

LUNN'S WEEKLY

VOL. I. No. 12

TRURO, N. S., MARCH 16, 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Rhino Money Case.

Magistrate Taylor commenced the hearing in the matter of the King on the complaint of William Rhyno against Stuart Haley and Hiram Groves on Tuesday morning, and same lasted all day.

The accused are charged with stealing from the person of William Rhyno the sum of \$800. The complaint was read to the accused, who have both pleaded "not guilty" of the offence.

The Crown was represented by H. O. McLatchy, Esq., while the accused were represented by G. H. Vernon, Esq. The first witness called, was Mrs. J. Lynds who testified to seeing Mr. Rhyno in the Queen Hotel.

William Rhyno was the next witness called; he gave an account of his doing on the day he lost his money, commencing early in the day when he commenced to drink. On his direct examination he testified to having two drinks in the forenoon; but in his cross examination, he admitted that he had at least four and probably more.

He got a cheque for \$1000 from the Atlantic Lumber Company Limited and went to the Bank of Nova Scotia about noon and cashed it, getting some \$20 bills, some \$10 bills and some smaller denominations; also some gold coins as some of his men had asked for it.

He admitted that at this time he was feeling somewhat under the influence of liquor.

As to what took place after getting the money Rhyno was not very clear about; he did not know much of anything until he woke up in the night about three o'clock at the Queen Hotel, and found his money all gone. He didn't remember giving any money to anyone for safe keeping or otherwise.

The Teller at the Bank, who paid out the money, testified that Rhyno was under the influence of liquor when he got the money for the check.

Miss Lilla McKenzie, of the Queen Hotel, testified that she had seen Rhyno at the hotel in company with Groves and Haley, and had, in the presence of witnesses, taken from Rhyno for safe keeping \$102 in bills and \$100 in gold and had given same back to him in the morning when he sobered up.

As a witness for the prosecution lives in Stewiacke and was not on hand the case adjourned until Monday the 18th inst., at ten o'clock.

Mr. Vernon at the time of the adjournment applied to the Court for bail, which was fixed in the sum of \$500 for each of the prisoners.

Bail was at once forthcoming from friends of the accused and they were liberated until the trial is resumed on Monday.

The case is creating quite a lot of interest as both of the accused are well known and have always borne good reputations.

There was no evidence given that Haley and Groves returned to Rhyno upwards of \$500 on the morning after the occurrence.

To Transform the Esplanade And Ornament the East End

Railway Department's Plans will Make Great Changes in Station House and Station Grounds.

THE NEW BIG STONE DEPOT WILL BE PLACED WELL ALONG TOWARDS INGLIS STREET; THERE MAY BE A TALL TOWER AND THERE MAY BE A CLOCK IN IT.

A representative of LUNN'S WEEKLY recently had an interview with a well-known railway official and was informed by him that by this time next year the new station house for Truro would be completed, and that the Spring of 1913 would see a transformation in the appearance of the railway property that would be surprising.

The new station is to be set west of the present station building. It will be an imposing edifice and the approaches, grounds and the street beside it will be sewered, drained and paved.

It is not yet known whether there has been any changes in the plan of the building from those set out in the plan sheets prepared and submitted last summer by the Managing Board to Truro Town Council and the Board of Trade.

But vigorous efforts have been made to have a subway included in the general scheme. There was a report that a clock tower would surmount the main portion of the building; but this has not yet been given out as a fact.

Does Town of Truro Have Official Gossiper?

No Newspaper Needed to Tell the Tale When a Good Man Drops Out of the Firing Line.

Is the charge true that Truro has an official gossiper?

Search us.

There are those who say it has.

The story is just this:

One Sunday, over 18 years ago, a man, a Nova Scotia, a wreck from drink, was passing along Washington Street, Boston.

As he slowly plodded his way in the vicinity of Berkeley Temple, on that street, his attention was attracted by the singing of an old and familiar hymn, and that in his childhood days he had heard, down east in the old land, in the "Blue Nose Land."

He decided to go in. 'Twas a gospel temperance meeting.

He was welcomed, and after listening to a moral suasion plea, to abstain from drink, he went forward and signed the pledge.

He not only signed the pledge, but he became a moral suasion worker in the temperance ranks.

He worked in Boston and vicinity in the interest of the cause.

But like John B. Gough, Lou. Beauchamp, and many other reformed drinkers, he fell one day.

In his official duties, a certain gentleman, found this man in a certain place.

He looked "full" to him, but as a matter of fact, the man had not received drink in that place.

What happened?

This official went out and told with evident delight on street corners, in the corner grocery, wherever he could get a

listener, that so-and-so was 'drunk,' at such and such a place.

It was his privilege to do so, but was it Christ like.

Was it characteristic of even a moral reformer, one who even at a "salary" is trying to uplift his fellow men?

We have heard of unofficial hangmen, but an official gossiper, never.

We have often heard the expression, enough to make "angels weep" but it seems to us this is a case that would make the devil blush with shame.

The Colonel is Right

EDITOR LUNN'S WEEKLY:

I noticed in the News an article, headed "A Bad Move" concerning a bill introduced in the House of Assembly by Mr. Ralston, intended to remove the disqualification resulting from the present law, which disfranchises any man whose taxes are not all paid not even ten days before an election.

I do not know just what the amendment introduced is, but in my humble judgement; the Act as it stands now, is perhaps the most unjust law on the statute books of Nova Scotia.

For instance, take a case that came under my own observation (and not by any means an isolated case) a large ratepayer, after having paid a large amount in taxes found that he was still owing a small balance. He was disqualified. Following him came a non-ratepayer, charged only with a poll-tax. He is qualified to vote though not assessed.

