

September 9, 1921

Every line in a newspaper costs the proprietor something. If it is for the benefit of the individual it should be paid for. If the grocer were asked to contribute groceries to one abundantly able to pay for them he would refuse. The proprietor of a newspaper must pay for the free advertising if the beneficiary does not, and yet it is one of the hardest things to be learned by many, that a newspaper has space in its columns to rent, and must rent them to live. To give away rent for anything less than living rates is as fatal to a newspaper as for a landlord to furnish rent free.

KEEP FORESTS ALIVE

Living forests provide us with wood material of all kinds for our homes and industries, but burned forests provide no lumber for the saw-mill, no work for the workingman, no business for the merchant, and no freight for the railway or steamship. The moral is that everyone should be careful with fire in the woods.

You hear a lot about a prophet being without honor in his own town. We are inclined to think that is because he does not know how to utilize his home paper for advertising purposes.

Subscribe to THE ACADIAN

Port Williams

A band of gypsies visited this village last Thursday, regular desperadoes, making general nuisances of themselves for a few hours, several of our women and children being frightened. They finally left, going across the dyke and on toward Wolfville. Such people should be driven from the Province.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Rand with two children, accompanied by Miss Ellen Rand, enjoyed a few days motor trip recently in Mr. Rand's new Gray-Dort, through to Yarmouth, calling at several places enroute, thence around the South Shore. Mr. and Mrs. Silas Gates with their car, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Campbell, took the same trip at the same time. The South Shore trip is becoming very popular all over the county.

Mr. George Gates has a large number busy at work picking plums and apples and packing the latter, many women and girls of the place being employed. Mr. Gates recently purchased a fine new Oldsmobile motor truck, which is very convenient in his business as a truck, also to be used for picnics, or carrying a large number of people on trips.

Mr. and Mrs. Flood, of St. John, N. B., recently visited friends one day in this place, being guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Meisner, of Hortonville. Mrs. Flood was well known and remembered in this Village as Miss Violet Meisner, becoming a bride a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Morse, widow of the late Rev. L. D. Morse, at one time pastor of Wolfville Baptist church, visited not long ago at the Parsonage, with Mr. and Mrs. Chipman.

Many of our residents motored over to Upper Canada last Sunday evening to enjoy the Recital held there at the Baptist church.

A number in this place enjoyed the holiday, on Monday in various ways.

some going on Motor trips, etc., Our two school teachers, Miss Edmonds and Miss Coleman, are now well started in our school work. There is a good sized school.

Our Village has had many visitors from a distance this season but one family of visitors gave good pleasure to the public on two Sunday evenings at the Baptist church. We refer to Prof. and Mrs. Nicholls and three sons, of Somerville, Mass., who motored all the way in their large auto, coming through Maine, New Brunswick, etc., to Port Williams, where they were guests for a time of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Gates, Mrs. Nicholls being a sister of the latter. About three weeks ago on a Sunday evening, Prof. Nicholls and sons assisted the choir with instrumental music, 1st and 2nd violins by Mr. Nicholls and one of the sons, another the cornet and the third son at the organ, the latter being a skilled pianist. A large audience that evening enjoyed a great treat and wished for more. A week ago on Sunday evening again—the visitors motored to other places in the meantime—the three sons of the family assisted our choir again, but vocally they assisted in parts of two lengthy anthems, very beautifully they and Mr. Ibsen formed a quartette, two or three selections well enjoyed by a crowded house and a sermon by the Pastor that was worth listening to that evening. Such visitors give lasting pleasure and help to a community. They started on their return trip to their home in Mass. one day last week, after enjoying good old Nova Scotia's air and a good bit of its scenery for about a month.

A girl was putting up some decorations in a church when the minister happened to look in. Seeing some tacks lying about in the pulpit, he said: "You should not leave the tacks there, Katie. Now what would happen if I stepped on one in the middle of the sermon next Sunday?" "Oh, well," said Katie, "there would be one point you wouldn't linger on long, anyway."

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of sieges guns.

I steal in the United States alone over \$300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and the old, the strong and the weak, widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless, I am every where; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I am CARELESSNESS.

A country clergyman was preaching on an obscure point of theology, which he explained in an original and striking manner. He concluded by saying "This is entirely my own view. Commentators do not agree with me."

The next day he was informed that one of his parishioners wished to see him. Going into his study he was greeted with cordiality by one of his deacons who happened to be a market gardener.

"Morning, sir," beamed the caller.

