

The Acadian

Vol. XLV.

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1925.

No. 10.

WOLFVILLE SAILOR HAS THRILLING EXPERIENCE

The Story of the Trip of the Schooner Georgette from Halifax to Miami, Fla.

(The following story which is copied from a Miami, Fla., paper, will be of interest to Wolfville readers since one of the crew of the vessel mentioned, Arthur Eye, is a native and until recently a resident of this town. Graphically told, it is a tale of one of the greatest storms experienced by sea-going craft in late years.)

Another schooner has crept into Miami harbor after struggling through the great October hurricane that smashed across the North Atlantic, smothering ships and men under falling mountains of gale-whipped water.

It is the Georgette, out of Halifax with laths for the Meteor Transport & Trading Co., near whose Miami Beach dock it is tied. It was 19 days overdue and 400,000 laths were missing from her deck when the schooner's four masts showed through the government cut early this week.

With a "green" crew, and a poor Captain, the Georgette nosed out of Halifax harbor Sept. 29. He expected to reach Miami 15 days later. He was 34 days at sea.

One of the crew had never been to sea before. Another was making his second voyage. Three had sailed in the little fishing craft of Nova Scotia. Leon Smith was cook, Arthur Eye first mate and C. A. Oykile "bo'sun". The seamen were Clyde and James Boutier, George Corkum, Bowes and Gerald Fleming.

One hundred miles south of Nantucket, at 3 a.m., the hurricane tore down on the schooner in a jumbled fury of westerly gales, waves 30 feet high and hail. The foresail was blown away.

With all sail reefed the laboring schooner pitched along under bare poles at more than 10 knots an hour.

Once the first mate, ducking to escape the smash of a great sea, narrowly escaped being swept overboard when the rushing water filled his rubber boots and dragged him across the deck.

Another sea, rising more than 30 feet, swept over the after-house, tore the compass from the cabin top and pitched it into the sea.

Men could not stand against the gale. New to the sea, the crew toiled on, pale faces stuck into the black skirts of the storm.

Almost two feet of water roared through the galley, sweeping all the schooner's vegetables overboard. The rushing water sucked away most of the coal, flooded the fore-castle and jerked bundles of laths from the schooner's deck.

Leon Smith worked in his galley. He could cook very little. It was hard to stand, with the water grappling him about the knees and the schooner tossing like a maniac.

"Brownie", the ship's dog, a collie, tumbled over the deck, trying to help the tired men fight the storm, refusing to stay below until the cook looked him from deck.

Slowly the storm died, faded off into strong swells, giant swells that rolled the schooner sickly. The Georgette was more than 200 miles off its course, dragged far out to sea by the black fingers of the storm.

Tuesday, the Georgette lay safe at dock. The sailors—young chaps who have just seen death—worked about the deck. Leon Smith stirred a boiling pot on his stove.

"I thought we were gone," said Gerald Fleming, who was never on the sea before.

"I felt we were going. I thought we were turning over. I guessed I'd be drowned pretty quick."

"I didn't think much about anything. There was too much to do. It was too hard to keep from being knocked overboard. But I guess I thought most of—"

For a while Gerald Fleming, who is 22, looked at his torn hands.

"Yes, I guess I thought most of Ruth. She has dark hair. She's the girl I'm going to marry when I go back home."

C. A. Oykile, "bo'sun", pulled on a black pipe and leaned against the rail. For 20 years he sailed as master and then left the sea. Now, once a year, he ships out again, going sometimes as master and sometimes as mate.

"It was very enjoyable, lad," he said, "I'm going out again next fall when it gets nice and snappy."

The cook said, "I didn't worry, son—if you go, you go; that's all there is to it. There were lots of times when it didn't look like we had a chance. But," he shrugged again, "what of it?"

And then Leon Smith, who has been shipwrecked, who served for three years with the "Fighting Twenty-sixth" in the trenches, who was wounded there and who boiled coffee in the Georgette's galley when he thought no one would live to drink it, wiped his forehead and began peeling potatoes.

"Nice and warm here, ain't it?" he said.

Acadia Seminary and Acadia Academy closed on Friday last for the Christmas holidays and the University closed on Monday.

Keeping Christmas

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are you willing to do these things for even a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not for always? But you can not keep it alone.

—Henry Van Dyke.

RALPH M. HUNT ORATORICAL CONTEST

Held Last Friday Evening at University Hall, Won by Alvin G. Robertson

The annual Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest, which is held at Acadia University on the Friday evening immediately preceding the Christmas recess, was held in University Hall last Friday evening with two students competing. The contest is for a prize of \$25.

The judges gave the decision in favor of Alvin G. Robertson of East Baltic, P. E. I., who spoke on the "Book of Books".

Charles F. Allaby gave the first address, taking as his subject the "Rediscovery of Hope on Western Civilization". He spoke of the wave of materialism which passed over our country just before the late war. With the clash of the armies in Europe came a form of artificial idealism with a superficial ground-work which left us, with the close of the war, wallowing in the quick sands of despair.

It was the purpose of the speaker to consider not the optimists and pessimists but rather those scholars in our civilization, and the audience showed their hearty approval at the close of the brilliant and well rendered address.

A. G. Robertson spoke next, choosing as his theme "The Book of Books". Mr. Robertson spoke well and began by tracing the history of the early manuscripts of the Bible: The Vatican, Sinaitic and Alexandrian versions. Next he referred to the great work of the translator, St. Jerome and then King Alfred the Great and Wycliffe.

The next step in the development of our present day translations came from William Tyndale. Tyndale's version was condemned and finally he himself was thrown into prison and martyred. Tyndale was the first of the translators to go back to the original Greek and Hebrew, and but of his great work have grown the authorized version and the recent revisions which make the Bible what it is today, the greatest work in the English language.

The judges were Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Marshall and Dr. DeWolf.

SPECIAL MEETING OF TOWN COUNCIL

Stipendiary Whidden Gives Information Respecting Outstanding Fines

A special meeting of the Council was held on Monday evening with all the Councillors present and Presiding Councillor Reach in the chair.

Stipendiary Whidden addressed the Council respecting fines outstanding in connection with a conviction made under the Nova Scotia Temperance Act. He recounted the facts connected with the case and suggested means by which a settlement of the matter might be made and the fines collected. Mr. Whidden received the thanks of the Council for the information given and the due consideration of the members was promised.

The following bills were read and passed for payment:

F. W. Murphy	89.50
C. S. Fitch	27.14
H. K. Whidden	1.78
Canadian Westinghouse Co.	26.09
H. K. France	2.40
H. Sattin	3.40
J. H. Baltzer	76.63
F. M. Barnes	18.95
P. J. Gertridge	7.50
S. R. Jackson	60.63
W. D. Withrow	30.00
T. McAvity & Son	20.40
Provincial Highway Tax	778.16
Halifax Industrial School	77.88

A letter was read from the Crawford Brush Co. respecting the operations of that industry and their purpose of erecting a factory in some suitable location in the Valley. Wolfville was asked to state what concession would be granted in case they decided to select this town as the future home of the company. No action was taken for the present, the matter being laid over for a future meeting.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT ACADIA

On Saturday evening the annual Christmas dinner to the Acadia University students was held in the dining hall of the women's residence. Mrs. MacLean, Dean of the College women, and Mrs. Weeks, received the guests in the living room. They included President and Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Sylvester, Prof. and Mrs. Wetmore, Prof. Howard, the members of the Senior class residing in town and others, as well as the upper classmen.

The dining room was decorated with Christmas greens and cut flowers. A group of girls gathered around the entrance, greeted the guests with Christmas carols. After dinner was served, President Patterson said a few words in humorous vein, and the function came to a close with coffee served in the reception room.

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DEATH OF FORMER WOLFVILLE RESIDENT

The death of William Theakston, a former resident of Wolfville, occurred at Franklin, Mass., on Friday last. He was Nova Scotia's oldest printer and for many years had made his home at Truro, where members of his family still reside. In the early sixties with his brother, the late Major Theakston, he conducted a newspaper called "The Acadian" in this town, in the old Temperance Hall building which stood on the site now occupied by the Wolfville Book Store and was destroyed by fire in May, 1881. Mr. Theakston always gave evidence of a keen interest in THE ACADIAN of a more recent time and was always a welcome visitor at our sanctum. He was an Englishman, a printer of the old school, and a man who was respected by all who knew him.

The windows of Wolfville business places present an especially attractive appearance this year and show considerable originality and artistic taste.

BILLION DOLLAR CROP HARVEST IN THE DOMINION

OTTAWA, Dec. 22.—"Canada has just finished harvesting a billion dollar crop from her fields and returns from her studs, herds, flocks, will easily total another half billion dollars," states a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture. "Agriculture" continues the statement, "is responsible for a return to the people of produce valued at something over \$1,500,000,000 this year."

The bulletin employing these figures is urging the promotion of beekeeping in Canada, and announces that large quantities of nectar are annually going to waste in Canada. It is one of the farm industries which is still far from producing its maximum. One bee keeper near Lethbridge, Alberta, produced more honey this year than was produced by the entire province in 1924.

Frank A. Munsey, well known newspaper publisher, died at New York on Tuesday.

Town Topics

Vol. 2, No. 20. Wolfville, December 24, 1925. Free

Bon Noel

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

To all our customers—and they are countless—we extend our keen appreciation of past associations, present friendships, future contracts.

May this Christmas be the happiest day of your life—and a precursor of many similar succeeding ones.

Page Ten.
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The Hantsport Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HANTSPORT AND VICINITY

HANTSPORT HAPPENNINGS

Rev. H. T. Gornall, B.A. gave an exhibition of lantern views of mission fields in the West in the United Church on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. (Captain) R. Taylor left last week for Parrsboro, to spend several days with friends.

Mrs. Laura Rice spent several days at Halifax.

Miss Daisy Mitchener arrived last week from Everett, Mass., being summoned on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Wilson, who is a patient at the Paysant Memorial hospital, Windsor.

Jack Swaine, of the United Fruit Company, Boston, arrived home early last week for the Christmas holidays which he will spend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Swaine, William street.

Lawson Walsh, Lockhartville, arrived from New York last week to spend the holiday season at his home.

