THE ACADIAN

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Correspondence—Letters addressed to the Editor and intended for publication must be short and legibly written on one side of the paper only. The longer an article, the shorter its chance of insertion. All communications must bear the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication. The publication or rejection of articles is a matter entirely in the discretion of the Editor. No responsibility is assumed by this paper for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Editorial

Our pulpits are our work clothes. Each of us live some kind of a sermon every day.

MUNICIPALLY OWNED TENEMENTS SUGGESTED

CONDITIONS which exist in this town to a somewhat limited extent, and which must in the nature of things be grappled with by the authorities in the near future, constitute a problem the solution of which well deserves the best consideration of citizens. At the meeting of the Board of Health last week the housing and supervision of a class of our population loomed large as an element in our civic life.

It is useless to conceal the fact that there are today a considerable number of our people who are living in habitations which are neither sanitary nor comfortable and under conditions that are producing and will continue to produce most undesirable results. The fact that we have destitution and want among a class of our citizens is not due to the lack of charity among our people. In some cases it may result from an ill-directed generosity and a neglect in looking the real needs of those in want. Wolfville should have no pauper class and no slums, and that these exist—to even a small extent—is no credit to this highly favored community. It is neither good business nor good ethics to permit the present state of affairs to continue.

We should like to see a largely attended meeting of our citizens at which all the facts might be presented and where a full consideration of the case might be had.

The project may appear utopian but we venture to suggest that the provision of municipally owned tenements, rigidly inspected, with proper instruction in the matter of correct and economic housekeeping, would do much to improve the situation, and if handled in a business-like way ought not to mean any great additional expense.

When we take into consideration the amount expended each year to maintain present conditions and the benefit that would come from having a more efficient class of working people in our midst, the balance might prove to be on the right side of the ledger.

OUR EDITORIALS COMMENDED

THE ACADIAN is gratified and grateful for the many appreciative comments which have been made by readers upon its editorial policy and the character of the articles which have appeared from time to time in that department of the paper. We appreciate these all the more because they have in most cases come from those who are recognized as an authority on such matters. Our constituency is rather an unusual one, and our readers include naturally men and women of more than ordinary intellectual endowment. That we have been able to merit their good opinion is of great encouragement to us in the carrying on of our somewhat arduous duties. The demands upon the editor and manager of a small town weekly are many and varied and include much beside strictly literary work.

Our conviction is that the editorial columns should form a strong feature of any well conducted journal and that the editor is justified in discussing any subject to which it seems to him the attention of his readers might be profitably directed. Many among our readers are eminently better qualified than is the editor to undertake this work, and we cordially invite the co-operation of these in the moulding of public sentiment along right lines. We are not afraid of criticism of either a "destructive" or constructive" character, and shall be glad to open our columns at any time to communications that may appear to us to be in the public interest. Apart from making enough to pay the necessary publication expenses, and incidentally to furnish a living for the publishers, the chief motive of this paper is to promote the moral and material welfare of those among whom it makes its weekly visits, and we gladly welcome the best assistance that is within reach.

STORED APPLES WOULD BRING BIG PRICE TODAY

WE HAVE received a communication from an unknown reader in Halifax, who sends us a copy of our recent editorial concerning the price of fish clipped from the columns of the Sunday Leader, with the commendation, "All honor to you, Mr. Editor".

Our correspondent calls our attention to the fact that the people of the capital are obliged to pay more for apples grown in this valley than for those which come from British Columbia. He states that apples are selling at the city stores for five cents each and that by the barrel they bring six dollars and fifty cents, and thinks the price too much considering the short distance from the orchards where in many cases they are hardly considered worth picking.

At the prices which the grower receives it does appear that the middle-man is getting more than his share of profit, but of course it must be remembered that at this season our apples are practically off the market. At the present time it is not likely that a Nova Scotia apple could be purchased at any price in a valley store.

The matter of retaining in storage sufficient of our apples to supply our own markets at this season was suggested by THE ACADIAN a year ago, but was not acted upon. Any grower or fruit company in possession of good fruit could realize handsomely upon it now in the home markets, with comparatively slight cost for transportation and little likelihood of loss.

NOT UNEXPECTED

OSBORN Wood, son of the famous U. S. General, Leonard Wood, who won a fortune from Wall Street is now nearly reduced to poverty. For almost a year he has been in Europe living at high speed. Months ago his wife became disgusted and returned to the United States, and now rumor has it that she will divorce him.

Like thousands of men who were once parvenus but who are now derelicts, Wood could not stand the possession of money. When he made his sensational clean-up he was the envy of many. Today he is the envy of none. Most of us have the energy to make money, but how many of us have the character to keep it along with our self-respect?

