

The Hantsport Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HANTSPORT AND VICINITY

HANTSPORT HAPPENNINGS

Rev. H. T. Gornall, B.A. gave an exhibition of lantern views of mission fields in the West in the United Church on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. (Captain) R. Taylor left last week for Parrsboro, to spend several days with friends.

Mrs. Laura Rice spent several days in Halifax.

Miss Daisy Mitchener arrived last week from Everett, Mass., being summoned on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Wilson, who is a patient at the Paysant Memorial hospital, Windsor.

Jack Swaine, of the United Fruit Company, Boston, arrived home early last week for the Christmas holidays which he will spend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Swaine, William street.

Lawson Walsh, Lockhartville, arrived from New York last week to spend the holiday season at his home.

The Hantsport schools closed last Thursday for the Christmas recess. Principal Sarty left on Friday to spend Christmas at his home at Lapland, Lunenburg county.

Among the hostesses last week were: Mrs. A. Forrest, Mrs. A. Lawrence and Mrs. G. P. Churchill.

The marriage of Francis Gertrude Fields, daughter of Mrs. Gertrude Fields of this place, and LeRoy Willis Margeson, of Kentville, took place at the home of Rev. Dr. Dickie, who was the officiating clergyman, on December 14th.

Mrs. Milidge Oulton, of Stellarton, is spending the festive season at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burgess.

Miss Grace Young, a student of the Halifax Ladies College, is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Foster, of Berwick, was a recent guest of Miss Gladys Patton.

Mr. Austin Brownell, of the Pictou Academy staff, is spending the vacation season with his mother, Mrs. E. Brownell.

Mr. Arthur Gill is a patient at the P. M. Hospital, Windsor.

An adult class called the Avon Adult Bible class has been organized in connection with the Sunday school of the Hantsport Baptist church, under the leadership of Deacon N. E. Coldwell, president, and Rev. Z. L. Fash, teacher.

The Scout basketball team of the United Church, Wolfville, and the "Eagles" of Hantsport, played a friendly game in the local gymnasium on Friday evening, with a score of 32-4 in favor of the Hantsport team.

Among the number who are spending the holidays at their respective homes here are Misses Ellen McCaughin, of Dalhousie University; Abbie Beazley, of Dartmouth; Eleanor Chesley, a student of Edgemoor School for Girls, Windsor; Pamela Blackburn, Preau; Florence Blackburn, Falmouth Valley; Isabel McFarlane, Messrs. Richard Bishop, Lloyd Flemming and Ellsworth Morris, of Acadia University.

A splendid program of Christmas music was rendered in the Baptist church on Sunday evening under the efficient organist and choir director, Miss Clare McDonald. The choir was ably assisted by Mrs. Oulton, of Stellarton.

Those taking solos, duets, trios, in the anthems were: Mrs. Oulton, who took obligato part in "Wonderful Story"; Misses Marguerite Lawrence, Eloise Newcombe, Mary Macumber, Mrs. W. Trefry, Mrs. W. A. Bradshaw. At the morning service, Mrs. Oulton was heard to great advantage in the beautiful solo, "God and God Alone is Love", by Ward-Stevens. The pastor, Rev. Z. L. Fash, delivered impressive Christmas messages. The church was beautifully decorated with emblems of the festive season.

INTERESTING PROGRAM GIVEN BY SCHOOL PUPILS

An interesting program appropriate to the holiday season was put on by the teachers and pupils of the public school on Thursday evening in Empire Theatre, at which the net receipts were \$47.00, to be used for school purposes.

The program, in addition to choruses and playettes by the scholars, consisted of the following: Addresses by the principal and C. Young; piano duet, Misses Coffin and Murray; male quartette, Messrs. I. Piusier, H. Rolph, W. Piusier and J. Folker; playette, Misses Violet Alley, Alfreda Peach, Annie Beazley and Messrs. Earl Blackburn, Edgar Wellwood, Fred Morris; vocal duet, Misses A. Yeaton and M. Lawrence.

Miss C. Macdonald and Miss G. Marsters presided at the piano.

Those who won prizes for selling the greatest number of tickets were: Mary Hancock, John Folker and Paul Davison.

