

Headlight

VOL. I.

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1917.

No. 3.

Maple Molasses

EVEN IN WAR TIMES KING GEORGE PAYS SOME ATTENTION TO THE CANADIAN NATIONAL TREE.

Many prominent people from Port-au-Prince and Bass River were in attendance in Truro this week on the trial of the King vs. James McGuire and David Collins. The information was laid by James N. Brown, a prominent resident of Port-au-Prince, charging McGuire and Collins with having broken into his Sugar Camp on Sunday, April the 15th and having stolen a large quantity of Maple Syrup.

The prosecution was conducted by S. D. McLellan, K. C., and G. H. Vernon, K. C., of Truro, appeared on behalf of the defendants, James McGuire and David Collins.

A plea of "Not Guilty" was entered on behalf of both Defendants and evidence was given by James N. Brown and another witness E. C. Cribb on his behalf. The evidence of Brown disclosed that tracks were seen of a horse and wagon and two men approaching his Sugar Camp, and an attempt was made to show that these tracks were made by the horse and wagon belonging to McGuire. A lengthy discussion was had as to the identity of wheel tracks and tracks of the men's feet, and after a lengthy cross examination by Mr. Vernon it was very cleverly shown that it was hard to distinguish the tracks made from ordinary tracks made by horses and wagons. The matter was adjourned until Monday, the 14th instant, when further evidence will be produced before the Court, with the attempt to prove the Plaintiff's case.

As far as it has gone there is practically no evidence which would implicate either of the accused.

The hearing of the case was conducted by His Honor, Stipendiary Magistrate Taylor, who evinced an able knowledge of the law regarding circumstantial evidence and the admissibility of evidence of tracks as proving the case against the accused.

Whilst not expressing any opinion on the case His Honor showed that he was not very well satisfied with the quality of the proof that was being given on behalf of the prosecution.

The judgment in the case is being looked forward to with great interest by a number of the leading citizens of Port-au-Prince and Bass River, who show very strongly that they believe in the innocence of McGuire and Collins.

SHADES OF BIG MEN.

THE DAYS WHEN PUBLIC MEN WHO WERE GIANTS WERE ABROAD.

The Allies admit the seriousness of the German submarine war feature, especially the United States; and Great Britain.

Even at that we shall win the war.

The sinking of merchant craft means that ships to replace them must be built in Canada and the United States.

In fact, that is the policy that is being inaugurated. That is partly the reason which Hon. Arthur Balfour, First-Lord of the Admiralty in "Little Davie's" Cabinet is in Washington.

The policy means that every stick of ship timber, and every pound of iron ore in this country, in Colchester—and real sure it is valuable, more valuable than wheat.

If our representatives have any interest in the people outside of "Self-Interest," we should place our national resources in wood and iron before the powers that be.

We wish we had time and space to tell of the men who went on before in these matters, men of our own Cobequid Bay Shore, ship-building—The McLellans, McCullochs, Lewis, Camerons, Blackies, Cummings, Merriams, Crows, and others whose names we cannot just now recall. They were giants. Oh, that the McLellans, Flemmings, Pearsons, Morrisons, Retties, Creelmans, Hydes, and other public men, with the people first were our leaders. 'Twas people first with them.

Were they our representatives to-day there would be a rustling in the ship timber groves of old Cobequid, and a rumbling in the iron deposits below.

A concentrated effort to help the Empire, by producing ships faster than the Hun can destroy them. They were not men who measured their loyalty to Colchester and the people by promoting companies, and selling war bonds, when the Empire was calling for men to save its life. Men of that stamp, if there are any in these parts, are nonentities in this struggle. They are the worshippers of Mammon.

Our Lord declared them as neither hot nor cold, and whom he would spew out of his mouth.

Woe unto you scribes, and hypocrites, and money changers, your day of judgment is at hand.

THE HARMONY LEGISLATURE.

(From the Bad Lands Moose Horns)

The Harmony Legislature will meet in an extraordinary session, Tuesday May 15th.

It will be a session to re-arrange greater production, and a bill will be presented to encourage the greater production of rabbits, also one to compel able-bodied shirkers to cultivate buck-wheat, and confiscate certain property for a buck-wheat pan-cake canning factory. A bill will also be introduced providing that the Harmony Legislature bonds be sold by women, not by able bodied men.

The Lieut. Governor, Sir George Wrathway, will open the session in person, and Sir Fredrick Whiteway will present the financier's statement.

(See Headlight next week for full particulars)

Another "Billy" Owner.

PROVINCIAL CONSTABLE CRIBB SAYS IT IS HIS.

The latest claimant of the found police Billy referred to in this issue of "Headlight" and last too, is Mr. E. C. Cribb, provincial constable, who says it is his. That, to use his own words—"Bill Cook had it and lost it."

Bill says he had the "Billy" in his overcoat coming from down country in an auto, and lost it somewhere on Prince Street. We accept such statement, but why in the name of Mike, should a provincial constable hand his Billy over to Bill Cook, and Bill is a good fellow at that, and why should an officer of any kind have to carry such a weapon, possibly a "Black Jack" in this country. By comparison we know that the Billy is the same as carried by the Truro police. Such instruments are not necessary in this country, one stroke of them would kill a horse, let alone a human being. We believe our duty to the public is to hand the weapon over to the Attorney General to decide whether it is a legitimate part of police equipment.

Down East Notes.

At Antigonish—the East wind is cold no matter from which quarter it blows.

At Tracadie—Throw the horse over the fence a feed of hay.

At Boisjole—Passenger on train—Tells me when I comes to the place, Mr. Brakeman, I wouldn't know the place now. The school house was burned down since I went to Boston.

Why Not?

Why not the town council license newspaper vending? Just as fair as to make a man from the country pay a license to sell farm produce such as the people want. We will gladly pay quarter per cent. on one hundred of our sales!

A Comparison.

Between Railway Men and Religious Editor.

Mr. Devenish is no more fit to be Superintendent of the Truro—St. John Division, than we are to be editor of the Presbyterian Witness, and Hon. Frank Cochrane knows it.

The Horse That Never Won.

"Old pop Dakins" had been a highly successful owner and "speculator" in his younger days, but after his beard got snowy his eagle eye more quiescent, and his crown quite bald he seemed to lose all power of impressing his horses with the importance of leading instead of following, on their way to the winning post. As a consequence his stable has not won in five years.

"I can't understand it nohow," he asserted as he stood watching the stable boy giving them the early morning spin, and noticed how, as usual, all three of his thoroughbreds "worked" in sensational time. "Them fool dogs just burn up the track in the mornin' but when they get in a race they're as dopey as an old mule. They're fine, stock, an' I feed an' train them the same as I ever dope, an' they're good enough in their work to set the rail birds plum dippy over 'em, but by gum themunats they get in a real race they jes' walk like fat steers goin' to the butcher."

Twenty years before Dakins had owned thirty head instead of three, and his colors had won an average of at least once a week the year round. His "roll" in those days had been "big enough to choke an elephant," for the old man was no piker and played his horses liberally. It was common talk that he had won half a million. But, as he was addicted to poker as well, it was not unusual for him to drop at night what he had won in the daytime. Still he could always put his hands on fifty thousand without difficulty.

