THE HEAD LIGHT.

VOL. 2. TRURO, N. S. SATURDAY, APRIL 11. 1891. No. 32

Obituary.

On the evening of March 20th, bro. A. C. Totten, in the 37th year of his age, passed away to his eternal reward. Although quite a young man, he was one of the oldest members of "Schomberg" L. O. L. No 90, and by the death of bro. Totten No. 90 loses one of its best members. Few Orangemen come nearer the qualifications essential for membership in the Orange Order, as laid down by our Constitution, than he. He was a true Orangeman in every sense of the word, we will miss him in our meetings, every brother realizes this, his place will be hard to fill, the deep interest he has always taken in the welfare of the Orange order, the sound advice he was always ready to give and above all the high christian character which he bore among all classes with whom he associated, greatly endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him. Bro. Totten was buried with Orange honors on Sunday the 22nd, notwithstanding the bad road the funeral was one of the largest ever known in Debert. Rev. M. W. Brown conducted the funeral services in the Baptist Church, of which deceased was a member.

Following is a letter which bro. Totten had prepared, three days before his death, to be read before No. 90. The letter speaks for itself:

To my bros. of "Schomberg" L. O. L. No. 90.

Brethren in all unions and societies where men are banded together for their common interest, there seem to be a fraternal bond binding them together. In no other society on earth does this fraternal feeling and filial love approach so near perfection as in the noble Orange Order. There may be Orangemen who do not realize this. But, to me who have been long enough on a sick bed to realize the great strength of this, I can say with confidence, it is one of the strongest ties that bind men together. In taking this opportunity of thanking you all, from the very depths of my heart, for all your brotherly kindness to me, I will say I have not accepted your attention as from strangers, but as that one great family of Orangemen, of which we are all brothers. And it is in this spirit and in this feeling I accept your attention, and cordially thank you for the same. And now brethren a few words in connection with the dear old Order. Be faithful, be faithful to your obligation as Orangemen and try to realize what that obligation really includes. We have, I think we can say, without egotism, one of the finest little Lodges in the Dominion of Canada, one to which any Orangeman might be proud to belong to. Nourish her and cherish her brethern, as the very apple of your eye. Suffer no stain to touch her banner, keep her pure in the sight of God and man. In regard to what you have done for me I can only say that I thank you, and I thank God that I belong to such a noble order. I know, at times, while you have been so nobly and patiently waiting on me, I must have seemed very ungrateful, but you must attribute more to the keen suffering which I was undergoing, than from any wish on my part to really be ungrateful, or to wound the feelings of one of my brethren. You have all been so kind that it is impossible for me to express what I feel. We shall all be called upon to cross the river, one after the other. Now brethern, as the journey of life for me is nearly over I commend you all to the care of Him who is the great Grand Master of all, and when the great Grand Master has ended His wise purpose with us here, may our lives have been such that we shall all meet in that great Grand Lodge above, where sickness, pain, and death shall never come. Farewell brethern, may God ever bless and keep you all, is the death bed prayer of one who is proud to sign himself,

your brother,
A. C. TOTTEN.

Debert, March 17th, 1891.

Mistook the Word.

The Sarnia Canadian says:—There is a joke going the rounds at the expense of a modern young newspaper man in a neighboring town, which is so good that it ought to be true. The young man in question, it appears, was recently invited to a party at a residence where the home had recently been blessed with an addition to the family. Accompanied by his best girl, he met his kind hostess at the door; and after the customary salutation, asked after the welfare of the baby. The lady was suffering from a cold, which made her slightly deaf, and she mistakenly supposed that the young man was inquiring of her cold. She replied that though she usually had one every winter, this was the worst one she had ever had; it kept her awake at night a good deal at first and confined her to her bed. Then noticing that the scribe was getting pale and nervous, she said she could tell by his looks that he was going to have one just like hers, and she asked him to go and lie down.

