

THE ACADIAN

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Editorial

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

WEBSTER CALLS IT COHESION

WHAT makes a town anyway? Is it the wealth evidenced by the magnificent and palatial homes and splendid store windows? These may attest the stability and thrift of certain people, but they offer no great inducements to commercial and moral progress. Is it the spirit of good order and law observance? That is a factor only. The sleepest old hamlets that dot the map have this spirit in rank abundance. Is it the schools and the churches? May their number ever increase, but they don't make a town—they only culture it. Is it the geographical location, the character of the country surrounding, the shipping facilities, the natural advantages?

None of these are essentials. Well, what is it that makes a town, anyway? Just one thing, the unity of the people, the existence of a common bond which causes business and social enemies to put aside all differences when it comes to boosting the town. There is a word called "cohesion," Webster defines it as: "The act of sticking together; close union." No town ever made real progress in the way to substantial success without the get-together spirit unanimously adopted. It has rejuvenated old hulks of towns that were yawning their way into endless sleep. It has infused new life blood into the heart of commercial life and made thriving cities out of paralytic villages.

Natural advantages account for much and prosperity cannot be built upon shifting sand, but any town with half a chance can be made to grow and expand and thrive when its citizens join with one accord in the boosting program.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

IT IS apparently the voter who renounces his political allegiance who these days wins the plaudits of his fellows. The man who election after election stands by his party and supports it through thick and thin must be content to occupy the humbler walks of life, while the "wobbler" gets his name in print and his picture on the front page of the daily press. Such being the case, is it any wonder there are those who find the temptation to "shift" irresistible. We are not saying that the privilege of changing one's political affiliations is not well within the right of every voter. An honest conviction often leads a man or a woman to revise a view formerly regarded as beyond question. Sometimes it is the voter who leaves his party and at other times it is the party which leaves the voter. In every case where the motive is an honest one it is a purifying process which makes for a better condition both to the individual and to the body politic. What we do take exception to is profuse-ness of publicity which almost invariably attends a change of heart of this kind. It indicates that the opinion of a man who has changed it is of more moment than that of a man who still retains the courage of his conviction—or a stubborn will that can only see one way. We can better imagine a man who has lost faith in anything which he at one time thought worth while to hesitate in flouting the fact before the public gaze until he, at least, is able to convince himself that his motive is beyond question and his stepping out in order to more fully know the truth.

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

IT HAS been said that no institution not founded on a fundamental human need can live. The reverse of this is also true. This is why the home newspaper, as an institution has survived many things: the onslaughts of individual opposition, the increase of paper and printing costs, the peril of unpaid subscriptions, the uncertainty of advertising patronage, the problems of its own professional competition, and the hazards of its own mistakes. Through all these the home newspaper still lives.

When subjected to the test of whether the home newspaper could be done without, there always follows the inevitable reaction of whether the people of the community would want to do without it. The more than 17,000 daily, weekly, semi-weekly and tri-weekly newspapers in the United States and Canada stand as proof of the important service the newspaper renders in its local field of circulation.

The newspaper is not an invention, nor is it a fad or a fancy. It is a growth—a development made possible by the co-operative and receptive spirit of the people themselves because of the need for the transmission of news and as a circulation medium for advertising the products of the community and of the world. But the home newspaper is even more than this. It is the echo of the community's voice, a spokesman of the community's mind, a reflection of the community's vision, a champion of the community's rights, and a direct avenue for the community's progress.

THE FUEL SUPPLY

WHEN THE commission appointed by the Rhodes government to investigate conditions affecting the coal industry of this province gets down to business it is to be hoped that the case of the consumer may come in for a generous consideration. For the past ten years the problem of providing a sufficient fuel supply has taxed the ingenuity of the thrifty householder. No matter how careful he is in his estimate the appropriation for the winter's supply of coal invariably falls short. When we turn back in memory to the days when Nova Scotia coal could be purchased at three and a half dollars per ton we wonder that we did not become wealthy. Then the cost of mining coal was quoted at ninety cents per ton while now it is said to cost three dollars. To the uninitiated, however even that advance in cost seems scarcely to warrant the price we have to pay today. We have been looking for relief which so far has not put in an appearance. With another cold winter close at hand the prospect afforded by present fuel prices is far from reassuring. Frequent conflicts between the miners and operators apparently always tend to the disadvantage of those upon whom the grim duty of keeping the home fires burning falls. It may be that the commission may be able to provide a way out of the dilemma, and a long suffering and sorely tried public are hoping that this they may be able to do.