Now it was different. He had nothing left but the three-head, a modest two-story frame house, and a few hundred in the bank. He had quit playing poker and was trying hard to groom his thoroughbreds for a winning race that would put him on his feet again.

He had employed almost every jockey who had a creditable record, and had used great skill in getting his horses "placed" in races in which, according to handicap figures, they had a splendid chance to win. Often tipsters had picked them and advertised them as specials, but always to their own great sorrow and mortification.

"For the blame horses always come in eighth or ninth," muttered the old man, as he "Early Guy," a noted advertising tipster, mutually combed with each other one four o'clock A.M.

As Dakins' roll became more and more depleted, he became more and more determined to win, and shuffled around the stable all day long giving his unique charges far better attention than he had ever given those he had owned in the old days of constant success.

For the last few months his wager had been only one hundred dollars to the race, and the races about four weeks apart. Once the papers had headlined his plunging to the tune of nearly a hundred thousand simoleons on his famous winner, New Broom. Nothing else could so well illustrate his fall in the sporting world.

As he drew near his last available hundred, he resolved to concentrate all his efforts on winning with his fastest horse, Fylo, a roan four-year-old that had "worked" three-quarters in 1:11-1-5. If he could succeed in getting this gelding to run the race in that time Dakins knew that there were not

half a dozen horses in training that could beat him provided the weights were satisfactory.

At last he decided that he had Fylo "trained to the minute." Black Sam combination stable boy, assistant trainer and jockey, who had arm muscles like steel from long practice, was almost unable to hold the colt.

Dakins sat on an upturned bushel measure watching the boy bringing Fylo back to the stable after a quick canter, hard-held. He could not remember having seen a horse look quite so competent to race in easy sheels. In the pink of condition, sleek, rervet as to limb and coat, and showing ginger and devilishness enough to run ten miles without easing up, Fylo looked to be a "cinch" if ever there was one.

After he had returned Fylo to the stable shiny-eyed Sam came and leaned against the jamb waiting for an opening to talk to his master. The old man, deep in thought, ignored him at first, then turned to him with inquiring eyes.

"Pears to me that roan colt's 'bout ready to win, ef he's ever goin' to," observed Sam deferentially.

"It's been 'pearin' that way to me for the past two years," answered Dakins wearily. "I dunno. He always did burn 'up the track in the mornin' only to race like a hobby-hoss when he got in a handicap. He don't seem to have no courage, Sam."

"Dat's it!" affirmed Sam eagerly. "Dat colt quits jes' like a yaller dawg. Jes' like a yaller dawg!" he repeated, shaking his woolly head solemnly.

"Ev'ry durn one of my horses has been that way the past five years," grieved the old man reminiscently. "That there Betsy Bragg which I went away fer \$200 to little Pete Jenkins, she done the same way. She worked five-eighths in the mornin' in less than .59, but the best she ever did in a race was 1:05. An' these other two, Wild Eye and Gofast, they don't even run when they get in a race, they walk!"

In a paroxysm of disgust the old man squirted a flow of tobacco juice across the stable yard as viciously as if he was throwing a missile. Dakins had a peculiar method of spitting when he was upset, one that was more expressive than mere cursing.

"How many times them newspaper clocckers has spouted a lot of monkey-doodle rot about holdin' the clock on a pippin that burnt the track to a cinder, an' was fit as one of the shrewdest manipulators in the game could make him, an' was goin' to clean up the bookies for a wagon load of the long green, an' all that kind of bull, an' when the damn dog got to the post he'd crawl like a lizard an' get so far behind he didn't know there was any racin' goin' on? By gum, I'm gettin' tired of it!"

"I don't know, Boss! Seems to me ole Fylo's got more courage on he uster have," protested Sam. "He ain't so bad hoss ef he gets nerve!"

Dakins again expectorated discontentedly as proof that Sam was too enthusiastic.

"A hoss can't git nerve!" he roared in exasperation. "It's born in him or else he's always a dog."

"When you goin' to start him again?" asked the darkey, timidly.

"To-morrow," answered Dakins.

"An' I'm pectin' my last hundred on him, though I ain't dreamin' he'll win, but just because I ain't a quitter, an' I got the habit of playin' my own hosses." His voice was hopeless and sullen. Plainly, he did not expect to win, but wanted to live up to his reputation for consistency.

"Boss!" exclaimed the black boy desperately, after fidgeting around from one foot to the other for quite a spell. "Ah wish you'd let me ride him to-morrow."

Dakins turned on him in wrath. Then another thought struck him and he remained silent. Finally, he looked at the quaking darkey attentively.

"All the good I can see that that would do would be to save payin' a stylish jockey's fees," Dakins grumbled. "Which, of course, as finances is slim, amounts to somethin'. I believe I'll do it! If you can push him ahead as hard as you hold him back when you work him you might keep from comin' in last, anyhow." And he smiled grimly.

"I dunno, Boss! I dunno!" exclaimed the little negro. "Ah'll do my best sure!"

"Well, I know," replied Dakins, moseonly. "No use a-foolin' ourselves. That there Fylo's a horse that ain't never won, an' never goin' to win. That's how I figure it out. But to-morrow will be his last chance to win for Silas C. Dakins." And the old man got up and went to the house in search of breakfast.

Having in his time lost half a million after winning it, Dakins was philosophic enough to refuse to let his worries interfere with regular eating and sleeping. So the next day found him as pink-cheeked and keen-eyed and easy-gaited as usual.

But when, just before race time he remembered that he had forgotten to give Fylo his daily portion of the condition powders that the old man invented and used with great success years before, he groaned.

"Now I can't bet on him!" he exclaimed. "Now he'll lose, sure! No use to risk a durn cent on a dopey hoss. He'll go to sleep the minute the starter lifts the barrier."

But when the horses paraded to the post of the third race that afternoon, and Fylo pranced past the paddock fence giving the old man a quick, fiery look of recognition, Dakins forgot his resolve, and, as from habit, rushed to the ring to get his money up.

"I reckon I'll take a hundred on Fylo to win," he drawled, addressing Joe Weinstein, a bookmaker, who had acquired most of the old man's wealth in installments of one and two hundred dollar bets. "That is, if you give me a fair price, Joe!"

"I'll give you a foolish price," responded Joe good naturedly, convinced in his own mind that no Dakins horse would ever win again. "All the other books have got him fifteen to one. I'll take your bet at twenty-five to one. All right?"

"Joe," replied the old man, "don't you know that that horse has never won a race in his life? In my opinion he never will win a race, neither. I'm just bettin' 'cause I got the habit. You ought to give me a hundred to one. Abe Sullivan down the line has chalked up twenty-five to one, same as you offer me."

"Has he?" Joe peered over to the Sullivan "slate" and saw that it was true. "Well," he said, moved to extreme generosity. "If Sullivan's offering twenty-five to one I'll go double and give you fifty to one for your

money. That's good enough, ain't it?"

The old man nodded his satisfaction at the odds and handed Joe a "century." Then he unslinging his glass and made for the grandstand to watch the race.