Then again, any person 60 years of age or over, who has an income of from \$250.00 to \$600.00, but owns no real or personal property to assess is exempt from taxes. He is qualified to vote though the man who is assessed must pay to the last cent before he can vote.

True, as you state, in a hotly contested election it helps to gather in some taxes, but it is not a so true, that a good part of it is paid by the candidates or their workers—just a mild form of bribery.

Yours, H. T. LAURENCE.

Business News in Brief

McIntyre Bros., are quite determined to give good values in groceries these days. They are hustlers, and make a clean cut announcement of their intentions in this issue.

Messrs. A. J. Leben & Sons, have an attractive ad. in this issue. They are dealers in Provisions, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. They do a large country trade, and we think they deserve a share of everybody's custom.

The business of furnishing appropriate food for Lent, is being made a speciality, by George H. Chisholm, at the Red Store, Ontram Street. Read his advertisement, and then give your orders. They will be filled promptly and satisfactorily, to the highest degree.

The First Boat.

The first boat of the season, the "Cowena" of the Buttermill Live arrived in Newton Straits this morning and docked at the Baggage Room.

She was sighted off the cattle pen at an early hour but came in without a pilot.

"Jim" Ross and Victoria Park

Several weeks ago LUNN'S WEEKLY took up the matter of a complaint made by certain town authorities that Victoria Park was being wasted and injured by its manager, J. D. Ross.

The statement was made then that Mr. Ross was far from being the kind of man alleged, and that but for him Victoria Park would have remained an unnamed and undeveloped wilderness, the property of unappreciative private individuals, and Truro would have been without the credit of having one at least of the only two natural parks of its kind on the continent of America, the other being the famous Watkins Glen, in New York State.

We appreciate the assistance a contemporary is giving this paper in awarding Mr. Ross the credit for the discovery of Victoria Park.

But we plead Mr. Ross's cause without reflections on anyone, and hope the goodwill of all the people will not be lost to him by reason of newspaper bickering of the kind we have noted in certain quarters.

Who?

Who told the reverend gentlemen where he could find "Bill"?

The reverend gentlemen told who?

It all fell flat.

Not Yet

It is quite evident, judging from the nature of the government bills being introduced, that Premier Murray is not yet a dead cock in the political pit.

Two Birthdays

Alexander McKenzie and son "Jim" are both receiving birth congratulations today.

Mr. McKenzie has six daughters and one son and it is singular that the son was born on the father's birthday anniversary.

St. Patrick's

To-morrow, the 17th, those of Celtic blood, will commemorate the pious memory of the Saint of the Shamrock Isle.

Shop to Let

In the Mills Building, Inglis Street.

Tidy little shop, next door to A. B. Cox & Co.

Pat's Day

Tomorrow is Pat's day. Cut out the Scotch.

If you have a dollar handy give it to LUNN'S WEEKLY for a year's subscription.

SCOTIA

LUNN'S WEEKLY

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Office, Inglis Street, Truro, N. S.

C. W. LUNN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TRURO, MARCH, 16 1912.

Will Discuss Lunn and Lunn's Weekly.

Rev. Neil Herman, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, this town, evidently knows a good thing when he sees it.

At the close of the evening service in that church last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Herman said that next Sunday evening (tomorrow) he intended preaching on LUNN'S WEEKLY in respect to some statement contained therein respecting the habit of leading citizens "taking a drink" of booze.

We understand Mr. Herman, who has the courage of his convictions, will criticize LUNN'S along certain lines.

We wish to say to the reverend gentlemen that we welcome fair criticism.

Speak out, Mr. Herman. Let nothing deter you from speaking out.

The Editor of LUNN'S can take and give along the lines of the "square deal."

We bespeak for Mr. Herman a large audience in Immanuel Baptist Church tomorrow evening. Go, good people, and hear him discuss a live subject—A live Editor and a live paper—LUNN'S WEEKLY.

A Good Move.

Attorney-General Daniels has undertaken to amend the Act relating to qualification of voters in Civic and Municipal Elections, respecting the exclusion of those whose names are on the voters list who are charged with overdue votes and taxes, and have not paid same.

Such persons have been suffering from the discrimination, and sometimes have found extraordinary cases of unfairness cropping up at Elections.

For instance, at the time of the recent vote for the Civic building a lady found that she had failed to pay a part of last year's taxes. She was a suffragette and exempt up to \$400, and wanted to vote, and had paid considerable in taxes on her property; but she couldn't vote for the reason stated.

Her colored domestic, who happened to own a small tenement, was assessed for it. Being also of the feminine gender she also was exempt up to \$400; but, not being assessed beyond that sum, escaped altogether the payment of any tax. She wasn't exactly a suffragette; but the Mayor sought her vote in favor of the Civic building. Therefore a town official was sent after her and she was marched bravely up to the voting place, and had her vote recorded, though it didn't and couldn't matter a bawbee to her in her lifetime.

There are other anomalies in connection with this disqualification; but the one mentioned is enough to suggest the others to any one having an inquiring mind.

No Step Blocks On I. R. C. Station

A young man who recently escorted an elderly lady to No. 17 train, reports that he was unable to find a step block to furnish access to the car from the roadbed platform, at Truro station: and nobody in authority near by who was able to give her a lift.

This lady wanted to get into a car, and, in order to get her on board, he resorted to the use of a baggage sled, assisted her to get upon it, and then slid the thing up to the car door steps, thereby giving her a chance to get in and take a seat for Mulgrave.

Really the economy now practised on the Government Railway, in the name of a surplus, is making the people ridiculous.

It's time for a change of management.

Here's a Matter Relating To the Ministry

PRESENT DAY ATTITUDE OF THE PEOPLE TOWARD THE CHURCH

Are Houses Devoted to Worship of God Mere Instruments for Human Uplift in Material Life?

