

January 6, 1921

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHURCHES

Christmas at the Baptist Church was a day of more than usual interest. A large and expectant congregation was present on Sunday morning and the cheery spirit of Christmas was everywhere in evidence. The church was tastefully decorated the garlands of evergreen generously decked with crimson giving an added feeling of warmth and hospitality to the spacious auditorium. The Pastor Rev. J. H. Macdonald occupied the pulpit and preached on the Assurance of Christmastic based on the text, "fear not", which as he said ran through the enchanting story of the advent as a recurring note of angelic melody. It was never said of Christ that he was afraid. He found nothing in nature in man nor in the world beyond to fear. His coming was to dispel the fear that had held humanity in thrall—the fear of the supernatural, the mystical and the will of the God. It was an inspiring message and thoroughly in keeping with the day. Mrs. Roy Ross had charge of the organ.

The Christmas Concert on Sunday evening was an event of unusual interest. The children one and all, were possessed of the Christmas spirit. The parts assigned them—and the whole programme was theirs—were rendered with artistic finish to the edification and delight of the large

congregation. The entire programme was one of unusual excellence and reflects great credit on Miss Clara Chisholm and Mrs. Ford, on whom the training of the children largely devolved. The ushering was in charge of the Tuxis boys of Dr. Leslie Eaton's class. The collection of the evening was in aid of the Russian Famine Relief Fund and amounted to more than two hundred and thirty dollars.

Following is the programme of the evening exercises:

Prelude—Hymn, It came Upon the Midnight Clear; Hymn, O Little Town of Bethlehem; Scripture: Isa. 60:1,3; 9:2,6—Matt. 2:1,2,9; 10:11—Luke 2:8-14—Luke 2:15-20; Flora Patriquin, Jean Shaw, Maie deWitt; Evelyn Bartheaux.

Prayer—Quartet, Silent Night, Haydn; Evelyn Duncanson, Elsie Dmiley, Fred Bishop, Fred Rand.

Exercise CHRISTMAS.

Recitation, The Star, Rex Porter.

Offertory—Songs and exercises by Kindergarten Department.

Recitation, The Earth Has Grown Old; Ruth Ingraham.

Trio, Three Kings of Orient, Hopkins.

Allen Pick, Jack Harris, Kenneth Murphy.

Recitation, One Night in Bethlehem; Marguerite Schofield.

Recitation, Christmas Everywhere, Geo. McKenna.

Chorus: (a) Shine Out, O Blessed Star, Dugan; (b) A Christmas Carol, Dugan.

Primary Department.

Recitation, Why Do Bells for Christmas Ring? Atwood, Cohoon.

Duet, Luther's Cradle Hymn; Phyllis Bartheaux, Jeanie Archibald.

Recitation, The Best Gift: Helen Perry.

Solo, Cathedral Hymn; Emma Weller.

French; Evelyn Duncanson.

Benediction.

In the Methodist Church the morning service was devoted to the young people of the congregation who joined in a White Gift Offering for the benefit of the poor.

The gifts were wrapped in white and were deposited by the donors, who walked in procession past the pulpit, in the hands of officials who were appointed to receive them. Suitable music and recitations were given by several young people. Many appropriate gifts were presented which will be wisely distributed from time to time among the needy, especially among those of them who are sick. Miss Harry, the Community Nurse, will kindly help in the distribution.

It is evening the light of the world is greatly increased by the light of the Christmas stars.

Mr. Mason, who sang "Unto you is born this Day a Saviour".

Rev. G. W. Miller gave two instructive sermons on the Christmas lesson at the Presbyterian church, and there was a good attendance at the morning service. The church was suitably decorated with evergreen. Conspicuous among the decorations was a handsome bouquet of carnations, the gift of Mrs. G. H. Gillmore. There was special Christmas music at both services. Miss J. W. Smith was the soloist at the morning service and Miss Doris Chambers in the evening.

The choir was largely composed of the young girls of the church who sang Christmas Carols at both services.

STATESMANSHIP

"How do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"

"It's due to my method of approach."

"Yes?"

"I begin my little talk by saying 'Madam I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies'."

It is understood that Mr. A. D. Elderkin, who recently purchased a fine large lot on the corner of Kent Avenue and Main Street, intends erection a handsome and commodious stone bungalow thereon during the coming summer.

IN CITY LIMITS.

A Chicago man, while in New York, was requested by a long-distance telephone operator to deposit 15 cents for telephoning to a certain place. He objected.

"Why in Chicago," he said, "we can telephone to a certain place for a quarter."

"Yes, but that's in your city limits," was the girl's answer.

The worst thing that can befall a young man is to fall hopelessly in debt and to a young married man it is doubly dangerous. Young man live within your income, if it is not more than a tuppence.