"Heard you say yesterday as common taters didn't agree w' yer, so I've brought a sack of my best. Hope you'll get on better with them."

Greenwich

A number of the visitors in this place have returned to their homes. Miss Hunter, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. K. Forsythe for several weeks, returned to her home in N. B. about two weeks ago, to resume her work of school teaching. Miss Bertha Spille, who has been spending the summer vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Forsythe, returned to her home in the States one day last week. On Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. John Harvey and family and their niece, Miss Madeline Harvey, who have been guests of Mrs. Emma Harvey for some time, also returned to their homes in the U. S.

Recently a very enjoyable Community Picnic was held at Starr's Point. A good number went over in auto's and teams.

John Andrew, who has been quite ill at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Fenwick, is now much better.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Marshall recently returned home from Halifax where Mr. Marshall was a patient in the V. G. Hospital for many weeks, undergoing two successful operations by a Toronto Specialist. He came home much improved in health.

Mrs. Anderson, of Boston, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Forsythe, and relatives in Wolfville.

Miss Millie Fraser, of Boston, is also enjoying a months vacation at the home of her parents here.

Mrs. Byron Cox entertained the young people at her home last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ada Forsythe recently motored through to Chester in her new Ford car, for the week-end. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Bell, and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hemminger.

Mr. and Mrs. Burpee Bishop accompanied by friends enjoyed a motor trip around the South Shore last week, being gone about four days. On Monday morning of this week Mr. Bishop and Philip and Robert left for Truro in their auto, to be gone a few days. Mr. Bishop has certainly proved the Ford to be a good car, he having purchased "Lizzie" several years ago, indeed the first car that was owned in this place, and no one has taken as many real long trips as he has and old "Lizzie" is still faithful and in first class running order.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, Baptist Missionaries of India, recently visited relatives and friends here.

Miss Fisher, our new school teacher, is hard at work, the school being large, but there are more children that should be in school. We are glad to know several schools in the county have taken up the compulsory school act, for children who should be in school. The Kentville schools have it, also the schools at Pine Woods, that now being a large school. Such a good law should be in force in this section and well looked after.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Forsythe recently attended the wedding of the latter's sister, Miss Kathleen Meek, of Upper Peregau.

Mr. T. A. Pearson and two daughters, Misses Esther and Charlena, left on Tuesday morning for Boston. They were accompanied by Miss Taylor, who has been spending the summer at Mr. Marshall's caring for the children who were at home.

COW, JOHN BARLEYCORN'S SUCCESSOR.

The U. S. is becoming a nation of milk-drinkers. Figures from Washington show that the average American today drinks twice as much milk as his father did. In spite of his greater distance from the source of supply. Last year we consumed 44 gallons per capita, not including the milk used in ice-cream, cheese and butter. That is more than twice as much as the American ever consumed of alcoholic liquor in any form. The record consumption of beer was a fraction less than 18 gallons per capita, in 1917, and the record consumption of all intoxicants together in the same year, was under 20 gallons. Tell this to those who insist that there is "more drinking than ever before under prohibition." There is more drinking indeed—of milk. It is the natural and inevitable substitute for beer and wine. A sensible and healthy nation has already made the discovery, and acting on it, is steadily growing more sensible and healthy. Beer played hob with people's kidneys. So did wine. Whiskey frazzled their nerves and stomachs. Milk is good for nerves and digestion. It puts flesh on bones and color in cheeks. People talk about "home brew" more than they do about milk, just as people gossip more about virtue; but it's easy to see in either case, what the real situation is.

One of Caesar's old captains said: "I never knew Caesar to lay down his arms in the presence of an armed enemy." Fire is always the armed enemy of the forest. Do not lay down your arms and give a fire a chance by leaving your camp fire alight, or by throwing away lighted matches or hot pipe ashes where they may set fire to the forest.

Ranting against the churches is not the best way to help Christianity.

How about a Tip Top Tailors Suit. See pages one and nine.

Lumbering in British Columbia



The greatest industry in British Columbia is lumber. Many thousands of men are employed in handling it, from the adventurous prospector who sets out for parts unknown and unexplored to look for fresh and profitable timber-licenses, down to the expert polisher who finishes off the beautifully veined panel of Douglas Fir at the factory.

It is estimated that there are 400 billion feet of merchantable timber in the Province, more than half the forest wealth of Canada, and experts say that over five times the amount at present cut every year could be used without encroaching too much on the timber resources of the Province.

