

The Hantsport Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HANTSPORT AND VICINITY

HANTSPORT HAPPENINGS

The XII's were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Kirkpatrick on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Churchill have for their guests Mr. and Mrs. F. Armstrong, of St. John.

Miss Mabel McConnell returned from the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, last week, where she was a patient.

Mrs. A. E. Blois's many friends are pleased that she is convalescing from a serious illness.

Mrs. (Capt.) A. Lawrence was "at home" to a number of friends on Monday evening of last week.

The Hantsport High School enjoyed a sleigh drive to Wolfville on Thursday evening. They were accompanied by Principal Sarty.

Mrs. J. W. Churchill had for her guest last week Rev. Mr. Cumming, of Sydney.

Miss Queenie Stevens, of Wolfville, was home for the week end.

Mrs. Chas. Brown left last Thursday for Halifax, where she will visit relatives for a time.

Mr. "Dod" Burns was a passenger for Boston on Tuesday.

Capt. B. Davison, who has been spending several months holidays with his family here, left on Tuesday for Boston where he will rejoin the "Marjorie" of the United Fruit Co. fleet.

Mr. Innis, travelling auditor for the Maritime Telephone Co., was in town on Friday.

Mr. McFarlane, of Halifax, is spending a well earned vacation with his family here.

The Baptist choir was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. E. A. Blackburn on Thursday evening.

Mr. Macumber, of New York, is home for a short vacation.

Mrs. R. Riley and son Earle were in Halifax for the week end.

Miss Grace Blackburn spent the week end with her sister, Miss Pamela Blackburn, who is in charge of the school at Burlington.

Mr. Geo. Swaine left on Monday for a business trip to St. John.

Monday of last week was by far the coldest experienced here for many years, the thermometer registering 23 below zero.

The lumbermen are taking advantage of the excellent sledding and our streets present a very busy appearance as huge loads of lumber are being hauled in to the Hantsport Fruit Basket Factory and H. V. Bishop's Mill.

Mr. F. Kennedy, of Kantville, spent the week end with his family here.

An exciting and enthusiastic game of hockey took place between the Avonport and Hantsport teams on Thursday afternoon on the local rink, the score resulting in a victory for the latter, 4-3.

The eclipse of the sun on Saturday caused a good deal of interest in Hantsport. A large number were viewing it through smoked glass, while others were out with their camera's photographing the wonderful phenomenon.

FORMER HANTSPORT MAN APPOINTED TO IMPORTANT POSITION

Capt. Asa F. Davison, formerly of Hantsport, but for many years associated with the United Fruit Co.'s steamship lines out of Boston and New York, has been appointed to the Vice-Presidency of the Fleet Corporation of the United States Shipping Board, and will be in charge of operations to take effect in February.

President Palmer of that board, has announced at Washington that Capt. Davison is to succeed Joseph O. E. Shedy, who retired from that position several months ago, to become Vice-President in charge of the Corporation's European affairs, with offices at London.

For the past twenty-six years, Captain Davison has been in the United Fruit Co.'s services, and was Associate Manager during the building of most of its fleet. It is a man very widely known in shipping circles all along the Atlantic seaboard, as a capable executive and navigator. During the war Capt. Davison was connected with the Shipping Board of the United States, in an advisory capacity, and he is now a member of the Committee on Navigation and Maritime Legislation of the Maritime Association of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. For some months to come, although at present in the United States, Captain Davison will take an extended vacation, which he will spend at Hantsport, where Mrs. Davison and family now are.

POOR ACCOMMODATION

A tramp, footsore and hungry, approached a man ploughing in a field by the roadside. "Say, boss, it's getting dusk, can I stay at your place all night?" "I dunno," was the cautious reply. "You'll have to ask the old woman. I can hardly stay here myself."

BOWMAN STRONG

Bowman Strong, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Strong, passed away at the home of his parents, Mt. Denson, on Sunday at 10 a.m. The deceased had been ill for some time and had been a patient at the Provincial Sanatorium for a number of months. Much sympathy is felt for parents, brothers and sisters, who removed from Hantsport to Mt. Denson about two years ago.

