

Personal Mention

Contributions to this column will be gladly received. If you have any visitors staying at your home, or know of any friends who are leaving for a holiday, kindly phone or write THE ACADIAN.

Mr. H. M. Watson spent Christmas day at Halifax.

Mr. R. C. Peach was a visitor to Halifax on Christmas day.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. MacDonald spent Christmas in Windsor the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bissett.

Mrs. F. W. Patterson has as her guest for the Christmas season, her mother, Mrs. Johnson, of Oxford.

Mrs. Ralph Wetmore left Saturday morning to visit her parents at Day Spring, Lunenburg county.

Miss Viva Bengtson, superintendent of Westwood Hospital, spent Christmas day with friends at Windsor.

Mr. Harold Sipprell, Acadia '27, left last Saturday for St. John, where he will spend the remainder of the holiday.

Mrs. W. A. Chipman returned home recently from a trip to Windsor, Conn., New York, Rochester, and Montreal.

Miss Ellen Hemmeon, of Newton, Mass., is spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Hemmeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Evans and daughter, of Halifax, spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Evans.

Miss Jean MacLaughlin, Assistant Physical Director at Acadia, is spending the Christmas recess with her parents in Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Halifax, were Christmas guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sleep.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Chute, of Newton, Mass., are spending the Christmas vacation with the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Chute.

Dr. Bates, of the Bathurst Pulp Co., Bathurst, accompanied by his two children, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. John Ingraham.

Miss Christine Perry, of Yarmouth, is spending the Christmas holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Perry, Westwood avenue.

Mr. Edgar DeWolfe, who is teaching at Liscomb, Guysboro county, is spending his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. T. DeWolfe.

Miss Gwendolyn Hales, who is studying art at Boston, is spending the Christmas holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hales.

Mr. Allan Smith, B.A., principal of the school at Grand Falls, Nfld., is spending the vacation with Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Oakes, Prospect street.

Miss Mildred Harvey, who is teaching in the Dame School at Chatham, N.S., is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Harvey, for the Christmas season.

Mrs. MacLean, Dean of Women at Acadia, accompanied by her daughter, spent the week end in St. John, where she visited her daughter, Miss Queenie.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred Beckwith, of Glace Bay, were visitors in Wolfville over Christmas, at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. J. W. Beckwith, Acadia street.

Miss Irene Haley, Librarian at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is spending the Christmas season with her sister, Mrs. M. R. Elliott, Linden avenue.

Mr. Leslie Wiltshire, of Hortonville, this week received a medal from the Royal Humane Society, as a reward for his bravery in rescuing Lloyd Macpherson from drowning last summer.

Merle F. Bancroft, Professor of Geology at Acadia, left Saturday for New Haven, Conn., to attend a session of the Geological Society of America, which convened there from the 28th to the 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Lingley are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, St. John. They were joined there by their son, Reginald Lingley, who is doing post graduate work at Harvard.

Mr. Holmes Bauld is spending the holidays at the home of his father, Mr. Robert Bauld, this town. It has been five years since he left Wolfville for British Columbia, where he engaged in mining for some time. He is now pursuing a course of study at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

Mr. C. K. McLeod, who is taking the last year of his course at McGill University, is spending the holidays at the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. H. McLeod, this town. His brother, Mr. Everett W. McLeod, of the C. N. R., arrived on Wednesday evening and will also spend a few days' holiday at his home.

INDUCTION SERVICE AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

An interesting service took place at St. Andrew's United church on Sunday morning last when the induction of the minister and elders took place before a good sized congregation. Rev. Douglas B. Hemmeon, D.D., who has been pastor of the church since the union of the Methodist and Presbyterian congregations, was inducted by Rev. Prof. Shaw of Pine Hill College, Halifax, who gave a very fine address. The charge to the congregation was given by Dr. J. W. Prestwood, of Hantsport.

The following elders were inducted by Dr. Hemmeon: George L. Bishop, W. H. Chase, Dr. Wm. Grant, Henry M. Neary, J. A. Macpherson, Charles Smith. The choir, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Ford, rendered the anthem, "The Heavenly Song," by Hamilton Gray, in which the solo part was taken by Miss Doris Chambers.

Weather conditions for Christmas Day were ideal and the Yuletide anniversary passed off in Wolfville most satisfactorily. There were the usual number of family reunions and festivities, and with good sleighing, motoring and skating every opportunity was available for enjoying the holiday. From every viewpoint Christmas, 1925, was a success.