To-morrow is Sunday, and, to those of us whose training in Christian servitude has become a habit in thought and deed, to-morrow is the Sabbath.

The writer remembers a man and his wife, bearing in their hands telegrams detailing the particulars of the death of an elder son, whose end came on the afternoon of a Sunday, whilst he was at work in a shaft of a mine in the West, prospecting for gold, appealing to the officials of the Telegraph Company to verify the story or correct it.

They couldn't believe that their son, who was brought up in the fear of God, and taught to honor Him, could possibly have forgotten the precepts they had sought to be made part of his mental and conscientious qualities, and had departed from the commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day.

How much of this kind of teaching prevails at the present day, it is impossible to say, and how far spread is the effect of it, no one can surmise.

But there seems to be at present far less respect paid to the old time observance of the Sabbath Day than there used to be; and it becomes a question, who is to blame, if blame is to be laid there be amongst men on earth, for the change.

A young man of our acquaintance entered into a discussion with us on this topic one day not long since, and he offered suggestions which might form a text for pulpit interpretation and enlargement.

I, said he, am one of those who seldom go to church; I used to go, I was taught to go. It was urged upon me that I would become a better man—better fitted to take my place amongst men, and make myself worthy of respect and honor, if I gave heed to the observance of Sunday; that I would succeed in life, and gain many material things if I was known to be a habitue of the church and the church pew, as a student of the Sunday School, or as a member of the choir, a taker up of the collection during service, or in some way a conspicuous object amidst the congregation.

For a time, our friend confessed, he undertook to attain to these things as outlined; but gradually his interest in them failed, and as time passed he became careless, then indifferent, then altogether neglectful, and, he found no fault with himself for the change. He observed instead, that he was numbered amongst a host which made Sunday a day of recreation, rather than a day of holy worship and self searching for remission of such acts of commission or omission which he may have experienced, and which had been made to him to appear in his earlier youth as amongst the sins to be avoided.

He further said that he had become habituated to certain habits. He smoked; he danced; he drank liquor a little; occasionally he swore, though he refrained from taking the name of GOD and CHRIST in vain. Certain exclamations such as "Oh hell," "What the devil," "Go to," etc., were in many people's mouths as well as his own; he played cards; sometimes a small stake was made as a forfeit in case of failure to win—in fact he gambled; or it was called gambling in the long ago.

(Continued on page four)

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE.

One delivery window at Truro Post Office is marked A. to L., the other M. to Z.

One day this week a young man and others whose names were in the first category, received mail; but another, not used to the peculiarities of the P. O., whose name commenced after M., stood and waited at his designated window for a space of fifteen minutes or more.

No response.

Then in a desperate effort to gain attention he forced his way to the window of the first half of the alphabet, and said that he hoped the population of Truro had not decreased so that only the original Archibalds, Blairs and Crowes were left and that there was no use in asking for letters for Millers, Rosses and Sutherlands.

A tip to the P. M. ought to be sufficient.

Germany Sends Machinery To Nova Scotia Mines

GERMAN WORKMEN COME TO SET UP AND OPERATE THE MACHINERY

Demand Made for School to Teach Dutchmen the English Language.

The Steamer "Waconsta," a Norwegian Coaster, arrived at Mulgrave on March 1st, with a cargo of machinery for the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, the greatest shipment of coal and metal cutting tools ever delivered in Nova Scotia.

This great importation came from Germany to Scotland, thence to Mulgrave, and will be set up in Sydney Mines and New Glasgow.

The heaviest piece of the machinery landed weighed thirty two and a half tons.

An I. R. C. crane was employed to unload the cargo.

The man in charge was Superintendent Graham, and he was assisted by Captain McKenzie, of North Sydney.

There was amongst the crew of this steamer quite a number of German machinists and coal workers, who performed much of the transferring of the cargo.

These men went through to the destination of the things they unloaded, and will be taken permanently into the employ of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company. They are said to be skilled in the operation of the various machines.

SEA FOODS FOR LENT

Finest Off Shore Codfish, Choice
Fat July Herring, Kipped
Herring in cans, Scollops
Little Neck Clams
The Finest Middle Cut Salmon
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25 doz. Pairs Mens
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HOW

Can You Stay Away?

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We can Solve it for You; Here are a few Prices:

Pure Lard 14c. lb. English Breakfast Coffee 30c. lb.
Navel Oranges 30c. doz. Breakfast Bacon 14c. lb.
Everything at Correspondingly Low Prices

Cheapest Boot and Shoe Store in Truro

The Boots Are Really Very Cheap
A. J. Leben & Sons Prince St.

Casey Jones, "Poet" Who Got a Bump!

VERSION OF THE ORIGINAL OF A FAMOUS RAILROAD CLASSIC

Peter Mulligan Tells Who Wrote It, How and Why It was Written.

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
A story about a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six-eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at half past four—
Kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip to that promised land.

CHORUS.
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand.
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
And he took his farewell trip to that promised land.

Put in your water, and shovel in your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch them drivers roll.
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm eight hours late with that Western mail.
He looked at his watch, and his watch was slow,
He looked at the water, and the water was low;
He turned to the fireman and he said:
"We're going to reach Frisco, but we'll be dead."

CHORUS.
Casey Jones going to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones, but we'll all be dead,
Casey Jones going to reach Frisco,
We're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up that Reno hill,
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill;
The switchman knew by the engine's moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
He pulled up within two miles of the place,
Number Four staring him right in the face.
He turned to the fireman, said, "Boy, you'd better jump.
'Cause there's two locomotives that's a going to bump."

