

When Merchants Say They have Nothing to Advertise, it's the Same as Saying They Have Nothing to Sell.

The Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOLFVILLE AND EASTERN KINGS

Vol. XLIV, No. 10

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1924

\$2.00, payable in advance

戰事画報

WANTS BETTING ON HORSE RACES STOPPED



Rev. Dr. Shearer, Chief of the Social Service Council of Canada, headed the deputation which waited on the Prime Minister at Ottawa, demanding the suppression of race-track betting and the prohibition of the publication of racing information.

The Premier assured the deputation that the question would be dealt with by the cabinet.

At the University Chapel on Thursday morning, announcement was made of the winners of several scholarships, as follows:

ACADIA SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Scholarship of \$150 for the Freshman entering Acadia University with the highest average from Provincial Grade XI examinations, was awarded to Elizabeth Corey, of Wolfville.

Scholarship of \$200 for the Sophomore entering Acadia University with the highest average from the Provincial Grade XII examinations, was awarded to J. Walter Graham, of Halifax.

Scholarship of \$200 to the student from New Brunswick making the highest average in the first division of the matriculation examinations of New Brunswick, was awarded to Miss Cora, Davis, of Brockway, N. B.

PRESIDENT PATTERSON IN HALIFAX

Special services with special musical programmes marked the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Tazewell Baptist church, Halifax, on Sunday.

Both morning and evening services were splendidly attended, practically the whole congregation turning out to hear Dr. Patterson, a favorite speaker in Halifax.

It was the third Sunday of the three weeks' series over which the jubilee celebration was to extend and was brought to a close with Dr. Patterson's address in the evening.

Thrilling Scenes Abound in Action of "To Have and To Hold".

Pirates being thrown headlong from towering decks; sword-fights while cannon boom, and a thrilling swing for life 130 feet across, and over the deck of a rakish corsair craft—such are the thrill features of George Fitzmaurice's new Paramount picture production of "To Have and To Hold".

The pirate incidents were taken in the ocean off Be'boe, Cal., aboard the old South Sea trading schooner, "William G. Irwin", specially rebuilt for pirate purposes.

Quida Bergere adapted "To Have and To Hold" from the famous romantic novel by Mary Johnston which was a best seller some years ago.

Four street lights have recently been placed on Kent avenue, greatly improving conditions on that thoroughfare.

WOLFVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

Held Third Competitive Entertainment Last Week When Exercises Reflected Great Credit Upon All Concerned.

The third of the annual competition entertainments given by the pupils of the Wolfville High School was held at the Orpheum on Thursday evening last, and proved an unqualified success in every particular.

At each of the three entertainments the attendance has increased, and on Thursday evening standing room at the back of the theatre was hard to obtain, and a number who were in possession of tickets were unable to gain admittance.

As on other occasions the entertainment was under the direction of Principal Silver upon whom and his competent staff of teachers, as well as upon the pupils themselves, great credit is due for the excellent program given.

Each of the three grades of the High School presented a programme consisting of a song, two readings, one act comedy, and a scene.

The decision was awarded to Grade XI, though it was considered that Grade X's song was the best.

The decision of the judges was unanimous and was announced by Dr. W. L. Archibald. Dr. Archibald also announced that the Acadia scholarship of \$150.00 which is awarded to the Grade XI student making the highest aggregate in the Provincial examinations, goes this year to Miss Elizabeth Corey.

During the evening selections were rendered by the High School orchestra, under the direction of Miss Newcombe, which were greatly enjoyed, as was also a cornet solo skillfully given by Harold Phinney.

The following is the programme in full:

Grade IX Song by Class: "Out on the Deep" Readings: Mae DeWitt, Bryce Hatfield

Grade X Song by Class: "The Huntsman's Chorus" Readings: Jean Shaw, Reuben Cohen

Grade XI Song by Class: "Soldiers' Chorus" Readings: Virginia McLean, Mason Cogswell, Cornet Solo: "Rufus Rastus"

Comedy: "Stage Struck" Scene: "Italian Life"

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WISHING EVERYBODY A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Christmas Influence Upon Human Lives

NINETEEN hundred and twenty-four years ago this month—or so—is the popular placing of an historical event—a child was born in an obscure village in a far away Eastern country.