EASTER SERVICES.—The Boston papers are full of notices about Easter services, and in looking over them we see some familiar names. In one paragraph, giving the names of the members of a quartette in Dorchester Temple, we find those of Brenton H. and Richard C., brothers of our popular townsman, R. O. Macurdy, tenor and bass singers, respectively, who are credited with having excellent voices, and very materially assisting in the services.—Next our attention is arrested by an account of the services in the church in which Mr. E. R. Stuart, the popular organist of St. Andrew's church, in this town, has been fingering the keys while pursuing his studies in Boston during the past winter. The minister who preached on Easter Sunday was not the regular pastor, the Rev. Stopford Brook, who drew a big crowd, as there was not stand ing room in the church. The singers and musicians, Mr and Mrs. W. Walker, Miss Nellie V. Parker, Mr. Frank Miller and E. R. Stuart, were surrounded on the organ loft by 230 pots of Easter lilies.—One paper speaks of the regular organist of the church, who was absent for his health, being about to return, and regrets losing the services of friend Stuart, who it says will always be favourably remembered.—We are rejoiced to hear such good words regarding Mr Stuart, who has many warm friends in Truro, and we rejoice to know that after filling an engagement for three Sundays at Mr. Vernon church, he will turn his steps homeward

—Persons who think of buying any kind of a carriage this spring, will find it to their advantage to see A. A. Archibald about it—he can suit you.

THE HEAD LIGHT

TRURO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

—Van Horn, General Manager of the C. P. R. is about to own a summer residence at St. Andrews, N. B.

—It is rather a coincidence that the *Economist* should be frozen in at Economy all winter. Somewhat on a par with "reaching Economy through Folly."

—The *Guardian* has a half-hearted say about the side walk agitation and falsely accuses the *Sun* with having said that the gravel used with brains was sufficient to make good side walks. The *Sun*, as our contemporary well knows, said nothing of the kind.

With all due respect for Bro. Brenan's knowledge about such matters, and we fully believe he has no superior if an equal in the Maritime Provinces. We think we are right, metaphorically speaking. If the horses trotted a mile on ice, in 2.24½ and 2.28, they certainly though not officially, have that record.

It is passing strange that the editor of the *Guardian*, who poses as a purist cannot get an eighteen line article together without falsifying some person with whom he does not agree. It was the *Head Light* that used the terms brains and gravel in connection with the side walk discussion. The *Guardian* professes to treat this paper with silent contempt. So it does as far as mentioning the name of the *Head Light* goes, but in almost every issue it attempts to handle *Head Light* editorials over the *Sun's* shoulder, figuratively speaking. In doing so the *Guardian* man is only making a laughing stock of himself. The *Head Light* is in no way afraid to directly tackle the *Guardian* mans effusions. In future we would advise the *Guardian* man to come out boldly and attack the *Head Light* or else leave it entirely alone. We have no particular desire to receive any notice from the *Guardian*. If at any time we say anything not acceptable to the *Guardian* man or any person else we want it to be distinctly understood that C. W. Lunn is responsible for it not the *Colchester Sun*.

—Brother Brenan, of the Summerside, P. E. I. *Agriculturist*, good naturedly takes us to task for having said, that the Charlottetown horses Black Bird and Whatier, arrived home from the ice races of the western provinces with records made of 2.24½ and 2.28, respectively. He says the time made on ice for trials, do not constitute records.

A FUNNY DOCUMENT.

The following conundrum appeared in the Moncton *Times* this week.

JUST SO.

The TIMES has received the following from the Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers at Truro:

TRURO, N. S. April 9th, 1891.

EDITOR TIMES: The Moncton Transcript of March 6th has statements in regard to three New Brunswick engineers being sent back from Truro to Moncton, namely Trites, Milligan and Turpine.

We as members of Locomotive Engineers Brotherhood wish to say to the public at large that we had nothing to do with the matter as stated in the above paper, and regret that steps have been taken for their removal.

We also think that the officials are capable of adjusting the matter satisfactorily when asked to do so in a proper manner.

Signed by the Committee appointed by the Lodge.

The "Transcript" did not say that the B. L. E. Lodge, at Truro, had anything to do with the sending of the men home. The officials did adjust the matter, as we said last issue, upon the facts of the case being represented to them. The above is not the sentiments of every member of "Granite Division, B. L. E.," Truro. The fact that the committee withheld their names, and ask that they be not published proves otherwise. It is not very long ago that one of the members of "Granite Division, B. L. E." Truro, was carrying around a petition, against N. B. drivers running out of Truro, he is now one of the chief kickers against N. B. men being sent home. The whole business is an attempt to gain favour with the N. B. men, else why was not the above sent to Truro papers, was the committee ashamed to have their communications seen in Truro. The men who designed and wrote the above have a selfish end in view, and it will be made plain ere long. We do not blame the N. B., or N. S. men, it is the N. S. foremen that are to blame, had they the spunk of a fly, the men would have been sent home when the rush was over. They might take a point from the N. B. men in that line.