DIARY OF MARGARET D. MICHENER

June 16th, 1850. This is a lovely day. I have been writing a letter to John Michener, who is in Halifax. Mr. McKeen preaches here today for the last time until September. I must now go to Sunday school. I found my class all there; we have quite a good attendance, 74 scholars being present. They all seemed much pleased with their new books. Robert went with the wagon to meet Mr. McKeen, so we were pleased to see his smiling face. He preached a good sermon from the text, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." I went up home after meeting. Mr. McKeen went to Capt. Whitman's, who came home on Thursday; he then called to bid us goodbye. We talked about going to the Exhibition on Thursday; he wished us to come. John Elder called and brother John, Ann and I went with him down to Mr. Huntly's. There were not many there but we had a good meeting.

19th. I looked forward with hope that a number of the sisters would come to our prayer meeting tonight and was not disappointed. Rhoda Davidson, Mrs. Nunn, Maria Curry, Abigail and Elmira Holmes and Mrs. Huntly came. It is when two or three meet in the name of God he has promised to be with them and to bless them. We realize the truth of the promise.

21st, Friday morning. I had looked forward all this week to Thursday, hoping it would be a fine day so we might attend the exercises at the College. I arose early and went up home. We started a little before seven o'clock—John, Robert, Ann and I. Robert called at Mr. Elder's for them. They soon came along, John, Rebecca, James, Jane and Nancy in another carriage. We had a lovely ride and got to Dr. Brown's at half past nine o'clock. Rebecca and Jane went to Mr. Forsyth's. John Elder stayed with us. We met the Doctor's sister, Julia, who keeps house for him, and Dr. Borsten's wife. Rebecca and Jane then came along and we all walked up to the meeting house; the doors being open we went in and found a marriage ceremony being performed. We then went on to the College where the people were gathering. We stood a while gazing at the beautiful scenery around, then went in and found the room all decorated with festoons and garlands of flowers, vines of evergreens and wreaths. There were many ministers there, among the number we saw Rev. R. Rand, Dickie and Burpee. Mr. Rand is the missionary among the Micmac Indians; R. B. Dickie a relation, and one of our favorite ministers, and Mr. Burpee is our foreign missionary just returned from India. The programme began with singing followed by prayer by our venerable Father Harding.

Mr. Henry Johnston delivered his essay on the Ice World. His language was beautiful, he soared aloft to the summit of Mt. Blanc, and amid the frozen regions of the north he spoke of the tremendous ice bergs rolling onward towards each other until they met with an awful crash like thunder. Mr. Thomas Crawley received the B.A. degree and then spoke on the tendencies of the age to brotherhood, showing how society was advancing, new discoveries being made—and inventions, all calculated to bring the people of the world nearer together. Mr. David Freeman spoke on Instinct, Reason and Faith, showing how we all are fitted for our station; the animals having instinct to guide them, and we, being so much above them, have reason, reflection and faith united with reason, productive of happiness.

The exercises were varied by singing, the last piece being a national anthem. Professor Willard is a beautiful singer. He reminded me of our old singing master, Mr. Fitch, singing a high part so sweetly. Mr. Prior then went through the ceremony of giving the degrees. Mr. Crawley read an address from the students to Mr. Prior, after which he gave them an affectionate address in reply; it was quite affecting, he having been professor there for twenty years and is now having to reside in Boston.

We talked with some of our friends at leaving, and bid Mr. McKeen goodbye, who is to start for his home in Cape Breton today. He gave Rebecca and I an address for our Sabbath scholars. We took dinner with Dr. Brown, Mr. Huntingdon, member from Yarmouth, also was there; he kept us in

FIGURES IN HAMILTON SENSATION



Joe Baytoizae of Hamilton, who was murdered on July 31st in Hamilton, is here shown with his wife and two of his children. The two boys gave evidence, which incriminates their mother, at the inquest. Baytoizae, it was alleged, was felled with an iron poker in the hand of his wife because he had lost all his money at the races. The body was put in the cellar of his home and later carried away in an automobile, with the aid of several men who are also under arrest, and thrown over a cliff in a lonely section of the Hamilton mountain. The body was found by Boy Scouts on Nov. 8th who were on the lookout for another body, one Fred Genesee, a jitney driver, which was found a week later horribly mutilated. There is a theory that the same people responsible for the Baytoizae murder, know something of the other.

