

THE ACADIAN

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Friend! Mother! Father! Sister! Brother!

Whether you are at this moment busy or not take two minutes of your valuable time, read, and digest this little note. It is just a few lines but mean so much to you and I. The Old home, or "The Old Nest" we all love so well, those fond memories of Mother. Yes it is about a picture called "The Old Nest".

"The Old Nest", which may be characterized as a slice of life, so genuine and simple and human are its figures, incident and detail. Unstinted praise will be Rupert Hughes' reward for giving the screen something which is not only vital and impressive, truthful and entertaining, but which serves in teaching a lesson to heedless youth. It is a plea to write often or visit the folks back home—to give them thought as we pass out of their lives to make our mark in the world. Invites us to look in on a typical American family and watch the divine mother love in its eternal song.

We peer in the windows or peek behind the door cautiously so as not to interrupt mother in her task of bringing up her children. It is an arduous task but one entered into with spirit and self-sacrifice. It is your home—my home—everyone's home. Certainly it will bring poignant memories and heart-throbs. Yet for every tug at the heart there is a balancing note of humor, for tears and laughter are closely related. It is this happy balance which emphasizes the humanities.

The children are first shown as little tots, unmindful of anything but the pursuit of childish whim and fancy. They are still unmindful of the duty they owe their parents when they leave the old nest. It is when they fail to write or visit the home that the poignant touches are realized. They invent little white lies which are easily punctured by mother, but she accepts it all philosophically. It is not her place to sit in judgment, but to condone and forgive, love and sacrifice. The episodes are as quiet as the rustic sitting itself and as quaint. The two girls grow up and marry; the boys scatter over two continents. The children are really esser figures since the framework of the plotless story revolved around mother's place in the home—her grief, her happiness, her work and play. There are admirable contrasts too. Father is a little stern, a trifle inclined to reprimand the children. And mother jumps to the rescue with the fury of a she-wolf. She turns to the window when they have grown up and departed and addressing a mother bird feeding its young, says: "Feed them now, shove the food down their throats, mother bird, they will soon leave you and fly away!"

We are all forgetful at times so were these children but mother never gave up hopes of seeing them all again and then when the clouds were blackest—but then I would only spoil it to tell you more. See "The Old Nest" its worth a thousand sermons—it will make the home a little more snug and secure. Owing to the extra cost of bringing this Super Motion picture to Wolfville we will be forced to ask \$50c admission but friend it's worth twenty times fifty.

Don't forget the date, Monday and Tuesday, January 9-10

The Spell of Quebec's Roadside Oven



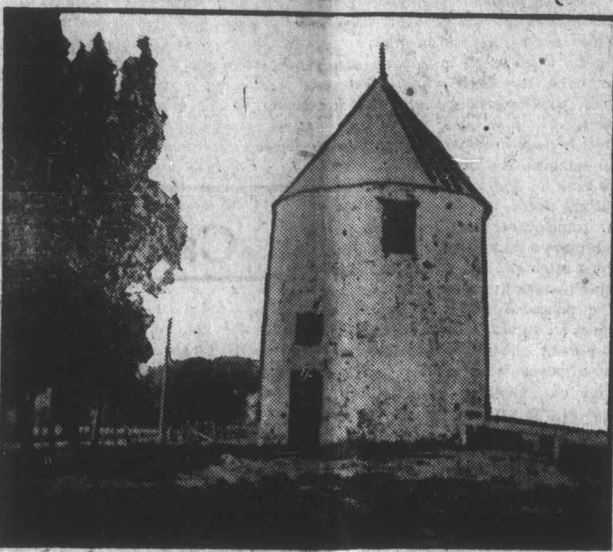
By courtesy of the C.P.R.
A Quebec Roadside Oven.

No housewife in America is so independent of the price of coal and oil as the habitant woman of Quebec, with an out-of-door brick oven at her beck and call.

These roadside-ovens, — and nobody knows exactly what whim or fancy possessed the Quebecois mind for carrying his baking apparatus so far from home, unless it was fear of the roaring fire which must be set up in order to bake the large quantity of bread necessary to fill the many mouths of the grande famille,—are not only landmarks in Quebec but indications of the habitant housewife's hospitality. They seem to say to the passer-by, "Now you know you are in Quebec, and Quebec is the land of home-made bread." Mais oui. "Entrez vous. For a mere song Madame will cut you some thick slices and bring out a pitcher of milk." Oui, the grand oven is undoubtedly the symbol of Quebec! There is a friendly look about these old wayside ovens which arises out of the fact that they are made by hand and fit in perfectly with the landscape and the scheme of life in general obtaining in this province, so pre-eminently the land of the home-made.

