



**WINDSOR WON FROM KENTVILLE**  
The Score Was Five to One, and 800 Persons Witnessed the Game

Kentville, Jan. 25—Windsor defeated Kentville in a Valley League game here tonight by a score of 5 goals to 1 in one of the fastest and best games seen here this season. About 800 people turned out for the contest and were treated to a fine game. Windsor opened the scoring in the first period after ten minutes of play, when J. McDonald fooled Walsh with a fast shot. Two minutes later Cochrane ran in another one for Windsor and the first session closed with the score 2-0 for the visitors.

In the second period the Kentville team gave their supporters a chance to shout when Wigmore and Bezanson went the length of the rink on a combination play and Wigmore placed the rubber behind Smith for the only Kentville tally. Windsor, however, scored two more before the end of the period. J. McDonald doing the damage. The end of the second period saw Windsor leading 4-1.

The last session was the best of the game, with both teams playing fast and heady hockey. There was no score until a few minutes before the final bell when the rubber bounced off a Kentville man into the local goal for the last score of the game. McCann of Windsor drew four penalties, J. McDonald one, Black one, and Wigmore of Kentville two. J. McDonald was the star for the visitors, and Bezanson, playing his first game for the locals, also starred. Wigmore and Walsh also were good. J. Smith of Windsor handled the whistle. The teams:

**Windsor**—Goal, Smith; defense, McCann, S. McDonald; forwards, J. McDonald, Mosher, Poole; subs, Cochrane, Clarke, Hughes.

**Kentville**—Goal, Walsh; defense, Porter, Corbin; forwards, Leach, Wigmore, Bezanson; subs, Leslie, Simmonds, Neary, Bishop.

The local paper is one thing by which strangers judge the size of a locality and the ability of its business men, hence the paper that does show the advertisement of every enterprising business is forced to misrepresent it. The paper is a mirror that should reflect a community's true picture and every business conducted therein.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

**THE MASSACRE AT GRAND PRE**

Snow-banks ten feet deep, lying sociably near wherever we turn our gaze, and the stretching spaces out-doors filled with more of the same material, whirling rapidly, have been our landscape lately; and have thrown some of us upon our own resources for thoughts other than about the troublesome matter of weather and its accompanying ills.

Let us think back a bit to historical days when our ancestors were just beginning to open up Nova Scotia as a place of residence, back to the winter of 1746, three years before the founding of Halifax.

Annapolis was the capital of the province. Governor Mascarene was in control. Louisburg, the last French stronghold, had lately fallen and the English had become possessors and had given the province its name.

The Acadians had been allowed to remain on the fertile lands they had occupied before the British conquest, under condition that they would not furnish aid to the French or Indians against the English. They were, however, proving nothing but a menace to English settlers, and in the winter of 1746 they became much bolder, for the French General, Ramazay, with strong reinforcements of French soldiers and Indians was entrenched at Chegneto, just beyond the English boundaries.

Governor Mascarene, at Annapolis, was a brave and self-reliant officer, but the country was insufficiently garrisoned to withstand foes living both within and just beyond the borders. Aid was asked from the governor of Massachusetts.

The response came speedily. Colonel Noble with 500 British soldiers set sail from Boston for Nova Scotia. Their destination was Grand Pre, where they were to stand guard and keep the peace of the country that winter.

Winter storms set in while these little ships were on their way, and Minas Basin filled with ice. Thus Colonel Noble was forced to land his men far down the Bay. With two weeks provisions on their backs they started on the long trail through deep snow and dense forests to Grand Pre.

Can you not picture those brave men, tramping through their own country, but a strange, unbroken country, down through the beautiful valleys and across the North Mountain, and along Cornwallis to Grand Pre. The view from the mountain top would not appeal to them as to travellers now-a-days. The present wonderful expanse of level orchards and farms and attractive houses was not there. Instead was a waste of snow and forest inhabited only by lurking foe-men. They travelled at their peril, seeking no gain, "schooled in the ancient chivalry" of the British army.

At Grand Pre no quarters were awaiting them, and in the dead of winter there was no chance of preparing accommodations. The company was divided and billeted in ten of the Acadian houses.

Thither, led by the treachery of the Acadians, came Ramazay with more than 600 French and Indians. Under cover of a raging snow-storm they went forward to their cowardly attack. Killing the guards they rushed in on the British and massacre, not warfare, followed. Colonel

Noble and eighty of his men fell blindly fighting in the darkness of that wretched night of February 9th, 1747. The next day, when the carnage had ceased, these bodies were buried by their comrades in one grave.

The storms of one hundred and seventy-six winters have settled on the mound raised over it, and the rich verdure of our summers has clothed it. No token of respect has been laid upon that grave by human hands. It is treated as common dust. Yet these were men who, "nobly striving, nobly fell that we might live".

Last summer Roman Catholicism led by French priests began attractive demonstrations at Grand Pre. In this regard let us not forget certain facts. The Acadians were bitter enemies when our ancestors were few in numbers and weak in resources. They were the friends of the government at Quebec, a government which perished of its own corruption. The grave of Colonel Noble and his eighty British Soldiers is the one historical spot at Grand Pre to which we owe respect and that is the spot we should visit in reverence.