good humor with his comical speeches. It was nearly six o'clock before we started for home. The day had been exceedingly warm but got cooler and clouds rolled up. Presently there came a great gust of wind which raised the dust so we had to close our eyes as we got to Brooklyn the rain was coming down smartly and there was quite a thunder shower. When we returned we found Mr. and Mrs. Dickie and Somerville had driven through. I stopped in to Mrs. James and received a letter from Maria and Ellen Dickie, which pleased me much. I then went to Mrs. Dorman's and stopped all night at her request. It thundered and lightened all night. Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, Somerville, Mercy Holmes and Ann Barke came and took dinner with me. In the afternoon they went home with Mercy. I stayed to write a letter to Maria, and then went also to Mercy's and stayed to tea. We all went over to Mother's for the night. I arose early and came home, then mother and Mrs. Dickie came and spent the day with me. Mrs. Nunn came and spent the afternoon. In the evening we all went to Mercy's for a "sing". So ends this week.

YOUR BUSINESS

"And what is your business?" remarked one of those present to the latest to join the group.

"Why, you might call me an Insurance Agent."

"Really," said Brown, "I'm an actuary with the Ajax. What's your company?"

"Well, you see," replied Mr. Newcomer, "I've a company of my own."

"Well, I am surprised. We seem to be entertaining a capitalist in our midst."

The passing of these remarks had more or less focussed the attention of the group on Newcomer. He, in turn, felt that an explanation was more or less necessary.

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Apple Boxes and Shooks
Six and Eleven Quart Baskets
Apple Box Presses and
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Blueberry boxes and Crates.

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FALLACY OF BUYING BY MAIL

How would you like to journey to the nearest city for a pound of sugar, or a yard of muslin, or a spool of thread or a smoke? And how would you like to make the trip when you need a prescription filled in a hurry, while death rumsing you a race?

You would make some noise if forced to such an extremity—and then more noise.

You would say—and justly so—that a town in which you cannot buy a pound of sugar, or a yard of muslin, or a spool of thread, or a smoke or even get a prescription filled, is a mighty poor excuse for a town and not worth living in.

Yet our merchants can only afford to keep these things for your convenience as long as you buy other things from them.

It is not doing this town any good to buy the little things here and then chase off to a city or send to a catalogue house when you want something on which the merchant has a chance to make a dollar.

Neither is it doing you any good, for the prosperity of each citizen is dependent to a large extent upon the prosperity of the community as a whole. We are not telling you something you do not know.

We are simply refreshing your memory in hope the time may come when our people will conclude that a town that is worth living in is worth trading in.

TWO SIDES TO ALL QUESTIONS

Upon that point, be sure I'm right—
No doubt at all, can be,
For if opposed, we'll have to fight,
And then you're beat, you see;
I never fail to prove my case—
Mistakes don't enter in—
My word is all you have to face,
And ev'ry time, I win.

So spoke my friend of many years,
Quite sure of all he says,
Yet, oft I find a doubt appears,
Though positive his ways;
Too oft his wishes, words mak' clear—
He cannot bear a doubt—
Hot tempered too, without a fear,
He's wont to fight it out.

That sort of man we meet and chide—
Well meaning, to be sure—
But he forgets the other side
That fighting cannot cure;
Though arguments may not convince,
All men owe reflection,
And by that at last agree, since
Two sides has each question.

—Mentor.

GONE FOR GOOD

John (after first night on board)—
Where are my clothes gone?
Steward—Where did you put them?
John—In that little cupboard with the glass door.
Steward—Sorry, sir, that ain't no cupboard—that's a porthole.

Behind every package of 1870 MORSES TEAS there is over Fifty Years of Tea Blending Experience.

Executor's Notice

All persons having legal demands against the estate of the late C. C. Brown, of Hantsport, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

C. ALBAN BROWN
Sole Executor.
Box 1554, New Glasgow
Pictou Co., N. S.
Probate granted Nov. 11, 1924. 5-13i-pj



NEW LAMP BURNS 94 p.c. AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, J. M. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

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The Acadian

Verily, people look to our columns for "news" of your bargains. So why not make this paper your "Public Information Bureau?"

The well known Bonnet-Brown Sales Service which we carry for your convenience, will make your "information" appealingly attractive to our readers. Give us a ring—217—and ask about it.



Lady Bountiful: "And did your old grandfather's face light up when he got his new pipe?"
Boy: "No, ma'am—only 'is beard an' we soon put that out!"
—Passing Show.