

Our Jim Would Not!

The Discoverer of Victoria Park Is Not a Grafter

A letter to a local paper by our good friend Jas. D. Ross (who should have a monument to his present and future memory already in a position in Victoria Park), explaining that he was about to be "extinguished" because he has converted into fuel for his own and some of his workmen's fires, the wood which he has had cut in the line of certain roads, paths and by-ways, which the Park Commissioners, in their wisdom, planned to construct in the process of preserving and beautifying the Park.

Mr. Ross has been operating in this manner and direction for years and not a word has been said about it until this year, when some unthinking person, rising or descending to the eminence of a busybody (some folks' bigness consists mostly in the greatness of their littleness) complained that he was grafting, and that the grafting consisted in wrongfully and destructively cutting and removing the growth of wood in the Park, and turning it into the depths of his pockets in the shape of dollars and cents.

Mr. Ross bobs up in reply to an official complaint and set of resolutions put forward by that "august" body, the Town Council, and says, that what he has done, and is doing, is done in pursuance of an agreement and plan, and that the money derived from the sales of wood and brush is expended in improving the Park, in hiring labor and repaying outlays in the performance of the work of keeping up the Park.

We are glad to have Mr. Ross come forward and make these statements.

Everybody knows that "Jim" Ross is as honest and steadfast and that his qualities as a citizen shine as brightly as does the sun on an unclouded noonday in June.

Besides, "Jim" Ross was the discoverer, the creator of the artificial beauty and the developer of this most enchanting summer resort.

What human hand can be traced which can claim to have shaped him to any great extent in keeping it so closely to the original as Nature presented it, or improved it when necessary into what it is?

Who helped him watch over and protect it?

Who supervised it year after year and superintended the construction of its approaches, bridges, roads, cuttings, clearings, sequestered resting places, seats, shelters, pavilions and many other structures.

Where did the money come from which paid for the labor that transformed this wilderness, which, until a very few years ago was the almost inaccessible haunt of wild animal and bird, into a breamland of rest for tired and nerve-racked humanity?

Did the Town Council or the citizens of Truro generally furnish the funds which enabled "Jim" Ross to enclose this fairyland and turn it into an asset of unthinkable value to the Town of Truro, the people of Nova Scotia, the Dominion of Canada?

Did the paltry two or three or hundred dollars a year which was granted by the Town Council, pay for all this? No, not more than the merest fraction of

it. What, then is all this disagreeable howl about?

And who, in view of the circumstances connected with Mr. Ross's labors and sacrifices, and the above facts of the case, can have the heart to accuse him of wilfully removing or permitting the removal for his own use or for the use of others, anything of value from this noble natural beauty spot? Who can conceive that he would permit to be taken a single useful shrub, a leaf, a stone, a shred of moss, a ray of sunlight, a glimmer of starlight, or a frosted pencil of daylight or moonlight beauty, from within the bounds of this or any other haunt of his lifelong dreams?

To allege such a thing of our "Jim," would be almost equivalent to charging him with a desire to destroy his own offspring, to cripple the child of his great loving heart, to strangle the best creation of his highly imaginative and poetic mind; and to deprive himself of the pleasure of future quiet walks or breezy romps within a resort whose contents are more beautiful than a masterpiece of art, more charming than love's young dream, more enchanting than air castles in Spain, more delicious than the nectar of the gods, and more valuable to him and to mankind than all the gold ever stored in the mountains of Mexico or the caverns of Peru, lying waste in the vastnesses of the Klondyke, or expended on the fabulous gems and jewels of the Count of Monte Christo.

So sure are we of all this that we do not hesitate to record the strength of his anger when he confronted an opera house packed full of school girls who had spent a day in the Park and had returned with their hands filled with mosses, fronds, tendrils, laces, climbers, creepers, cups, tubes and clusters of orchids, lilies, grasses, ferns, blossoms, and charged them with the grossest vandalism.

Said he; "A young woman can by the mere putting forth of her hand and snatching from its resting place in the recesses of that wonderful Park, remove and destroy as much in a moment as it has taken Nature a thousand years and more to create and bring to marvelous perfection of beauty."

Some of those present were heedless enough to hiss the sentiment; but none ever forgot the greatness of the lesson.

In view of this, therefore, we hope the last has been said about so mean, small, absurd and ridiculous a charge as has been made against this worthy father of our matchless Victoria Park.

O'Brienisms Up to Date

KERRIGAN went on a trip to South America, and while there bought a present for O'Brien in the shape of a pretty Spanish parrot, which was shipped to O'Brien. When he got back home he said to O'Brien: "Dinny, did ye get the fine parrot Oi sent ye?" "Oi did that, Kerrigan, and Oi wants to tell ye that Oi niver put me teeth into a tougher bird in me life!"

O'Brien got a job as a taxicab driver. The very first day he happened to whiz by a very distinguished looking individual, and the man yelled: "Hey, you! Do you know

that you came within an inch of hitting me?"

O'Brien looked around, and yelled: "That's all right—Oi'm coming back."

"Kerrigan, can ye tell me why it is that Mrs. O'Brien cries more at a wedding than she does at a funeral?" asked Jerry.

"Because she believes that a wedding is far more uncertain."

O'Brien's young son came home from school with this example in arithmetic for his sire to work out:

"If a man puts forty eggs in an incubator, and nine-tenths of them are hatched out, what does he get, father?"

