

The Hantsport Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HANTSPORT AND VICINITY

HANTSPORT HAPPENINGS

On Thursday evening a large number of the United church to enjoy their annual Christmas tree and festival provided for the children of the school.

Mr. Z. L. and Mrs. Fash and Miss Fash were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fash, Kentville.

Mr. W. A. and Mrs. Outerbridge spent Christmas with their daughter, Miss Gladys Prizale, of the week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lane, Holmes Hill.

Miss Annie Reid, of Halifax, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reid, recently.

Miss Grace Young had for her guest the week end, Miss Cora Harvey, Windsor.

Miss Susie Newcombe, student nurse at the P. M. hospital, and Miss Dorothy Newcombe, of Windsor, spent Christmas at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Newcombe.

Miss Gladys Prizale, of the Acadian, Wolfville, spent the week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lane, Holmes Hill.

Mr. F. Lane and three children, of Kings county, are spending their holidays with Mrs. Lane's father, Customs Officer J. W. Lawrence.

Mr. T. Patton, New Glasgow, is spending a short holiday with his family in Kings county.

Miss Annie Cornwall, teacher at Hantsport, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cornwall.

Mr. Neil Forsythe, of Frost & Woods, spent Christmas at his home here.

Mr. Manning Gertridge, who spent several weeks in Boston, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gertridge.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cohoon spent their Christmas season at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Stanley Power, Lakeville.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cohoon spent their holiday at Mrs. Cohoon's former home in Wolfville.

Mr. E. Lester, who spent several days at home here recently, left for Halifax Monday.

The open air rink had its initial opening on Christmas evening with a good attendance. It is under the management of Mr. Vaughan Taylor, who has called a radio for the benefit of the rink.

Captain William MacKinlay, Mt. Dennis, is building a tug boat at his shipyard and is making rapid progress, having now about ready for planking.

Word has been received here of the death in California during this month Miss Emeline Campbell, a daughter of late Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Campbell, residents of Hantsport.

Miss A. Hurry, of Cape Cod, and Miss Clapp, Pasadena, California, spent Christmas music featured both the United church on Sunday, singing the following anthems: "This Happy Christmas," "Chas. D. Kirk," and "The Band is Singing" by Rev. A. A. In the evening for choir rendition "The Child in the Manger" by "Sweet and Tender Story" by B. Wilson, the soprano and alto parts which were effectively rendered by Mrs. C. G. and Mrs. M. O. The pastor, Rev. H. E. Goswami, gave an impressive sermon on the "Nativity" parts of which were illustrated by Rev. W. Outerbridge. The music rendered by the choir under the leadership of the director, Mrs. F.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CALIFORNIA

Arcata, Cal., Nov. 15, 25
Editor Hantsport Acadian

Dear Sir,—Your ever welcome newsy paper always arrives Friday or Saturday, which gives my wife and I good Sunday reading, and is an agent that helps keep old Hantsportians in touch.

My wife was not one month here before an aunt in Portland, Oregon, got her address, and communicating began. There are three old Hantsport boys in Portland, Alden, Arthur and Newton Graham, though the Graham boys were born across the line in Horton. I was born in a house that stood between Harris Martin's store and Nathan Harris' Post Office, while Flora was born on what used to be known as the Shore Road, now Williams street.

Newton Graham, when I last heard of him, was captain of a river and harbor dredge. At one time Newton's health was in very bad condition, and a doctor believed in honesty more than medicine, told him to go away on a trip and put business out of his mind. One day a passenger on his boat got talking Humboldt to Newton, when he asked this former Humboldt man, "Do you know any one by the name of Fox in Humboldt?" "Yes, I know John H. Fox, his wife and children." From that clue Newton thought to lay aside business in favor of health, came down here and made a couple of months' visit, ate nourishing food, let business go to the dogs as the saying goes, went back home a well man again.

The newspaper you so ably edit brought a splendid letter from one loved and respected by all who are fortunate enough to be on that lady's friendship book, Alice Allen Wiley, a letter of congratulation on Flora's and my marriage, which we both truly appreciated; also a nice Christmas present, a song composed by Alice under the name of Alysce Allayne, a nom de plume used in her novels and music.

My cousin, J. E. Shields, and wife drove over from their Eureka home this afternoon. After a chat they left for home, taking Flora to Arcata, where she took the bus for Korb, where Elta Riley Dorman and husband hold forth, also Flora's daughter, Minnie Taylor, and husband, and grandson Jackie, and Fredrick Marsten, the eldest son, Christmas preparations, presents, etc., were posed to be the issue, but its dollars again doughnuts the real issue was little Jackie, who is beginning to talk. With the aid of father, Uncle Fred and Edwin, Jackie's early education will lose nothing. Mr. Editor, I guess you will agree we all were pretty smart at this age.

Winter has set in. About six inches of rain has fallen. The weeds have Flora's strawberry plot submerged. You cannot see a leaf since the rains started.

Your correspondent chose something easier for the garden than strawberries, and has a few rows of seven year lima beans that climb to the top of a fifteen foot pole and are loaded. For string beans they are unexcelled. About ten days between acts and they are shelled beans. That nothing in the bean family can approach. We have used this bean over a quarter of a century. If some of your readers wish a starter from it just send in name and address.

Tonight gave us half a dozen vivid flashes of lightning, the second this year. Barometer dropped to close to thirty. Thermometer 60 degrees today. My wife will find on coming home some of her fifteen foot dahlias beaten down with the heavy rain that is pouring down.