WHO IS RIGHT NOW!

During the civic elections of 1890, the liquor prosecutions, which have terminated so disastrously to the town, were in full blast, we at that time advised those interested to go slow, and cautious. We advised them to make a test case, and find out what the trouble was. For speaking in that way the *Guardian*, and many private citizens, accused us of working in the interest of the liquor dealers. They said this paper was under Rum control. But the course of events, and lapse of time, have proven us right, and now we find those who opposed our theory, advocating it. Only a few evenings ago, a delegation from the Ministerial Association of Truro, were before the town council with a most sensible suggestion, just what we always advocated, namely, that the local government be asked to make a test case in *re* the liquor licence act of 1886.

In reference to this movement, the *Guardian* says:—

"The action of the Truro Ministerial association in taking steps to procure a decision in reference to the validity of the Liquor Licence act, which action has been cordially endorsed by the Town Council, is deserving of the warmest commendation."

And thus the *Guardian* "eats Crow."

MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.—The county council will meet on the last Tuesday of this month, which is the 28th instant.

Rye Flour, Rolled Barley, Oats & Wheat at Snook's.

Social and Personal Notes.

—Owen Hill, is at his home, Bridgetown, visiting his parents and regaining health.

—C. H. Beatie, of this town, has secured the contract to erect a large Baptist church at Bridgetown.

—Miss Katie Cameron, daughter of Mrs. Ross, of the Victoria Hotel, accompanied by a friend Miss Susie Marshall, arrived in town from Boston, Saturday evening last.

—Dr. Stewart, of Pictou, and Dr. W. S. Muir, of Truro, sailed to-day in the "Sarnia" for London, where they will attend the Post Graduate course in Medicine.

—Baron D. B. Herrsch, Paris, was at the Prince of Wales on Friday.

—F. A. Ravnan, Davidson Bro's., "hustler," Halifax, was at the Learmont a few hours Friday.

CURLING. On Friday morning word was sent around by telephone that the ice was good in the rink, and a good game was played. It is not often that this happens, but is there a record of a game played later in the season than the 10th of April. The result of this game was as follows:—H. L. Atkins, W. B. Alley, Wm. Hallett, G. P. Nelson, G. Gunn, skip 9, H. C. Blair, skip 13.

Mrs. John Leck has returned from a visit among friends in the Western counties.

Jonathan Parsons, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

A. McMurray, traveler for T. McAvity, St. John, was in town yesterday.

Miss Minnie McKenzie, of the Prince of Wales is visiting friends in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gregory, Antigonish, were at the Prince of Wales Wednesday last.

Mrs. Sinclair, wife of the Rev. James Sinclair, Folly Village, was visiting friends in Truro this week.

—Mrs. C. E. Munroe, Port Elgin, N. B., is now visiting her friends in Truro. We are glad to know that her mother, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, is improving in health. She has been ill the greater portion of the winter.

—Mrs. S. Gould and infant and Miss Fitzgerald, who have been spending the winter with friends in Truro, left last evening by train to take S. S. "Halifax" for Boston this morning. Mrs. Gould remains in Boston and Miss Fitzgerald goes to Bridgeport, Conn.

STATION MASTER McKEEN SHOT

BY A CRAZY PICTONIAN, ON HIS WAY HOME FROM MISSOURI, U. S.