"A brick and a rope and drowns the cat," snapped O'Brien.

"Ellen, do ye know that there is a baby born in the world every time the clock ticks?" said O'Brien.

"Thin bad cess to the man who invited clocks," said Mrs. O'Brien.

"Sure, Oi can't watch any more Irish parades, Kerrigan."

"Why is that, O'Brien?" asked Kerrigan.

"Well, about two months ago Oi had an accident and lost a piece of me nose. The doctor came, and decided to take a piece of me arm and graft it on me nose."

"Well, wasn't the operation successful?"

"Sure it was, Kerrigan, but every time that Oi looks at an Irish parade now, the piece of arm in me nose wants to wave."

O'Brien bought a cow, and when he got it home he stood looking at his purchase in evident perplexity.

"What's the trouble, O'Brien?" asked Kerrigan, who looked over the fence.

"Oi was just wonderin' to meself, how do ye turn it off after ye milk her?"

"O'Brien, when we were married didn't ye promise to love me as long as ye lived?" asked the lady of the house.

"Yes," came back O'Brien, "but Oi was sick at the time and didn't expect to live long."

Tip Top Tea is good tea—Try it.

Try one of those razor strops—See "Ad"

Read the "ads" in this issue. It will pay you to do so.

Madam Lunn for high class winter millinery.

DID YOU MEET THEM?

Two little Tempers went their way Through town and country one winter day. One, like a queen, wore a golden crown, And the fairy sunshine had spun her gown; And she gaily tossed, as she danced along, A largess of smiles, good cheer and song. The other one wore on her brow a cloud, And her voice was fretful, and cross, and loud; And people pulled up their mufflers high, And said "there's an east wind passing by." And she scattered about, in the frosty air, Quarrels and bickerings, everywhere. Both had followers in their train, Earning their wages pleasure and—pain. And time took snapshots of each and all And hung the pictures on Memory's wall. Sunshine and shadow, gloom and cheer; Which did you walk with to-day, my dear?

Birthday Oddities.

February 4—Boys born on this date will be extremely fond of coming home from school. They will also be addicted to hair restorer by the time they are forty. Girl babies will not care at all for dress, except to wear. All the signs of the zodiac indicate that children born on this day of the month will have health and wealth and happiness, providing they are extremely fortunate.

February 5—Under no circumstances should children born on this date be allowed to play with matches or swallow safety pins, unless great care is taken to first close the pins. Otherwise this is a very good day for a birthday anniversary; in fact, just as good as any other day.

February 6—This day of this month is all right for a birthday, but babies born this date seldom have any teeth and few indeed are even able to walk until some time after birth. Children born this date will be fond of pie, cake and confectionery. When they grow up they will have more or less trouble with janitors, especially in cold weather.

February 7—Children born this date this year will always regret that they missed the fun of the coming Harmony Legislature. The boys will be self-reliant, proud and happy until they are married. Girl babies born this date will be inclined to be extremely strong-minded and thorough believers in woman's rights, which they will define as getting their share of everything and considerably more. They will not care very much for sports, preferring the more quiet and reliable husbands.

February 9—Children born in England on this date will be quite normal, aside from humorous astigmatism, being unable to see a joke, even on the brightest day. The girls will be fond of tea and gossip.

February 8—Under no circumstances should a baby born on this date be allowed to fall out of the window. Certain mystic signs secured through astrology indicate quite clearly that a tender infant falling from a window is quite apt to become peevish. When grown, both men and women born on this date will be fond of whatever they like, inclined to have appetites, dislike to arise early on a cold morning, and averse to hard work. Otherwise they will be quite normal.

February 10—The tenth of this month as a birthday has several drawbacks. Children born this date should be warned early against the dangers of flirting. Many a happy young man and young woman, in flirting innocently, have married each other. Not that everyone born this date may expect so much unhappiness. It is well to avoid attempting to learn aviation by mail, as such a student may, after reaching an altitude of 11,000 feet, under instruction from lesson number 36 and find he has dropped lesson 37 out of his pocket, and thereby be unable to descend in a safe and sane manner.

February 29—Children born on this date will have a "mugg" whether it is silver or not.

Yoking the Oxen.

The powers that be.

And oh! what a power the powers that be be?

Funny how people swallow themselves and fall in behind the powers that be.

Did you ever notice how so-called independents fall in behind the powers that be.

We were given an amusing, but nevertheless forceful illustration of this the other day by a prominent citizen who spent his early days on the farm—where the best amongst the best men come from.

Did you ever, he asked, live on a farm?

Yes, we replied.

Ever yoke oxen?

Yes.

Well, which ox did you first yoke?

The off one.

Why?

Because he hung off. Was hard to catch. Got up against the fence or barn. Sometimes had to coax him with some favor, such as grain or feed of some kind, to get him in humor.

Yes, and then what?

Oh! 'twas easy then. All I had to do was to hold up the yoke and say to the nigh ox, Buck, old boy, come ahead, and he walked under the yoke; the bow was easily placed on his neck, and the team was then ready for work.

Yes, concluded our friend; you're right. It was in your power to give the off fellow some thing, and so you got your team hitched up. That is the way with politics. The off fellow falls into line and quits sideling and dancing when you give him what he wants—the nigh chap don't trouble you!

NOTE—This applies to municipal, Provincial and Dominion politics.

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