New Knitted Sweaters For the Sportsman



Even though a man be so absorbed in business as to think that he has no time for recreation, he is seldom invulnerable to the lure of handsome knitted coat or vest. He'll be sure to find a time and a place to wear either of them. There is almost as much diversity of style in men's knitted things as in women's, so that there is considerable choice. There is the turtle neck pull-over; then there is the cricket neck which is also a pull-over; there is the sleeveless sweater with a deep V neck or with neckline that is high fitting, finished with a turn-over collar with decided points, and there is the open front coat with a cardigan or turn-over neck finish, and the vest which is almost as tailored looking as if it were turned out in the West of London. Navy and camel might be suggested for the vest which has four pockets and is finished at the neck and down the front like a cardigan and is fastened with seven bone buttons. It is knit in a sort of block effect with the navy blocks in relief. The turtle neck sweater was created for a strenuous life, so that it must be made of strong yarn, the weight depending upon just how much is expected of the garment. Sometimes it is made of a very heavy, thick, double-weight yarn which defies all decoration as well as the ravages of the most determined blizzard, but most men prefer a lighter weight.

WITH THE NEW YEAR

Little Mrs. Westcott stood back and surveyed the work of her hands with dimpling approval. The things did seem to come out extra good, just as if they knew they were to crown a New Year's feast. Land's sake! It's after 4 and here I haven't breathed a word to those two dear souls, and first thing you know they'll be starting their own supper. Deftly she covered the snowy biscuits and luscious meat-pie until they should be once more returned to the oven for warming. "You are a beauty, if I do say it," she told the great pink-iced cake as she removed that treasure to the cool pantry. With a final pat to her immaculate hair and apron she opened the door and stepped into the back entry. "Mrs. Mohan," she called to the floor below. "Yes, Mrs. Westcott." Mrs. Mohan's thin, sallow face looked up questioningly. "Happy New Year," beamed Mrs. Westcott. "Mrs. Mohan, could you leave George for a minute and come up?" "All right," answered the other woman. "Mrs. Thompson," Mrs. Westcott's voice trilled to the floor above her. "Oh! Mrs. Thompson," as that good lady, if anything a trifle more thin and sallow than her neighbor on the first floor, appeared on the landing. "Bring little Marie, and come down a minute, will you? I want to wish you a happy New Year." "Sure," replied Mrs. Thompson. Five minutes later her two neighbors were comfortable in the spick and span little kitchen. Mrs. Westcott gazed on them rapturously. "You are all invited to have New Year's supper with me tonight. I had Jed tell your husbands, going to work this morning, so they'll hurry home, and we could sit down prompt at 6." "Oh! That's awfully nice of you, Mrs. Westcott. George'll love it; he was sniffing while you were cooking this morning." Mrs. Mohan's thin face softened. "It's almost too much though, all of us—six extra for supper; but I'd love to come." Mrs. Thompson, little Marie in her arms, leaned forward eagerly. "I'll bring two pies," Mrs. Mohan half arose as she spoke. "And I'll bring coffee and doughnuts," added Mrs. Thompson. Little Mrs. Westcott threw back her silver head and laughed merrily. "Ladies, she protested, "I'm not asking you to come to a donation party. I'm asking you to supper, and I have plenty of everything, even to the pink frosting for Georgie and pink ice-cream with cherries in it for Marie."

plenty of everything, even to the pink frosting for Georgie and pink ice-cream with cherries in it for Marie.

"You see, Jed and me have always had somebody to share the New Year with us. We think it's a good way to start, being friendly and just sort of spreading your joy a bit."

"I should have so loved to have my daughter with me, and her husband, and to think I haven't ever seen my little grandchild, and him most three months. But it costs lots of money to go to California, and Billy's firm sent him with the understanding that he would stay a year."

"But I do get so lonesome, what with my lad sleeping there in France." A tear trickled down the withered pink cheek.

"There, I'm ashamed of myself. I've everything in the world to be happy for."

"You're the bravest woman and the best woman I ever knew," Mrs. Mohan spoke almost reverently. "And I do believe you know how conditions are at the shop too."

"Why, of course I do," Mrs. Westcott was pink and smiling. "Jed told me."

"And you're not worrying? I haven't slept for a week."

"Not me either," agreed Mrs. Thompson. "Well, it's about time you two girls stopped such nonsense." Mrs. Westcott put a kindly hand on each shoulder. "Your husbands are young; if they lay any help off 'twill be Jed. When a man's over 60 he isn't worth so much as a young man."

"Do you know, when I got up this morning and the sun streaming in the windows and the sky so lovely and blue, I said to Jed:

"Jed, the new year is going to be the best year we have ever known. That's just the way I feel about it for us all. They won't lay any of the men off, now you can trust to that."

"But," said Mrs. Mohan, "Tom says a lot of firms are either laying them off, or putting the men on half-time. What would I do, with Georgie's treatments for his leg?"

"And Frank says"—Mrs. Thompson played with little Marie's fingers absent-mindedly—"one of the younger members of the firm has been sort of looking the men over, and Frank thinks he's slated to go, as well as Mr. Westcott and Mr. Mohan."