**A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS**

During the past few weeks we have been greatly pleased with the receipt of subscription monies and renewals for THE ACADIAN. We have many readers who look after the matter of subscription payments as exactly and conscientiously as they look after any of their business affairs.

We know our readers will all acquit us of dunning for subscriptions through the columns of THE ACADIAN. We do not at all share the opinion sometimes expressed by publishers that subscribers who allow their accounts to run into arrears are endeavoring to evade payments and get their papers for nothing.

Non payment of subscriptions is largely a result of carelessness and putting off. The delinquent receives a bill, his due date is on his label in any case. He says "I will pay that to-morrow, next week, or the next time I am in the office." Time drifts from days to weeks, from weeks to months, and months to years. It is only two dollars. That will not make much difference anyway. Get a few hundred people thinking the same thing and acting on it, and see whether it makes any difference or not to the publisher.

There are one or two things which we would like to bring to the attention of readers who either do not know or have grown forgetful.

Every newspaper publisher has to run his business on practically a cash basis. His staff has to be paid weekly, his newspaper and supplies generally thirty days from date of shipment. Many other incidentals, such as insurance, and a dozen other things cannot wait.

This is a frank statement of things as they actually are, not designed primarily as a matter of complaint, but rather as an attempt to call to the attention of subscribers matters apt to be forgotten or overlooked. If this brief article puts on delinquent subscribers 'a thinking cap' that leads to action, THE ACADIAN will feel repaid. We thank you.

Minard's Liniment for Falling Out of Hair.



**ONTARIO HOUSE PREPARES FOR ANOTHER SESSION**  
The Leaders of the various groups in the Ontario House of Parliament are marshalling their forces for another session. Premier Drury, leader of the Farmer-Leader group; G. Howard Ferguson, leader of the Conservatives, and Wellington Hay, leader of the Liberals. In the picture is seen also Lieut-Gov. Cockshutt, the popular representative of the Crown, and Sergeant-at-Arms Fred J. Glackmeyer, who has officiated at every session of the Ontario House since Confederation.

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	10 lb. Onions	25c

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**FRANK W. BARTEAUX**  
PHONE 53.

**A Precious Trophy**

Val des Bois, about 35 miles from Buckingham, in Quebec Province, is a celebrated fishing, hunting, and trapping district. Mr. J. A. Larivee, White Deer Lodge, Val des Bois, has had the distinction of snoot-ing a remarkable full grown white deer. How this deer escaped detection, and consequent killing such a long time, while living within rifle range of habitations is hard to understand. He lived on the highest mountain at Val des Bois. A natural background of white birch undoubtedly made him invisible to the hunter who could not get close to him. Once snow fell, his worries were over. He must have become practically invisible on account of his snow-white color. Not a black or colored hair could be found on his body, even the eyes, muzzle and hoofs being either white or pink. Mr. Larivee first saw the deer as a strange or new white patch on the side of the mountain. Upon examination through field glasses he perceived that it was a white deer. He had seen two specimens before, mounted by the owner of this joy can easily be imagined. He went about fifteen minutes planning the stalk and studying the mountain in front of him across Green Lake. Mr. Larivee proceeds to tell his story:

"The mountain was negotiated by a chimney or V shaped indentation which I climbed by holding on to shrubbery, cracks, and small projections of rock, by hand and feet (my rifle—A.22 H.P. Savage, lever action being along over my shoulder). Reaching the top after an hour and a quarter climb, I made a wide circle and came back to the edge. I could see the deer laying down amongst the white birch trees, a tangled branchy mass that I knew the small bore rifle was incapable of penetrating, so I decided on waiting. This time I came out at a point where I could not see him, while there was a sheer drop of several hundred feet to be overcome to get within open shooting distance. It took me two more hours to accomplish this, so I was especially careful to be taken not to start stones rolling; the dried leaves and small branches were also as much in evidence. I finally

secured the position desired only to find that Mr. Deer had got on wended farther down the mountain side and was laying down again about six hundred feet below me. With my glasses I found that only six or seven inches of his neck, right back of his head, were clear of branches, and the only spot I could get to aim at with a chance of getting the bullet to his mark.

"After I shot him it began to rain. I had to get a boat and then had a terrible job of it to drag him down

the last two hundred feet to the boat. He was very large, 14 points in the velvet and weighed 201 lbs. dressed. I was tired and wet, but happy after I got him at the boat. It took me four hours of hard and careful stalking, but he was worth it. Three hours later, after securing help, the deer was hung up in my shed, about half a mile from where I shot him. The last part of being done by the light of my electric torch over a mountain."

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**D. A. R. Timetable**  
The Train Service as it Affects Wolfville

No. 96 From Annapolis Royal arrives 8.41 a.m.  
No. 95 From Halifax arrives 10.10 a.m.  
No. 98 From Yarmouth, arrives 3.27 p.m.  
No. 97 From Halifax, arrives 6.27 p.m.  
No. 99 From Halifax (Mon., Thurs., Sat.) arrives 11.48 p.m.  
No. 100 From Yarmouth (Mon., Wed., Sat.), arrives 4.28 a.m.

**Homes Wanted!**  
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Souvenir folders, containing sixteen pictures of Wolfville and vicinity, on sale at The Acadian Store. Price only 35 cents.

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