CHORUS.
Casey Jones, two locomotives,
Casey Jones, that's a going to bump.
Casey Jones, two locomotives,
There's two locomotives that's a going to bump.

Casey Jones said just before he died:
"There's two more roads that I'd like to ride."
Fireman said, "What could they be?"
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a sighing,
Just received a message that Casey was dying.
Said, "Go to bed, children, and hush your crying,
'Cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

CHORUS.
Casey Jones! got another papa,
Mrs. Casey Jones on that Salt Lake Line.
Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,
And you've got another papa on that Salt Lake Line.

Some genius with a pastime gineer named John Luther Jones, for figures estimates that the old railroad song "Casey Jones"—perhaps the most popular song in America to-day among those who like lilt and humor in their music—has been rendered over ten million times. It is not on record how this genius made his estimate, but the chances are that he is somewhat short of the correct figure.

"Who was Casey Jones?"
"How came he to be the hero of this toe-tingling melody?"
"Where did the song originate?"

These questions have been hurled at the Railroad Man's Magazine for more than two years.

The writer, in taking up the editor's burden to find out, asked a dozen men who should have known, and in turn, he was told to "Ask Sweeney!"

Then he asked the authors of the song as it is known to-day. T. Lawrence Seibert wrote the words and Eddie Newton composed the music. These gentlemen state that they wrote "Casey Jones" from an old negro song.

"Nobody knows how many verses it had," the authors tell us, "and as near as we can trace it back, it started about an old en-

gineer named John Luther Jones, better known for coast to coast as Casey Jones. He was born in Cayce, Kentucky, in 1863, and lived on a farm until he was nineteen years of age, then he went firing on the M. and O. Railroad, and later on the I. C.

In 1890 he was promoted to engineer, which position he held until his death. He was transferred from Water Valley, Mississippi, and ran a freight-engine until he went on the Chicago and New Orleans Limited. On this run, at midnight, March 18, 1900, he was killed in a rear-end collision with a freight train at Vaughans, Mississippi.

"This is his history, as near as we can trace it. We have searched back, and so far as we can learn, an old darky by the name of Wallace Saunders, working in a round house, started the first of the Casey Jones song. We took the old song and made a new one from it, and to-day it is the greatest song hit that has ever been published. The song was two years old on April 1, 1911."

There is no doubt that Casey Jones has existed as a waif of the rails for many years, is the positive declaration of scores of old railroad men, and each has a separate and distinct version as

to its origin and the occurrence which it is supposed to commemorate.

An S. P. Legend.

Along the Southern Pacific, in California and Nevada, there is a legend that Casey Jones, hero of the song, lies buried at the foot of the Reno Hill, so feelingly referred to, underneath the ruins of a '68 wheeler' which left the rails on that grade one night away back in the eighties.

It appears from the story that something did in reality 'bump,' and that the engineer, whose name was Casey Jones, was so effectively buried with his engine that the company did not think it worth while to disinter the remains of either.

This tale, however, is something on a par with the numerous lost engine stories current throughout the West, and has a very hazy substance at best.

Casey Jones has been heard of so many times that it is open to doubt whether he was really killed so early in his interesting career.

Living in Oakland, California, Casey Jones resides in the flesh, at 754 Sixtieth Street and runs a mental denkey-engine on the docks.

For twenty-five years Mr. Jones was an engineer on the Southern Pacific, much of the time running a pilot-engine up and down the slope of the Sierras. He claims to be the original Casey Jones, in the sense that every hobo along the line knowing him and his reputation, for daredevil runs—"I'll run her till she leaves the rail," as the song narrates—made up the song and passed it along to the brakemen and switchmen, who whistled it in their cabs and shanties.

Casey Jones, of Oakland, admits that the plaintive wail has no foundation in fact, asserting that during his whole career he never had a serious accident, and never at any time figured particularly on taking a passage to the promised land.

Numerous other railway lines claim the honor of furnishing the original Casey Jones.

John Luther Jones

Down on the Mobile and Ohio, John Luther Jones is remembered as a brave engineer. The record is that he pulled the New Orleans Limited for many years between Memphis and Canton, and finally lost his life when his engine collided with a freight train at Vaughans, Mississippi, the night of March 18, 1900. It is asserted that the 'bump' of that collision is the identical one referred to in the song now so popular, which, it is maintained, was first written by his negro fireman soon after the accident. This is as Messrs. Newton and Seibert state.

The fact that Casey Jones of the song, as it appears to-day, in his dying throes, expressed regret that he had never ridden the Southern Pacific or the Santa Fe is pointed to as proof that the accident in reality took place on some system distant from those lines.

Casey is supposed to have been a nickname by which John Luther Jones was known to his associates. The song written by the colored rimerster, whose name is remembered as Wallace Saunders, contained a score or two of verses, after the manner of railroad and cowboy doggerel, the first stanza running as follows:

Through the South Memphis yards, on the fly,
Fireboy said, "You've got a white eye."
The switchman knew by the engine's moans,
The man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

The old Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis Railroad claims to have been the scene of the historic 'bump,' the hero at the throttle being none other than Peter Martin Jones, who, for some apparent unknown reason, was known along the line as 'K. C.' Jones. Possibly he resided at Kansas City.

Peter Martin Jones drove a passenger engine for a number of years between Springfield, Missouri, and Hoxie, Arkansas, taking the trip to the 'promised land' in a wreck near Monmouth, Springs, Arkansas, about ten years ago.

Was He K C Jones?

An old-timer on that line declares that the song appeared spontaneously in the shops and cabs on that system soon after the tragic death of K. C. Jones. This old-timer says that he first heard it in the roundhouse at Thayer, Missouri. The text of the song was quite different from the present version, no reference being made to Reno Hill or Frisco. The first verse ran as follows:

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer;
K. C. Jones was the hero's name,
He lived without fear and he died without blame.