"Nothin' but a bunch of onry dogs in this race, I ain't bettin'," he heard a flashily dressed, bristle-mustached little man say to a big, rangy man beside him, right in front of Dakins.

"Better peel off an even hundred an' put it on Fylo straight," counseled the old man maliciously, suddenly actuated by a strange desire to have somebody else lose on Fylo beside himself. The small man looked up sharply.

(Continued on page 3.)

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The Horse That Never Won.

(Continued from page 2)
ly, then whispered to the other, and they both hurried down to the ring. Dakins watched the "dogs" cavorting around at the starting post. He noticed with philosophic resignation that Fylo was cutting up less than usual, due, no doubt, to his missing his condition powders.
"Hell!" he muttered gloomily. "He's too dopey to stay awake." Then somebody pulled his sleeve nervously.
"That's the tip on Fylo, Mr. Dakins," anxiously inquired Ravvins, one of the old man's neighbors. "They've played him down to six to one."
"Have, hey?" snorted Dakins, glaring at him. "Who?"
"Why, Billy Kendle, the plunger and Arthur Offinger, the Western speculator," was the reply. "I heard they got the tip from you."
"Oh, yes!" admitted Dakins, contemptuously. "They did. That's right. Fine chance to clean up." He chuckled. "But Ravvins had turned to rush back to the ring, roll in hand, ready for a last minute wager.
"Damn fools!" muttered Dakins, grimly. A young man on the lawn shouted, "They're off!" and Dakins raised his glass again to watch. Then

hegroaned. For he saw that Fylo had been left at the post, flat-footed and half turned around.
Faint at heart, he mechanically watched little black Sam frantically turn Fylo straight and urge him forward. The other horses were flying ahead, but inch by inch Sam's hard efforts got Fylo closer to them at last. Old man Dakins' eyes were dim, for he was hurt to the heart by this final thrust of hard luck. He felt like smashing his glass against the grandstand and going home. But long habit of years impelled him to hesitate and watch the hopelessly straggling racers.
Somehow, to his surprise, when they reached the half-mile post they were pretty well bunched together, and as they turned into the stretch he perceived that Fylo was only six lengths behind the first horse. Then a wonderful thing, in the old man's opinion, happened. Black Sam leaned low on Fylo's neck, the posture of pushing apparent in his shoulders, evidently trying with voice and spur to do his utmost, and the colt was gaining. The old man was dazed.
He saw his colt fourth in the procession and running strong. "Well," he reflected, "he may get show money, if he lasts. If!" he repeated doubtfully.

making!"
But as he spoke Fylo seemed to add impetus and by a mere inch projected his quivering nostrils ahead of the tiring leader just as they went under the wire.
"Fylo wins!" the old man heard, and still dazed and doubting he sat down, his limbs shaking. He could not believe that "the horse that never won" had at last made good as seldom a "dog" was known to do.
"You told me that horse had never won and never would win," protested Joe Weinstein, as he pushed Dakins five one thousand dollar bills and a "century."
"My private opinion is that you're something of a liar."
"Horsercain's a mighty uncertain game, Joe," chuckled the old man. "The horse that never won is sometimes the best bet."

during a long period of time; therefore the length of treat^{ment} required for any particular case depends entirely upon the original severity of the trouble and the hold it has upon the body and the blood stream. In those cases of a chronic nature in which the patient has been in bed and in chairs for years, the treatment must be continued for months if a cure is to be made.

Our treatment, if used continuously in an intelligent manner until every particle of the deposits and poisons are removed from the body, conquers these Diseases For Good, making a Permanent Cure; but it must be used in the way any intelligent man or woman must see is necessary if a treacherous disease, such as these diseases which hold the body in a grasp of iron, are to be removed and a CURE effected.

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This Rheumatic Specific is not to be compared with any other treatment or medicine for rheumatic diseases. It does not contain any opiate or narcotic to deaden or subdue pain. Its intent is to remove the cause—not to treat the effects—in cleaning the blood of its impurities and restoring the circulation.

Rheumatism is a Blood Disease. Liniments are worthless to cleanse the blood and many times are not safe to use, as they have a tendency to drive the rheumatism from a local point to the heart. Many people are suffering from dry joints, caused by continued application of liniments, blisters and baking.

Liquid medicines containing alcohol are a delusion. One might as well expect to put out a fire with kerosene as to cure rheumatism with a liquid medicine containing alcohol.

AQUA VITAE is Guaranteed Not to Contain the Slightest Portion of any Opiate of any kind or nature, and can be relied upon not to affect the heart or stomach; it has proven to be a benefit to both. Many cases of so-called stomach affections have proven to be rheumatism of the stomach, and have quickly disappeared when our Specific has been taken.

In some of those chronic cases of rheumatism the patient may, after taking a few weeks' of our treatment, begin to notice that there is a return of pain in those parts that had been stiffened for months and years, or the pain may shift to different parts of the body or be felt in the joints, muscles or nerves in which it has not been felt for some time. The return of this pain, however, is one of the surest signs that one can have that the treatment is giving the desired results, although the patient might think his already pitiable condition was becoming worse. Such, however, is not the case, but just the beginning of the Cure, and any sufferer from rheumatism may depend that if the directions are carefully followed relief is certain.

Rheumatism is a debilitating disease, and the importance of this should always be kept in mind. The patient must be supplied with good, nourishing food and the Bowels Kept Free. This must not be neglected, as the duration of the treatment depends greatly upon this.

The changes in the blood and the organs and tissues of the body of rheumatic patients do not, as a general rule, take place in a few days, weeks or months, but are gradually acquired

HER HUSBAND'S OFFICE.

A Story For Wives Who Just Drop In During Business Hours.

"Will you please," asks a secret sufferer, "write something about wives who make unexpected calls at their husbands' offices? I am not guilty of anything," but I think that even the most innocent of men suffers acutely when his wife visits him at his office. There is no way for me to make my wife understand this unless I appear boorish and brutal. Can't you say something about it? Many wives read your column."

Yes, friend says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. We will put it in the form of general propositions, hoping thereby to step on no individual toes. We hold these facts to be proved: That no husband ever wants his wife to call on him at his office during business hours, except upon his invitation.

That no wife can know how she upsets his routine, disorders the mental processes that go on during those hours and subjects herself to the gossip of his office mates.

That there is no easy way to make a wife see this.

We proceed from these truisms to a few observations.

A lovely creature breezes into her husband's office just because she happens to be passing. She says: "Now, don't let me disturb you a minute. I know you are busy. Dearie, what good does that desk light do you at that angle? Don't you know you will ruin your eyes? What a mess your desk is! Look at Mr. Office-mate's—how neat it is! Well, just let me stick this little package in your lower drawer and you bring it home with you when you come."

"Well, I must run along, for you're busy, dear; I want to speak to you. Who is that disreputable looking man who is waiting in the outer office to see you? Why, it's a perfect disgrace to have such callers!"

"You have an appointment with him? How can you make an appointment with such a creature? Well, goodbye, dear. Get your shoes shined before you come home—you look awfully elegant!" And if husband protests against that call her eyes fill with innocent tears and she says:

"Why, I wasn't there five minutes, and you weren't working at anything when I came in! And men call on you and stay half an hour! Of course I'll never come again. Are you ashamed of your wife?"