The old maxim, "It is not what you make, but what you save that makes men rich," is as true as gospel.

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.

COAL!

HARD COAL

SOFT COAL

COKE

KINDLING

A. M. WHEATON

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 3rd February, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, six times per week on the route between

AYELSFORD and WESTON, under a proposed contract for four years, to commence at the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Aylesford and Weston's Corner.

W. E. MACLELLAN, Acting District Superintendent, Office of District Superintendent, Postal Service, Halifax, December 22nd, 1921.

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The Lake of the Hanging Glaciers

(By Frederick Niven).

The name had always intrigued. It went into the same place as the names Llano Estacado, the Barren Lands, Land of Little Sticks. When, by the excellent goodness of God (as it seems to me), I found myself, on a late July evening, actually close enough to have Nixon, the long, lean local guide to that wonderland, indicate, if not the range of the hanging glaciers, the direction of our travel to it, I could scarcely believe my good fortune. I felt as one who dreams, at any moment it seemed, I might awaken and find it was not so—that the light of the hotel room behind me (we sat on the verandah discussing the morning's start) was not really streaming out on a bed of paper on Nixon's knee; that his face was not all a big shadow, save the chin, under a high cow-puncher hat; that he was only a figure in a dream, before a dream hotel; that only in a dream was he saying to me: "And what do you folks like to drink, tea or coffee? And in the way of fruit, do you prefer pears or apricots or peaches?" All evening I could hardly believe I was going, even though I laid out my khaki pants and leggings, and a Mackinaw coat before turning in that night.

Very early I was awakened, to the reflection of lake ripples on the ceiling above my bed, by the call of a loon. I was indubitably there—where the loon calls; and I counted over some of the causes of my happiness. The call of the loon; the scent of sage-brush and of balsam; the smell of horses in the open air, horses whose tails are not docked; wind-wrinkled lakes dropt among the luxuriant Selkirk or the austere Rockies; and lakes that are like polished jade (to filch a simile from a little sheaf of songs I came across the other day called "The Canadian Calendar"); and still blue lakes where the ripples from a canoe give to the surface the appearance of watered silk; and the smell of wood-smoke. Enough said. I was a trifle excited as we started out from Invermere in an automobile along a wagon-road to the place where Nixon and the horses were to await us. June bugs and yellow grasshoppers, whirled and crackled. Dragon-flies darted past. Once the wind held upon the wind-screen till we took a curve and he could flutter off. We left behind us a pennon of dust, bobbing away from the hotel where people said: "Where are they going?" and somebody replied, "To the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers." In a meadow beside a bend of Horse Thief Creek, where were three long cabins, the horses waited for us. We came round a twist of the road, brushing cottonwood and poplar and willow branches and, stopping, heard the tinkle of a horse bell; and there they were, Nixon, with his foot against a pack hauling on a rope, in the act of completing the work known as "throwing the diamond hitch."

Going to the Hanging Glaciers is as good as getting there, astounding spectacle though they be. It is an unforgettable journey. Walking in streets is an empty undertaking compared with riding through the Mountains, despite the shows in all the shop-windows and the passing faces. Time is in Oxford Street. The urgent moment is on Wall Street. Eternity is in the pass of Horse Thief Creek, where are no clocks. That is the feeling: it is into Eternity that we ride there. For that cause, all the way I found it hard to believe. The impression persisted that I might awake from sleep and an exquisite dream, that I might awaken to hear the clatter of street-sweepers, honk of late (or very early) taxis, and that Nixon's big cow-puncher hat showing ahead was only out of a story read when a boy. To begin with there were bridges over creeks we had to cross, corduroy bridges, but when we left wagon-road and came to trail the creeks were forded. Usually the horses drank before fording; and of all the charming pictures that have become stereotyped without losing charm, that of horses drinking by a riverbank is one of the finest.

That is only one of the simple delights of going to The Hanging Glaciers; and long may it be before any improvement committee throws bridges over these creeks for the sake of timid tourist. There are other trails for these trails, with every little hillside crisscrossed, every precipice shored up, every



Reflections in the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers.

overhanging tree lopped away as soon as a wind casts it over the trail, so that the pilgrim need not even bow, riding along, Nixon's cry ahead of: "Low bridge!" was part of the fun.

The sleepy little half-purring, half-angry voice of a frog by some reedy-edged unmapped lakelet of the mountain recesses is also part of the pleasure of such a journey. Most of us are all tangled up in laws and by-laws; and Houses of Parliament and Trade Union halls loom over us. That's why it is hard to believe we are there when we find ourselves in such places—where night is not lit by street lamps, but deepens and deepens in the valleys, as if exuding from amid the uncounted trees. Overhead day lingers on, upon the sheer precipices of peaks that we see between the topmost spires of the Douglas firs. How comfortable we can be there! In a few minutes, with a few clips of an axe, we have a mattress of fir-boughs; and then the trees from which they have been clipped make the tent poles over which to cast the canvas sheet.