If you have a dollar handy
Give it to LUNN'S WEEKLY for
a year's subscription.

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MacKenzies' Market

OUTRAM STREET,
TRURO.

BABES IN THE WOOD

We give space to the following by request. The only local interest it has is, that it was composed by G. D. Blois, father of Mr. Nelson Blois, Young Street, Truro.—Ed.

(Two little children, Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher, strayed from their home on the Preston Road, Halifax County, April 11th, 1842. Their lifeless bodies were found on the 17th April. The following verses were written in commemoration of the tragic event.)

Good people read these verses that I have written here,
And when you have perused them you can't but shed a tear;
In eighteen hundred and forty two, April the 11th day,
Two little girls from Preston Road into the woods did stray.
Their father and their mother were sick in bed all day,
Whilst those two little children about the door did play;
Hand and hand together, they saw them leave the door,
The eldest was but six years old, the youngest only four.

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret were their pretty names,
Two fairer creatures never did dame nature ever frame;
They walk'd abroad together and cheerfully did play,
But mark what followed after how soon they lost their way.
There in the lonely wilderness they spent a dismal day,
The night came on, they thought of home, their streaming eyes gave
way;
The frosty gale blew very hard, not a star to yield them light,
The beasts of prey they feared all day, and the screeching owls by
night.

They might have been discovered, but for that simple race;
You Preston Negroes wash your hands, and wipe off your disgrace;
You cruel Brown that heard them cry and did not take them in,
May God reward, or punish you according to your sin.
But when the shocking news did reach the neighboring town,
Each manly heart with pity swell'd and thus for grief atoned,
Saying, poor Meagher your babes are lost and you are left forlorn,
How true it is, as Burns remark'd, that man was made to mourn.
Early the next morning went out one hundred men,
And there they found poor Meagher and wife searching the lonely
glen.

First casting their eyes to Heaven and then upon the grove,
With prayers and groans and touching cries, distress'd as they rove,
All that week they hunted, but alas 'twas all in vain,
So in the lonely wilderness those infants did remain,
Though oft they stopp'd to listen, they ne'er could hear their sound:
At twelve o'clock on Thursday a bloody rag was found.
Think, gentle reader, what a sight, if we could them behold,
Dying in the wilderness, with hunger, fright and cold;
Not a mother by to close an eye, nor a friend to wipe a tear,
Pharaoh's heart would surely melt, their dying cries to hear.

On the 17th of April went out a valiant crew,
To search the woods and dreary plains as hunters used to do;
From Halifax and Dartmouth, Preston and Porter's Lake,
Twelve hundred men assembled, a final search to make.
'Twas Peter Curry found them at twelve o'clock that day,
On Melaucholy Mountain, but lumps of breathless clay;
The hair was dragged out of their heads, their clothes in pieces tore,
Their tender flesh from head to foot the prickly thorns did gore.

The frost it stole upon their hearts, their blood began to chill,
Their feeble nerves could not obey, with all their heart and skill;
Headlong they fell, their souls unwillingly took their way,
And left their tender bodies on a dismal rock to lay.
No longer did they leave them for the birds and beasts to tear,
On decent biers they laid them, and graced with a tear,
To their father's house they carried them for their mother to behold
She kissed them both a thousand times though they were dead and
cold.

Their father quite distracted was, and overcome with grief,
His neighbors tried to comfort him, but could yield him no relief
The cries of their poor mother were terrible to hear,
To think that death had her bereft of those she lov'd so dear.
On the nineteenth day of April they were in one coffin laid,
Between Ellen Vane and Allan's Farm their little grave was made,
Where thousands did assemble a last farewell to take,
Both rich and poor lamented sore for the poor children's sake.

The rain was fast a falling, most dismal was the day,
While gazing on Elizabeth, methinks I heard her say—
Farewell my loving neighbors, return dry up your tears,
Let us two lay in this cold clay, till Christ himself appears.
Five pounds reward was offered to the man that did them find,
But Curry he refused it as a Christian just and kind;
May God forever bless him and grant him length of days,
Your humble poet D. G. B. will ever sing his praise.

You gentle folks of Halifax that did turn out so kind,
I hope in Heaven hereafter a full reward you'll find;
Not forgetting Dartmouth, that turn'd out, rich and poor,
And likewise those of Preston, and round the Eastern Shore.
Now to conclude and make an end of this my mournful song,
I beg you will excuse me for writing it so long,
That I another theme like this may never have to pen,
This is the first, I hope the last, God grant it so, AMEN.

THAT CREASE TRANSFER

If that crease in your pants has
decreased: call again at
J. W. CASEY'S, INGLIS STREET
He is an expert cleaner and repairer.

Express and Heavy Trucking
Transferring.

H. O. CHRISTIE

Corner Brunswick and Young Street
TELEPHONE 188.

SCOTIA

LUNN'S WEEKLY, TRURO, N. S.

ROOP & COMPANY LIMITED

THE SPRING SUITS

AND OTHER NEW GOODS

DAILY ARRIVING

ALL HIGH CLASS GOODS

We
Have
The
Goods

Our
Prices
Are
Right

CALL AND SEE
THE
SPRING SAMPLES
FOR
CUSTOM MADE SUITS

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DAILY ARRIVING

WATCH FOR OUR WINDOW FOR NEW SPRING GOODS

ROOP & COMPANY LIMITED

PRINCE STREET, TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, ONE BLOCK NORTH OF THE STATION

LUNN'S WEEKLY

To be published every Saturday by the
LUNN PUBLISHING CO.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year, payable
in advance.

Single copies 5 cents.