In many months of tramping in Quebec we have encountered scores of these ovens. But because they are home-made, each one is different. Each architect builds to suit his own fancy or else to come in to the possibilities as to shape and size contained in the material at hand. Leaks are overcome with smudges of plaster and added coats of white wash. The oven itself resembles

Old Windmills of the Quebec Roadside



By courtesy of the C.P.R.
Old Grist Mill, near Varennes, Province of Quebec.

Landmarks of the Quebec roadside, everywhere hold one with fascinated interest on account of their connection with the past, and because as a rule they are such as occur nowhere else this side the Atlantic.

Shrines, large and small, elaborate and simple, erected by communities, or by some Société or by private persons. Large "Crosses" marking off the miles and cross-roads; and along these roads, at somewhat infrequent intervals, one happens on old mills driven by water-power, or possessed of wind-driven sails, or standing like storm-swept ships-at-sea when gales have licked away their canvas. The "gales of time" have in many instances made mere "playthings" out of these old mills erected in olden days of the grand seigneurs.

An especially well-preserved old mill of "the towered wind-mill type" is to be seen on the Varennes road. It arises on the level meadow-lands of the south shore of the St. Lawrence as naturally as its forbears arise on the landscape back in old Normandy. There is an air about this old tower built so solidly of rude field-stones as to make you think it at one time a tower of defence, as it might easily have been against the plundering savages who no doubt frequently came this way when the tower was built. Sometimes I think we do not realize the value which these old buildings and bits of architecture from another age mean to us as an illuminated page of the country's history. This mill is more surely than as "a landmark" of interest only, to voyageurs on the

Varennes road! Out of it our present-day architects might very well find many a suggestion for producing a distinct and all-Canadian type of architecture. We have grown too much in the habit of thinking these old mills belong only to the past and that their day is entirely over except as historic wayside landmarks. Our landscape gardeners in particular might very well take hints in "effect" from their old lineal "irrigation works" might even find suggestions, from these old Norman-French mills and granaries, for "pumping stations." A stronger appeal to the public would be made were real beauty added to usefulness. One sometimes hears complaints that artesian well "pumps" take from the beauty of the landscape, and so, directly, from the value of property, otherwise in the happy possession of charming views. "The Round Tower" of the olden days, such as this one at Varennes, appears full of suggestion for all sorts of uses, but of course the original use as "mill," where the countryside brought its grain to be ground into flour, has in most instances passed away, even in Quebec; while the old mills driven by water-power are, in many instances, still in constant use after centuries of faithful service.

Certainly none of these old towers should be allowed to fall into decay or be torn down for any purpose whatsoever. These first guide posts in the history of the country's milling, even now, are as priceless old manuscripts, in our library of accomplishment.—V. H.

EAST END GROCERY AND CHINA STORE.

We extend to our
Friends and Patrons
A Happy New Year

W. O. PULSIFER
PHONE 42

FOR YOUR NEW YEAR'S DINNER

We can supply you with

TURKEY
GEESE
FOWLS
CHICKENS

CHOICE BEEF
VEAL
PORK
PORK SAUSAGES

HAMS & BACON

ORANGES
GRAPE FRUIT
MIXED NUTS
GRAPES

MOIRS CHOCOLATES
WILLARDS CHOCOLATES
TABLE RAISINS
FIGS

BREAD—Moires' Dan Dee, Mothers, Brown and Plum
Loaf Fresh every morning 12c. per loaf.

R. E. HARRIS & SONS

Advertise in THE ACADIAN.

To all our friends who have extended courtesies to us in the past, as well as to those we look forward to serving in the future, we extend our cordial wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Bountiful New Year.

C. H. PORTER

A Happy New Year

THE ELECTIONS

ARE
OVER

XMAS HAS PASSED

NO
ONE
HURT

A Happy New Year
to you all

Acadia Pharmacy
Hugh E. Calkin

PHONE 41

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

We wish our Friends and Customers the very best in store for the coming year, and may it be one full of Happiness and Prosperity to one and all.

Thanking them for their generous patronage, we will strive to make the year 1922, the best ever, for everyone.

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