

LUNN'S WEEKLY

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Editor and proprietor.

TRURO, N. S. FEBRUARY 3 1912

FIRST SET OUR OWN HOUSES IN ORDER.

With prohibition outside of Halifax, the good people of Nova Scotia are still struggling with the problem of suppressing the liquor traffic.

In this matter Truro has been foremost. The Town Council has not been slow in furnishing ways and means to carry out the law.

During the last year in the vicinity of \$1,100 has been spent in the employment of inspectors, but nevertheless booze continues to come to town.

Dram selling has been placed at low ebb, but still there is an inflow by the bottle, so much so that Sunday and Monday mornings parts of the town resemble a battlefield after a severe engagement between opposing armies—"dead soldiers"—everywhere.

The law is rigid and pretty well enforced, but still there is a demand.

If there was no demand there would be no persons to take the risk of supplying that demand.

We have always taken the stand that mortals cannot be legislated into the kingdom of Heaven.

We believe that will power, properly directed, is the only cure for the drink habit, and that the Higher Power is the only way to properly direct the will power of mortals.

We believe God hates a hypocrite, and that therefore those who have a "wee drop" in their closets, because they are rich enough to do so, are not in a position to successfully enforce any law for the suppression of the traffic.

"Ye cannot," says the Book, "serve God and Mammon."

We must first set our own houses in order before we set out to set the houses of our neighbors in order.

Brady, Tiffin, Pottinger

Will the present board of management of the I. C. R. go?

Search us!

However it has outlived its usefulness (if it ever had any) and should go.

Brady should go away to China and try to whip the Boxers into line, and if he succeeds he should be decorated with a medal, ornamented with a Chinese screech owl.

As for Mr. Campbell, he should be sent back to the country roads of Ontario where he came from.

Mr. Tiffin is like a sunflower, of no harm and little good.

Mr. Pottinger was a good man but he has outlived his usefulness. He built up the I. C. R., made it a splendid road while he was left to himself, but amateurs in the shape of Hon. George F. Graham butted in. An Ontario man never was any good as Min-

ister of Railways. We doubt if Cochrane will prove an exception to the rule.

We believe it would make matters better for us down here if Mr. Pottinger's public life was crowned by making him Minister of Railways.

Turn About is Fair.

The other day Mr. F. T. Condon, a brawny Nova Scotian, at one time Governor of the Yukon, and who for three years represented that territory in the House of Commons, came down to Ottawa bearing a crown of gold for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the gift of the Liberals of the great North Country.

That was turn about. While Premier Sir Wilfrid, and we like him, crowned many Liberals with gold.

Turn about is fair play.

SOBRY, JACK

The ratepayers of Truro, especially those of ward three, regret, that owing to pressure of business, Mr. J. H. Slackford found it necessary to retire from the Council in the middle of his second term.

"Jack" as the boys call him, was a faithful public servant. He will be missed as a representative of the people of Truro at their Board of Fathers.

A PULLMAN CAR STORY

(From the New York Sun)

A dozen men in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car were discussing the shocking downfall of a Boston minister. The tide ran all one way. Most of them were young, evidently business men, not idlers. For a time the injury done by one recreant minister seemed a crusher. His crime was made to discredit all preachers of righteousness. To listen was to feel the foundations of good citizenship crack and crumble.

Suddenly a quiet man in the corner removed his cigar, laid down the morning paper which he had been reading, and put his finger on a modestly printed news item. "Hear this," he said. "It is in the same daily news. A hardy bishop of Alaska reports that he has covered thousands of miles on snowshoes with only an Indian guide. Mercury 70 degrees below zero often—generally 50 degrees below. This clergyman is physician to the sick Indians; he is dentist; he is adviser; he marries them, and buries their dead. He begins and ends all with the teachings of the Christian religion. Often he walks hundreds of miles on one trip. Often on his sledges he takes provision to the starving solitary miner's hut.

"That's the kind, that even up," broke in one young man. Every man echoed the sentiment. In a moment the whole sentiment that was slumbering in social ruin was changed. Men smiled as if in real relief.

Perhaps the worthy bishop now in New York, will be comforted to know that his heroic story, on the same page of the day's history with noisome treason to all virtue, is like the "salt of the earth." It cures putrescence. He had no idea, no forecast, that the noble and sweet music of his Christian life

was to be sounded in this great city on this precise day. But something always happens to prove that the virtue of mankind increases. There are countless martyrs now, as of old.

There is no man living who has no day star, none, who has not somewhere, sometime, seen the face of a human being that was so illuminated by goodness that it is an infallible proof of all things that are good and true.

Death of Nova Scotia's First and Foremost Modern Financier and Promoter

"Frank Pearson is dead."

Those were the sad words that passed from lip to lip last Wednesday night when the news was flashed from Halifax that Benjamin Franklin Pearson was dead. In this his native County—Colchester—the news came with a severe pang, for while many of us could not see eye to eye with him in matters political at all times, yet at all times we always liked him because he was always to political friend and opponent, to men, women and children, the once and for all big hearted "Frank."

If not letting the "left hand know what the right hand does," constitutes a Christian, then Frank Pearson was a Christian.

Possessed of splendid organizing ability he put together many big enterprises that have made his native province known far and near. He came we believe of loyalist stock.