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

TRURO, MARCH 16, 1912

He is Right

In extending the Manitoba Boundaries, Rt.-Hon. R. L. Borden, Prime Minister of Canada leaves the school question to the Government of Manitoba.

So strong was Hon. Mr. Borden's position in re the matter that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the opposition was forced to vote with the Government against inserting a separate clause in the Extension Act.

Sir Wilfrid's chickens came home to roost. He left it to the Manitoba Government in 1896, and Hon. Mr. Borden, acting on Sir Wilfrid's precedent, leaves it to the Government of the prairie province in 1912.

Borden sees Laurier and plays a draw.

That's the safe course.

Oh My.

Oh my, what a fine way to keep our people home. Giving civic work to outsiders.

Better to have given the civic building contract to R. O. McCurdy, Truro, than to Rhodes-Curry Co., Amherst.

Had Mr. McCurdy got the contract Spencer Bros. & Turner would have been benefited. Now the wood work will be done in Amherst instead of Truro.

Great scheme that, to keep our young people home.

It is Said

It is said the Chief County License Inspector is wondering as to the whereabouts of his assistant.

We may say in fairness to the assistant that he has all he can do as Chief Inspector of the town.

Why, last fall he had to have an assistant to do the town work—why then increase his burdens by appointing him County Inspector?

Seem Confident

The Eastern Railway men seem confident that they can hold the Branch.

Merrily on.

The booze fight goes merrily on. The Inspector got one conviction this week.

That Feeling.

We know that Spring is at hand because of that tired feeling.

NOT A GHOST TRAIN!

No, it wasn't a ghost train; nor was it a train from the arctic regions; though the two locomotives looked somewhat like as if they came from the North Pole. 'Twas, however the working train from Windsor, which left that place 7 o'clock, a. m., Monday and did not arrive here until 4 p. m. the same day; the distance only 58 miles, the usual time covering five hours.

The train beat her way through with two engines, the "Gaspeaux" a freighter, in charge of Engineer Archie Leitch, and fireman Holden, and the "Weymouth" in charge of Engineer Jack McRae, and fireman Fudge.

Both engines were entirely covered with snow when they arrived here, particularly the "Gaspeaux." She was coated from dome to driving wheels with drifted snow and ice.

Say, that D. A. R. management must be funny.

After the two engines above mentioned had beaten their way through, the management sent out a big engine and plow to clear the track.

Why didn't the engine and plow precede the train above referred to?

It's time for a change of management on the D. A. R.

The locomotives and passenger car service is miserable.

Complaints are said to have gone to the Railway Commission, and it is related that Mr. Ogilvie, an official of the Board, was investigating such complaints this week.

It is reported that the C. P. R. Co., which now practically owns the road, is desirous of putting it in first-class shape; but are prevented from doing so by a few pig-headed shareholders, residing in the Old Country.

The people down here insist that the C. P. R. be given a free hand in this matter.

DISSECTING A VIOLIN

Not one person in a hundred has the slightest notion of how many parts or pieces there are in a violin. Here is a list of them: Back, 2 pieces; belly, 2; blocks, 6; sides, 5; side linings, 12; bar, 1; purflings, 24; neck, 1; finger-board, 1; nut, 1; bridge, 1; tail-board, 1; button for tail-board, 1; string for tail-board, 1; guard for string, 1; sound post, 1; strings, 4; pegs, 4; total, 69 pieces. Three kinds of wood are used—maple, pine and ebony. Maple is used for the back, the neck, the side-pieces and the bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the blocks, the side-linings, and the sound post. Ebony is used for the finger-board, the tail-board, the nut, the guard for string of tail-board, the pegs and the button.

Read It!

Read "Casey-Jones" in another part of this issue.

The Highest and the Lowest Tenders

WHY PAY SEVENTEEN PER CENT MORE FOR A THING THAN IT MAY BE GOT FOR?

\$2,000 and Over Looks Like Graft in the New City Hall Building Award.

Here is a question that the rate-payers we fancy, the rate-payers of Truro, would like the town council to answer.

Advertising for tenders; they received several; but accepted that of Rhodes-Curry Co. Ltd., Amherst, which was in the vicinity of \$2,000.00 higher than that of the Victor Wood Working Company, of Amherst.

This firm we learn is perfectly reliable in every way, and if we mistake not, did work for its home town in competition with the Rhodes Curry Co. Limited.

Now we make no charges; but merely asking a question that is asked on the street: Is there any graft in this?

The ratepayers of Truro who have to pay the difference between the higher and lower tender, will certainly want an explanation. The fact that the question is asked in LUNN'S WEEKLY, the despised, will be no excuse for the council not coming to the front and explaining, why the lowest tender was not accepted.

Uniform the D. A. R.

Mr. Ogilvie, of the Canadian Railway Commission, who visited the D. A. R. this week complained of officers at important centers on that road, such as station masters and station baggagemen not being properly uniformed.

He said that in the interest of the travelling public this was something that the Company must remedy.

Fine Dog.

H. S. Fraser, Truro, has one of the finest dogs in Nova Scotia, a Shepherd's Scotch Collie. This is a breed of dogs that is needed in this country, rather than the sheep killing curs so plentiful.

Sap time.

It will soon be sap time.

WANTED

Two or Three Gentlemen Boarders.

APPLY Mrs. W. C. Young

Clifton House, Forrester St.

FRESH OYSTERS

TWO BAPPELS JUST IN THIS MORNING at the

CECIL RESTAURANT, Prince St.

Try Our

PIGS' FEET

WE HAVE A LOT OF THEM

More Pay

We have always said that we would never be satisfied till I. R. C. Track-foremen received \$3 a day and trackmen \$2 a day. They deserve it, and must have it.