There arrived at Oxford Junction yesterday, by the Quebec Express, a man named David Murray, who was on his way home from Barton County, Missouri, to Toney River, Pictou, N. S. He left the Express at the Junction, in order to take the Short line train to Pictou town. As the Express was leaving, Station Master Jim McKeen was running along the platform behind Murray, when the latter drew a 32 caliber revolver, and fired two shots at McKeen, one of them taking effect. The train was stopped and the would be assasin secured, and taken on board. The authorities at Truro were notified, and Drs. McKay and D. H. Muir, accompanied by policeman Green, went out on No. 1 train and met the Express at Belmont. Green took the man in charge, and upon the arrival of the train in Truro landed him in jail. McKeen suffering much pain was taken to the Railway Hotel, Drs. Muir and McKay probed for the ball, and succeded in getting it. It having struck a rib and glanced around to his left side. Murray says he went to Missouri, about six years ago. His wifes maiden name was Liddie Ann Sellers, also a native of Pictou. He says he has had great family trouble, and has not slept much for four months. He left Missouri on the 9th. Murray says he thought McKeen was an officer chasing him. He is 52 years of age and has a haunted look about him.

LATER. Mr. McKeen though very sore, is resting quite easy. Policeman McDonald arrived in town last evening, and this morning took Murray to Amherst jail. Murray has the look of an insane man.

TOWN NOTES.

A seasonable saying—when the robbins nest again.

Spring, spring, beautiful spring.
The streets will soon be dry,
Building operations are beginning.
Men are at work repairing frozen water pipes.

Was you at the town circus Tuesday night last.

A number of lumber men were enjoying city life this week.

For spring purchases consult our advertising columns.

Leck and Archibald have bought out the harness business of the late Charles Stuart.

The Learment Hotel is receiving the attention of decorator James Chisholm.

On Monday we witnessed a spirited bicycle race between Graham brothers. R. B. got a slight tumble that prevented a finish

J. C. Mahon, Prince street, is having his house shingled and fixed up in fine style. Newly sheathed, painted, etc.

Look out for sanitary inspector, he's a terror.

The examinations commenced in the Academy Thursday last.

WEDDING BELLS.—Miss Bessie Bland and Wimburn Blair, son of Wm. Blair, ex- M. P. P., were married at the home of the bride, Tuesday evening last. The bride was handsomely attired, and along with many costly and useful presents, received the congratulations of a host of friends. HEAD LIGHT extends congratulations.

The L. T. L. concert, Monday last, was a decided success. Juvenile talent brought out was excellent, and proved that Truro has a young and rising generation, that will make their mark in any part of the world. God bless the ladies who are carrying on such a noble work in educating the young to such high and noble purposes.

J. E. Bigelow & Co., have received from Jamacia an order for twenty cases of their pure fruit syrups, and an offer has also been made for their exhibit. They have expectations of doing a good trade there. Well done Truro.

Born

At Prince St., Truro, April 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Phinney, a daughter, weight 12 pounds.

Married

At Tatamagouche, April 2, by the Rev. T. Sedgewick, William L. Fraser to Florence, daughter of J. W. Cassidy, Tatamagouche.

Died.

At Masstown, March 9th, Capt. Charles Vance, aged 78 years.

—The Annual Spring meeting of the Truro Amateur Athletic Club will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, next Tuesday evening, April 14th, at 8 o'clock, sharp. A full attendance is necessary as officers will be elected and a large amount of business transacted.

ALONG THE RAIL.

Driver H. C. Fisher, N. S. C Railway, was in town visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher, Brunswick street.

Wm. Cox, for a number of years a clerk in Supt. Wallace's office, Truro, leaves Monday for Toronto, where he will take a position in the I. C. R. agency office. We wish "Will" happiness and prosperity "for he's a jolly good fellow," and will be much missed in Truro.

—Since the first of January the C. B. Ry. has carried twelve hundred tons of hay to Cape Breton. The trains, notwithstanding the bad weather and other drawbacks, are doing good service. A continuous run is made from Sydney to Halifax and vice versa each day.

—Conductor A. LeCain, of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, was in town, Wednesday evening last.

—Owing to the severe illness of Paymaster Trites, Auditor C. A. Lowe, is paying the men this month.

—Florio, a little daughter of Con. Y. C. Campbell, Moncton, came near being poisoned from eating canned rhubarb one day this week.

—Conductor Wm. McDermitt, of Moncton, was badly injured at that place yesterday by jumping from a moving train. —It is thought the Missing Link railway between Digby and Annapolis will be open for traffic June 1st.

—Mr. Ford, of Moncton, is now employed in Supt. Wallace's office, Truro. We bid him welcome to Nova Scotia.