The guide having smashed his watch I lent him mine, so that he could have all up and forth early on the next day. I woke to dim light and wondered what the time might be, rose and looked out of my tent, and gasped. What serene and perfect beauty! It was not day. It was not night. It was scarce dawn. The creek rushed past, a long grade of grey. The trees were infinitely still. As I looked each outlined itself and gained stability. That was the impression. I glanced up and saw morning on a high gold cloud. All was so perfect, so tranquil, so good, that I had a pang of sorrow for all men in tenements, and of regret for all back-courts in the cities of the world. One planet had the appearance of resting on a peak of jasper and chalcedony—an illusion of the witching hour, an actuality of the quality of light. It was unbelievably large. Rays shot from it like a star drawn by a man in the stone age. There was no other planet, no star, visible. And that planet, even as I watched, ignoring the cold of morning at my tent flap, went adrift from the peak; it was left alone in a wash of blue, then dwindled in size. The tremendous moment was over. I turned back and crept under the blankets to warm me—cold and happy—and was awakened again by the clip of an axe, and a crackling noise, and voices. Looking out I saw the camp-fire newly tended, and Nixon washing his hands carefully, preparing to cooking breakfast. By aid of a mirror hanging from a twig of a tree I shaved; and as our voices grew louder a marmot whistled away up on the peak that had been as of jasper and chalcedony and was then as of amethyst, with amethyst trees. Night had appeared to exude from the low woods and flood up the peaks; day came dropping down from that gold cloud, it seemed. The sheer rocks sparkled. Veins of snow shone in the crevices. The high woods were lit so that fir-tops were like queer daylight candles. A string of grouse flew up the valley and veered, with a sudden gabble of talk, from our smoke. The shadow of the peak over us drifted off sideways, and there came to our creek-side meadow a wedge of golden light and im-

mediate warmth.

As for the Glaciers, the announced objective of our journey: I once knew a lonely man who did not care to go out for a walk without a goal. Once he even addressed an envelope to himself before going out so that he could say: "I am going as far as the corner pillar-box, to post a letter." The Hanging Glaciers were our objective; but going up there was as good as getting there. Any objective will serve that takes one out to the roar of creeks and the sight of eagles volplaning in immensity and squirrels swaying on a bough's end. The Glaciers are certainly a spectacle. They hang. They do hang. They are in chasms of a league-wide sickle of mountain, eight separate glaciers, with taper tops and great butt ends many feet thick. From a monster one at the bottom of that sweep of mountain, the front of it recalling pictures of the Great Ice Barrier of the Antarctic, chunks break off. It calves, in the word of those whom Nixon calls "glaciologists." The calves float on the lake out of which Horse Thief Creek flows with plunging, noise, and foam. The lake fronting it, and receiving its broken splinters (and changing, opal-like, in the changes of the light and the rufflings and smoothings of the winds), was once christened "Lake May." But there are limits to human endurance. When old-timer Bruce saw it he said: "Hanging Glaciers! The Lake of the Hanging Glaciers!" And righteousness triumphed over levity. The name remains. The Lake of the Hanging Glaciers.

On the Alpine meadow on the higher side of that lake a man can sit all day, warm in the summer sun, and watch the ptarmigan trot across the névés. You cannot walk there but you tread upon an Alpine flower. There are long wedges of phylloides, that look like heath or heather. Between these are wedges of rock-slide, shaped like the glaciers, upturned V's on the mountain-sides, miles along. Ever and again there is a rumble that is not of thunder; it is the rumble of avalanche and rock-slides. Intermittently it punctuates the quiet of the day. The awe of the Glaciers is the journey's end and assuredly lives in the memory; but also much else lives in the memory, drifts into the sub-conscious that, with the advance of man, shall become the conscious—drifts into his heart to his making, if he have any capacity to be made. A thousand memories remain: squirrels springing their rattles; mother ptarmigan clucking to her brood; little understandings on the way between man and horse; the knocking of a stone from the hollow of his hoof, and having him rub his muzzle in friendly gesture on one's shoulder, as expression of thanks. These are among the number. From the horrific saw-edged rocky crest, where the taper tips of the fanning glaciers have the appearance of being hooked on, down to the valley depths and the dart of blue dragon-flies among rushes, with metallic clash there; from the roar of the rock-slides to the jocund cast a netting in air of a lively grasshopper—all is good. Perhaps it is only because the life we have, mostly, to live, has so frequently a quality rather like nightmare, that going to the Hanging Glaciers has the quality of a dream.