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We don't care what you may ask for in the Grocery or Produce line, we have it.

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Truro, N. S., May 12, 1917

A New Publishing Company

IT WILL TAKE OVER HEADLIGHT.

A new publishing company is being formed that will take over "Headlight" and publish it.

It is understood that it will be continued as an independent free paper. Mr. Lunn will continue to be editor.

"That Billy"

It is a very nasty weapon, a regular Black Jack. It is said on good authority, and very good too—games can be furnished if required—that the police billy reported found in these columns last week, belonged to the Truro force. It was picked up on Prince Street, near the Massey Harris Building, Friday morning, the 4th, at 6 o'clock. We do not know who it belongs to, but we have no hesitation in saying that it is a "Black Jack," an unlawful weapon, one capable in one blow of killing a horse, let alone a human being, and that any person who carries one of them is not fit to be a police officer. We understand it will be brought to the attention of the Attorney General, who will be asked to state if it is necessary in the country towns with such a weapon. In the meantime if any policeman in Truro wants to lay claim to the "Billy" it is his for the asking, not proving.

It is none of our business how it became lost.

A Turn Down.

SAID DEPUTY MAYOR WILL NOT STAND FOR REVERSING HIS DECISION.

The policeman who was asked to resign and did resign, has been reinstated. For our part we don't care a groat, but say some person must have been turned down. It is understood the deputy mayor asked the officer for his resignation and that the police committee reinstated the officer, and that the deputy would demand for it that he may resign his seat, and ask the citizens for an expression of opinion in the matter. There will likely be something doing in that respect next meeting of the Council.

NO! NO!!

The story is current again that C. W. Lunn will be a candidate in this county, next election. Nothing to it. We are out of politics.

PTE. BLAIR ARCHIBALD.

HIS SON RECEIVED SOME INFORMATION RE HIS WHEREABOUTS.

Earl Archibald, son of Pte. Blair Archibald wounded at the front, and now in Hospital in England, is in receipt of the following:

Department of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa, May 5th, 1917.
From: The Adjutant-General,
Canadian Militia.

To: Earl Archibald, Esq.,
Care of Mrs. Marshall Archibald,
Box 255, Truro, N. S.

414889, Private Blair V. Archibald,
Canadian Expeditionary Force

Sir:—I have the honor to state that information has been received by mail from England, to the effect that the marginally noted soldier was transferred from the Canadian Convalescent Hospital Woodcote Park, Epsom, England, to the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital Buxton, Derbyshire, England, suffering from a gunshot wound in the left foot and shell shock on April 3rd, 1917. Any further information received will be communicated to you without delay.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
FRANK BEARD,
1 1/2 Record Office,
for A. Adjutant-General.

IN HOSPITAL.

Pte. Norman McInnes, of Wallace, only brother of Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Truro, who is at the front, and suffering from foot trouble, is in hospital, and may come home this Autumn.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Tenth May, 1907. Snowed in Halifax to Extent Tying up Street Cars.

Speaking of cold east winds in May reminds us of the fact that on May 10th, 1907, it snowed to a depth of six inches in Halifax. Even at that we had a fairly good summer, though there was but one week of real warm weather.

In May, 1902, there were but two or three days warm weather. On June 26th, 1887, it snowed pretty lively on Cobequid Mountain, especially at Foleigh Lake.

Don't be discouraged, Nova Scotia always had a summer.

AU REVOIR!

The last booze joint has gone, but watch the "Moonshine" on the mountain, its shadows are already casting streaks across the town.

Alcohol, juniper buds, sugar and water are not Holland gin, but ye ken they mak' et in New Scotia—and it is the Dutch neutral drink too mind ye.

MISS GORGETTE AMAR DIMOCK PASSES AWAY.

Another Truro household is in deep grief over the passing to the Great Beyond of a favorite member of a little family circle, when Wednesday morning there peacefully passed away from the home at Forest Lawn, Gettysburg, Miss Dimock.

The deceased was never of a robust constitution, and for some two or three years has made a grand fight against disease—with a will power that was the admiration of her friends and attendant physician—but it was not to be; death triumphed; and a loved one has joined that great majority.

Miss Dimock was of a bright and cheerful disposition, exceedingly well informed on general subjects, of a kind and generous nature with a hand ever ready to help the poor and needy; and of a consoling and sympathetic nature with the afflicted. She had deep religious convictions and has for many years been a faithful member of the Anglican communion.

In the immediate family there survive a brother, W. D. Dimock, Editor of the Truro Daily News; and two sisters, Mrs. O. C. Cummings and Miss M. L. Dimock. A nephew, E. W. D. Cummings, E. E., also mourns deeply for a favorite aunt.

On Friday at two o'clock there was a short service at the family residence, Prince Street West, conducted by Rev. W. F. Robertson, B. D., Rector of St. John's, who also officiated at the communal service.—Daily News.

THE THREE BILLYS.

Is it either Billy Truro, Billy Cribb, or Billy Co. it. In the meantime Billy can prove his case by calling at this office.

STUNG!

Don't sneer at the local Minister of Finance. His name may mean the last resting place of a lot. Lord Chancellors of the Exchequer that precede him. Those who had been in their bonnets that will sting them to death.

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

TRURO MAN PASSED SUCCESSFULLY UNDER SURGEON'S KNIFE IN HALIFAX.

Parker McKenzie, the popular and well known livery-man of Truro, was successfully operated on for a severe case of appendicitis in the Infirmary, Halifax, Thursday.

His host of friends hope for a speedy and complete recovery.

HOSS RACING.

E. C. MCKENZIE HAS SECURED THE OLD TRACK.

Looks like hoss racing this summer for Truro.

Mr. E. C. McKenzie, has secured the Bible Hill track and will have the co-operation of such good horse sports as Billy McMannus, Peter McDonald, John D. Ross, Len McKenzie and others, and mind you they have some good ones the best that Truro has had in a quarter of a century.

WANTED—To take jobs of Concrete and Cementing work.

Apply to BERNARD FENTON,
Murray Siding,
Col. Co., N. S.

The Layton

Millinery Parlors

Headquarters for Ladies,

Misses and Childrens Hats

At Moderate Prices

"Something New" Every Day.

Orders Promptly Done

—ALSO—

Veils, Veilings, Hair Nets,

Hair Pins and Combs,

Hair Ribbons, Hat Trim-

mings etc.

Like Geese.

Some politicians are like geese. They eat everything before them, and kill everything behind them.

Dunlap's Market

(Successor to J. D. Ross)

Outram St. TRURO, N. S.