The Hantsport schools closed last Thursday for the Christmas recess. Principal Sarty left on Friday to spend Christmas at his home at Lapland, Lunenburg county.

Among the hostesses last week were: Mrs. A. Forrest, Mrs. A. Lawrence and Mrs. G. P. Churchill.

The marriage of Francis Gertrude Fields, daughter of Mrs. Gertrude Fields of this place, and LeRoy Willis Margeson, of Kentville, took place at the home of Rev. Dr. Dickie, who was the officiating clergyman, on December 14th.

Mrs. Milidge Oulton, of Stellarton, is spending the festive season at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burgess.

Miss Grace Young, a student of the Halifax Ladies College, is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Foster, of Berwick, was a recent guest of Miss Gladys Patton.

Mr. Austin Brownell, of the Pictou Academy staff, is spending the vacation season with his mother, Mrs. E. Brownell.

Mr. Arthur Gill is a patient at the P. M. Hospital, Windsor.

An adult class called the Avon Adult Bible class has been organized in connection with the Sunday school of the Hantsport Baptist church, under the leadership of Deacon N. E. Coldwell, president, and Rev. Z. L. Fash, teacher.

The Scout basketball team of the United Church, Wolfville, and the "Eagles", of Hantsport, played a friendly game in the local gymnasium on Friday evening, with a score of 32-4 in favor of the Hantsport team.

Among the number who are spending the holidays at their respective homes here are Misses Ellen McCaughin, of Dalhousie University; Abbie Beazley, of Dartmouth; Eleanor Chesley, a student of Edgell School for Girls, Windsor; Pamela Blackburn, Preau; Florence Blackburn, Falmouth Valley; Isabel McFarlane, Messrs. Richard Bishop, Lloyd Flemming and Ellsworth Morris, of Acadia University.

A splendid program of Christmas music was rendered in the Baptist church on Sunday evening under the efficient organist and choir director, Miss Clare McDonald. The choir was ably assisted by Mrs. Oulton, of Stellarton.

Those taking solos, duets, trios, in the anthems were: Mrs. Oulton, who took obligato part in "Wonderful Story"; Misses Marguerite Lawrence, Eloise Newcombe, Mary Macumber, Mrs. W. Trefry, Mrs. W. A. Bradshaw. At the morning service, Mrs. Oulton was heard to great advantage in the beautiful solo, "God and God Alone is Love", by Ward-Stevens. The pastor, Rev. Z. L. Fash, delivered impressive Christmas messages. The church was beautifully decorated with emblems of the festive season.

INTERESTING PROGRAM GIVEN BY SCHOOL PUPILS

An interesting program appropriate to the holiday season was put on by the teachers and pupils of the public school on Thursday evening in Empire Theatre, at which the net receipts were \$47.00, to be used for school purposes.

The program, in addition to choruses and playettes by the scholars, consisted of the following: Addresses by the principal and C. Young; piano duet, Misses Coffin and Murray; male quartette, Messrs. I. Piusier, H. Rolph, W. Piusier and J. Folker; playette, Misses Violet Alley, Alfreda Peach, Annie Beazley and Messrs. Earl Blackburn, Edgar Wellwood, Fred Morris; vocal duet, Misses A. Yeaton and M. Lawrence.

Miss C. Macdonald and Miss G. Marsters presided at the piano.

Those who won prizes for selling the greatest number of tickets were: Mary Hancock, John Folker and Paul Davison.

DIARY OF MARGARET D. MICHENER

April 5th, 1851. I arose early this morning and came home before any were up. Mr. Barnaby called to see me this morning; he hardly expects to get a school here. This has been a rainy day. I have been at my usual occupation, The "America" and "Sterling" arrived here today, the "Wanderer" and "Waltron" on Saturday; many are made glad.

7th. This is the evening for our female prayer meeting; there were six here. Although few in number, I enjoyed it. I trust God will bless us. Mr. Barnaby took tea with me this evening; he commenced school today with ten scholars. I hope he may do well.

9th. I took a walk up to mother's and to brother James' after school, and then came to prayer meeting; very few there, only Mr. Harris and Marsters to have the meeting. I could not help thinking "where are all the people that filled the house a few weeks ago?" We surely have as much need to attend the prayer meeting now as then. I stopped at mother's all night.

12th. Monday evening. I must scribble the passing events a few moments. I attended conference meeting on Saturday. John W. Holmes came forward and was received as a candidate for baptism. Went home with Rebecca and had a pleasant time looking over some letters she had received. Sunday morning the sun arose beautifully. Rebecca and I took a walk up the brook, had a delightful time reading, conversing and praying. I felt my heart glow with gratitude to God for all his goodness, when surveying the enchanting scene around and when reading of his love. I shall not soon forget this happy season. We came down to S. School, formed the classes, then went to the baptizing. Rev. Chase baptized. We had the pleasure of seeing Rev. McKeen appear. Mr. Chase preached to a full house. The text was Luke 11: 21, 22: "But when a strong man armed," etc. He spoke of Satan as the strong man armed and our hearts as his palace, but Christ is stronger than he and can overcome him. In talking about the enjoyment of religion, he said there was such a thing as having enough religion to make us miserable. I felt I had often been in that position, as well as many others. Rebecca and Sarah Vaughan came home with me. Rev. McKeen preached in the afternoon; then I went to mother's and spent the night. I wrote a letter to Nancy Elder.

15th. I am engaged in gardening now, before and after school, which is very pleasant. Went up to Mr. Elders Tuesday evening to spend the night with Rebecca, for the last, for a long time. Came home after breakfast. Went up to Mrs. H's to prayer meeting; there were ten there; had a good meeting. I went a piece with Rebecca and then bade her good-bye. I had a lovely moon light walk, met Matilda and Gould Davidson at the cross roads. Elmira came and stopped all night with me. Capt. Beckwith, wife and son called a while this morning; they are all going away soon. David Dickie brought Mr. Barnaby's family from Cornwallis yesterday. Somerville and Wentworth were in to see me and brought a letter from Maria.

17th. The weather has been fine all this week, but tonight it is squally. Mr. McDonald from Cornwallis is to lecture this evening, but I could not go, being very busy. I called last evening to see Mrs. Barnaby; she lives at Mrs. Nunn's. It is over a year since I saw dear Simon. In looking over some papers this evening, by-gone days were brought forcibly to mind in finding a song I used to sing to him: "Thou canst not Forget Me." I knew not the value of so dear a husband until I am deprived of his dear company forever. How fleeting are our dearest joys. May God enable me to set my affections on him who is worthy of all my affections and whose love is constant. Here I am alone. I often feel that I would rather be here than in company, as dear Simon is gone far away; in a foreign land he lies. No relation can point out his grave, but there he will lie until resurrection morning, when he will come forth to meet his God.

18th. Went to S. School this morning; a great many there. M. Davidson, Mary Dickie, Sarah and Susannah Vaughan, Irene Elder and Rebecca Fielden were my scholars as usual. There was a class given to Sarah Vaughan; she has been one of my scholars ever since they came to the place. Rev. McKeen preached; after meeting we went up to father's and took dinner; then he went to Stony Hill to preach at 3 o'clock. I have just finished reading "Guernsey, on



WISHING EVERYBODY A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Love to God". I think it a fine book; how delightful is his writing on communion with God.

22nd. I am tired tonight, more than I have been for a long time. I had to pick up stitches a great part of the afternoon, yet my patience held out quite well. I find I have much more than when I commenced the school. I worked in the garden after school was out, till sunset. I stopped all night with Maria on Monday night, having been to see Jerusha Beckwith, who is quite ill. Had the extreme pleasure of getting a letter from brother Robert Tuesday morning. Stayed at mother's that night and came home Wednesday morning; called at A. Hines and got the morning's milk, as he moved to Cornwallis yesterday. There were quite a number out to prayer meeting last evening. Matilda Davidson stayed all night with me. She is a good woman. She stopped till the children were coming to school. Grace Trefry came up today on the steamer from St. John; how pleased Elmira will be. I wish she were here with me tonight. She is a dear friend.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St.

Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher, now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet, on, Cupid, on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof:
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack:
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry—
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his fingers aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a whistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"
—Clement C. Moore.



DECEMBER 25
WORLD'S BEST NEWS:—The angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord—Luke 2:10, 11.

DECEMBER 26
BETTER THAN SILVER AND GOLD:—Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.—1 Timothy 6: 6, 7, 8.

DECEMBER 27
ADMIT THE MASTER:—Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith.—Rev. 3: 20, 22.

DECEMBER 28
CURSING OR BLESSING?—Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—Jeremiah 17: 5, 7.

DECEMBER 29
POWER OF THE WORD:—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Hebrews 4:12.

DECEMBER 30
AN END TO WORRY:—Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Philippians 4: 6, 7.

DECEMBER 31
HOW TO ESCAPE FROM EVIL:—Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Psalm 91: 9-11.

100 envelopes, printed with your name and address, for only \$1.00. Give us a trial order. THE ACADIAN Print.

BOY INJURED IN COLLISION

On Saturday afternoon at the corner of Main street and the road leading to Mount Denson, a car, driven by Dr. F. R. Shankel, of Windsor, collided with a car driven by Harry Gupthil of Grand Pre. Both cars were badly damaged. The occupants escaped without serious injuries, with the exception of John Shankel, young son of Dr. Shankel, who was driven through the windshield and badly cut about the head. He was taken into the Baptist parsonage. Dr. Smith immediately attended to his injuries.

CHRISTMAS A WISHING-TIME

Here's a welcome to Wishing-time! A good word for Wishing-time! For Christmas-time is Wishing-time all the world over! Let it come to us in the white robes of winter-time—the snowman in the garden and the snowball on the street; the skating on the lake and the frosty walk to church; the snapdragons in the hall and the ghost-story in the flickering firelight!

Or let it come to us as it comes beneath the southern stars, in all the golden glory of high summer-time—a flutter of white dresses and red roses, a festival of strawberries and cream! In one respect, at least, the season never changes. Come when it will it comes in a whirlwind of wishes. Summer-time or winter-time, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! I welcome once more the world's great Wishing-time.