—We congratulate Driver Phinney on that 12 pound fortune.

—Conductor Kelly, St. John, had occasion to remain in Truro a few minutes over time Tuesday waiting for the Pictou Express. He improved the time by having a meal at A. L. Sipp's flyers.

Our popular Agent Mr Bain has left us to resume duty at his former quarters, P. Landing. We are sorry to see "Dan" go. We hope to see his face again ere long, at the festive board, and we now promise that there will be milk in galore.

As Antigonish "fiddler" entertained an admiring audience in the I.C.R. depot Thursday morning, by rattling off some old fashioned "break-down" tunes.

These are the days when the good lady of the house meets callers at the door, armed with a dust-pan, broom, and white-wash brush, and the good man at noon languishes in the kitchen on cold lunch.

James Chisholm, painter, is employed at present getting out some fancy advertising to be put in the several hotels.

The Rev. Mr. Black will occupy the pulpit of the congregational church tomorrow. He arrived from the west this morning, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

A man named Storm was arrested at Salisbury N.B. Tuesday by detective Skeffington, on a charge of having, contrary to law, carried 15 pounds of dynamite with him while riding on an I.C.R. train. The penalty is $500.

—The concert in Y. M. C. A. Hall on Thursday evening, was a decided success in everything except the audience which was not as large as the performance merited. The programme was a first class one and the different numbers were well rendered. Mr Sobeski was in good voice and sang to best advantage. Both his song and whistling solo received encores. Miss Annie Tupper's song "The captive Greek Girl," was well received and in response to an encore sang "Tit for Tat" in a very happy style. Dr. W. S. Muir showed up well in the "Skippers of St. Ives," and never sang better. He of course had an encore. Miss L. Tupper was labouring under an attack of grip so hardly did herself justice, but her song "Yesterday," with violin obl., by Mr A. C. Patterson, was encored. The duetts and choruses were very taking and were one of the chief features of the entertainment. Prof. Rosendale's Clarionet Solo was much admired. The male Quartette composed of Messrs. Sutton, Walker, McDougall and Goode, sang admirably "When the hues of daylight fade." The parts taken by the Citizens Band were excellently performed.

THIS MORNING'S FIRE.

A burning chimney in the Maitland House, this morning, caused an alarm to be sounded from box 32. The firemen were on hand in a remarkably short space of time, but their valuable services were not required. With all due respect for the Chambers Electric Light Station whistle, we do not think it an efficient and sure way of giving an alarm, as many did not hear it.

TOWN COUNCIL.

This body met on Friday evening—the Mayor and all the councillors present except Mr. McLeod. The business was principally routine, advancing subjects that were previously before the council. The estimates for the current year were passed which in the aggregate amount to expenditure $27048.00, receipts 27050.00, rate assessment $1150 per hundred dollars

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

A SPICY BUDGET FROM THE EAST.

(Special Correspondence.)

Our sporting friends Gen. C. and the Mechanical Supt. went fishing. The finny tribes of the neighboring creeks had no charms for them. They must go afar off to Georges River, where the speckled trout in myraids dwellsth and know naught of the way and wiles of the angler.

The genial "Bob" of North Sydney Junction was their guide. Their hearts were full of hopes, their pockets full of bread, and they said unto themselves—this day at least man shall not live by bread alone. They arrived at the fishing grounds, and for three hours belied the scriptural opinion that man was made upright, as they patiently laid on the ice watching through a hole—the speckled beauties that never showed the slightest inclination to taste the luring piece of smelt.

"Bob" caught one, and for the happiness of the fishermen we wish it were larger. But men, especially fishermen, are born to trouble. Soon hunger and disgust drove away happier thoughts, which even the musical whirr of a saw mill near by could not recall.

Visions of that empty basket and the salt that "Fred" was to provide would dispel the holiest thoughts.

Men never prayed more fervently for a repetition of the miracle of the loaves and fishes than did this trio. Conjure as they may, the little fish remained one to which even the eleven mile walk homeward did not add weight. Kind treatement and fried eels on the way home, helped to restore lost spirits, and now they are with us again.