The value of forest products for 1919 was \$70,285,094, but this was largely owing to the high prices prevailing for all lumber, wood-pulp, etc., due to a world shortage and a great demand.

The Douglas Fir is the most famous of all British Columbia's trees, growing to a height of 250 ft. and 6 and 8 ft. in diameter. It is used for house construction, boat-building, mine props, poles, railway ties, bridge and trestle timbers and many other things.

Then there is the Red Cedar, famed all over the world for the shingles it produces, doors, frames and finely dressed panelling for lining living-rooms; the Sitka Spruce for aeroplanes, and Western Hemlock for box-manufacturing and pulpwood.

Vancouver is a city of saw-mills; there is a fringe of them lining the creeks and inlets of the coast around the city and one seldom looks out to sea without watching some little tug towing a huge boom of logs behind it that have come perhaps from some camp hundreds of miles away up the coast.

Who shall say the lumberjack's life is not one of the best there is? Care free and next to nature, he spends his day in the great outdoors with the scent of the sap that oozes out of the fresh-cut cedar, the smell of the wood-smoke of his camp fires, of wet moss and bursting balsam bark.

Instead of the deafening din of restless humanity he hears the roar of a distant waterfall, the call of wild geese or the warning cry of his fellows — "Timber!" — re-echoing thro' the silent forest before thunderous trees tell him that another giant fir has fallen beneath their hands.

His good day's work done, he has nothing else to think about but his evening meal, all ready waiting for him at the cook-house — and a pipe



(1) A Donkey Engine used to draw in and load logs on the cars.

(2) Cutting down a Douglas Fir tree in B. C. There are in British Columbia 212 saw-mills and 70 shingle mills, so it will be no wonder that the lumber world in this Province is a vasty impressive one to all those who have their nose in it, from the lumber-king himself down to the expert sawyer who can command almost any wage he asks by reason of his rare ability. — H. G. V.

IMPORTANT WATER NOTICE

It has come to the knowledge of the Water Committee that water is being wasted by use of HOSE for watering Gardens and Lawns, and for washing Automobiles, contrary to a notice in this regard published in the last few issues of The Acadian.

Further violation of this prohibitory notice will cause the water to be turned off the premises of those who violate it.

By order,
R. W. FORD, Town Clerk.

Sept. 1, 1921.

Acadia Ladies' Seminary

Principal: Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, D. D.
Vice Principal: Miss Margaret V. Palmer, B. A.

Pianoforte:
Mr. Frank Marsh, Jr. Director of the Conservatory.
Miss Marion Gay. Graduate in Normal and Artist's Course of the New England Conservatory.
Mr. David Manely. Associate of the American Guild of Organists.
Miss Sylvia Alderson.

Voice:
Miss Louise Berghuis Krak, Soprano, of the Hague, Holland.
Miss Sylvia Alderson.

Violin:
Miss Beatrice Langley.

Expression:
Miss Evelyn Smallman, M. A.
Miss Leah Whidden.

Household Science:
Miss Gertrude Freda.
Miss Lily Ellis.

Stenography and Typewriting:
Miss Hughina McCain.
Miss Marjorie Purdy.

The Fall Term will begin September 7 at 9 o'clock. At that time pupils may register in any of the following departments:

Collegiate:
Including Junior and Senior Matriculation and Special.

Music:
Pianoforte, Voice, Violin, Theoretical Branches, etc.

Expression:
Training in Reading as an Interpretative and Fine Art.

Arts:
Oils, Water Colors, Ceramics, Designing, Arts and Crafts.

Household Science:
Normal and Home Maker's Course.

Business:
Commercial Course and Stenography and Typewriting.

Special Course of any Kind.
Catalogues for the current year may be had on application to the Principal. Be prompt to register. Be ready to work.
For full information apply to
REV. H. T. DeWOLFE Principal.

YOUR "ACADIAN"

We here use the word "your" advisedly, for is not your home-town paper "your" paper, your "ACADIAN"? While the company publishing THE ACADIAN is a private concern, the mission of the paper is essentially a broad public one. This is your paper, and reflects you as seen through the public eye. We aim to keep your paper in the van of paperdom in this great Annapolis Valley. We do give you more reading matter—and reading matter that is of real local interest—but as papers are only after all a reflection of the public support received, and THE ACADIAN being no exception in this respect, we must have the unstinted and loyal support of our business men in our advertising columns.

DAVIDSON BROS., Publishers