I love to be out on the street on the night before Christmas. Last year, I remember, everybody was abroad. It was difficult to jostle one's way along, for the movements of the throng were not regular. Friends met friends; groups quickly formed, and the traffic became blocked in consequence.

But as I drifted along the current of the crowd, and caught the fragments of conversation that fell upon my ears in passing, it occurred to me that everybody was wishing.

"Wish You a Merry Christmas!"
"A Happy New Year!"
"Compliments of the Season!"

Clearly, then, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! At this season of the year we all become experts in the art of wishing. If we do not do it well it is certainly not for want of practice. We are at it from early morning until late at night. A seasonable greeting is tucked in to the closing sentences of every letter we write; every handshake is accompanied by the expression of a timely wish; and even, if in passing each other on the streets, we do not pause to shake hands, we at least find time to toss our good wishes to each other as we hurry on.

A survey of the missives that, by morning, the postman brings, or a glance into any stationer's window, shows that all the resources of poetry and all the ingenuity of art have been exploited in order that our genius for wishing may find dainty and elegant expression. We flash out wishes with every nod of the head, and with every glance of the eye, with every stroke of the pen. We breathe out wishes as the flowers breathe fragrance. We radiate wishes as the stars radiate light. Christmas invariably comes in, and the Old Year goes out, to the accompaniment of a perfect hurricane of wishes! There are wishes everywhere!

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

There's no Question about it!

The people who use MORSES TEA are the most satisfied tea drinkers in this country. There is no doubt about it!

To all My Friends and Patrons I Extend
Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

H. A. HART
Hantsport, N. S.

Boston & Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd.

Freight and Passenger Service
Two Trips Weekly—Fare \$9.00

S.S. Prince George

Leaves Yarmouth Tuesdays, and Fridays at 6.30 P. M.
Return leaves Boston Mondays, and Thursdays at 1 P. M.

For Staterooms and Other Information
apply to J. E. KINNEY, Supt., Yarmouth, N.S.

We Believe

IN keeping our shelves amply stocked at all times with the best lines of Canned, Bottled and Package Goods. So when you shop here you're assured of getting what you want and—at a right price, too.

L. B. Harvie
Phone 27-4
Hantsport, N. S.

FATHER (regarding portrait and soliloquising): "Ten years since I had that taken; just before I left for France. By gad, how far away those peaceful old days seem."
—The Passing Show.

Items Of Local Interest

Get your New Year and Thank You cards at THE ACADIAN Store.

Present appearances indicate what everybody likes—a "white" Christmas. Self-filling Fountain Pens with 14 karat gold nibs, fully guaranteed, only \$1.75 at THE ACADIAN Store.

Hanoki Rope, the favorite Christmas decoration, red and green, three yards for 50 cents at THE ACADIAN Store.

The following have our thanks for calendars received.—Charles Hum, Royal Bank of Canada, W. O. Pulsifer, J. M. Newcombe, Bank of Montreal.

The evaporating plant at Waterville, owned and operated by H. and W. Duncan, of Windsor, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, the damage amounting to \$15,000.

Mr. H. Stairs, agent of the Children's Aid Society of Kings County, wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from "Santa Claus" enclosing \$10.00 for the use of the Society. This gift is much appreciated and will be put to good use as requested.

The Acadia Academy Christmas Dinner was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16th, at the Academy Home. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Spidle, Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. A. deWitt, Dr. Archibald, pronounced.

Rev. D. B. Hemmeon announced at St. Andrew's United church on Sunday that as a result of the drive for the Maintenance and Extension Fund of the church the sum of \$4,297 had been pledged. The amount allotted to this church was \$2,047.

Last Sunday night Wolfville citizens were favored with Christmas carols rendered by Principal Silver and pupils of the High Schools. On account of the former leaving for his home to spend the holidays this service was necessarily somewhat premature, but none the less greatly appreciated and most commendable.

The Acadian Store will be open this evening to accommodate late shoppers. While there has been a heavy run on our stock we have still on hand many beautiful designs in greeting cards, as well as numerous other attractive lines for gifts. One of our handsome boxes of up-to-the-minute stationery would be an acceptable present for any person.

Some activity with regard to the enforcement of the Nova Scotia Temperance Act in Wolfville has developed during the past week. One conviction with a fine of \$250 and cost was made by Stipendiary Whidden and other cases are now pending. THE ACADIAN is always on the side of law enforcement, but in the present instance withholds further reference pending the decision of the court in the cases yet to come up.

In our account of the High School Competition Concert in last issue we neglected to make mention of the announcement of the winner of the Acadia Scholarship of \$150, which goes to the student of grade eleven making the highest mark in Nova Scotia on the condition that he attends Acadia the following term. For the fourth consecutive year this scholarship goes to the Wolfville High School, being won this year by Jack Williams. Congratulations.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

Oh, the Christmas that is truest
Is the Christmas in the cot,
In the dwelling of the humble
Hid in some sequestered spot.
In the home where mother's fingers,
In the evening, crisp and clear,
Have with tender love and patience
Toiled to bring the Christmas cheer.

Yes, the tree is just a hemlock
Gathered from yon distant hill,
And the presents all are simple
That the bustling branches fill.
Ah, the popcorn strings she threaded,
And the patterns that she made,
And the apples she selected
In her earnest Christmas raid!

Oh, her pulse was scant and meagre,
But her love was boundless wide,
Ah, the many resignations
And the things for self denied!
Now, behold the whole is finished
And the children shout with glee
In the cottage of the toiler
"Round that homemade Christmas tree!"

Wealth may stand aside with yearning,
Castles long to fill the thrill
A triumphant in the cottage
Of the humble by the mill;
For the sweetest Christmas people,
And the one that cannot fade,
Is the one where love is reigning,
Is the one that mother made.
—BRYAN WILLIAMS.

Yuletide Greetings

We thank you for your generous patronage throughout 1925 and extend our sincere wishes for your Health and Happiness throughout the Christmas Season and the New Year.

BARTEAUX'S MEAT & FISH MARKET

Coming Events

Notices under this heading are inserted at 10 cents a line. Each repeat, 5 cent a line; minimum charge, 30 cents. Contract rates on application.

The service of Induction of the Elders and Ministers will be held at St. Andrew's United church on Sunday morning next. Rev. Prof. Shaw, of Pine Hill College, will preach the induction sermon; and Rev. Dr. Prestwood, of Hantsport, will address the congregation.

YULETIDE GAMES

Christmas is always a time of merriment and the hosts who can provide a series of mirth-provoking games is assured of success. An amusing way to manage an evening's entertainment is to appoint some genial man a Lord of Misrule, after the early English fashion, giving him the sceptre for the evening, with power to name the games, forfeits and rewards.

Pitching snowballs through a holly or fir wreath can provide a lot of fun. The balls of cotton-wool are allotted certain values, 1, 5, 10, etc. The guests are divided into teams, each guest taking a turn at throwing the balls through. The number of each ball which goes through is added to that team's score and if a player gets all the balls through the team scores 50.

Those who are to take part in the obstacle race must leave the room, to be brought back just one at a time. A course is prepared, ornaments, books, etc., being placed here and there along the way. The player is told that he must avoid all the articles, under penalty. When he is blindfolded, the obstacles are quietly removed, but his elaborate efforts to avoid the obstacles which do not exist are always amusing for the onlookers and to the player when the fold is removed from his eyes.

Drawing, through a mirror will occupy the "artists" for a long time. Each one holds a hand mirror before him as he attempts to draw some article, looking always in the glass. The results may be imagined.

Ask each guest to bring to the party a photograph taken in early childhood or infancy. When you have collected them all, arrange them in a row on the wall and have the guests guess as to the identity of them. This is very sure to hold the interest of everyone and provoke endless amusement. A prize may be given for the one who makes the most correct guesses.

SEEDLESS APPLE IS NOTHING NEW

New Brunswick Farmer has been Growing Them a Long Time

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 22.—There isn't anything very much new under the sun after all.

The New Brunswick Fruit Growers' Association annual convention was supposed to have resulted in something new in apples for this province being brought to light when seedless apples appeared from Carleton county.

Now word comes from Enoch Currier, one of the oldest farmers of Queens county, saying: "I have an old tree on my property at Upper Gagetown, which has been bearing seedless apples for as far back as I can remember and I am in my 85th year. The tree is a large one and bears every year. The fruit resembles a Pippin in shape, and color, but it is not quite so large and has a very good flavor."

HOCKEY GAMES DURING PAST WEEK

Ottawa 3, Canadiens 0.
Pittsburgh 3, New York 2.
Canadiens 6, Boston 5.
Toronto 1, Pittsburgh 1.
Montreal 4, New York 1.
New York 3, Boston 2.
Montreal 1, Pittsburgh 0.
Ottawa 4, Toronto 2.

FOOT OF ICE IN ST. JOHN RIVER

FREDERICTON, Dec. 19.—Ice in the St. John river is a foot thick, an unheard of condition for so early in the season, according to old timers. In fact, the ice is so thick that already ice cutting operations have commenced. Some farmers at Maugeville and Sunbury County icehouses are being filled at the earliest date on record.

THE NEW AUTO PLATES

Automobile owners when taking out their licenses for 1926 will find quite a change in them from that of last year. The new plates will have a green background with white letters and figures. The plates for the heavier automobile will have the letter "H" just preceding the number, while the lighter make of cars will have the letter "L".

WANTED A MAN

Who would like to earn more wages next year. There is no excuse for any man to stay in the old rut or say "I never had a chance". There are over 270,000 motor cars in Ontario, besides hundreds of thousands of gas engines. The steam-boats and railways are installing internal combustion engines, and automotive and gas engineers are wanted everywhere. Our Free Employment Department will assist you to secure work when you finish your course. We have a plan whereby you can earn while learning in our big shops. We also teach the barber trade in our big, light sanitary Barber schools, giving you full instructions and a world of experience and practice, paying you a percentage on every dollar you take in. This helps you considerably. Barbering is a nice, clean, pleasant inside trade; the wages are good and there is a big demand for barbers. Do not hesitate. We also teach mechanical dentistry by experts, in our laboratory which is managed by a competent, licensed dentist. Owing to the great demand for builders, we have installed a Bricklaying and Plastering school, where you can learn these trades in a short time. Jobs are waiting at \$10.00 to \$15.00 per day. Make your application today, naming the trade you would like to learn. Hemphill Trade Schools, 163 King St. W., Toronto.