And yet, throughout all the centuries that have elapsed since that day, the name of that child has been held in veneration by an ever-growing proportion of mankind.

But, says someone, "is this literally true? Are those who follow Jesus the Christ at peace with themselves and the world, and is life for them a joy?"

Well, regardless of all seeming testimony to the contrary, the world would be hard put to it to prove otherwise.

If in all the years there had been but one individual able to demonstrate the truth of Jesus' teachings and promises, that alone would have been sufficient proof of their applicability to the problems of all mankind.

Today, more men and women than ever before are striving to put into practice in their daily lives the simple rules of the Sermon on the Mount, and to accept as applying to themselves the promises made by the Master to his disciples.

The fruit of this effort, as anyone who chooses may discover for himself, is health, happiness, and peace.

Dear Sir,—According to evidence given at the local police court it would appear to be the duty of the town authorities to get busy in the matter of the suppression of boot-legging in our town.

From the above named sources we learn that pedestrians on our streets are very likely to be accosted by strangers having the ardent in their possession and which they are willing to dispense at a reasonable figure—and ask no questions.

From this authoritative source we also learn that there are those within our borders so generously disposed that it is not an uncommon thing for a householder to discover a jug of cider or other refreshing beverage tucked inside his door at any time without anything to identify its coming.

In the plain duty of the "powers that be", it seems to the writer, to take immediate steps to protect the unwary among our citizens, as well as the stranger within our gates, from the temptations which evidently abound on every hand.

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH

On Sunday evening last a special Christmas service of a very interesting nature was enacted at the Baptist church. The auditorium was suitably decorated, and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Marshall, gave an interesting exposition of the Gloria in celsis, Gloria to God in the Highest on Earth Peace.

The message, Dr. Marshall said, was formerly divided into three propositions, Glory, Peace and Good Will, but the Revised Version resolves it into two—Highest Glory and Conditioned Peace. Peace is the fruit of goodwill, and there is no peace for the soul or for the world that is not conditioned in goodwill.

The special Christmas music, a cantata, "The Nativity", by Gibel, was rendered by the church choir, directed by W. A. Jones, with B. C. Silver at the organ.

With good wheeling, good sleighing and good motoring Christmas shoppers have not had difficulty in getting to town to do their buying this week.

DIAMOND WEDDING

Unusual Anniversary Celebrated Prominent Wolfville Couple.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Prat celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on Monday evening of this week. The unusual event was made the occasion of a pleasant surprise by the members of the congregation of St. John's church of which Mr. and Mrs. Prat have been prominent members for many years.

The following address was presented: To Mr. and Mrs. George A. Prat Dear Respected Friends,—Ye your neighbors, friends and fellow church members gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of congratulating you on the attainment of this sixtieth anniversary of the beginning of a long and happy married life, and of expressing our personal esteem for you both as faithful and useful members of the church and community, and we pray that you may be spared for many years of mutual happiness.

A purse of gold was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Prat by the members. A pleasant evening was passed during which refreshments were served.

SUNDAY AT THE UNITED CHURCH

The services in St. Andrew's United Church last Sunday were in keeping with the Christmas season. At the evening service the choir rendered several Christmas carols including "The First Noel", "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" and "Lullaby's Cradle Song".

Dr. Hemmison spoke on the origin of Christmas and its surviving customs. The celebration of Christmas is older than Christianity and more widely spread. Among the Romans, the "Saturnalia" was a season of feasting and the hymns of Saturn were the Roman substitute for our Christmas carols.

Among the northern nations of Europe this season was celebrated by the "Yule Feast" in honor of their god, Thor, with songs, dances and savage rites. The Christmas of the Nativity was not fixed for December 25 until the fourth century.

Our Christmas carols came from Palestine, our Christmas tree from Germany, Santa Claus comes from Holland, and England contributes the Christmas card, the Yule log and Yule candle.

These were "Shepherds", an anthem by the choir, concluded one of the most enjoyable Christmas services ever held in St. Andrew's church.

LAW AND ORDER

Dear Editor,—I have seen quite a lot in your paper of late regarding law and order in our town, and I would like to ask the question—How do the people expect law and order when things are handled as they were last Saturday night?