"Well"—little Mrs. Westcott pushed back her chair briskly—"We're not going to grieve New Year's night for anybody, not even if trouble comes. We'll meet it somehow."

"Now I'll just set the meat-pie back in the oven, and you two girls go right now and get freshened up a bit, and come right back with those blessed babies. Hurry now."

"Mama! Mama!" little Georgie Mohan's childish treble came excitedly up the stairs. "Did you see papa get out of the swell automobile just now? Somebody drove him home and Mr. Westcott and Mr. Thompson are with him. I'm coming up with them, Mama."

"Hello, everybody," grinned the two younger men, but it was Mr. Jed West-

cott who was master of the situation. "Hello, sweetheart," he whispered into the wondering ear of little Mrs. Westcott. "Welcome friends." And then with his arm around his wife, he said: "Wouldn't tell these two young rascals a word till I reached home. Ma, whom do you suppose owns the firm I've been working for the last year? Jerry Ashby, old Jerry Ashby, who went to school with us. Well, neither of us was aware of the other's existence, probably never would have been but for Jerrey, Jr."

"When he was making out the payroll he remembered the name, having heard his Dad tell about me. So they put up a game on me, and just because I nursed Jerry through a fever years ago, he had to pay me back."

"Mother"—he held her eyes with his— "they took me into the firm today as one of the directors, I was able to put in a word for the lads here, and Jerry gave them a raise, a good substantial one, too, and not a single man's to be laid off."

"I guess"—Mrs. Mohan's face was flushed and happy—"I'll go freshen up a bit."

"Me, too," laughed Mrs. Thompson. And then as the door closed after them, Mr. Jed Westcott pressed his lips to his wife's sweet, quivering ones.

"Dearest," he told her, "We're going to start tomorrow on a second honeymoon. Way out to see Sally and Billy and the baby. Of course you'll want a lot of pretty, new things to start, so they said me in advance." He pressed a roll of bills into her hand as he spoke. "Isn't 1926 a glorious New Year, sweetheart?" he asked. And little Mrs. Westcott could only answer: "Wonderful, Jed."

WEEK OF PRAYER 1926

Next week is the Week of Prayer. The Ministers have approved the following programme:

Monday, Jan. 4th, subject: "A New Year Programme". Speaker, the Rev. Douglas Hemmeon, St. John's Church of England.

Tuesday, Jan. 5th, subject: "The Helpfulness of Happiness". Speaker, the Rev. A. N. Marshall, St. Andrew's United Church.

Wednesday, Jan. 6th, subject: "New Year Resolutions". Speaker, the Rev. R. F. Dixon, the Baptist Church.

The meetings will open at 7.30 o'clock p.m. Each minister will preside in his own church. The choirs are asked to lead the singing each in its own church. Offerings will be received on Monday for the V. O. N., on Tuesday for the Poor Relief and on Wednesday for the Children's Aid Society.

On Sunday, Jan. 10th, the following arrangement has been made for morning worship: St. Andrew's United Church, the Rev. A. N. Marshall; the Baptist Church, the Rev. Douglas Hemmeon.

Mr. A. M. McIntosh desires to acknowledge with thanks a contribution of \$10 from the Sir Robert Borden Chapter, I. O. O. E., towards the expenses of the Christmas tree at the Morine Mountain church.

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Items C Hand-tinted Fry's Stu Some of the Mr. G. A. has our thro land, Cal, T The follow calendars re W.S.D. With ville. Renew through We magazines. Page six of able greeting ville business of expressing public at the It is a featu readers of T and a courties during the c Miss Cora tiser" staff, I mas holiday Master Jo College Scho vacation at t Henry Child Miss Phyll of last week she will rem was accompa by her moth who returne Miss Mildr Wolfville, is her parents, Miss Elai spent a few grandparents, Brooks. Miss Bern of C. O. Bern Christmas at Master Do week with his at Grand P Mr. Gladw on Friday las has spent Mr. and M enjoying the daughter, M Jr., in Halif Master Ja few days in Wallace Bar (By A friend a in the Coal Besco" Tuc Both will win the coal con the costs. The Poor are charged ect. Surely rid of poets A long Ne Archibess off recommending Odes of Ho is still at la Hope keeper A band of West will m the capital are anxious demand, out way. Peace public work The Mari their share genes to a N. E. to p to Portland Perhaps a g for quarter via Maritime How can t for education books be go government? young peopl States where everywhere e THE CH Only ty cayed Childr since Chu the p probably fo sponse to t the beginni that the an dollars, ma The amo week was joined the Mrs. W. Mrs. Rut New Greet We generous 1925 an wishes Happi BA ME