The Hantsport pennant that is on the wall near the front door tells the visitor where we are from. The elegant calendar from the United Fruit Company, D'Kentville, which holds a conspicuous place on the living room door, backs up the pennant. On Armistice day Flora put up our flags, (American, Canadian and Union Jack). The side walk flags were displayed in the country, surrounded by cows, milk, cream, creameries, Portuguese, Swiss, Danes, and a few Bluenoses.

Sunday, Dec. 13, 1925—Nearly a month since I wrote my starter. Thanksgiving was observed by a bunch of happy Bluenoses at the Frost home in Bay District, situated a quarter of a mile from the public school where my seven children graduated. My eldest daughter is now Mary Elizabeth McCann, whose husband, Merle McCann, is also of Bluenose stock, though born in Eureka. After graduating from public school Mary graduated from a prominent

LARGEST ST. BERNARD ON CONTINENT



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should be paragons, indeed, and who likes such persons? if we never made mistakes, never failed to keep up to these standards we set for ourselves. But this does not prevent the recipes and the patterns being valuable. They are like crystallized ideas to make the new year more worthwhile and the book better reading.

It is not strange that we should feel a touch of exhilaration and excitement when we start a new year. It is a day that marks a division of time in everyone's life. It presents wonderful opportunities to do what we decide will promote our happiness and pleasure during the coming days. It is something to look forward to with keen anticipation, with an eye quick to see possibilities, an ear alert to hear all the good things, and every nerve delightfully a-tingle to make the most of our opportunities. As we tread the paths before us, our record is indelibly written. The fascinating Year Book is ours to make of it what we will. So we welcome the greeting and pass it along to all the friends we meet. A Happy New Year to you and yours.

THANKFULNESS

I got down on my marrow bones beside my trundle bed, and thanked the Lord on Christmas night, and this is what I said: "Bless the folks who don't bless them all who pay me debts, Lord help the ones who won't; bless the Janes and all the dames who filled me up with cake, and bless Docs. Morton-Elliott, who'll cure my tummy-ache; bless the friends who shipped along the showers of gifts and chow, and bless the gals I kissed beneath the good old mistle-

toe; forgive me all my trespasses, and those I swat and slam—forgive them all their trespasses (that's kind of guy I am). Bless the gang who brought around the piles of Christmas cheer, and canonize the one who brought the crock of nearly beer. I've toasted all the pastors, and I've kissed the village cop; drank health to all who advertised—the others: not a drop. My heart is overflowing, and the reason is because I'm feeling like a kid again at seeing Santa Claus. I never dreamed of so much joy, or Christmas fun whatever,—so goodbye BLUES, I'm telling youse "them days is gone forever".

THE NEW LEAF

Turning the leaf that the New Year brings
To the worn old book of life
Is turning your back on a tired past.
With its fear and distress and strife,
Turning the leaf, you may turn to love,
To brightness and joy and laughter,
But it isn't the turning that counts so much
As what comes after!

It's writing that counts in the book of life,
It's the message you pen each day—
It's whether the page be rosy hued
Or touched with a sullen gray,
It's what we may teach as we humbly write,
And what we, please God, may learn;
What really counts, as the New Year dawns,
Is what comes after—the turn.

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THE NEW YEAR ISSUES 365 PAGES FOR YOUR IMPRESS

The coming of a new year is like the opening of a new book, another volume to add to those already in our library of the past that we have closed and laid on the shelves of our remembrance. We know that this new book will be of absorbing interest. It will be fascinating, engrossing, alluring, full of incidents and action. We know just how many pages there will be, for each of the 365 days is a leaf in our autobiography.

Strange as it may seem, and curious as it really is, these fascinating year books are written by ourselves as well as read by us, page by page. Much of what is recorded is legible to our friends and acquaintances, and fairly well understood by our family and intimates. No one, not even ourselves, quite understands all, and we will not until the last page of the final volume is closed and the evidence is all in.—We can read much of that written in the books of others also. We read results in persons' faces and in their eyes as well as by their actions.

So the pages are important. They present opportunities to help or hinder those with whom we come in contact. This adds another note of interest to our book, a powerful and dominant one that rings out clear and true.

Once upon a time it was the fashion to start the first page of a fresh volume with New Year's resolutions. It was not a bad idea, this. Just because we did not always succeed in keeping the resolutions perfectly, should we refuse to make any more? Mistakes are made repeatedly when persons are learning to do things, but this does not deter them from trying again. A recipe is not discarded after once failing to make the dish perfectly. Sewing is not abandoned merely because we do not make our garments or do our daily needlework or embroidery correctly when we start.

Isn't it up to each one of us to make our lives as fine and as perfect as lies within our ability? Good resolutions and worthy decisions are like recipes for living or patterns for our guidance. We will say good-bye until new year 1926. My wife thinks of making a larger Bluenose picnic next year that will include more of our relatives and other Bluenoses.

B. A. Frost.

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WITTING

"How much are your eggs?"
"Fifty cents a dozen."
"How reasonable. You down our way dealers are charging that much for them."
"Sixty cents per dozen is all right me, stranger—if it will make you any more to home."



DEALER: "Mrs. Just like this 'em round for the post."
NEW HAND: "Ow shall I ride it home, for buying or selling?"
—The Passing Show.