A man was arrested for being drunk and causing a disturbance on the street and was locked up, and I would like to see what the magistrate orders his release and he was let out of jail by his friends.

What do you think of it? One for Law and Order.

WHY SHOULD WE NOT?

THE ACADIAN takes the liberty of printing the following extract from a private letter just received from Miss Annie M. Sturt, who is spending the winter in sunny Florida.

The suggestion which she offers is so good that we cannot do better than pass it along to our readers: "I find the Americans are very optimistic about their country and know very little about our country. Old Nova Scotia, with all her natural resources and fertile soil would thrive with prosperity if all her sons and daughters were willing to INVEST their money and BOOST, as the people do here in Florida."

The big word here is DEVELOPMENT and I think that would be a good New Year's message for us. Not so much to put money in our pockets as to help build up our Valley for the future. We have every thing in the Valley—beautiful scenery, fertile soil, hills and valleys, and the best fruit growing district in the world. And the climate makes good healthy citizens.

Why should we not be BOOSTERS? Mrs. Fred Townsend spent a few days of last week in Halifax, returning to her home on Friday.

Miss Amy Young, primary teacher, left on Friday to spend the holiday season at her home at Blanchford, Lunenburg Co.

Mr. Sam Trenholm, of Montserrat, U. S. A., arrived here a few days ago and will spend the winter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Trenholm.

Miss Frena Townsend, of Welton's Corner, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Fred Townsend, for the holidays.

Miss Alice Troop left on Friday for Granville Centre, where she will spend her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Trenholm are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Miss Mary Trenholm, who is attending Business College in Halifax, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trenholm, during her vacation.

Misses Mary and Daisy Eaton returned home on Saturday from New Glasgow, where they have been visiting their sister, Mrs. C. L. Grant.

The first of Mrs. John Lawrence will be glad to know that she is recovering from her recent illness.

RETIRED ON 65TH BIRTHDAY



The Admiralty have announced the retirement of Admiral Lord Jellicoe, effective December 5th. He commanded the British Grand Fleet in the battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM DAVISON STREET

December 21st was the coldest day of the season, the thermometer registering 8° below zero. Rather cold weather for Santa Claus.

Miss Helen M. Fritz returned to her home at Mt. Hanley last week after spending the past five weeks with her sister, Mrs. V. A. Card.

Miss Olive E. Coulter, teacher at this place, went to her home in Berwick Dec. 20th, to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Coulter and her pupils entertained a number of friends on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 18th, by giving a concert. The tree was heavily loaded with presents and looked very nice.

Those from here who attended the Christmas concert at Greenfield and Gasperau were pleased with the program. Mr. Burlingame J. Card has returned home, after spending the past week with friends in Erie, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Levy and daughter Erma, of Greenfield, spent Dec. 14th at the home of V. A. Card's, of this place.

We are very pleased to report that Mrs. Fred Jordan is much improved in health at time of writing, but sorry to report that the whooping cough is prevailing around here in this cold winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vegre A. Card started for Mt. Hanley on Wednesday, Dec. 24th, where they will spend Christmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Israel J. Fritz.

Passing service in the Baptist church on Sunday, Dec. 21st, 1924, at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of Mr. J. A. Beyer.

One of the most remarkable "old young" ladies in Nova Scotia is Mrs. Tabitha Newell, of Clark's Harbor, who though 95 years old is strong and active, mentally and physically, while today she does more work than many women half her age.

At a distance, to see her coming along the street, one would take her for a woman in the prime of life. She frequently walks one and a half miles each way to visit her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Kenney, and says that it does not tire her at all.

Mrs. Newell believes that to keep on working is the best way to prolong life, consequently she does her own washing and ironing as well as having the fall knit several pairs of mittens and socks. —Yarmouth Telegram, Dec. 12.

HYDRO BENEFITS IN PICTOU A gentleman from Pictou came into the Eastern Chronicle office on Tuesday and showed us his November bill for electric current used in his home. The bill was for 43 k.w.h. and under hydro rates he made a saving for the month over the former rates charged by the Town of Pictou of \$2.68.