As a politician he was the son of his father, the late F. M. Pearson, who represented this County at Ottawa for several years.

He was defeated in 1873, and it is a strange coincidence that his successful opponent on that occasion, Hon. Thomas McKay, predeceased Hon. B. F. Pearson, by but a few days.

We are losing many of our good old citizens, and Frank Pearson was a prince among them.

The following is from the Morning Chronicle, every word of which LUNN'S WEEKLY heartily endorses.

Hon. B. F. Pearson, K. C., who has been ill for nearly two months passed peacefully away at half past nine o'clock last evening, surrounded by the members of the family, an "Emscote," his residence at the Northwest Arm.

Mr. Pearson had been in failing health for more than a year, but with indomitable courage he continued to give personal attention to his business enterprises, while he maintained to the end his keen interest in public affairs.

When the Provincial Elections came on in June last the condition of his health prompted him to decline a nomination for his native County of Colchester, which he had represented for ten years in the House of Assembly, but his loyalty to Liberalism rose above personal considerations, and at the solicitation of his party friends he entered into the campaign, the stress of which imposed a severe tax upon his strength.

Although his health continued to fail during the summer, his condition developed no alarming symptoms until December 7th, when he became seriously ill, just on the

eve of sailing for Egypt, where, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he had planned to spend the winter and spring in the hope that the change of climate would prove beneficial. He rallied under treatment from the attack, and for a time the improvement in his condition seemed so encouraging that it was hoped that after the weather moderated he would be able to go South where he would have the benefit of an equable climate.

But latterly he had been growing weaker, and on Sunday there was a distinct change for the worse. From this attack he did not recover, and he had been sinking gradually until the end came at 9.30 Wednesday night.

Mr. Pearson bore his trying illness with cheerfulness and fortitude. He manifested as deep an interest in current events as he did in the days of activity and health, and he greeted his friends who visited him during his illness with that kindly courtesy and gracious hospitality so characteristic of the man. Many friends who had the privilege of enjoying his bright and happy conversation during these last few weeks will find it hard to realize that he is gone. Only on Saturday last he welcomed to his home an old school-mate from Colchester and revived with evident pleasure the doings of their boyhood days in their native village of Masstown. Mr. Pearson's illness has occasioned widespread sympathy, and the announcement of his death will bring a sense of personal loss to numerous friends at home and abroad.

Yesterday Was Groundhog Day

"Yesterday was Candlemas day; and on Candlemas day, if the sun appear, There'll be two winters in the year."

Candlemas day, in popular parlance, is nothing more or less than "ground-hog day." According to the popular fable if Br'er Arctomys Monax, the ground-hog, creeps out of his hole before sunrise and high noon this day and sees its shadow outlined by the sunshine, the little animal scampers back into its aperture and there remains for six weeks more. But if he fails to see his shadow, according to popular tradition, it is a sure sign that winter is practically over and there will be an early spring.

There is some dispute as to the origin of Candlemas day, but most authorities are agreed that this ecclesiastical festival was instituted by Pope Gelasius in the year 492 in commemoration of the presentation of Christ in the temple and of the purification of the Virgin Mary. February denotes purification and in this month the Romans performed the ceremony of purification of the people. When the Roman Church changed this feast of Proserpine, as it was called by the Romans, it retained the procession feature and associated the occasion with the purification of the Virgin.

The festival is celebrated throughout the Christian world annually on February 2nd, and derives its name from the fact that in the Roman Catholic Churches, candles are blessed on this day and carried in procession in commemoration of the words of Simeon, spoken of the infant Christ, "A Light to Lighten the Gentiles."

D. A. Railway.

The following issued by the management of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, of which Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C. P. R. is also President, will prove interesting:—

Gen. Mgr.'s Office, Kentville, Jan. 24th.

To All Concerned: On 1st February, 1912, the following changes in the Staff will take effect:—

Mr. A. E. H. Chesley, General Accountant, Chief of Accounting Department.

Mr. G. A. Parker, Traffic Auditor.
Mr. G. Sterling, Paymaster.
Mr. J. D. Murphy, Jr., Superintendent of Transportation.

The offices of Accountant and Traffic Superintendent are abolished by the retirement of Mr. H. A. Prat and Mr. Wm. Fraser from the Service.

P. GIFFKINS,
Gen.-Manager.

A Professional Diver

A Ceretti, passed through Truro this week enroute to the Western part of Nova Scotia. He is a Submarine Engineer, and occupied a car containing \$800 worth of submarine equipment for diving and surveying. Mr. Ceretti receives \$600 a month, and does all the Submarine Work for the biggest railway corporation of Canada.

Mr. Ceretti has a staff of eight with him and is now at Bear River, making submarine surveys preparatory to the C. P. R. spanning that tidal stream with a new bridge.

It is known for a fact that just as soon as the bridges are all re-built, the C. P. R. which now practically owns the D. A. R. will place heavier and more powerful rolling stock on that road.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is a Corporation that does things.

THE CRASH

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The Choicest Meats, Fowl, Fish, Vegetables, Eggs, and other foods of those kinds.

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Bring your Razor and we will put it in order Then you will Buy

THE AUTOMATIC RAZOR STROPPER.