MEATS,

FISH

of all kinds

Farm Produce, Eggs,

Poultry and Vegetables

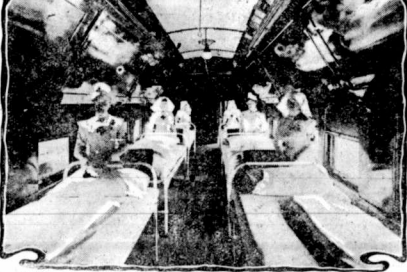
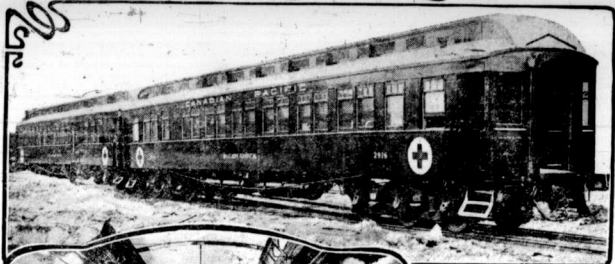
Canned Goods

PRICES RIGHT.

F. T. Dunlap

Subscribe Headlight
for . . . \$1.50 a year.

Comforts for Returning Heroes



THE idea of providing hospital cars for invalided members of Canada's expeditionary forces originated with the Canadian Pacific Railway over two years ago, when floor plans and interior arrangements for hospital cars were submitted to the Director-General of Supplies and Transport. At that time it was considered that the time was not ripe for them. However, it was later found advisable to provide the greatest comfort possible in the transportation of returned invalided soldiers. The Military Hospitals Commission therefore agreed to the Canadian Pacific Railway building six new hospital cars, fitted up on the most up-to-date lines from the point of view of hygienic and medical efficiency. All the necessary points for comfort and easy transport have been considered as well as the facilities for rendering every medical assistance to the men while travelling. The staterooms, which were inspected by the Hospitals Commission, were turned out on lines very similar to the original

plans submitted to the Director-General of Supplies and Transport, with, however, certain innovations found valuable by the French and British railways in transporting men from the front. There are three units of two cars each, making six cars in all, and the direction of the cars rests with the Hospitals Commission. Each unit comprises what is known as a composite car and a ward car. The former contains six cots, in addition to the quarters for medical officers and nurses, while the latter car has accommodation for fourteen patients. Everything has been provided, not only for the comfort of the returned invalids, but for those in charge of the patients. The accommodation for the nurses is equivalent to that of a drawing-room on a standard sleeper, with a toilet room annex upholstered in leather and all possible train comforts. Facilities have been provided for the storage of baggage, and there is also a kitchen attached, such as is contained in a tourist sleeper, to enable special foods to be provided for the wounded soldiers when occasion arises. The medical officers' quarters are fitted in the form of a compartment with table, upper and lower berths, and a small dispensary. OFFICIAL INSPECTION MADE. The ward car consists of one large room the length of a standard sleeper, and lavatories at either end. Standard hospital cots are installed in both cars; the floors are covered with linoleum and the aisles carpeted. A special feature is the introduction of a "bad weather entrance." The composite cars have two side entrances, in addition to the usual ones at each end. The side entrances, where the patients will be received, have been fitted with very heavy curtains which can be drawn closely in bad weather, thus affording ample protection from draughts to the patients already in the cars. The cars will be easily distinguished by the large Red Cross painted on either side of the words "Military Hospital." Lt-Col. Walter Maughan, representing the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, received Col. Dr. Alfred Thompson, Chief Medical Officer of the Military Hospitals Commission; Col. J. S. Shuffles, Officer Commanding the Military Hospitals Command; and Col. Emmott E. Clark, Assistant Director-General of Supplies and Transport, and conducted the party on a tour of thorough inspection through the composite cars and the ward car. The party came from Ottawa expressly to make the inspection, and subsequently expressed themselves delighted with the accommodation, which they said was so perfect in every detail that they could offer no suggestions for any alterations. Later Captain Symonds, Architect of the Military Hospitals Commission, and Mr. S. A. Armstrong, Director of the Military Hospitals Commission, made a similar tour of inspection. The cars go into operation immediately.

A Pointer for Police.

A local paper says men are going about begging money for booze, and that one of them is supported by his wife. That's vagrancy. The police should get busy, have the paper furnish the names, and evidence, with a view to prosecution. The statement is tantamount to a charge that the police are lax in their duty.

A Kick.

They say that horse act on a leading street in Truro Friday has been reported to the authorities. Should there not be a place to carry on such professional work other than a back yard? The doctor should know.

Still At It.

They say Cochrane is still doing business at the old stand.

Be Enlarged.

We understand the new owners of "Headlight" will have the paper enlarged next week to the size of the Truro Daily News.

KILL THE FLY.

For every fly you allow to escape you now, you must fight thousands later on. Kill every one you see. It will pay.

NOT HARMLESS INSANE.

We would rather be a drunkard in the ditch than a pious-faced prayerful church attendant, passing lustful remarks about every good looking woman we saw on the street. People of that kind should be incarcerated in an asylum and not one for harmless insane either.

SHAKE, BILL!

The friends of W. S. Kennedy of Truro, will be pleased to hear of his success at King's Law School, from which he graduated with distinction. Mr. Kennedy also made a name for himself as a debater, and lead the intercollegiate debating team. (The Editor extends congratulations.)

JACK'S COAL

We would advise that you get your next Winter's supply as soon as possible

John R. McMullen

Phone 46 - Forrester St

Sidney B. Cox

Successor to A. J. Walker & Son

TRURO - MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

All orders from the Country personally and promptly attended to.

Established 1857.

All Work First Class

KING GEORGE HOTEL

Railway Esplanade,

TRURO, - Nova Scotia

ARTHUR E. MILLS, Prop.

Livery and Auto

Satisfactory Service

PARKER MCKENZIE
PRINCE ST., - TRURO, N. S.
PHONE 307

IT'S THE BEST

Edward's Baking Powder,
That is Why So Much of It Is Sold.

PUT UP ONLY BY

A. E. EDWARDS

OUTRAM ST. TRURO, N. S.

HOW ABOUT CONSCRIPTION OF INCOMES?

For many weeks the Appeal has been advocating the conscription of all incomes above \$5,000. At the same time the capitalist newspapers have been advocating conscription of men for military service. The United States Congress has passed the measures demanded by the capitalist newspapers, but has not done a thing yet to enact a law along the lines advocated by the Appeal. Although President Wilson has on many occasions declared that humanity is paramount to property we find that his administration is rather slow in making property foot the costs of the war. We read about several proposals to tax postage, documents and commodities which will ultimately affect the people. We read about an increased rate of taxation applying to incomes such as will permit our captains of industry with a million dollars a year income to retain \$700,000 for their own uses. Also we read about the enormous financial requirements of the country during the next two years. How does the administration expect to satisfy the people when the rich who always profit from wars will as usual escape the burdens of war? Surely the administration is not hesitating to confiscate all incomes above \$5,000 on the ground that such a step would be unconstitutional? Elsewhere in this issue we reprint a speech made by Daniel Webster in Congress in which he declared the military draft to be unconstitutional. Also back of the opinion of this able constitutional lawyer is now the 15th amendment to the constitution (since adopted) which prohibits "involuntary servitude." Yet the administration enthusiastically and energetically forced through Congress a military draft law. Can it be that the same administration regards property as more important than life and liberty? One hundred dollars a week is a sufficient income for any person—and in times like these all above that sum should be put to the service of the government. So again the Appeal insists upon an answer to this question: How about conscription of incomes?—Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan., U. S.