We would advise the powers that be, in the interests of all concerned, especially the Hon. Mr. Cochrane, to enquire into this matter.

We are sure that if he does, the wages mentioned will be forthcoming.

A Rumour

It is reported that E. Tiffin Superintendent of Traffic, is to be removed, and succeeded by D. A. Storey, Div. Freight Agent, Halifax to St. John.

In our opinion the change would be a good one.

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

Try one of those razor strops—See "Ad"

Tip Top Tea is good Tea. Try it.

Short of Locomotives

Scarce of engines on the I. R. C.

That's it! Correct!

Last Saturday the C. P. R. Express arrived here on time; and left an hour late.

Why?

No locomotives!

That train simply had to remain till the engine which had brought in No. 19 train about forty five minutes before could be cleaned and got ready to take the C. P. R. out. Hence the delay.

Owing to the scarcity of passenger engines, freight engines have, on several occasions been pulling express trains.

How about the Pacific type engines the government was to have received for the I. R. C. in February of this year?

If the order was placed, have they been delivered?

If not, why not?

We say to Mr. Cochrane, Minister of Railways, that the Maritime Province people are not going to stand for much more of this kind of nonsense.

We have had the Brydges, Haggart, Harris and Graham blunderers to put up with down this way.

We do not propose to put up with another dose, that is, to take it without making a wry face.

There will be another secession movement in this province if we cannot get fair play, and it will come quickly.

Mulgrave's New Station House.

The new station at Mulgrave has been completed and will be occupied in a couple of weeks.

The specifications provide for one of the best furnished railway depots this side of Montreal.

A speciality in connection with the station is the heating and plumbing appliances, which were furnished by F. Dexter & Co., Truro.

The workman in charge and who executed the work in connection with this part of the contract was J. L. Chisholm; and his work is reported by Haggerty, inspector, as one of the best jobs he has had to report on in a good many years.

During waiting hours, whilst construction was being prosecuted at Mulgrave, Mr. Chisholm was engaged in installing in the Clairmont Hotel at Musquodoboit Harbor, a modern plumbing and bath-room outfit, which has been noted as the first and best on the Eastern shore.

AUTOMATIC RAZOR STROP

Does the trick in 2 min



DO YOU SHAVE YOURSELF?

IF SO

Call on C. W. LUNN

Bring your Razor and we will put it in order

All Kinds—Old Styles and Safetys

Then you will Buy

THE AUTOMATIC RAZOR STROPPER

GROCERIES.: PROVISIONS

It is worth your while to save money these days when the cost of living is so high. Get our Prices and you will place your orders with

McIntyre Bros. Phone 60. Truro
Prince St.

The Store That Saves You Money

At MADAM LUNN'S

150 Sample Waists

150 Sample Waists: Traveller's

Samples to be cleared in

Two Weeks

Prices from 50c. up

To Arrive: Full Line of Ladies' Read-to-Wear Goods

Of All Kinds

WINTER MILLINERY

of the usual high class style that has won for her a reputation as an expert ladies' head-gear artist. See her lines of seasonable creations. Mourning goods at shortest notice

Inglis street, Truro

Next to Bank of Nova Scotia

Who's Knocking Truro?

LUNN'S WEEKLY has been accused of knocking the town because it opposed a civic building with opera house attachment.

But who is to erect the building?

A Truro firm?

No.

But an Amherst firm.

All Truro people will benefit by the erection of this building will be the boarding of the workmen Rhodes-Curry Co. will bring here to do the work.

The wood work will all be done in Amherst.

Had a Truro firm been awarded the job, the wood-work would have been manufactured here.

Who's knocking the town? Think it over, Mr. Ratepayer.

No Evidence of Use Over Three Years Old.

A labor leader who went to Ottawa recently on Union business comes back with the statement that the present Minister of Railways, Hon. Frank Cochrane, is the fairest minister of that department he ever met.

An agreement has been arrived at that no case of offensive partizanship is to be considered previous to 1908.

This applies to all the branches of the I. R. C. service. As a result of this two or three persons dismissed as a result of partizan charges have been put back to work.

It is also agreed that persons dismissed for partizanship are to be refunded the amount they paid into the provident fund since it came into force in 1907.

A White Force

William Bayer, Deputy Chief of the Halifax police force, was in Truro a few hours yesterday, enroute from St. John.

LUNN's was pleased to meet him, because he is the white man of a white police force and that the Halifax force is.

They are big men every one of them, whose chief, John Rudland, is a great big man.

Down in the old "Gateway" city the police are not sent out to run in unfortunates, for the sake of a \$2 fine, or the pleasure, of having the girls admire the man in blue, backed by the Law, arrest an unfortunate.

They give a man a chance or two in Halifax.

It's a big force of big men.

My Brother.

"If snow maketh my brother to offend, I will clean off 'my' snow."—THE CITIZEN.

Cut it out.

The Lord and His south winds saved all present troubles over the snow matter, dear brother.

Take Your Second Look At New Spring Clothes, Today

You can view the New Spring Styles here then. Large quantities of New Spring goods have already been received, and this store is first, as always, to show the new styles. Maybe you are not ready to buy yet, but we are ready to show you any time. Come.

See The New Hats

Get your New Hat early. Be sure you see ours before you buy. You'll be sorry if you don't.

\$1. to \$3.

Elegant New Spring Suits And Overcoats

Superbly made from smart new fabrics of handsome patterns. Styles are very neat. Priced very reasonably at

\$15., \$18 and \$20.

Boys' and Mens' Shirts

of exceptional value, in very neat patterns and at very attractive prices.

50c. to \$2.

Step in Soon And See Our

NEW DRESS SHIRTS

Silk Hosiery, Gloves, Night Robes Just received.