He has lost the love of his wife and the esteem of his fellows. He exchanged these for what he thought was a good time.

He is now qualified to write a book on what comprises happiness.

MORE THAN HIS SHARE

PARLIAMENTARY proceedings show that Col. J. L. Ralston, the chairman of the Royal Commission on Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment and Pensions, received last year for services and expenses in making investigations $20,347.32. Is it any wonder that there is very little left for the other "returned men"?

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

THRILLING CHAPTER OF NOVA SCOTIA HISTORY

(Continued from last issue)

At last Quebec is reached, the prisoners and the scalps delivered and the gold received in exchange for them. The mother loses no time in presenting her case to the governor. His heart is humane. This is a new experience for that official. Hitherto the captives to be ransomed have been English. Now here is a French mother pleading with earnest speech and tears for her children. He grants her request. The Indians are sent back for them. They must deliver them at Quebec unharmed. Their scalps will count for nothing. Mary Payzant is now well cared for. Not a moment does she spend, not a meal does she take, but she thinks of her children. How she longs for them—to embrace them, to give them the food prepared for herself. But God has helped her thus far, he will not fail her now. After weeks of weary longing and waiting the news comes that another flotilla of canoes is in sight, making its way up the St. Lawrence. It has come from the point on that river, first reached in the journey from the headwaters of the St. John river. Nearer and nearer the canoes come. Mothers are almost frantic in their fears and in the expectancy of clasping their children again in their arms. Mrs. Payzant is not the only mother who looks for her children. They rush to the room where they are all assembled to select their own. This was no easy task. In this motley crowd of long haired, half nude, filthy urchins, it was difficult for mothers to recognize their own. Mrs. Payzant had less difficulty than the others. The French of her loved ones made her search short. What embracing! What tears!

Now it seems impossible that less than one hundred and fifty years ago this scene and others kindred to it were wrought into the history of this Canada of ours, now so united, so harmonious and prosperous!

Ah! Here are four French children, like drift wood cast on the tender mercies of the French authorities at Quebec. What shall be done with them—for them? The Jesuit fathers answer the question. They solve the problem. These children are the offspring of those heady, heretical Huguenots. Here is a drop of compensation, consolation. They are three fine looking boys and a beautiful girl. They are innocent of the heresies of their forefathers. They must be educated.

The schools are open to them. The mother is well treated. The boys make good progress. By and by John is marked as a hopeful candidate for the priesthood. His studies are assigned to him with this in view. He begins his lessons in Greek, Latin and Hebrew. No English! Every syllable in the English language is hated at Quebec, as the French tongue is abhorred at Halifax. The boys make good progress. Mary is glad to have her children educated, but not by the Jesuits. This, however, she leaves in the hands of her heavenly Father.

At this time Quebec was in a chronic excitement about the war then raging between the French and the English.

After three years of life as a captive, Mary Payzant and her four children saw the fleet of Admiral Saunders drop anchor below the city, and the army of General Wolfe land on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Early in the first year of her captivity she gave birth to her fifth child, never to hear its father's voice. She named her Lisette. This event retrospectively viewed, adds another element of pathos to the trials of the mother. This matter like another Mary, she pondered in her heart—a sacred secret between herself and her God.

The boys never forgot the scenes in Quebec which followed the coming of the English army and navy. They lived in their memories till old age. The ships belching flames and smoke, and shot and shell screaching thru the air, made deep impressions on their youthful minds. They recollected being driven by the butts of the soldier's guns from the ramparts to which they had stolen to see the ships and the army, and to better their view of the cannonading. The battle on the Plains of Abraham, the rattle of musketry, the thundering of artillery the hurry and consternation lingered in their memories and they told them over and over again to their gaping and wondering grandchildren about their knees.

After the capture of Quebec, and the restoration of order, Mrs. Payzant lost no time in making known her history to the British commander. She and her children were sent to Halifax in one of the ships of war. The governor of Nova Scotia gave her a tract of land in Falmouth on the west side of the Avon, near Windsor. It was in a part of the country from which the French had been expelled. With her five children she made her way to this place. As they crossed the Avon on the old French bridge in Upper Falmouth, she and her older children seemed to live over again the experiences of the three past years. Under this very bridge she and her helpless little ones, helpless captives in the canoes of the Indians had passed, a terrible agony wrenching their hearts and a future before them as dark as the past and known to God only. The good providence which sustained her had brought her back to this place again. Here was a home provided for her. Here she would rear her children in faithfulness to her motherly instincts, to her murdered husband and to her God. This she did. Soon she is settled down in a comfortable house with her children about her. Philip is now about sixteen years old. Already he has begun to fill his father's place.