FARMERS ASK U. S., TO FIX PRICES.

Want Congress to Guarantee Them Profit on Their Labor.

Says a Lansing, Mich., dispatch:—Unanimous approval of a resolution asking congress to establish a minimum price to be paid farmers for food crops was given Tuesday at a gathering of Michigan agricultural agents with the food preparedness committee in the state senate chamber. Chairman Fred Warner gave no opportunity for a wrangle over the question for he put it to a vote as soon as it was introduced by Senator Scully, of Almont.

That an increase of 25 to 100 per cent would result in the acreage of the crops most desired planted if minimum prices were fixed was the assertion from all sides, in discussing the proposition before the resolution had been introduced.

THE HOME SHARKS.

How About Able Bodied Stock Jobbers.

The citizens of Halifax are asked to contribute the sum of \$250,000 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. There really should be no occasion for any urging in this campaign. The civic sense of honor will then do the right thing. The needs of the Patriotic Fund should touch a man's honor as closely as the requirements of his own family.—Morning Chronicle.

(NOTE—Very good, but what about the Hindenburg stock jobbers at home, very fit to fight, that went about selling Government bonds, that sold soldiers, or the widowed mother of widowers at the front could have sold? Either put those financial sharks in uniform and send them to the front or intern them. They are Huns in a way.)

STATE CONTROL OF LIQUOR TRADE

The Matter Will Come Before the British House of Commons Today.

Says a London despatch: An order will be issued in the near future providing that the waste of any kind of food shall be a punishable offence. Captain Charles Bathurst, Parliamentary Secretary of the Food Controllers' Department made this announcement today in the House of Commons.

Discussion in the House on the work of the Liquor Control Board, which is to open to-morrow, is awaited with considerable interest, as the Government probably will indicate its policy toward the liquor trade. A lively controversy is looked for between the advocates of total prohibition and Government purchase.

The Pall Mall Gazette says it is rumored, in quarters generally well-informed, that the Government contemplates introducing a measure for State purchase of the liquor trade.

THE PASSING OF THE 20'S.

Newfoundland Adopts the New Leader.

A dispatch from St. John's, Nfld., of 8th says: War spirit and banking needs have combined to overcome political fears as to the possible outcome of the introduction into this colony of coinage similar to that of Canada and for the first time in fifty years, twenty-five cent pieces have been placed in circulation. Half a century ago Newfoundland declined an invitation to join the Canadian confederation and since then the colony has held aloof from inducements to become a province of Canada.

Because of the sentiment against annexation, public men have been extremely careful, lest any legislation which they might introduce should be construed as tending toward union with Canada. The colony therefore did not follow Canada's lead in putting quarter dollars in circulation, but established a twenty cent piece.

The war has drawn the colony and

the Dominion closer together in sympathy. Hence the present government has finally acceded to the plan of banking interests which have long desired the change and the first consignment of coins of the new denomination has just arrived from the British mint.

This means that the previously used Newfoundland quarter "20 cts." that has fooled so many in these parts, is a thing of the past.

PAPER BULLET CAUGHT HIM.

Truro Hotel Man Went After Soldier who Jumped Board Bill.

A Truro hotel man was out with a shot gun Friday, looking for a man that jumped his board bill, some \$30, and it is said, caught him with a paper bullet warrant up the line.

The man, it is said, served at the front, was wounded, came home and was appointed an inspector of some kind, drew a check for a month's pay but either purposely or designedly forgot bonifac.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR HEAD-LIGHT.

In the near future in these columns will appear a number of short stories written especially for Headlight, by a talented Truro young lady, one who possesses strong natural literary talent.

EX-COL. ALLEN OVER LINE.

Man who Organized 106th is in Maine, U. S., Qualifying for American Army.

Ex-Col. W. H. Allen, who some believe is the Dreyfus of Canada, is in Maine qualifying for a position as Private in the great Army against the Huns to the south of us.

Encouraging Dirt

Putting up the price of soap.

Terrorizing of the Neutrals.

That the terrorizing of the neutrals by the submarine campaign constitutes the real gravity of the world situation today is the belief of the well-known and naval critic Archibald Hurd. Given sufficient time, the Germans believe their submarine efforts will be successful, on the other hand, they are well aware that, if Norway and Spain, not to mention Sweden and Holland, determine to declare war on Germany, the conditions of the blockade would be changed at once. Submarines would no longer with impunity be able to slip into or out of the North Sea along Norwegian territorial waters; and the favorable conditions to the south would cease to exist if Spain entered the war. The Allies would then possess both shores of the North Sea entrances as they would the approaches to the Straits of Gibraltar, and it would then become possible to stop the movements of submarines.

CASH ONLY

I shall in future sell for CASH, and cut down expenses. That is the only way I can cut prices.

NELSON BLOIS

The Cash Grocery Store

SOUTH YOUNG ST.

TRURO, N. S.

WONDERFUL

THE FLUID THAT MAKES A PICNIC OF WASH DAY

Makes White Goods as pure as driven snow and Colored as sweet as new mown hay. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics.

Directions for Use.

White Goods. Soak articles for half hour in cold water; then slice half bar soap into boiler, adding 1 gallon water, half cup full of the fluid, boil and then add more water and the white goods. Boil for half hour, then rinse in two or three cold waters adding a little bluing to the last water, wring and hang to dry.

Colored Goods. Use first water boiled, adding little more cold.

PRICE 20c. A QUART TRIAL BOTTLE 10c.

PUT UP BY

The Wonderful Preparation Company

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

The price of this excellent preparation varies in these war crazy fluctuations. It can be had at Lum's News and Novelty Stand only, Currie Building, Prince St., Truro, N. S.

Commercial Street Market

FRESH PRINT BUTTER

FRESH EGGS

VEAL 16c. lb.

CHOICE ROAST PORK

24c. lb.

Fresh caught, also all kinds cured FISH

GOODS DELIVERED

Phone 253

TRURO

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY

STORY OF OFFICIAL STUPEFY COMES FROM INDIA.

A Body of Territorials Who Were Sent Across One Thousand Miles of Desert in the Heat of Summer With Inadequate Hospital and Train Service Suffered Untold Agonies From Thirst and Heat Stroke.

A N amazing story of the tragic death of British Territorial soldiers landed in India has been revealed in London Truth. It appears that the men were despatched on a journey of more than 1,000 miles through the desert without proper medical attendance and with nothing to protect them against the terrible heat.

The story which in Truth is entitled "A Troop Train Tragedy," is as follows:

"Indian military administration has not covered itself with glory during the war, but none of its blunders has been more inexcusable and more shocking than the recent tragic journey of a troop train from Karachi to Peshawar. Not all the facts have yet been divulged even in India, indeed, so far as I have seen, the newspapers there have only published short and colorless reports emanating from official sources.

"But the numerous letters that I have received, many of them from army officers, testify to the horror the affair has excited among all acquainted with the details, and but for the preoccupation of the press and the public with the war, the story would assuredly raise a storm of indignation here at home.