THESE WANT AD'S BRING RESULTS



WANT AD'S

RATES FOR ACADIAN CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Two cents per word for first insertion. Each subsequent insertion one cent per word. Minimum price 30 cents, cash with order. If charged, minimum price 50 cents. If replies to be addressed care of THE ACADIAN, 10 cents extra. THE ACADIAN is not responsible for errors in copy taken over the phone.

FOR SALE
Red, green and white tissue paper, 1 cent a sheet at THE ACADIAN Store.

FOR SALE—A WILLIS PIANO. Apply Miss H. A. Pierce, Acadia street.

BUILDING LOT ON HIGHLAND Avenue, next W. J. Duncanson's. Apply to Hugh Fowler. 38-1f

STEEL SPLIT PULLEY, 8x4x1 7-16, new. Selling because not right size. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

Ladies' colored fountain pens on ribbon, six shades, only \$1.75 at THE ACADIAN Store.

Self-filling Fountain Pens, guaranteed some with gold bands, others in popular orange shade, only \$1.75 at THE ACADIAN Store.

FOR SALE—Building Lot on Highland Place, best residential section of Wolfville. For particulars, apply to W. B. Davidson, Phone 217 or 316.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

In the rush of the merry morning
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day;
Then we hear a fitful rushing
Just without upon the stair,
See two white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spell are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view,
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

NOTICE

Will the person who took the Angora kitten from my residence please return same and avoid further trouble.
H. J. GATES.

COMPLETE LINE OF GENERAL NURSERY STOCK FOR SPRING 1926

Pleased to announce a **REDUCTION IN PRICES**:
Apple trees, 2 year old, 9/16, 4 to 5 feet, \$50 per 100. 11/16, 5 to 7 feet, \$60 per 100. Further reduction on lots of 300 and over. Order early to secure choice of varieties.
Plums, Cherries and Pears, 80c. Handled over 50,000 Apple Trees last season which gave excellent satisfaction.
BLIGH BROS., (A. A. BLIGH)
Brooklyn Corner, Kings Co.

ACADIA CAFE

I have opened to the public an up-to-date Cafe in building on Elm avenue, opposite D. A. R. station, where every attention will be given customers, both ladies and gentlemen.
Good Meals and Lunches Prompt Service
Daily including Sunday, 8.30 a.m. to 12 midnight
Chicken Dinner, Chop Suey
Ice Cream Fruits in Season
Soft Drinks Confectionery

EVANGELINE CAFE

open at all hours from
7.30 a.m.—11.00 p.m.
Breakfast, 7.45—9.30.
Dinner, 11.45—2.00 p.m.
Supper, 5.00—7.00.
Will give best attention to both ladies and gentlemen.
Soft drinks and confectionery.
Next door to Beauty Parlor.
MRS. JOHN SPENCER

WINTER

is on the way
PREPARE
for Cold Weather

Now is the time to have your furnace cleaned and repaired.
If you need a new furnace let us give you an estimate.
We are agents for "Sunshine" Cumberland and other furnaces.

L. W. SLEEP

Wolfville-Hardware & Stove Store



The Season's Greeting
and Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas
W. O. Pulsifer

Merry Christmas

To our customers and friends we extend our heartiest wishes for a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Please accept our sincere thanks for your liberal patronage during the past year.

We will deem it a pleasure to serve you again during 1926

CALDWELL-YERXA Limited
J. M. Perry, Mgr.

Yuletide Greetings

We take this opportunity of wishing our many customers and friends
A Very Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.
May the New Year be one of health, happiness and prosperity to you and yours.

D. Ross Cochrane
Prescription Pharmacist

HUTCHINSON'S TAXI AND BUS SERVICE Phone 125

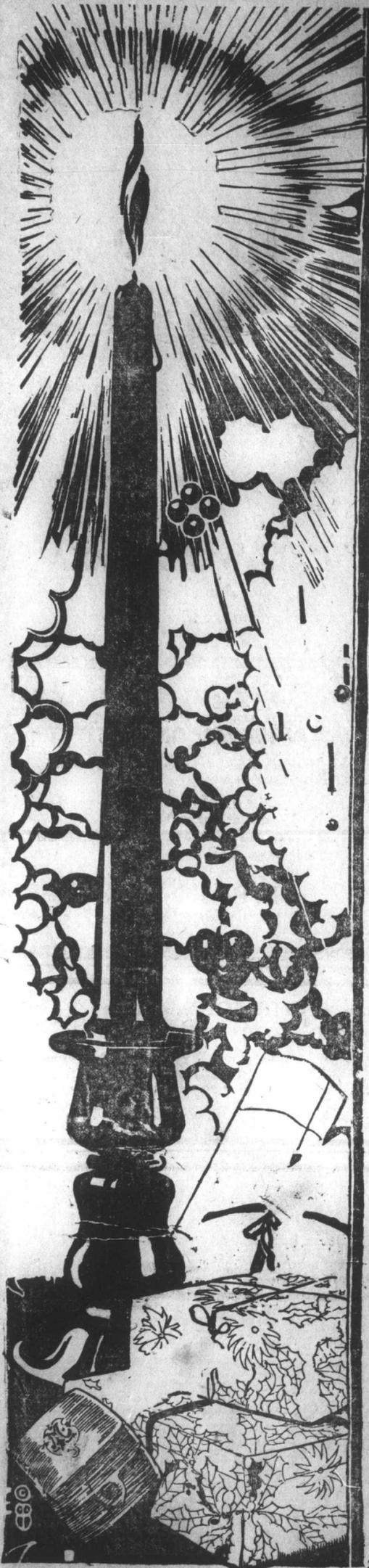
BAGGAGE TRANSFER, TRUCKING and MOVING carefully done.
BUS PARTIES given special attention.
Patronize the place where you get satisfaction and moderate prices.
Regular Bus service between Wolfville and Kentville, daily, including Sunday.

Sawler

THE PLUMBER
PLUMBING and HEATING
SHEET METAL WORK
And we will in the future be agents for
STOVES and RANGES
of the
FAMOUS ENTERPRISE
GIVE US A RING
PHONE 333 AND 25-11

Our Hand-Colored Pictures Of Nova Scotia
have been given such a generous reception by our customers, that we have recently added many beautiful subjects.
Very few duplicates will be made this season, therefore those who call early will have the better collection to choose from.
We give you a hearty invitation to come in whether you wish to buy or not. We like to show them and we think you will enjoy looking at them.
EDSON GRAHAM
Wolfville Phone 70-11

Merry Christmas to All!



"A Merry Heart Maketh A Cheerful Countenance!"

THUS, it is written in the Old Testament. And so it is written on the faces of young and old to-day!

In those twinkling eyes and happy smiles of folks about us, we read fulfilment of the Christmas Message---

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men"

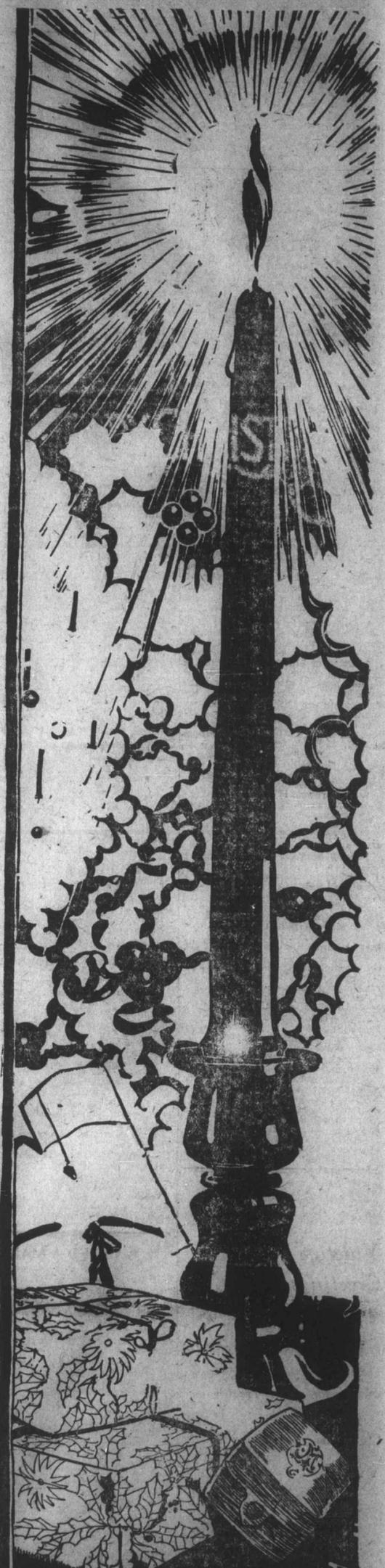
Not only read it—but understand. Yes, realize that it comes from merry hearts that know no malice—hearts that, with every beat, send forth Happiness and the warmth of Love and Best Wishes to all Mankind!

*Everybody seems young again! Glad to live and let live. Finding untold joys in giving with a generous heart—minding not the cost, but feeling well repaid if only with a smile. Finding happiness in making others happy. Al-
-verily—'tis the spirit of Christmas!*

Entering into the spirit of this great occasion, we who have subscribed our names hereto, extend "A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!" And in further appreciation and good will, we'll add---

"May Your Gifts be Many and Your Joys Know no Bounds!"