SOME REGULATION NEEDED

From time to time the neighborhood receives plasterings of unsightly bills and posters, usually by persons who have not the slightest interest in the welfare or beauty of the community. If bills must be posted there should be regulations providing for their removal by the parties responsible, or in lieu of this a governing license issued by the municipality to any wishing to post bills.

This license would either make the licensee responsible for the removal of all bills or else the municipality could assume that, charging for the labor.

There is a movement on foot which is spreading fast, to prohibit all roadside advertising. Many a beautiful thoroughfare has been marred by unsightly signs at every corner and every nook. In progressive towns billboards are on a commercial basis and their neat appearance is one of the drawing cards of the companies who are engaged in the business. Prevention is better than cure; and the spirit of clean-up day should be maintained 365 days in the year—and this is one of the instances where the prevention is most easily applied.

THE CAUSES OF CRIME

(Rev. J. Phillips Jones, M.A., B.D., Social Service Council of Canada.)

In addition to poverty which was mentioned in a previous article another cause of crime is—Intemperance. If the sale of hard liquor was prevented, the police-courts would lose a great deal of their business. At a recent meeting of police inspectors in New York City, one experienced officer said that "Drink is the greatest single cause of crime." Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of Great Britain said, "After forty years at the bar, and ten as a judge I have no hesitation in saying that ninety per cent. of the crime in this country is due to indulgence in strong drink."

Addressing the Grand Jury in Winnipeg some time ago the Judge said: "Most of the cases in these assizes are directly or indirectly due to liquor. Especially does this apply to the foreign-speaking population who are industrious and hard-working when sober, but are like wild beasts when under the influence of liquor." Picariello and Mrs. Lasandra paid the extreme penalty for shooting a policeman in Blairmore, Alberta, because he interfered with their bootlegging traffic. And so we could multiply instances of strong drink being one of the great causes of crime.

Another cause of crime is addiction to habit-forming drugs. "The great majority of drug-addicts are of the underworld type." F. W. Cowan of the Opium and Narcotic Drugs Division of the Federal Department of Health says that although the evil is somewhat abating in Canada, one of the great needs is compulsory treatment of drug addicts. In this way alone will the evil be finally eradicated.

Feeble-mindedness is also a great cause of crime. "Half the crime of the world, two-fifths of venereal disease, two-thirds of prostitution are due to neglect of the feeble-minded. Recent psychiatric examination of the inmates of Sing Sing prison shows that two-thirds are mentally defective.

There are five hundred mentally defective children in Alberta. Miss Dauphine, Superintendent of Special Children's Classes in Vancouver, reports that there are over sixteen hundred mentally defective children in British Columbia, and the number is rapidly increasing. This is a problem in every province of the Dominion.

A mental defective is one whose brain development has halted. He has the body of an adult, but the mind of a child. Some are idiotic—mentally these are infants. Others are imbeciles having a mental capacity of from three to six years. The highest grade of feeble-minded are morons. These can be taught expert manual labour under proper direction if it involves no planning or reasoning.

All mentally defective lack control. They naturally drift into immorality and crime. Their immoral tendencies make birth-rate among them very high, and their defect is terribly transmissible. At least three persons in a thousand are feeble-minded. The untrained feeble-minded do not work and the rest of us are supporting them. The problem of the feeble-minded must be grappled with in earnest. By colonization, where they will not be able to propagate, we must stop breeding criminals. How many feeble-minded are there now in the provinces of Canada? How many will there be in twenty years?

TO THE BEATEN SOUL

A famous Scottish preacher was fulfilling an engagement recently in New York when this incident occurred. A prominent New York daily was advertising the preacher's sermons, one of which was entitled: "To the Beaten Soul." The minister delivered the sermon, but to his chagrin he felt that he could not finish it the way he had intended. Under a curious constraint he added:

two sentences at the end, feeling as if they were quite unsuitable. The sentences were these: "Remember you can always hold on a little longer. You never know what is waiting for you round the next corner."