"In the month of June the railway journey from Karachi to Peshawar, a distance of over 1,000 miles, is one of the hottest in the world. For some hundreds of miles the line goes through the baking Sind desert, where the shade temperature is anything up to 126. Mail trains perform the journey in twenty-four hours. Troop trains take from two and a half to five days for the same journey because—the health and comfort of soldiers being of the highest importance—they are drawn by the slowest engines and have to give place to all other passenger traffic.

"On this journey, a severe ordeal even for acclimated white men, the military authorities at Karachi despatched about a thousand British soldiers just disembarked from the transport which had conveyed them from England. The men were sent out as drafts for various different units in India, territorial and regular. As usual the troop train was made up of old third-class carriages which, with the exception of the wooden seats, are little better than good trucks. Into these vehicles the soldiers were packed like sardines.

"One correspondent says they were still wearing English clothing. There were no punkahs or fans. Ice was supplied at Karachi—nominally one pound per man, but half of it melted before they received it. I am assured that the only water being drunk was what was carried in the men's water bottles, and that there was neither water nor any accommodation for washing.

"Three doctors traveled with the train, but like the men, they were new to India, and so, devotedly though they worked, they were hopelessly handicapped by their lack of experience as well as by their own sufferings from the intense heat.

"Two second-class carriages, each with lying-down accommodation for two patients, had been set apart for use as a hospital.

"The train pulled up at Rohri, 229 miles from Karachi, 23 hours after it started. By that time a number of men were sick, dying or already dead from heat strokes. Seven corpses were removed from

the train at Rohri and 32 patients in a critical condition were taken across the River Indus to the Civil Hospital at Sukkur, where in spite of everything that could be done for them five more died. During the half at Rohri a meal was served in the station shed, where the troops were shielded from the rays of the sun only by an iron roof. When the journey was resumed more heat strokes occurred and a carriage had to be turned into a mortuary.

"As the result of urgent telegraphic messages a further but inadequate supply of ice was obtained en route, and at Lahore the train was met by a staff of medical officers, nurses, and orderlies. Sixty-seven patients were transferred to the cantonment hospital at Lahore. For the rest of the journey a medical man with Indian experience accompanied the train and an extra engine was provided to expedite it.

"At Rawalpindi 37 more patients were taken from the train to the hospital. This made the total number of hospital cases 136. A semi-official statement issued from Simla gave 15 as the total number of deaths, including those of Rohri, but my correspondents assert that there were at least 25.

"A number of junior officers from regiments in the Punjab went down to Karachi to meet the drafts for their units. They returned with the train. I am told that they unavailingly pointed out the danger that would arise from the overcrowding, the heat and the slowness of the journey, and took the precaution of obtaining for themselves an extra store of ice, which they handed over for the use of the sick. The danger might have been lessened, if not removed altogether, by giving the men simple accommodations (there is no shortage of rolling stock), such as means of ventilating the heat as other travelers get and a faster train service. But the callous stupidity of the staff was imperious to reason or warning, and these unfortunate soldiers were ordered forth on a journey whose horrors could only be feebly imagined.

Returned Men Badly Stung by Toronto Barber.

(Toronto Telegram) Two lads—the home of one is in Merritt and the home of the other in Hamilton—had just come back from the front, and were passing through Toronto this morning. They were tired after their journey, and needing a shave and haircut, went into a barber shop.

When number one was finished with the bill was \$2.75. The soldier had been through a good deal and bore the marks of his campaigning experiences, but this staggered him. He wanted to know what had really happened to him, and the obliging artist of the scissors laboriously penned the following items:

- Shave, 15 cents
- Massage, 35 cents
- Antiseptic, 35 cents
- Haircut, 25 cents
- Mange Shampoo, 60 cents
- Violet ray, 25 cents
- Septic, 35 cents
- Tonic, 10 cents
- Total \$2.75

He paid. His comrade also parted with \$1.25 for a haircut, shave and massage. Then the two appealed to the police. Three policemen in turn gave their opinions regarding the barber, but they also told the men they could do nothing for them. Accordingly, the lads, who, by the way, fought at Ypres, St. Eloi,

Courcellette and in the general Somme advance, told their story to the Telegram.

These are the people we are fighting for," said one. "A man comes back after hard and bitter work at the front and it seems as if he is only a victim for robbery. We haven't any too much money, either," he added.

"Neck massage," said the victim of the larger bill. "Talk about getting it in the neck, this is a fine example I didn't ask for all these things, and I don't even know if I did get them in the name of everything that's pink in a 'mange shampoo' anyway? I'm not a dog and I'm not mangy. It's an infernal shame, that's all, but we are only relating our experience to warn some other poor chap from the front what to expect in this town when he arrives. What do such people think a returned soldier is—a millionaire or an easy mark?"

When the facts were related to Crown Attorney Corley, he gave the opinion that no action could be taken against the barber. "What evidently happened was that the knight of the shears having finished one item, suggested to the victim the advisability of having something more, and so the bill mounted up. Doubtless the soldier scarcely knew what was being done to him, but apparently got the service for which he was asked to pay. I am sorry the bill was paid. If the soldier had delcided to foot it the matter could have been ventilated in court and something might have been done."

A BIBLE HILL HERO.

What the Red Cross Do For Our Boys Overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walton, Bible Hill, Truro, N. S., are in receipt of the following, respecting the wounding in action of their brave lad Pte. S. Walton.

Canadian Red Cross Society, 14-16, Cockspar Street, London, S. W. 1, 21. 4. 17.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

Dear Madam I beg to inform you that Pte. S. Walton, No. 415, 839, Royal Canadian Rifles, who is now at Ionic St. Hospital, Rockferry, Cheshire, England, is suffering from a shrapnel wound in his right arm. He has been visited by our Representative, who reports that he is looking very bright and cheerful, and is being well looked after. He will be regularly visited by us while he remains in hospital, and we will send you reports as to his progress from time to time. Should he ask for any extra comforts they will be supplied him from this Office. With best wishes for his speedy recovery.

Yours truly
CONSTANCE SCOTT, Per E.S.O

The above is one of the strongest reasons why you, me, and everybody should support the Red Cross work. Those Red Cross people look after your boys away over, not only in England, but right up at the front as well, and don't forget the Y. M. C. A., work either.

Just gladly pay what you can when they pass the hat.

Huns Shot His Mother.

Because She Had "Wished the Kaiser Was Dead."

A postal card came through the Milwaukee postoffice in the last two days addressed to a Milwaukee son of a German mother who will not allow his name to be used, which brought both a message to him of his mother's health and her execution by the German authorities.

The card was addressed to "My Son." The card said that she was getting along well, and said: "I wish the Kaiser was dead."

The card came through, but the inscription across the card was to the recipient:

"Your mother was shot at sunrise. The censors."

The story developed when the young man tried to enlist in the U. S. Navy and presented the card as evidence of his reason for being enrolled. He had not been naturalized and was for the time rejected.

PAT'S CONTRACT.

There had been a quarrel in the street and in the ensuing fight one of the belligerents had died.

Pat Muldoon was duly charged with murder, and poor Mrs. Muldoon sought high and low for means to help her erring husband. At last she discovered that an acquaintance of his was to serve on the jury.