- J. H. BALTZER, Woodworking Factory
- F. W. BARTEAUX, Meat & Fish Market
- CALDWELL-YERXA LTD., Groceries
- DON CAMPBELL, Bakery
- D. ROSS COCHRANE, Druggist
- R. A. DAVIDSON, Barber
- DAVIDSON BROS., Printers
- LESLIE EATON, D.D.S.
- N. W. EATON, Pres. Valley Real Estate Agency Ltd.
- M. R. ELLIOTT, M.D.
- NAT. EVANS, Orpheum Theatre
- W. FRANK, Dry Goods & Men's Furnishings
- EDSON GRAHAM, Photographer
- WM. GRANT, M.D.
- J. E. HALES & CO., LTD., Dry Goods & Clothing
- J. D. HARRIS, Groceries & Meats
- R. E. HARRIS & Sons, Coal, Flour & Feed
- F. G. HERBIN, Jeweller
- T. E. HUTCHINSON, Trucking & Baggage Transfer
- G. D. JEFFERSON, Boots and Shoes
- J. C. MITCHELL, Electrical Goods
- J. M. NEWCOMBE, "The Palms"
- G. C. NOWLAN, Barrister
- PORTER BROS., Groceries
- C. H. PORTER, Dry Goods & Clothing
- CECIL PULSIFER, Garage
- W. O. PULSIFER, Groceries
- W. A. REID, Automobiles
- DR. J. T. ROACH, Dentist
- T. S. SANFORD, Royal Hotel
- B. K. SAXTON, Millinery
- E. B. SHAW, Shoe Repairing
- L. W. SLEEP, Hardware
- A. M. WHEATON, Coal
- WILLIAMS & CO., Jewellers
- W. D. WITHROW, Barrister
- WOODMAN & CO., Furniture
- A. M. YOUNG, Bakery



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The Smoking Flax

By ROBERT STEAD

Author of *The Cowpuncher, Neighbors, etc.*

(Continued from Last Week)

Cal blocked up the sagging corner of the water trough, so that it would not run over there before the other end was half full, and assumed the mud hole around the well with several wagon loads of gravel. He dismantled the wooden pig pen in the centre of the grounds and hauled it log by log beyond the boneyard, where he reassembled it, to the eminent satisfaction of the occupants, who showed their approval of green grass and fresh earth to root in with bassoonic grunts of happiness. He loaded the great "basket" racks, discarded until haying time, on to wagons and moved them out beyond the stables. He straightened up the log pile, and now set to work to carry the sawed wood from what should have been the lawn in front of the house around to the north end, where it could not be seen from "Beach Boulevard".

All these operations Gander and Crit observed with amused contempt. If Cal were fool enough to fill in his slack time with unnecessary work, let him. He would be wiser by far. But Hamilton lent a hand with the piling of the wood, and sometimes came and sat on Cal's cushion in front of the granary after supper, and asked shy little questions about the outside world, and what it was like to be in a university.

It was on Friday that the happiness of the great week dropped into a gulf, as one walking with his head in the clouds may step over a precipice. Cal was working about the yard when Reed returned from school, swinging his lunch bag at the end of a strap. The boy was tanned and brown and happy; as Cal looked fondly down at him he seemed to have grown years since their camp at the head of the lake, less than two weeks ago. And today his face was more radiant than ever, for his was the joy of the child who has great news to tell.

"Oh, Daddy X, do you know? There's a boy in school and he's a bad boy, and his mother's bad, too!"

"Why, Reed? That is a very serious thing, say. You mustn't say such things about boys, and especially about their mothers."

"But it's true, Daddy X! All the boys say so, and his mother's bad, too, and worse than he is."

"Reed, you mustn't! But why do they say it?"

"Well, he's got no father, and that's why, although I don't just see. A any rate, it's very bad, and today we chased him nearly all the way home, and some of the boys called him a bad name, at least I thought it was bad, but they say it's not bad when it's true, and he fought with one of them and got knocked down and it made his nose bleed and served him right, didn't it? And then he ran off home crying. You bet he was scared."

"And you took part in that?" It was the sternness of Cal's voice, rather than his words, that brought Reed up with a start. The child's face whitened a little; it was not often that Daddy X spoke to him like that.

"Yes—why?" he faltered.

"Because, in the first place, it's cowardly. A bunch of children can be as cruel as a pack of wolves. Young savages, every one of them! And you were cruel as well as cowardly."

"But, Daddy X—the boy's lip was trembling—it was true; they all said it was true; he's a bad boy, and his mother is bad, and he has no father. It is bad to have no father, isn't it, Daddy X?"

Cal discovered that his sympathies were in sharp collision with the moral law, but he took firm ground. "No, Reed, it is not bad, at least so far as the boy is concerned. The boy is as good—as good as you are. And perhaps his mother, too, is good—as good as your mother was."

It was their custom, when they talked of Reed's mother, always to speak with subdued voices and exalted mind, as of something hallowed and holy. Reed's voice and mind now instantly adapted themselves to their custom; the tremble died out of his lips, and in his eyes came a seraphic light which set Cal's heart thumping down the dark avenues of the past, down to the tragedy of Celeste Beach, and the night on which she had laid her soul bare before him.

"But my mother is with the angels, Daddy X," the child reminded him. "The angels came for her, and she said that verse of mine—where you got my name—and went home with them."

Suddenly Cal knew himself to be of a lower order than the child, and he could only nod in silent assent. That which to him remained a flicker of hope, not quite extinguished by the gusts of his practical learning, was to Reed a beacon of light, undimmed and unbounded.

There was a minute of close heart-to-heart concord between them. Then—

"Daddy X, who was my father? You often tell me about my mother, but you never tell me about my father. Was he good, like my mother? Of course, I know you're my Daddy X, but you're not really my father, are you? Just my Daddy X?"

So it had come to this, and so soon. The pledge that he had given that Reed should never know—how could he carry it, concealed, unguessed, through all his life? This at eight; Reed was only eight, and already he was fretting into his heart with this bitterest of all questions. Reed might now accept any answer in faith, but grown-ups could not be deceived. Perhaps he had already been discussed at length; he recalled how Annie Frawdic had checked up on the name. What were Gander and Crit conjecturing behind his back? How had the community—which took so minute and curious an interest in the affairs of every member of it—accounted for this boy? What conclusions had it drawn, and at whose expense? What old women's whisperings were going on about the queer people at Jackson Stake's? How long until Reed would be hunted home from school, bleeding and crying and pursued by rampant Virtue, as had been this other boy today?

At all costs he must save the child.

He must find an explanation that would not outrage the righteousness of Plainville; if it reflected glory or sympathy upon Reed so much the better. He had it:

"You had a father, all right," he said. "He went to the war—and he did not come back. It is very sad, and that is why I have not liked to talk to you about it." Lying did not come easily to Cal Beach. The words seemed to lacerate his throat and he pressed his fingers against his neck. "He was a good man," he added; "you must always be proud of him."

The child received this intelligence with a gravity beyond his years. "I am proud of him," he said. "But"—and again there was the leap of light in his eyes—"you don't know that he has been killed? Some day he may come back—then he will find me, though he has to search all the world over for me, like the good knights searching for the Holy Grail! Oh, Daddy X!"

For a moment the boy pondered great possibilities; then, satisfied, he ran off for his after-school sandwich with bread and jam, and Cal was left dazed, humiliated, caught in a hatred that swept down upon him, engulfing him. He had thought it would die out in time; he had hoped that that wound had healed forever, but now it was torn open afresh. Hatred seized him like an evil spirit; he was again the wild beast in the jungle.

"And on top of everything else," he muttered, as though confronting Celeste's betrayer face to face, "I've made of myself a liar—for you, I've called you a good man; I've told that innocent child to be proud of you; I've paid you the honor of a hero! God forgive me! If ever I lay hands on you I'll tear you limb from limb!"

The incident filled him with an overwhelming unhappiness, and he was silent and morose at the supper table. But later in the evening he heard the unwelcome sound of singing coming from the house. Before the open window he stopped, held by the picture which it disclosed. Mrs. Stake was sitting in the "room", the sacred precinct with the ancestral crayon enlargements, into which Cal had not yet been admitted; her old form settled into a low rocker, her head back, her glasses thrust up on her brow, her thinning gray hair drawn sharply into a dwindling knob that once had been her glory. And on her lap was the boy Reed, his legs dangling over the sharp ridge of her own; his body snuggled against hers, his right arm thrown upward and about her neck. But it was her eyes that held his attention; there was in them something of that same light that filled Reed's when they spoke of his mother. And as she rocked and held the boy she sang:

"Twilight is stealing over the sea,
Shadows are falling dark on the lea,
Borne on the night wind voices of yore
Come from that far-off shore."

As Cal watched the singer and listened to her song he was held by a wonder of what voices from memory's far-off shore had touched again to love and romance the stern old heart of Mrs. Stake. He watched as her lean hands caressed the boy's legs; as they closed about his little body. He was stirred by this revelation, but stirred more poignantly still by something that defied analysis that groped down into his being and held him with the clutch of a primal passion. For all his love for Reed his essential parental instinct had not yet been kindled, and it was that which now caught him, groping, smothering, somewhere in the uncharted mystery of existence. He drew quietly away as one who has chanced unwittingly upon a sacred privacy, but once more his heart was swept clean of the gust of hatred that had seized upon it.

A little later Reed joined him at their granary and they went to bed together. The boy saying his simple verse and then rolling his little frame into his protector's arms, for a chill night wind was creeping over the plains. But before he fell asleep he had a matter to settle.

"Mrs. Stake sang to me tonight, Daddy X," he said, "and she talked to me about her boy that is gone; her little Jackson, she called him. She says I make her think of him. Why should I make her think of him, Daddy X?"

"I don't know, Reed; I didn't even know she had lost a little boy."

"I didn't, either," reverently, "and she asked me if I would call her Grand-ma. May I, Daddy X?"

"If it pleases her, and you, you may."

And this weighty matter settled, they fell asleep.

SCOTTS BAY

Mr. Jasper Steele, of Boston, arrived on Tuesday, Dec. 15th, to spend the winter. Mr. Steele has not been home for a couple of years.

Miss Ella May Osborne passed away on Dec. 14 at the age of 61. Miss Osborne was an invalid for many years. She leaves to mourn two sisters, Mrs. Jasper Steele and Mrs. George Parker, and one brother, Wilnot Osborne. Rev. Mr. Hiselet conducted the funeral. Burial was at Scotts Bay Cemetery.

The day school at Scotts Bay held their annual Christmas closing on Wednesday, Dec. 16. A good program was given. To the delight of all the school Santa Claus came to greet the children. A Christmas tree was filled to please all who were present, not forgetting that the children had been looking for him for a long time.

Miss Fader, of the teaching staff at Scotts Bay, left for her home in Chester on Friday afternoon.