His bill was for \$2.48 and under the old rate it would have been \$5.16. He was particularly pleased with the result. It was a practical showing of the advantages of the introduction of hydro. He had not taken any part in the movement for cheaper light, but now that he was participating in its benefits he was anxious to express his gratitude to someone. When the citizens of Pictou realized the benefit they were individually receiving they would be equally appreciative, was his opinion. We assured him we would pass on his words of appreciation to those who had stood behind the movement and given it time and effort.

Last week we cited the monthly saving that a Pictou man discovered he was effecting through the introduction of hydro. One New Glasgow citizen looked up his November account and did some calculating with a pencil. Under this old rate it would have cost him \$11.48. Under hydro his bill was \$5.10, a saving of \$6.38 for the month. We fancy this is a pretty large consumption for a single household, but the user has the satisfaction of feeling that he can now be generous as far as the lighting of his home and the generous use of electricity is concerned and have his bill for current within reasonable bounds.—Eastern Chronicle, New Glasgow.

Wolfville was invaded on Tuesday evening by a detachment of the Salvation Army which had an open air service on Main street and contributed to the general stir of Christmas shopping.

Town Topics

Tid-bits on the Tip of Everybody's Tongue

Vol. 2, No. 20. Wolfville, December 25, 1924. Free

A Pleasant Ache!

with almonds, half with nougates, delivered New York City.

Cake and fancy biscuits are the order of the day, now that the visiting season is in full swing. Introduction of the highest grade biscuits during the past year has met with a wide welcome. Bialbe, Petite Beurre, Ginger, Sandwhich and Cleopatra being particularly popular.

Walter E. Eaton writes: Your advertisements have started my sweet tooth aching again. I have just finished one of your 5 lb. boxes of burnt almonds. Please quote price of a 5 lb. filled half

THE ACADIAN

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Advertising Rate Cards and information respecting territory and samples of paper mailed upon request, or may be seen at the office of any advertising agency recognized by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association.

Advertisers must have copy in by Monday noon in order to insure changes for standing advertisements. New display advertising copy can be accepted one day later.

Correspondence—Letters addressed to the Editor and intended for publication must be short and legibly written on one side of the paper only. The longer an article, the shorter its chance of insertion. All communications must bear the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication. The publication or rejection of articles is a matter entirely in the discretion of the Editor. No responsibility is assumed by the paper for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Editorial

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

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

ONCE MORE we celebrate the yuletide season—that time-honored anniversary upon which is founded the world's civilization. How shall we approach the Christmas of 1924? with despair in our hearts of the final triumph of good over evil, or dare we, despite the voices of the present and the dark fears of the future, declare our faith in the words of Browning's innocent child, and say:

"God's in His Heaven;
All's right with the world".

The answer is simple. Leave Him out of His Heaven and out of His World, and Christmas, with its "glorious song of old", is little less than a mockery. But hold to the faith that has stayed and steadied innumerable multitudes of earth's finest spirits in days when those about them were saying, "Where is now thy God?" and you will greet the dawn of the new Christmas with a deep and satisfying peace. Here is an optimism that will hail the present Christmas not because it ignores the facts, but in spite of the facts; an optimism that knows that though mighty empires have come and gone, and darkness settled over many a nation like an impenetrable gloom, the world has steadily, if slowly, rolled out of darkness into light. This is not the only era in human history when civilization has seemed to be drifting towards the rocks, with no watcher at the bow and no hand on the helm.

Would any of us like to go back to the days when man was emerging from his arboreal life? Do we pine for the civilization of Babylon or Egypt or Rome, with the world mostly slaves? Have we made no progress even through nights of French Revolutions and Russian horrors? Look back over human history and trace the upward climb and mark the larger world into which humanity has come since that first Christmas day, and despair will give place to hope, and the song of Browning's little maid will not seem so mad a dream.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ENCLOSED with the regular number of THE ACADIAN this week we have pleasure in presenting each of our readers with a Christmas supplement which we trust will be appreciated. We take a measure of pride in this production, which was not only printed in our own office upon our own presses but wholly from material manufactured in our own plant. Undoubtedly there will be found some defects, due mostly to the fact that our office has been unusually busy during its production, but on the whole we venture to suggest that it will be regarded as creditable to a country printery.