To him she went, offering her savings of £10 if he would induce his colleagues to bring in a verdict of "manslaughter."

The verdict was duly returned and Mrs. Muldoon hurried to the friend in need.

"Here 'are, Mike!" she said. "May the powers bless ye! Here's the £10. Did ye have much of a hard job?"

"Did I indeed! It took me two hours to get 'em to agree to that verdict. The rest all wanted to acquit him."

FOR A RAINY DAY.

They say the Scotch are a cautious race; spendthrifts, perhaps, but cautious.

Sandy was in a bar the other day and had just finished his drink, when in strolled a southern friend.

"Hello Sandy! Just going? Oh don't! The restrictions don't apply in this country, do they? Just stop and have another wi' me."

"Na, na," replied Sandy, "Ah's had no ma drink for the day. Ah'll no be havin' another, thank ye! But," as an inspiration struck him, "ye can pay for the yin Ah've juist had, if ye like!"

THE DE'IL OF IT.

An Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterwards with being drunk.

"It was absentmindedness," said Pat, "an, a habit I have of talking with meself I used to meself says I. 'Pat, come in an' have a drink.' 'No,' says I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Then I'll drink alone,' said I to meself, 'an' you ken what I did,' says I, 'An' when meself cum out, faith, an' lo an' behold you if Pat wasn't drunk."

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NEW SCOTIA

OF NEW SCOTIA

ABOUT TOWN.

- Coming. _____
- Summer. _____
- Sliding in. _____
- On the Lap of Winter. _____
- A bigger Headlight. _____
- Next Saturday. _____
- Its a fact. _____

Smash the Hindenberg line at home.

April showers in May.

Better late than never.

We understand Headlight is to be agood deal bigger paper next week.

Don't forget the S A. Self Denial work.

Are you sure you are not fit to go to the front?

Headlight will be 48 columns next week.

The red head may have to go, but it is here to stay.

Sam Whetstone will be on deck.

Watch for the Harmony Legislature.

Some experiences of a local religious worker, will be interesting.

We hear a Gospel Temperance campaign is on the "tapis."

Kindly let us have your ad copy not later than Tuesday, of each week.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Miss L. M. Stevens, Debert River, was in town Friday.

Mr. Parker McKenzie was reported from Halifax, when Headlight went to press, to be doing as well as could be expected.

The genial and popular Johnny Fraser of Glenholm, was a recent visitor in town.

Deep sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Johnson, in connection with the death of their boy hero Ned.

Though a bit belated we take this opportunity to extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hallisey on the death of their brave lad, who died for the cause, Lieut. Jack Hallisey.

C. W. Lann will continue to edit Headlight for the company that has taken it over.

We extend deepest sympathy to Mr. W. D. Dimock, Editor of the News, in the death of his sister, also Mr. and Mrs. John Hay in the death of a daughter, the second within a year.

MR. FOX.

Owing to cut not arriving in time, we cannot publish our Mr. Fox story this week.

TRURO HORSE AT SPRINGHILL.

Frank Smith of Truro, has entered Cape Breton Soldier in the races at Springhill, May 24th.

A HOME CLASH.

TWO GOOD BOYS GET HOT UNDER COLLAR AND GO A FEW FAST CLIPS

On Wednesday the attention of His Honor Judge Crowe of the Town Police Court was taken up hearing the case of King vs. E. A. Munroe who was charged with having assaulted D. A. Tattrie, the Railway Police Constable in the Truro Station on Monday night last.

The accused is a Corporal and Royal Military Police in connection with the Forrestry Battalion, stationed at Truro. G. H. Vernon, K. C. was acting on behalf of D. A. Tattrie, the C. G. R. Police Officer, whilst H. O. McLatchy acted on behalf of Corporal Munroe. The evidence disclosed that trouble arose out of Tattrie ordering Munroe out of the Toilet Room at the Station, he claiming that complaints had been made to him, by a large number of Soldiers congregated around the Waiting Room to the annoyance of other people there.

Evidence was given by a number of soldiers which showed that blows were delivered by both of the parties interested in the Suit.

In giving his decision dismissing the complaint Stipendiary Crowe intimated that he considered that Mr. Tattrie considered he was doing his duty in ordering Mr. Munroe from the Toilet Room.

A further case is to be heard by Stipendiary Crowe on Monday next, in which Mr. Tattrie is the Defendant and in which he is charged with assaulting Corporal Munroe.

The opinion is being expressed freely among our leading citizens that the matter has gone far enough however, and that no further proceedings should be taken in the matter as apparently both Officers had slightly exceeded their regular duties.

Officer Tattrie has been on the Police force for a number of years and is well thought of as a citizen of the Town of Truro and he is regarded by every one as being a good Officer, and it is conceded that whatever he did in the trouble on Monday night last was done by him believing that he was efficiently carrying out his duties as a Police Officer in looking after the Railway Station property and the welfare of the people having a right to frequent the Station Waiting Room.

E. A. Munroe, is a good man, physically and it was the clash between two good men misunderstanding that caused the row.

By the way both were born not far apart; in North Colchester. Shaky lads.

NOT A WAR HERO.

The dog minus a leg and an eye, though no doubt a hero, was not as reported. Disabled "somewhere in France"

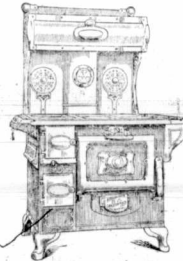
THE

Universal Favorite

Is made of the best selected material and built by skilled Canadian mechanics. Every detail has been carefully considered with a view to producing a High Class Steel Range to meet the requirements of the Canadian People.

The **TOPS** are made in sections fitted with interchangeable key plates to provide for contraction and expansion, and are guaranteed for 20 years against cracking or burning out. The Front Key Plate is hinged and can be raised and lowered by a patent lever attachment. For broiling and toasting or removing the cooling odors from the kitchen, this will be found a very valuable device.

The **OVENS** are made and ventilated on scientific principles, so that cooking and baking can be done at the same time. The juices are retained in the meats, and bread, biscuits, pies and cakes are uniformly baked and browned to a turn. No need to turn the dishes and pans in the oven of this Range to do good cooking and baking. The oven bottom is braced with angle iron stays, which makes it absolutely proof against buckling or warping.

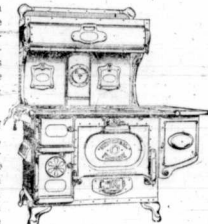


The **HIGH CLOSET** is unusually large and roomy, and made deep enough to hold the largest dinner plates or platters.

The Arklan Favorite

Is built like the rest of the "FAVORITE LINE" which always means THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

The **TOPS** are made in sections with interchangeable Key-Plates and are guaranteed against breaking or warping. The covers and centres are heavy and will always lie flat. A Reducing Cover supplied with each range.



The **BODIES** are made of heavy Polished Blue Steel, which does away with japanning or blackleading. All that is required to keep them clean is an occasional light rub with a cloth. All parts coming in contact with the fire are made of extra heavy gauge steel protected with asbestos millboard and hand rivetted every two inches with conebaded rivets. Every joint is guaranteed air tight and gas tight.

H. H. DRYDEN
Prince St. TRURO, N. S.