FRASERS LIMITED
OAK HALL

The Home of Good Clothes.

Special Line of New Spring Neckwear

Just received—neat patterns—plain colorings
25c. to 50c.

Here's a Matter Relating To the Ministry

(Continued from page two.)

When he went to Church these things troubled him although he saw beside him and all about him, men and women whom he knew practised games or indulged in pastimes much like unto his own.

Sitting there in Church, or rising or kneeling as the service progressed, he espied the Sunday School Superintendent, the teacher, the choir leader, the organist, the collection taker, deacons, elders, and many others, whom he smoked with, danced with, played with, drank with, and associated with generally in his various pastimes, all engaged in the work of the service, which he had been taught to regard as the work of the Almighty.

He felt almost like an intruder in the dedicated house, and unable to breath freely or to think clearly or kindly of his fellows in that house or of himself. The teachings of his early youth were recalled and these led him to regard himself at the moment as a fraud, a hypocrite, and a delusion.

The thought occurred to him to wonder whether these elders, deacons, choir leaders, treasurers, etc., and other fellow associates whom he knew indulged or practised in the variously classified habits and amusements above referred to, were themselves troubled; were they also asking of themselves whether they were hypocrites, frauds and self deceivers; or, did they merely consider the church a quite adequate factor in the promotion of business and social interests; contented to be hypocrites and frauds for the purpose of personal gain; and without the delusion that they still retained any great amount of the true religious principles instilled during childhood?

And when the church emptied itself after the minister had pronounced the benediction, he proceeded to forget as

quickly as possible all the mild horrors he had endured, first by taking a smoke and, or, a drink, by reading a novel or a newspaper, or by going off into the wider atmosphere driving, or in company with congenial mates, none of whom considered their acts sufficiently bad enough to hide from one another.

Of this class of men there is a legion. Of these, however, it cannot clearly be estimated how many there are whose consciences trouble them as his troubled him when in church or when discussing the subject.

Asked what was the best thing to do, he said the better for his peace of mind was to stay away from church, going only occasionally so that the neighbors wouldn't regard him as an atheist or some such creature.

Yet, if he had not still retained a strain of the early teaching of the scheme of righteousness, the matter would be regarded as naught, and he would have become naturally a consistent church goer, even a worker in the church as some of his neighbors, and many of his business acquaintances and connections were.

"Holding these views, however," said he, "were I to elect to become a regular church goer, a worker in the church—in fact a professing christian, for such all those who undertake to work in the church must consider themselves to be, whether they preside in the pulpit, serve as officers, take up the collection, escort strangers or visitors to seats, play the organ, lead or sing in the choir—then must I commune within my soul in the presence of the Almighty, and by His aid determine whether my everyday alleged delinquencies, negligences, habits and such like, are or are not sins; and if they—the dance, the smoke, the drink, the Sunday stroll, the occasional careless exclamation, the card game, amusements, and all things catalogued by some as sins, are sins, then must I make my choice, and abide it.

"And consequently, if I choose the church, I must abjure and abandon all things the commission or practice of which are sinful, and be fearless in the sight of the Almighty, easy in conscience and fearless also of every one of my fellow men.

"The trouble, however, is, am I myself capable, able, fitted to judge myself, or my fellow man?"

"And if not, who is?"

"This is the subject of a text for the ministry of to-day, and much of the so-called hypocrisy, fraud and deceit may be or may not be eliminated from the category of criticism by answers to the following questions:

"Are the self-elected judges competent?"

"And if competent, what of the list of alleged common negligences should be catalogued as great enough in the sight of God by which to classify the participants as hypocrites, frauds and deluders?"

Personal

Mr. John Flete, the A. F. of L. organizer, will be in Truro in a few weeks for the purpose of organizing the Garment Workers, Laundry and Shoe Workers, Painters, Carpenters, Printers, etc.

He will be assisted by Mr. W. N. Goodwin, an ex-organizer of the A. F. of L.

Green With Envy.

539 copies of LUNN'S WEEKLY were sold on the streets of Truro, last Saturday, at 5 cents each; a total of \$26.50.

"Price taken in consideration and the fact that LUNN'S is only in its initial stages, we claim without fear of successful contradiction that this is a record breaker in street sales for local papers.

Of the \$26.50 taken in \$10.15 was distributed among the news boys who sell LUNN'S.

On the streets to-day it is said that as a result of the rapid growth of the circulation and popularity of LUNN'S, a local contemporary has turned "green" with envy.

Now just a few words more in respect to LUNN'S. While the street sales have increased rapidly there is a healthy subscription list coming in from Halifax, towns north and even as far as Alberta.

"Nuff said.

Thine Accusers.

Judge Crowe was to have heard a liquor case yesterday, but when the hour of trial arrived the only person present was His Honor.

No prosecutor, no defence, no counsel for either side.

We have not learned what His Honor did with the case. That's his business.

His Honor might have dismissed the case, in Biblical words:

"Where art thine accusers?"

We might reply in Tory parlance: "Within the lines of Torres Vedras."

Why?

Moving

The lumber manufacturing plant of Hiram McLean was moved from Kempton to Clifton, Thursday and Friday of this week.

It required 14 horses to move it.

In Yellow.

On July 12th next, LUNN'S will be published in yellow; because they say it is a "yaller" journal.

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

Try one of those razor straps—See "Ad"

Tip Top Tea is good Tea. Try it.

LOOK HERE!

We are now conveniently located on the ground floor, with a large airy workroom on the second floor.

We have added in numbers to our staff of help and can execute orders promptly, and up to date. Give us a trial order for your Easter Suit and be satisfied.

A.B. Cox & Co. Merchant Tailors

Mills Bldg., Inglis St., Truro, N.S.