CHRISTMAS

It isn't wreaths in the windows, It isn't the shining tree, Or the children rapt and waiting, Brings Christmas to you and me.

It's the marvellous self-forgetting, It's the thought we are sending far, It's our hearts aglow, uplifted, It's a wonderful guiding star.



Most Canadian Housewives use **MAGIC BAKING POWDER** to assure **SUCCESSFUL BAKING**. Made in Canada. No Alum. E. W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO - CAN.

CANNING AND VICINITY

Miss Ruth Harris, Laurabel Bigelow, William H. Payzant, Bernell Eaton, and Bertram Newcomb, of Acadia College, are all at home enjoying their Christmas holidays.

Miss Lois Porter, of Acadia College, is spending her holidays at Dalhousie, guest of her parents.

We regret to hear that Setley Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Johnson, is ill with pneumonia.

Miss Barry, of the teaching staff at Woodside, is spending her holidays in Kings county.

Miss Mary Lombard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lombard, Medford, met with a painful accident while skating, tripping over a piece of wire and spraining her arm.

Mr. Arthur Ward has a slight attack of blood poison in his hand.

Mr. Boyd, of the teaching staff at Blomidon, left for his home at Clark's Harbor to spend his Christmas holidays.

The Medford day school held their annual Christmas tree in the school room. A splendid program was provided by the teachers and scholars. Santa Claus arrived and presented each child with candy and oranges. The house was packed and the exercises pronounced a great success. Christmas entertainments were also held at Peregue and Blomidon schools.

The death occurred on Dec. 16th of Mr. Leonard Schofield at the Victoria General hospital, Halifax. Mr. Schofield went to the hospital only a few days previous for treatment, being around Canning looking after his business the day he left. He leaves to mourn his wife, five sons and one daughter living in the United States, George, Rupert, Joseph, Hibbert and Manson, all living in Kings county.

Frank Covert, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is spending his Christmas holidays at his home in Canning.

Miss Lou Covert, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Covert, who is a patient at Westwood hospital, Wolfville, is convalescent and is looking forward to spending her Christmas with her mother and family.

Miss Ruth Bigelow, who is training in the Providence Rhode Island hospital and has been ill, is now able to return to her school again.

Miss Gladys Kennedy, of Halifax, returned on Friday to spend her Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Pilcher, of Canning, have gone to Newfoundland to spend a couple of months with relatives and friends.

The boys are training for hockey, hiking several miles each morning. They expect to have some good hockey for the winter.

The annual meeting of the Medford Institute was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Holmes. Business was discussed for the following year. Mrs. George Holmes was elected as president; vice-president, Mrs. R. S. Kinsman; Sec-treas, Miss Ethel Munro. Addresses on the subject, "Entertainment of Christmas in other lands", were thoroughly enjoyed.

Woodside school had a Christmas tree arranged in their school house on Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th. About thirty children and their parents went to see Santa Claus, who was at his post ready to make the children happy, and presented each one with a gift from the tree, also fruit and candies. The children were much excited over Santa Claus and in the twinkling of an eye the tree was all in a blaze, supposed to have caught from some sparklers which were used on the tree. No damage was done to the building as the fire was soon put out, but it gives warning to others during our Christmas festivities.

Word was received in Canning on Dec. 15 of the death of Mrs. Emma Burbridge Lockhart, widow of the late Jacob Lockhart, of Canning, and the daughter of the late Elisha and Mrs. Clark Burbridge, formerly of Hillside. Three sons survive, Charles, Eimer and Harry, all living in U. S. A., also one sister Alice, Mrs. Palmer, of Boston, and one brother Owen, of Church Street, Cornwallis. Mrs. Lockhart made her home in Canning until the past year, when her son Charles being of age, she went to Boston to reside with his family. The remains arrived in Canning on Friday evening, accompanied by her three sons. The funeral was held at the United Baptist church on Sunday afternoon. Burial was at Hillside.

CANARD

Miss Gertrude Eaton leaves on Dec. 26 for Amherst, where she will take up her church work as deaconess.

Miss Pauline Eaton, of Boston, is spending her Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. H. Eaton.

Miss Margaret Burbridge, of West Amherst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leander Burbridge, will spend her Christmas vacation with her parents at Lower Canard.

Mr. Albert Eaton, of Lower Canard, is closing his house for the winter and will visit his son, Rev. Ross Eaton, of Prince Edward Island, and his daughter, Mrs. Hugh Eaton, of Canard.

We regret to hear of the death of Dr. Park Rockwell at his home in Maine on Dec. 5th. Dr. Rockwell leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. Dr. Rockwell was the second son of the late Judah Rockwell and Mrs. Belcher Rockwell, of Canard, and was born and educated at Upper Canard. Mrs. William Cox, of Upper Canard, a sister, is the only surviving member of the family.

Mr. Kenneth Eaton, son of Mr. Albert Eaton, of Lower Canard, who is taking his M.A. work at Acadia College, Wolfville, has had an invitation to go to British Columbia to teach on the staff of one of the schools. Mr. Eaton has taught two years in British Columbia and proved a very proficient teacher.

The Lower Canard Sabbath and day schools had a very pleasant evening in their hall on Friday evening. Supper was served to about 150 guests. A very fine program was prepared by the young people, including a play, "Evangeline", which was put on very creditably; readings and music. An address was given by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hudson. The evening was much enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chappell and son Jack, of Halifax, are spending their Christmas holidays with Mrs. Chappell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harris, Upper Canard.

The children and teachers of the Upper Canard day school held a Christmas tree in their school room on Friday morning. A nice program was prepared and presented to each one present. Miss Lowther and Miss Ruth Sheffield are to be congratulated upon such a success and parents are delighted with the interest the teachers are taking with their children.

Miss Lowther left on Saturday to spend her Christmas holidays with friends and her parents.

Santa Claus had a tree all dressed before the children and parents arrived on Thursday evening at the United church, Upper Canard. About 100 guests were present. The ladies of the church, thinking that Santa and children would be hungry and cold, prepared a delicious supper which they all enjoyed, watching for Santa with eager eyes and listening to every sound. The little ones were pleased when they heard a knock at the door and in walked Santa Claus in all his array of tinsel, with his long white beard. At shaking hands with the little ones Santa began to strip the tree, giving each child a present, fruit, and a bag of candy. The grown ups were not forgotten. Mrs. Clark Ross, the organist, was presented with a beautiful hymnal. Singing and games were the program and all went home happy and pleased.

Keep Minard's Liniment Handy.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES. Wholesome Cleansing Refreshing.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE, N. S. TAX SALE

The following property will be sold, by the Town Clerk, for arrears of Taxes, interest, etc., under the authority and by virtue of the Revised Statutes of Nova Scotia of 1923, Chapter 86, Sections 141 and following sections on Monday, the 28th day of December, A.D. 1925, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at Public Auction, in the Town Hall, Wolfville, unless before said time the amounts due be respectively paid.

Any property sold may be redeemed at the time and in the manner provided in said Revised Statutes. The Mayor's warrant for the sale was executed the 26th day of November A.D. 1925. The arrears of taxes to December 31st, A.D. 1923, together with interest and expense, to date, are shown below.

Terms—Cash at time of sale. R. W. FORD, Town Clerk.

Properties of Charles F. Stewart. No. 1—Lot of land on South East side of Willow Avenue, containing six acres more or less. Taxes due at Dec. 31, 1923 \$62.24. Interest due at Nov. 27, 1925 14.75. Legal and advertising expenses 15.45.

\$92.44. No. 2—4 Lots of land on Central Avenue, East side, each 60 ft X 120 ft. Taxes due at Dec. 31, 1923 \$75.32. Interest due at Nov. 27, 1925 5.40. Legal and adv. expenses 20.80.

\$52.02. No. 3—Lot of land on Starr Street, South side and directly East from property of Frank W. Murphy and abutting on said property. Taxes due at Dec. 31, 1923 \$10.05. Interest due at Nov. 27, 1925 1.44. Legal and adv. expenses 6.65.

\$18.14. No. 4—Lot of land on Starr Street, South side, abutting on the foregoing (aces) property. Taxes due at Dec. 31, 1923 \$10.15. Interest due at Nov. 27, 1925 1.15. Legal and adv. expenses 6.84.

\$96.06. No. 5—Lot of land on Starr Street, South side, abutting on the foregoing (aces) property. Taxes due at Dec. 31, 1923 \$10.15. Interest due at Nov. 27, 1925 1.15. Legal and adv. expenses 6.84.

\$9.48. No. 6—Lot of land on Starr Street, South side, abutting on the foregoing (aces) property. Taxes due at Dec. 31, 1923 \$10.15. Interest due at Nov. 27, 1925 1.15. Legal and adv. expenses 6.84.

\$13.79. Full particulars respecting the foregoing property to be inspected any time during office hours.

NOVA SCOTIA BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF PUBLIC UTILITIES

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THE AVON RIVER POWER COMPANY LIMITED FOR APPROVAL OF A NEW SCHEDULE OF RATES.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that the application of the Avon River Power Company Limited, for approval of a new schedule of rates for electric energy covering the districts now being served by the said Avon River Power Company Limited, Gas, Steam, Heat & Power Company Limited, and Windsor Electric Light & Power Company Limited, will be heard by the Board at 10 o'clock on Wednesday, December 23rd, 1925, at the Town Hall, Wolfville, N. S., at 10 o'clock.

A copy of the proposed schedule of rates may be inspected at the office of the Board, at the Town Hall, Wolfville, N. S., at any time during office hours, and a copy of the same will be sent to the Board on or before December 28, 1925.

By order of the Board L. B. TAYLOR, CLERK.

Woolen Costumes for Young Canad's Wear



For a little girl there is no more attractive dress than an ensemble with short knickers banded at the knee. It has a V neck and is worn with a white linen collar; or if one prefers, a collar knitted of white wool, with the white repeated in a few narrow rows around the skirt and in the knicker bands. The knickers fasten above the knee and the dress is still shorter for little girls' dresses are worn very short this season. The yoke is knit plain, and the lower part is so knit as to appear to be pleated. The sleeves are full length, with ribbed cuffs.