In the traditions of the family there is another distressing event. Philip was old enough to remember the horrors of the terrible tragedy. The murder of his father, the brutal treatment of his mother and her children lived in his memory and excited in him feelings of detestation for the authors of this shocking crime. He carried these feelings with him. He found himself unable to cast them out. Unfortunately he met one of the Indians who shot his father. On recognizing him the frightful events of the past flashed through his mind; and under a violent impulse he raised his gun, drew the trigger, and the murderer of his father fell dead. Here was an ugly case for the law of the land; and worse still, the wily Indians would dog his steps till they had tasted the sweets of revenge. All this he knew. His only deliverance was to disappear. He left the country and took up his abode in the southern states. A sore trial was this to Mary Payzant. But she bore it like a Christian martyr.

It was in his Falmouth home that John Payzant and Henry Alline first came together. They arrived there about the same time. Henry Alline was about three years younger than Mr. Payzant. He came with his father's family from Newport, Rhode Island, to Falmouth in 1760, when he was twelve years old. John Payzant married one of Henry Alline's sisters. They were both converted in a Newlight revival at Falmouth in 1775, when Alline was twenty-seven years old and Payzant about thirty.

Mr. Alline began at once to preach, and in a short time Mr. Payzant joined him. They became flaming Newlight evangelists who travelled over the wilderness, now the maritime provinces, and everywhere warned their fellow men to flee from the wrath to come. The religious fires kindled by them have never been extinguished.

Now we have the secret of the Rev. John Payzant, 'the aged', quoting from the Greek testament. This is the tale of the testament. He studied Greek to prepare himself for the priesthood. He used it as a Pedobaptist evangelist and a Newlight pastor. This brave old saint preached his last sermon in Old Zion at Liverpool, N.S., the church in which he spent more than forty years of his ministry, on Easter Sunday, 1834, and passed away to his final reward April 10th of the same year.

Brave old saint! Men still live who remember when boys they saw your snow white head above the wine-cup pulpit in Old Zion.

One of Mary Payzant's descendants—G. P. Payzant—who died a few years ago, accumulated about half a million of dollars in the neighborhood of the old home in Falmouth. Among his charitable bequests was a legacy of $100,000 to Acadia university.

The late John Y. Payzant, of Halifax, a man of ample means and unquestioned integrity, and a member of the legal profession, and his brother Louis, a merchant of the same city, and an honored deacon in the First Baptist church, and Mrs. Allison Smith were also descendants of Louis and Mary Payzant. There is a host of her offspring in the maritime provinces and scattered abroad throughout the world.

The End.

For Sore Throat Use Minard's Liniment.

APPLE CONSUMPTION IN CANADA FALLS OFF

Instead of eating an average of an apple a day, Canadians have pared their ration down to four a week, according to figures presented at the annual convention of the Canadian Horticultural Council held recently at Ottawa.

To boost the average up to the well-known slogan standard, an intensive advertising campaign is to be conducted during the ensuing year.

Some people claim that advertising is not read, but if anyone's initials are printed wrong in this paper, the editor is sure to hear about it.

The Success Road

TO succeed you must have faith in yourself, in your ability and in your work; but without the partnership of money, this alone may profit you little.

With the assistance of money, Success comes easier. Lay the foundation of your prosperity with this Bank.

A Savings Bank Account, once begun, must be added to regularly if you are to attain the Success you desire.

Ask for our useful pocket Memo. Book—it shows how rapidly small savings grow.

The Royal Bank of Canada

9435

Wolfville Branch — R. Creighton, Manager

Port Williams Branch — R. S. Hocken, Manager 73

HOT BUNS

Last year we disposed of 280 dozen. Almost two Buns to every inhabitant of Wolfville.

We intend having a larger supply this year, but be sure you get yours by ordering early.

On Sale April 4th and all following week.
Fresh daily.

CROWN BAKERY
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Only a short time remains during which the Apex Vacuum Cleaner will be available to you at the Special Low Price that has prevailed during the past year.

Place Your Order Without Delay.—NOW!

Have your electric wiring gone over and brought up to standard.

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Easter Beef. Choice cuts roast beef, 15 to 25c. lb. Veal, Pork, Lamb, Chicken and Fowls.

Hams and Bacon. These goods have advanced 5 cents per lb. wholesale. We had a quantity bought before the advance and can give you the advantage of the price, while they last.

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