C. B. Railway has again been called on to do battle with one of the worst snow storms of the season. But the C. B. boys are a determined lot, ever ready to take to the "shovels" and work with that spirit that will always crown their efforts with success. An old resident informs your correspondent that this storm reminded him of the good old winters of 50 years ago. When after a snow storm the gable end window was the way to the world without.

The "Owl" is still living, the last storm that we had, had a bad effect on his eyes. But we are under the impression that with a little extra care to bring the bird safely through the tempestous weather.

"Jim" the tapper thinks that "buckshot" wrote him up in the paper.

"Jed" and "Will" were out one evening calling on their lady friends. "Will" got in some big words, which paralized our genial "Jed" to such an extent that if a change does not take place soon, the parrot will know him no more. Will is studying the "Dictionary" and Webster's unabridged every night for new and florid designs in bonnets and words.

The "Voluble Jim" gave a tearful good bye to his friend "Buckshot" on Thursday afternoon.

"Punch" is inconsolable now that "Judy" has been prompted and is no longer under his charge.

Some of the station agents are complaining of the long hours. They want shorter hours and all day for dinner. "Mac" thinks the railway department never intended the office furniture for a bed by night. "Mac" is right, a table is a hard thing to sleep on.

Mr. Tom Roach, is engaged securing the Grand Narrows Bridge rest, by driving piles. Some of these piles are seventy-five feet long, and some of Mr. Tom's stories are longer.

Yours,
RORY.

[Our intelligent compositor says to tell "Rory" that when he wrote on small sheets—on one side—his copy was more appreciated than when he puts on airs by writing on foolscap on both sides.]

The Campbelton *Pioneer* man makes childish reference to a short paragraph that appeared in our last issue, about an insane old lady who passed through Truro recently, en route to the asylum. A friend read the *Pioneer* article laid the paper down, and said, don't you think the editor of the *Pioneer* is suffering somewhat similar to the unfortunate old lady in question.

—The frequent destruction of highway bridges throughout the province, caused by sudden freshets, is becoming alarming. We think it is about time the local government looked into the matter and take steps to remedy the evil. We also think the cause of the sudden and unprecedented high freshets may be accounted for from the fact that owing to extensive lumbering operations the forests are becoming cleared away on the mountains, thus admitting the sun and warm south winds more readily causing a more rapid process of thawing and as a natural consequence a sudden rush of water down the smaller streams into the larger. If our theory is right, and we think it is, more vent should be given to bridge spans.

WHISPERED.

That the dog likes music, especially "charming *bells*."

That his master is charmed with it to.

That they are now playing the "Deil among the tailors."

That she put the potatoes in the wrong pot.

That operators pile is now under restriction in *potsin*.

Especially Shubenacadie *mince*.

That the cops are very watchful.

That one of them showed up Tuesday.

That the *rising* young man seemed scared of him and lit out.

That the cop could not be fooled though.

That the young lady cannot read French.

That the hostler with the scarlet whiskers made the doctor strike a fast clip.

All accounts due I. S. Johnson must be paid by April 15th, after that date they will be placed in other hands for collection

EXHIBITION HOUSE.

Truro, March 17, '91.

—Diamond Dyes at Snook's.

Croscup & Co.'s NEW SPRING GOODS?

Easter Display
— OF THE —
Latest Styles
Straw Hats, Bonnets
— AND —
Millinery :-: GOODS.

Are arriving Daily
Already Open.

New Black
— AND —
COLORED
Dress Fabrics.
In the Newest Material and Shades.

~~Col'd Satcens.~~
Col.'d Cambrics,
Immense Variety
New Designs,
Lowest Prices.

Great Sale
— OF —
Hamburg Edging
— AND —
Embrioderies.

Flanneletts
Only 8½ Cents.
Great Variety of Patterns.

REMNANTS
AT BARGAINS.

LADIES
Spring - Jackets.
In Stylish Materials.

New Tapestry
and Union
Carpetings!
Floor Oilcloths,
Lace Curtains,
— AND —
House - Furnishings.
Boy's New
Spring Suits,
Just Opened.
Nobby Styles,
Low Prices,
Great Variety
The Finest Stock we have ever SHOWN.
PRICES THE LOWEST TO BE HAD IN TRURO.
See our stock before purchasing
CROSCUP CO.
Truro, March 17.

C ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA