if there occurred another change of Government he couldn't expect to get his place again; perhaps till the death of his successor.

Either that or the Liberals would have to become as inconsistent as the Tories are alleged to be at the present time. This is a curious and may be rare philosophy; but it certainly has some merit of a kind.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY HORSES

Edward Mingo Had One Arm Broken; W. F. Linton's Daring

Mrs. Truman McCully Threw Out of Overturned Sleigh

Runaway horses were plentiful about Truro and vicinity this week with the result that there was one bad accident.

This occurred at Riversdale last Monday, and brought a broken limb to Edward Mingo.

Mingo was driving along a highway on top of a load of deals. The sleds slewed, causing the top part, called the "banks," to break away and the load was overturned.

Mingo became pinned beneath.

When taken out it was found he had a broken arm.

Freed from the load the horses ran away with the sleds.

A freight train was standing at the station when the runaways arrived at the crossing.

Instead of continuing along the highway the horses turned and fled up the track, across the railroad bridge and thence to Hingley's siding a mile beyond the bridge.

At this point one horse slipped and fell, and men working nearby went to the rescue.

Both horses were removed safely from the track and strange to say neither was injured.

Mr. W. F. Linton had a runaway Thursday afternoon; but showed a cool head through out.

Had he not done so there might have been serious happenings.

Mr. Linton was driving to town from Bible Hill.

He had strapped or tied to his sleigh in some way a set of sleigh shoes.

The rattle of the irons scared Mr. Linton's horse and it took the bit in its teeth and ran away.

Linton found that while he could not hold the horse he could steer it; and concluded to let it go till it got tired.

Just as he passed the pumping station Mr. Linton was quick to notice that children were coasting on both hills—on each side of the "Flatiron."

To continue up Walker St. or up Mill St. spelled danger to life and limb for the children, so Mr. Linton took the chance himself and reined his horse into the end of the "Flatiron" fence just below Mr. W. H. Taylor's house.

A crash ensued and the end of one of the sleigh shafts went

clear through the boards; and while there was some damage to the sleigh the driver and horse escaped injury.

Mr. Linton is highly commended for his unselfish attitude in behalf of the children coasting on the hills.

Thursday afternoon a horse ran away on the railway esplanade, and went in the direction of Inglis Street.

Near the corner of Havelock Street the outfit collided with an electric light pole, which freed the horse from all but the cross-bar.

With this flying wildly from side to side the animal continued at a mad gallop down to Inglis Street, where it took the west sidewalk, dashing along to A. E. Hunt & Co's store, whence it went out into the street again and turning the corner, dashed down Prince Street, where it spent its furious flight, minus injury to itself.

Police Chief Waller, who happened to be driving in the vicinity at the time gave the runaway chase and made a successful capture.

While the mad animal was dashing along Inglis Street it was feared by some that he might plunge through one of the store windows of R. S. Boyd & Co.

A few minutes later, on Inglis Street, a horse ran away and threw Mrs. Truman McCully, of DeBert River, out of a sleigh near by, but fortunately she was not seriously injured.



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But the Noblest Revenge We May Take Upon Our Enemies Is To Do Them Kindness

"A word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Can heal a heart that's broken
And make a friend sincere."

Kindness is one of the purest traits that finds a place in the human heart. It gives us friends wherever we may chance to wander.

Whether we dwell with the savage tribes, or with civilized races, its influence never ceases. Started once, it flows onward like the little mountain rivulet, in a pure and increasing stream. To show kindness it is not necessary to give large sums of money or to perform some wonderful deed.

Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes. It finds its way into the hidden chambers of the heart, and brings forth golden treasures which harshness would have sealed up forever. It is the water of Lethe to the laborer, who straightway forgets his weariness borne of the burdens and heat of the day.

Kindness is the real law of life; the link that connects earth with heaven; the true philosopher's stone, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace and love. Would you live in the remembrance of others after you shall have passed away? Write your name on the tablets of their hearts by acts of kindness, love and mercy.

We should not permit ease or indulgence to contract our affection and wrap us up in a self enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of others, and how to best relieve them.

Kindness is the very principle of love, an emanation of the heart, it encourages us all in our intercourse with our fellowmen. Kindness does not consist in gift, but in generosity of spirit.

Men may give their money and withhold their kindness; a true sympathy is never without beneficent results.

How easy it is for one benevolent man to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is one fond heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles. In the intercourse of social life it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—it is by words by gestures, by looks that affection is won. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved.

The likelihood is he will not make it, and if he does it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

Little kindnesses are great ones. They drive away sadness and cheer up the soul beyond all common appreciation. They are centres of influence over others which may accomplish much good.

When such kindnesses are administered in time of need they are like "Apples of gold in pictures of silver," and will long be remembered. A word of kindness in a desperate strait is as welcome as the smile of an angel, and a helpful hand-grasp is worth a hundred fold its cost, for it may have rescued for all future the manhood of a man.

Good and worthy conduct may meet with an unworthy or ungrateful return; but the absence

of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. Could they but know the inward peace which requites the giver for a kindly act, even though coldly received by the one to be benefited, they would not hesitate to let the kindly feelings have free expression.

Kindly efforts are not lost. Some of them will fall upon good ground and return a hundred fold; they will bear fruits of happiness in the bosom from whence they spring. The noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies is to do them a kindness. To return malice for malice and injury for injury will afford but temporary gratification, and our enemies will only be more bitter against us. But to take the first opportunity of showing how superior we are to them by doing them a kindness, or by rendering them a service, is the nobler way; the sting of reproach will enter deeply into their souls, while unto us our triumph will be rendered complete.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained. It speaks words of comfort to the despondent, urged on by a benevolent heart it loves to cheer, console and invigorate the man of sorrow.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips and no mental trouble ever arises from them. Words of kindness fitly spoken are both precious and beautiful; they are worth much and cost but little.

Kind words are like the breath of the dew upon the tender plant, falling gently upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered ten-

drils and soothing its woes. And when the heart is sad, and like a broken harp, the chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, how acceptable then are kind words from others. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but to cheer by their memory a long and sad life.

While cruel words are like darts in the bosom, leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victim.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing and awakens the erring to an earnest resolve to do better, and gives them strength to keep them.

Always leave home with kind words; for they may be the last.

Kind words! What are they? They are a healing balm to the wounded heart. When the soul is overwhelmed with sorrow, and hope's brightest prospects are withered, they are a fertile spot in life's desert. When the heart is burdened with the ills of life how soon a few kind words will diminish that burden! They are more valuable to the friendless and afflicted and by them more highly prized than the most costly gems that ever decked a monarch's brow. Kind words to the angry, for a "soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

Kind words to the aged; for they have endured enough of life's ills; they will set past scenes into the soft, peaceful lap of forgetfulness. Kind words to children; for they will cause a smile so full of joy and gratitude that it will lighten their faces like a sunbeam. Kind words for all; for they will cost nothing but what they will bring a plentiful repay. For they are like a spring of water on a hillside—spreading beauty around, nourishing the beautiful flowers of friendship and love, causing them to grow and expand their foliage, imparting their fragrance to all around till, transplanted to a heavenly clime, where they will bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty forever.

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