During the past few years the proprietors of THE ACADIAN have expended a large amount—perhaps more than was warranted—in order that its printing equipment might be brought thoroughly up to date and capable of turning out any order for correct printing that might be entrusted to it. Our monotype, which has made possible the production of our Christmas supplement, is a mechanical marvel and the only machine of the kind in Nova Scotia west of Halifax. Our complete electrical power equipment, fast and good presses, and the capacity to manufacture anything that enters into good job printing, in the hands of competent and tasty workmen puts us in a position where we are able to confidently undertake anything that is required in our line. There is no need at the present time to look outside of Wolfville when good printing is required. A feature of our supplement to which we desire to especially all the attention of our readers is the message from the business and professional interests of the town which appears on page three. The institutions which they represent, to a very great degree, make up the town. Some have been a long time with us and others are newcomers. They have invested their resources and energy in this community and deserve the best in the way of patronage that can be given them.

STRAIGHT TALK

WE ARE tempted to speak to our merchants. We do it only with the best of intentions. We are thankful that you have placed your advertisements in our columns. Our wideawake readers will see them and will read them. If the merchants wish to keep trade at home, they must, of course, let the public know what goods and what inducements they offer. The great merchants of our larger cities are constantly advertising at an enormous expense, but it pays them; and it was by shrewd advertising that they became successful. They cannot afford to stop, or else they would.

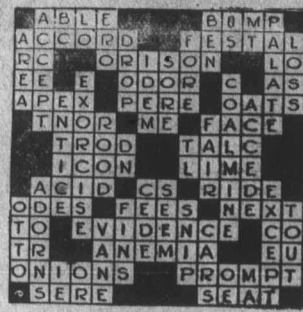
Wolfville merchants cannot afford not to advertise in their local paper. Advertising sells merchandise.

GET TOGETHER AND TALK IT OVER

NEVER perhaps before, to the same extent, has the local merchant found the mail order house such a formidable competitor during the present season. The volume of trade that properly belongs to the home merchant, and is now going to foreign business places, has increased to such an extent as to have become a veritable menace. Just what the remedy is we are not in a position to recommend, but we venture the suggestion that the time has arrived for a better understanding between local merchants and their customers in this regard.

THEY HATE TO THINK

IF YOU want to find out what hard and disagreeable work it is for most people to do any thinking just discuss something that would require them to think, or hand them a serious book to read on some subject that would require thinking to understand it. You will find that a lot of people shy at the least idea of using their heads, and prefer to take their ideas ready-made from some one else.



Answer to Puzzle No. 20

SHEFFIELD MILLS INSTITUTE

Holds Annual Community Supper

The annual community supper and tree held under the auspices of the Sheffield Mills Women's Institute was given in Community Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 18, nearly 200 attending. The auditorium was in gala attire, miniature Christmas trees being used for decorating the tables, which were filled with good things. The committee in charge was the following: Mrs. W. W. Harris convener, Mrs. John Kinaman, Mrs. Alexis Irving, Mrs. Harold Fellows, assisted by the president, Mrs. Frank Irving. Following the supper a concert was given by the school children, and so finely carried out was the programme that it would be difficult to lay special stress on any number, all of which were delightful and received applause upon applause. The program was as follows: Mr. Emerson Taylor presiding; Chorus—"Christmas Comes to Us with Gladness"; Opening Exercise—Eric Kirman, Levrette Webster, Reginald Taylor. Drill—16 boys, carrying spruce intermingled with red. Doll Drill—8 girls carrying dolls, each representing the countries to which Santa brought happiness. Reading—"Mike's Prayer", Miss Jean Miller. Girls' chorus—"Sleep Gentle Jesus"; Christmas Tree. Exercise—10 boys carrying letters spelling Christmas. Boys chorus. Reading—"The Switchman's Ordeal", Miss Ruth Ellis. Christmas Heralds—Lester Schofield, Gordon Bowser, Roy Pearl, dressed in white and carrying horns and sleigh bells, sang sweetly. Candle exercise—9 girls and boys carrying candles which were lighted by Harry Spaine, gowned in pink. Sewing exercise—Winnie Ogden, Dorothy Othy Schofield, Helen Roscoe, Louise Vaughan, Beulah Bennett. Girls' Drill—girls in white carrying white and silver wands. Chorus—"Merry Christmas". The evening was a very happy one for all. Misses Ruth Ellis, Jean Miller, Alice Pye, McKenzie, Ross, Rita Kinaman and Mr. Brett Roscoe also assisted the committee. Santa distributed gifts to all from a gaily decorated tree.