Boys and girls dress so much alike now-a-days, that it is hard to tell which is brother and which is sister. But there is really something distinctive about a boy's knitted suit. He wears really and truly knitted pants with a crease in the leg and buttons up the side at the knees.

For the little boy the jumper has a high neck with a turn-over collar, opened a few inches over the chest, and he has two playful little bunnies worked in cross-stitch over his tummy. The panties and socks don't pretend to meet over his knees, but this makes him all the smarter looking. Heather or buff are both good substantial colors for this suit.

Keep Minard's Liniment Handy.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

M. R. Elliott, M. D. (Harvard) Office Hours: 1.30 to 3.30 P. M. 7 to 8 P. M.

G. K. Smith, M.D., C.M. Hantsport, N. S. Late Office of Dr. Shankel Hours: 1.30 to 3.30 P. M. 7 to 8 P. M. Phone 28

ALLAN R. MORTON M.D., C.M. Main St., Wolfville Phone 348 Office Hours: 1 to 2, 6.30 to 7.30

Dr. Grace M. Curry OSTEOPATH Boston College of Osteopathy P.G. University of Cambridge, Mass. Will treat Patients at Wolfville and vicinity, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, weekly. For information telephone Wolfville 93-4.

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST Hours: (9-12 A.M. Telephone 20) (2-5 P.M.) Paul G. Webster, R.O. Optometrist Webster Street Kentville, N. S. Graduate of Rochester School of Optometry, Rochester, New York

G. C. NOWLAN, LL. B. Barrister and Solicitor Money to Loan Orpheum Bldg. WOLFVILLE Phone 240 Box 134

W. D. Withrow, LL. B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC Money to Loan on Real Estate. Eaton Block - Wolfville. Phone 284. Box 218.

S. W. CROWELL A.M. E.I.C. PROFESSIONAL ENGINEER (Civil) Provincial Land Surveyor (N.S.) Office—Webster St., Kentville, N. S. Phone at Residence.

H. E. GATES ARCHITECT HALIFAX, N. S. Established 1900

D. A. R. Time-table The Train Service as it Affects Wolfville

No. 96 From Kentville arrives 8.41 a.m. No. 95 From Halifax arrives 10.10 a.m. No. 98 From Yarmouth, arrives 3.12 p.m. No. 97 From Halifax, arrives 6.12 p.m. No. 99 From Halifax (Mon., Thurs., Sat.) arrives 11.48 a.m. No. 100 From Yarmouth (Mon. Wed., Sat.), arrives 4.13 a.m.

Plumbing and Furnace Work JOBBING PROMPTLY DONE H. E. FRASER Phone 75

BREAD! Our bread has been reduced to 12 Cents per loaf. Our bread is mixed with up-to-date machinery and wrapped before leaving bakery. W. O. Pulsifer and F. W. Barteaux, both sell our bread at this price. A. M. YOUNG

COAL Inverness, Springhill Bay View, Acadia Nut Acadia Stove, Acadia Lump, Old Sydney, Welsh Coal A. M. WHEATON PHONE 15

Homes Wanted! For children from 6 months to 16 years of age, boys and girls. Apply to H. STAIRS, Wolfville Agent Children's Aid Society

The Port Williams Acadian

PORT WILLIAMS AND VICINITY

The Port Williams Acadian extends the season's greetings to all its readers, trusting that Christmas may be a day of family reunion and happiness to the older folk and merriment to the children.

Mr. Senton Elliott, who is studying at Acadia, was the week end guest of his aunt, Mrs. S. L. Gates, and has now gone to New Ross to spend his vacation with relatives.

Miss Susie Chase, B.S.A., of the firm of R. S. Chase & Co., left last week for Halifax en route to New York to visit her sister, Dr. Margaret Chase.

Mr. Edward Rome left on Monday for Sackville, Halifax county, where he will spend the winter with his sister, Mrs. J. T. Tyres.

Mr. Wilbur Hicks, of Yarmouth, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Eldridge.

Misses Hilda Johnson and Dorothy MacKinnon, teachers at North Brookfield, Queens county, are spending their vacation at their homes in Church Street and Port Williams.

Miss Maude Tenant, of New York, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. S. Hocking.

Mr. J. Rufus Starr, collector of Customs, is confined to bed through illness.

Mrs. Ralph Regan and daughter left last week for her former home in Newfoundland, called home by the serious illness of her father. She was joined at Truro by her sister, Miss May Garland, who has been in Massachusetts the last few months. They took steamer at Sydney.

Miss Natalie Cox, of Truro, spent the week end with her friend, Miss Mary Chase.

Miss Powers (advanced) and Miss Wilson (primary), teachers at Port Williams, are spending the holidays at their respective homes in Stewiacke and Springhill.

Miss Hazel Dodge was the week end guest of her friend, Mrs. A. N. Coulstan.

Mr. C. K. Winters, who has spent the summer with Mr. R. S. Chase, left for his home in Yarmouth last week.

Messrs. A. B. Rand, G. A. Chase and A. N. Coulstan have recently had radio sets installed in their homes.

The "Get Together" Club met last Thursday and enjoyed a social afternoon with their work at Mrs. Robert Murphy's.

Quite a large number went over to attend the High School concert in Wolfville last week and were delighted with the program they put on.

The Christmas pantry and fancy work sale of the King's Daughters S. S. class, held last week, was a success, adding about \$80.00 to the class funds.

The Sunday school held its annual Christmas tree and concert on Thursday evening in the vestry of Baptist church. The program was in charge of Misses Powers and Wilson and was excellently prepared, reflecting much credit on teachers and pupils.

The Christmas tree of the S. S. of St. John's (Episcopal) church was held in Parish Hall last week. A very interesting program was presented and a pleasant evening enjoyed.

The Christmas music was given on Sunday morning at the Baptist church, and by special request will be partially repeated next Sunday evening. The mixed quartette rendered "The Angels Song" with good effect. Pastor Chipman preached an excellent sermon on "Peace and Good Will to Men".

GREENWICH

Misses Marion and Jessie Bishop arrived home last week from Mount Allison Ladies College, Sackville, N. B., for their Christmas holidays, which they will spend with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bishop.

Miss Joyce Harvey is spending her holidays here at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Harvey. She is school teacher at Lower Wolfville.

Wallace, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ford, passed away on Thursday morning, 17th, at his home here, aged 26. He had been an invalid for several years, but had failed in strength very much the last two months and died unconscious for almost a week before death claimed him. He will be sadly missed in the home, where he had the best of devoted care and attention. The funeral service was held at the home on Saturday afternoon. Rev. O. N. Chipman, of Port Williams, gave a comforting address. Undertaker Hiltz, of Kentville, had charge of the burial at the Oakes Cemetery. Messrs. George L. Bishop, Howard Forsythe, Burpee Bishop and Robert Bishop were the pall-bearers. Beautiful pieces of flowers expressed sympathy. Deepest sympathy is extended to those left to mourn in the home, the parents and two brothers.

Miss Elsie Hunt, who has been staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bishop and attending High School in Wolfville, left for her home in Greenfield, Queens county, to spend the holiday season.

On Friday evening our teacher, Mr. W. R. Ward, and pupils put on a Christmas concert at the hall here that was thoroughly enjoyed by each one present. All considered it well worth the admission price. Our large school of forty-eight or nine pupils, nearly all of them just "little tots", made it rather difficult to carry out programme, but certainly great credit is due the teacher who trained them so well, also the children, who did splendidly in each part. Each number on the program was on Christmas subject. Some of the tinnest children had parts alone, doing well. Program consisted of choruses by whole school, two drills, solos, recitations, tableau, and a tableau and exercise. The last named was especially fine. So many parts, a trio, solo, scripture reading by teacher, the touching tableau of scenes in a rich and poor home, with children, the bright star in the East, etc., all made a very interesting and touching part of the program so full of merriment. The drills were good, and special mention should be made of the "Christmas Toys" each little one marching to the record played on the gramophone of "The March of the Wooden Soldiers". The drill of several boys and girls. "March of the Christmas Trees" was long and specially well done. The forming of three trees from small ones and the decorating with red and green wreaths all to music was very pretty and nice.

a difficult and interesting drill. We must not forget to mention the dialogue in two acts, called "Trouble in Santa Claus Land". Miss Jessie Bishop was an excellent help as pianist of the evening. A Christmas tree with Santa Claus caused much fun as he distributed gifts, assisted by four young ladies. The whole program was considered by many as the best school Christmas concert ever put on here. Proceeds amounted to \$18.95, to be used for the benefit of the school library.

Mr. Harlan Forsythe, of Middleton, accompanied by a friend, was an overnight guest at the home of his brother, Mr. Howard Forsythe, one night last week, they being up to Kentville attending the meetings of the Fruit Growers Convention.

Mr. W. R. Ward, our teacher, left for his home in Kingston on Saturday morning to spend his well earned vacation of two weeks.

Mr. Leslie Bishop went to Dartmouth on Friday, returning home Saturday evening with his bride, who was one of our girls, Miss Charlotte Brown, a graduate nurse and daughter of the late C. C. Brown. They were married at noon Saturday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Arthur Leslie, Dartmouth.

Mrs. Bishop left here about fourteen years ago as the bride of the late Mr. Robert Reid, their home being near New Glasgow. She will be warmly welcomed back here by all and heartiest congratulations are extended to Mr. Bishop and bride. On Monday evening many of their friends, men and women, boys and girls, went to their home and loudly made known their presence, after which they congratulated the "newly weds" and were invited in and "treated", spending a little social time.

The Christmas service here on Sunday was enjoyed by a good audience. Sermon and choir music were good. Mrs. Curry and Miss Marion Bishop sang a duet.

One of our girls changed her name several weeks ago, but decided to give her friends a surprise, so only last week was it known by some that Miss Betty Morgan was Mrs. Warren Atwell. Good wishes and congratulations to them.

CANNING ITEMS

Canning Hockey Club met at the rink on the evening of the 16th inst. to arrange for the winter's activities. The officers appointed for the season are—C. L. Bowlby, president; L. W. Slack, secretary; Leo Lyons, coach and trainer. A strong team may be expected to represent Canning in the Valley League, the president of which is our Mr. Bowlby.

A very satisfactory meeting of the executives of the band, hockey club and rink company was held on the 18th inst. to outline the winter's program at the rink.

Canning Division, 196, Sons of Temperance, elected officers at the last meeting as follows: W.P.—Thos. McDorman; W.A.—P. Kempton; Chap.—I. L. Cox; R.S.—Jean Hatfield; A.R.S.—Miss Irma Goldsmith; Treas.—Mrs. N. W. Eaton; F.S.—Miss Marion Eaton; Cond.—Miss Pauline Grant; A.C.—Miss

Kathleen Wyre; I.S.—Mrs. C. Vickery; O.S.—Blair Hatfield; P.W.P.—R. W. North. Very interesting sessions are being held, the membership increasing rapidly.

A Christmas concert was held at the Armories on Friday evening, when plays, readings and songs were very creditably rendered by scholars of the four departments of the public school, to the enjoyment of a large audience, which gave teachers and pupils great praise for execution, and gladly contributed to an offering for a school fund.

The town was saddened last week by the sudden death of Mrs. Jacob E. Lockhart, which occurred at her son's residence at Framingham, Mass., where she had been spending the winter. Her remains were brought to the home of Mrs. A. M. Covert on Saturday and the funeral services, conducted by the Rev. Healer, assisted by the Rev. Thos. Hodgson, were from the Baptist church at three o'clock, Sunday. A full choir rendered "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" very sweetly. The three sons and a nephew, Roland Burbridge, were the pall bearers. Mrs. Lockhart was Emma Burbridge, daughter of the late Elisha Burbridge, and leaves three sons, Charles, of Framingham, Mass.; Harry, of Cambridge, Mass.; and Elmer, of Roxbury, Mass.; also a brother, Owen Burbridge, of Canada; and a sister, Alice, Mrs. Ellsworth Palmer, in the U. S. Her life in Canning was marked by a spirit of helpfulness which will be remembered by the different organizations to which she belonged, and her passing is deeply deplored. Jas. A. Webster.

Jas. A. Webster is quite ill, but slightly improved.

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB

He stood all alone upon one of the hills outside of Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve, long ago. There were other lambs all about him, lying like drifts of snow, so white were they, on the purple hills, and the light of the stars made their fleeces look more snow-like and more pure. Wrapped in their long cloaks, the shepherds dozed and watched the red fires that burned in the hollows of the hills.

But the little gray lamb shivered and bleated. He was very unhappy, because he wanted a white fleece. He wanted to be as white as a cloud, as white as the other lambs, but ever since he could remember he had been covered with a fleece of gray.

As he stood, so sorrowful and sad, the little gray lamb called to the moon and cried:

"Oh, moon of Bethlehem, pure and bright, I pray you, give me a fleece of white."

So the night breezes, drifting down from the sky and rustling through the bushes all about the little gray lamb, brought the moon's message:

"Oh, little gray lamb, alone in the night, I can not give you a fleece of white."

So the little lamb left his place and trotted down the hill and as far as the plain. No one missed him, for he was the least loved of all the flock, being so dull in color. Not one of the shepherds

knew that he had gone, and none of the sheep heard his soft feet on the grass of the hillside.

But suddenly as he journeyed, a strange light filled the sky and dazzled his eyes so that he could scarcely see. The woods were suddenly filled with strange sweet music, and through the swaying branches of the palms and olive trees there could be seen the white wings of angels.

Stumbling along the wood path, his fleece catching in the thorn bushes and the rough stones cutting his feet, the little gray lamb followed the light of the star until he came to the walls of Bethlehem, and entered the gate, and then pattered softly over the paved streets.

Ahead of him he saw a strange procession of shepherds carrying gifts, nor did it stop until they came to the door of a lovely stable.

There they entered, kneeling at the foot of a hay-filled manger, praising and blessing the little Babe who had gone to Bethlehem on this first Christmas Eve.

Patiently, longingly, the little lamb stood in the doorway, apart from all the others, and watched the Babe. He must not even cross the threshold, he thought.

But as the sorrowful bleating of the little gray lamb reached the ears of the Christ-child, He reached out one fair little hand, beckoning to the lamb to come to His side. Then He laid his hand on its wrinkled face, and a strange thing happened.

The little gray lamb was suddenly clothed in a soft white fleece.

A child may see this same little white lamb today whose fleece was once so gray. He is painted upon the colored windows of great churches, and he lies in stone in green church-yards where the quiet dead are laid to sleep. Sometimes he carries a staff to make a child remember his journey down from the hills of Bethlehem to the manger, and sometimes in old pictures the Christ-child stands by his side with His hand resting on the lamb's white fleece, as it did upon that first Christmas Eve.

But wherever a child sees him, the message of the little lamb at Christmas time is the same—one of love, and patience, and humility.

—By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES

Many years have passed since Charles Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol" with its merciless revelation of the soul-cramping power of greed for material wealth, and its glowing picture of the mental and spiritual peace that comes to those whose sympathy for humanity finds outlet in deeds as well as in words.

As never before the world about you needs the practical application of the lesson Dickens sought to teach. Everywhere, in the countryside, in the village, in the town, in the city, there are Tiny Tims: There are older folks too, sick in body, troubled in mind, oppressed with fears for those dependent upon them, almost worn out with the strain of the battle of life. Sometimes you have

wondered how they managed to get along, from what source they draw their unquenchable belief in the coming of a brighter day.

To such as these a kindly thought put into action, may make all the difference between "A Merry Christmas" and one in which the smile of courage is all too close to tears. The reunion with your own family circle and your chosen friends will be illumined by a more radiant glow if you know that in at least one home bodily needs have been satisfied and faith in mankind renewed, because of your thoughtfulness.

PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS PEACE

Christmas peace is God's; and He must give it Himself, with His own hand, or we shall never forget it. Go then to God himself. Thou art His child, as Christmas day declares. Be not afraid to go unto thy Father. Pray to Him; tell Him what thou wishest; say, "Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing, I feel I cannot keep Christmas aright, for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me; and I know that I shall never get it by thinking, and reading, and understanding; for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it, does peace, in the very essence of Thine undivided, unmoved, absolute, eternal Godhead, which no change nor decay of this created world, nor sin or folly of men, or devils, can alter; but which abideth for ever what it is, in perfect rest, and perfect power and perfect love. O, Father, give me Thy Christmas peace."—Charles Kingsley.

COMPARTMENT CARS ON OCEAN LIMITED

Fine Equipment of C.N.R. Through Trains is Praised by Travellers

The Compartment-Observation Cars on the "Ocean Limited", between Halifax and Montreal, are greatly favoured by patrons of the Canadian National Railways, and have proved a great acquisition to the splendid equipment of these fine All Steel trains.

These cars have six sections and two most comfortable compartments. The observation end is spacious with ample room for fifteen luxurious and restful chairs. There is also a wide observation platform, greatly in demand when fine weather permits. The Observation Cars have a library with a sufficiency of good reading matter. Radio is also a feature on these cars, and the afternoon broadcasts are enjoyed, as well as the evening concerts from "CNRA", "CNRM" and other stations.

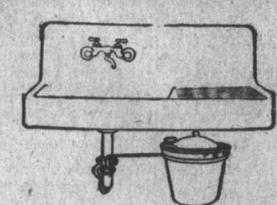
The operation of these cars makes the "Ocean Limited" one of the very finest trains on the continent.

The dining and sleeping car services of the Canadian National Railways is noted for its excellence.

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Let us hang one on your Kitchen Sink as a demonstrator. You do not need to buy if you do not like it.

For Sale at HARVEY'S Port Williams

When Dreams Come True



Bumper crops and good prices have given western farmers an opportunity to visit scenes of boyhood days. Britishers who took up farm lands in the Canadian West are taking advantage of the good season to sail back home for a view of familiar but long hidden sights and faces. Every east-going train carries scores of happy men and women bound for the Old Country.

Here and there among the surging passengers getting ready to change from train to boat are the eager, expectant faces of easily recognizable Londoners. They are going back after years of toil and hardship finally rewarded with substantial success. Every one of these men carry a picture of London in their hearts. Every minute seems a day on the long journey across the Atlantic. But soon they will see once more the gay night life on the Strand, mingle with the crowds, rub elbows with their countrymen, join first night audiences at theatres, tour the city in clanking taxis, appease the gnawing soul-hunger with one more walk around Piccadilly and a stroll through Leicester Square.

Christmas and New Year in London! What visions these exiled sons of England had conjured up in the long, lean years before they wrestled from the soil their means of return. And now, to be there again. Of course, it is only for a while. But they are able to return to their respective places in the scheme of affairs in their adopted country and work with increased enthusiasm to make their lands yield the maximum. They are better citizens for they will endeavour to make this Canada the staunchest and

most prosperous link in the British Empire. Every prosperous farmer who returns to Great Britain is the best advertisement that the Dominion of Canada could possibly have. Every one of these is a booster, proving conclusively that men with the determination to work can and do win out in this country. Every westerner is directly or indirectly, a disciple of the creed that "Happiness Must Be Earned."

Travellers who intended to reach the Old Country for Christmas came on the Imperial special from the West in time to board the Canadian Pacific liners "Metagama" and "Melita" at Saint John, N.B. About two hundred and fifty passengers crossed in time to get the S.S. "Melita" on December 10, while three hundred and fifty Canadians arrived in Saint John for the S.S. "Metagama," sailing on December 11.

In these groups were passengers intended for various parts of the British Isles, one distinctive family group being Mrs. George Patterson, of Vancouver, with her four smiling Canadian-born children. Snapped aboard the first Canadian Pacific holiday special as the train passed through Winnipeg, Mrs. Patterson said she was paying a visit to her native heath in Scotland at Road Meeting, Carlisle, Lanarkshire, for the first time since she came to Canada, twelve years ago.

The youngest member of the party, a little girl in a checked gown, wanted to know what it was all about. She confided in mother afterwards that she liked photographers only they seemed to be altogether too "bossy." This indicates a fine career as a moving picture star.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



The Christmas Season once again gives us the opportunity of extending to you our sincere thanks and to wish you the Compliments of the Season.

We assure you that the same quality of service that we have given in the past year will hold good during 1926.



100
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