DIARY OF MARGARET D. MICHENER

April 5th, 1851. I arose early this morning and came home before any were up. Mr. Barnaby called to see me this morning; he hardly expects to get a school here. This has been a rainy day. I have been at my usual occupation, The "America" and "Sterling" arrived here today, the "Wanderer" and "Waltron" on Saturday; many are made glad.

7th. This is the evening for our female prayer meeting; there were six here. Although few in number, I enjoyed it. I trust God will bless us. Mr. Barnaby took tea with me this evening; he commenced school today with ten scholars. I hope he may do well.

9th. I took a walk up to mother's and to brother James' after school, and then came to prayer meeting; very few there, only Mr. Harris and Marsters to have the meeting. I could not help thinking "where are all the people that filled the house a few weeks ago?" We surely have as much need to attend the prayer meeting now as then. I stopped at mother's all night.

12th. Monday evening. I must scribble the passing events a few moments. I attended conference meeting on Saturday. John W. Holmes came forward and was received as a candidate for baptism. Went home with Rebecca and had a pleasant time looking over some letters she had received. Sunday morning the sun arose beautifully. Rebecca and I took a walk up the brook, had a delightful time reading, conversing and praying. I felt my heart glow with gratitude to God for all his goodness, when surveying the enchanting scene around and when reading of his love. I shall not soon forget this happy season. We came down to S. School, formed the classes, then went to the baptizing. Rev. Chase baptized. We had the pleasure of seeing Rev. McKeen appear. Mr. Chase preached to a full house. The text was Luke 11: 21, 22: "But when a strong man armed," etc. He spoke of Satan as the strong man armed and our hearts as his palace, but Christ is stronger than he and can overcome him. In talking about the enjoyment of religion, he said there was such a thing as having enough religion to make us miserable. I felt I had often been in that position, as well as many others. Rebecca and Sarah Vaughan came home with me. Rev. McKeen preached in the afternoon; then I went to mother's and spent the night. I wrote a letter to Nancy Elder.

15th. I am engaged in gardening now, before and after school, which is very pleasant. Went up to Mr. Elders Tuesday evening to spend the night with Rebecca, for the last, for a long time. Came home after breakfast. Went up to Mrs. H's to prayer meeting; there were ten there; had a good meeting. I went a piece with Rebecca and then bade her good-bye. I had a lovely moon light walk, met Matilda and Gould Davidson at the cross roads. Elmira came and stopped all night with me. Capt. Beckwith, wife and son called a while this morning; they are all going away soon. David Dickie brought Mr. Barnaby's family from Cornwallis yesterday. Somerville and Wentworth were in to see me and brought a letter from Maria.

17th. The weather has been fine all this week, but tonight it is squally. Mr. McDonald from Cornwallis is to lecture this evening, but I could not go, being very busy. I called last evening to see Mrs. Barnaby; she lives at Mrs. Nunn's. It is over a year since I saw dear Simon. In looking over some papers this evening, by-gone days were brought forcibly to mind in finding a song I used to sing to him: "Thou canst not Forget Me." I knew not the value of so dear a husband until I am deprived of his dear company forever. How fleeting are our dearest joys. May God enable me to set my affections on him who is worthy of all my affections and whose love is constant. Here I am alone. I often feel that I would rather be here than in company, as dear Simon is gone far away; in a foreign land he lies. No relation can point out his grave, but there he will lie until resurrection morning, when he will come forth to meet his God.

18th. Went to S. School this morning; a great many there. M. Davidson, Mary Dickie, Sarah and Susannah Vaughan, Irene Elder and Rebecca Fielden were my scholars as usual. There was a class given to Sarah Vaughan; she has been one of my scholars ever since they came to the place. Rev. McKeen preached; after meeting we went up to father's and took dinner; then he went to Stony Hill to preach at 3 o'clock. I have just finished reading "Guernsey, on



WISHING EVERYBODY A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Love to God". I think it a fine book; how delightful is his writing on communion with God.