A few days later he received a letter from a man who had heard the sermon. The man said that at the time he thought he had finished with life, because he felt that life had finished with him; he had decided to commit suicide. On the morning of his decision, however, he had seen the advertisement of the sermon. To the Beaten Soul, and he made up his mind to hear it. He attended the service but was left cold and untouched until right at the end two sentences seemed to grip him: "Remember you can always hold on a little longer. You never know what is waiting for you round the next corner." Those two sentences saved him. He realized their truth, and "round the next corner" he had discovered a chance to make life worth while after all.

It is such incidents that make us feel the truth of the lines: There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them though we may.

A PIRATE'S GIFT

In the little graveyard at Henniker, New Hampshire, there is a stone to mark the resting place of Mary, wife of Thomas Wallace, who died in 1814, at the age of ninety-four. There is nothing about the simple monument to cause the stranger to glance at it a second time, and he is sure to pass quickly on unless the old sexton or some kindly native tells him the story of Mary Wallace.

In July, 1720, an Irishman, James Wilson, and his young wife sailed from Londonderry to join a colony of the same name in New Hampshire, but the vessel was slow, and one day it was overhauled by a pirate ship. Resistance would have been madness, and the pirate crew swarmed over the side, tied up every man they could find, and seized what little of value the ship contained. The captain of the buccaners led the way to the cabin. In a small adjoining stateroom Mrs. Wilson lay in her berth. "Why are you there?" demanded the captain.

For answer the woman uncovered the face of a tiny babe.

The captain's manner changed. "Is it a boy or a girl?" he asked in a low voice.

"A girl."

"Have you christened her?"

"No."

"Then," said he very gently, "let me name her and I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed and unrobbed. It shall be a good name. May I name the girl?"

"Yes."

There were tears in the rough captain's eyes as he took the baby's tiny hand and whispered "Mary" adoringly. "Let her wear this on her wedding day," he said, and was gone before Mrs. Wilson could thank him.

Soon, however, the captain returned alone, bringing a roll of beautiful silk, which he lay on the berth at little Mary's side. "Let her wear this on her wedding day," he said, and was gone before Mrs. Wilson could thank him.

"Ocean Mary," as she was called, was married in 1740 to Thomas Wallace. She wore the pirate's silk at the wedding, as her granddaughter did after her at theirs.

FATAL

Clifford Harrison, the English reader, has his own ideas of the "total depravity of inanimate things." He says it is surely fatal to introduce an effective pause in a recitation, for something is sure to mar it. He adds, plaintively: "If I am reciting in a hall where there is a striking clock, or past which a train runs, with shriek and roar, I know that striking clock or shrieking train will

make themselves heard at a moment when it is important for me to have unbroken silence.

I once wrote some verses for recitation, into which I was so injudicious to put a sudden exclamation: "Listen! What is that?" I might have known what would happen. Clocks chimed, doors slammed, special trains screamed, old gentlemen coughed, some one was convulsed with an irrepressible sneeze, dogs came from distant parts on purpose to bark, candle shades fell off, a waiter dropped a tray and a teacup, a baby cried, and a dead old lady was heard to say to a neighbor: "Would half a cucumber be of any use to you?"

I learned better wisdom, and cut the passage out.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

In the home—it is kindness.
In business—it is honesty.
In society—it is courtesy.
In work—it is fairness.
Toward the unfortunate—it is pity.
Toward the weak—it is help.
Toward wickedness—it is resistance.
Toward the strong—it is trust.
Toward the penitent—it is forgiveness.
Toward the fortunate—it is congratulation.
Toward God—it is reverence and love.



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Another chest of that Indo-Ceylon Tea, per lb.		65c.

SPECIAL PRICE		Fry's Cocoa
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Shelled Walnuts, 54c. lb.	Shredded Cocoanut, 29c. lb.	
Icing Sugar, per lb.		12c.
Pure Lard, 25c. lb.	Shortening, 22c. lb.	

SPECIAL PRICE		Crisco
		1 lb. 27c. 3 lb. 79c.
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