22nd. I am tired tonight, more than I have been for a long time. I had to pick up stitches a great part of the afternoon, yet my patience held out quite well. I find I have much more than when I commenced the school. I worked in the garden after school was out, till sunset. I stopped all night with Maria on Monday night, having been to see Jerusha Beckwith, who is quite ill. Had the extreme pleasure of getting a letter from brother Robert Tuesday morning. Stayed at mother's that night and came home Wednesday morning; called at A. Hines and got the steamer's milk, as he moved to Cornwallis yesterday. There were quite a number out to prayer meeting last evening. Matilda Davidson stayed all night with me. She is a good woman. She stopped till the children were coming to school. Grace Trefry came up today on the steamer from St. John; how pleased Elmira will be. I wish she were here with me tonight. She is a dear friend.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St.

Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher, now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet, on, Cupid, on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof:
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack:
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry—
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his fingers aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a whistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"
—Clement C. Moore.



DECEMBER 25
WORLD'S BEST NEWS:—The angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2:10, 11.

DECEMBER 26
BETTER THAN SILVER AND GOLD:—Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.—1 Timothy 6: 6, 7, 8.

DECEMBER 27
ADMIT THE MASTER:—Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith.—Rev. 3: 20, 22.

DECEMBER 28
CURSING OR BLESSING?—Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—Jeremiah 17: 5, 7.

DECEMBER 29
POWER OF THE WORD:—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Hebrews 4:12.

DECEMBER 30
AN END TO WORRY:—Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Philippians 4: 6, 7.

DECEMBER 31
HOW TO ESCAPE FROM EVIL:—Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Psalm 91: 9-11.

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BOY INJURED IN COLLISION

On Saturday afternoon at the corner of Main street and the road leading to Mount Denson, a car, driven by Dr. F. R. Shankel, of Windsor, collided with a car driven by Harry Gupit, of Grand Pre. Both cars were badly damaged. The occupants escaped without serious injuries, with the exception of John Shankel, young son of Dr. Shankel, who was driven through the windshield and badly cut about the head. He was taken into the Baptist parsonage. Dr. Smith immediately attended to his injuries.

CHRISTMAS A WISHING-TIME

Here's a welcome to Wishing-time! A good word for Wishing-time! For Christmas-time is Wishing-time all the world over! Let it come to us in the white robes of winter-time—the snowman in the garden and the snowball on the street; the skating on the lake and the frosty walk to church; the snapdragons in the hall and the ghost-story in the flickering firelight!

Or let it come to us as it comes beneath the southern stars, in all the golden glory of high summer-time—a flutter of white dresses and red roses, a festival of strawberries and cream! In one respect, at least, the season never changes. Come when it will it comes in a whirlwind of wishes. Summer-time or winter-time, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! I welcome once more the world's great Wishing-time.

I love to be out on the street on the night before Christmas. Last year, I remember, everybody was abroad. It was difficult to jostle one's way along, for the movements of the throng were not regular. Friends met friends; groups quickly formed, and the traffic became blocked in consequence.

But as I drifted along the current of the crowd, and caught the fragments of conversation that fell upon my ears in passing, it occurred to me that everybody was wishing.

"Wish You a Merry Christmas!"
"A Happy New Year!"
"Compliments of the Season!"

Clearly, then, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! At this season of the year we all become experts in the art of wishing. If we do not do it well it is certainly not for want of practice. We are at it from early morning until late at night. A seasonable greeting is tucked in to the closing sentences of every letter we write; every handshake is accompanied by the expression of a timely wish; and even, if in passing each other on the streets, we do not pause to shake hands, we at least find time to toss our good wishes to each other as we hurry on.

A survey of the missives that, by morning, the postman brings, or a glance into any stationer's window, shows that all the resources of poetry and all the ingenuity of art have been exploited in order that our genius for wishing may find dainty and elegant expression. We flash out wishes with every nod of the head, and with every glance of the eye, with every stroke of the pen. We breathe out wishes as the flowers breathe fragrance. We radiate wishes as the stars radiate light. Christmas invariably comes in, and the Old Year goes out, to the accompaniment of a perfect hurricane of wishes! There are wishes everywhere!

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and
A Happy New Year

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FATHER (regarding portrait and soliloquising): "Ten years since I had that taken; just before I left for France. By gad, how far away those peaceful old days seem."

—The Peering Show.