CHRISTMAS WELCOME

File high the logs upon the fire,
And make the cabin bright,
And put no bolt upon the door
This blessed Christmas night;
For if so be they pass this way,
And see in trouble sore,
They'll know an hearty welcome waits
Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles there,
Put one for every pane,
That they may see the blessed light
A shining through the wane—

Frost Bites

Minard's takes the sting out of them. Quickens circulation and prevents complications.



CASH AND CARRY

Buy your Christmas Goods here and Save Money

- New Nuts, 25c. lb., 10 lbs. \$2.20.
- Shelled Walnuts, 49 and 69c.
- Table Raisins, 38c. and 40c.
- Choice Figs, 35c., 3 for \$1.00.
- Cooking Figs, 2 lbs. for 25c.
- Seedless Raisins, 17c. lb., 5 for 75c.
- Seedless Raisins, 17c., 5 for 75c.
- Citron Peel, 69c. lb.
- Orange and Lemon Peels, 49c. lb.
- Crystallized Ginger, \$1.25 lb.
- Marrichino Cherries, 30c., 55c. and 75c. bottle.
- Salad Dressing, 25c., 40c. and 75c. bottle.
- New Dates, 15c. lb., 2 for 25c.
- Cocoa, 15c. lb., 2 for 25c.
- Baker's Chocolate, 28c. cake.
- Melaga Grapes, 35c. lb.
- Florida Grapes, 25c. lb.
- Florida Oranges, 49c., 59c., and 69c. doz.
- Cal. Seedless Oranges, 29, 39, 49 & 69c.
- Tangerine Oranges, 30c. doz.
- Large Florida Grape Fruit, 3 for 25c.
- Lemons 60c. doz.
- Pop Corn Balls 5c. each

Fancy Boxes of Chocolates from 45c. to \$3.00

Christmas Candies from 25c. to 39c. lb.

Choice Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chicken and Fowls
Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb

Lettuce and Celery Christmas week

Phone 53

CALDWELL-YERXA LIMITED

The curlew calls across the sky
The winds are keening low,
Who knows but here they'll rest awhile
As on the way they go.

One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,
The doors were bolted fast,
And in the dawn's grey light they found
Their footsteps as they passed;
For this the Christmas lights are set,
The doors are open wide,
That in her travail she may know
A place she may abide.

The irns were full, but there is room,
Tis blessed Christmas night,
For Mary and her Holy Child,
Where shines the Christmas light,
Then set a candle in each pane,
That passing, they may know
A welcome waits the Holy Child
Where Christmas lights bright glow.



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
I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—2 Timothy 4:7.

DECEMBER 27
WHOSOEVER WILL COME AFTER ME, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.—Mark 8:34, 35.

DECEMBER 28
REMEMBER NOW thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.—Ecc. 12: 1, 13.

DECEMBER 29
HOW EXCELLENT is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.—Psalm 36:7, 8.

DECEMBER 30
PURE RELIGION and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their

affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—James 1:27.

DECEMBER 31
A BENEDICTION FOR THE NEW YEAR: — The Lord bless thee, and

keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.—Numbers 6:24-26.

Christmas 1924

THE President, Directors and Officers extend to the Customers and Friends of the Bank their Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Head Office Montreal

A Nation Builder More-bread and better bread

Purity Flour, full of the strength of Western hard wheat, builds lusty, vigorous boys and girls. Mothers find Purity Flour makes more loaves and better loaves at lower cost.

PURITY FLOUR

The Purity Flour Cook Book will be mailed postage paid to you for thirty cents—it's worth more. Write for one to-day to Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Toronto, St. John, N.B., Winnipeg

The Holiday Time

Provides an excellent opportunity for having your Electric Wiring gone over and any change or repairs made that may be necessary.

Our staff and equipment is at your service.

J. C. Mitchell
Electric Contractor
Wiring, etc.

Office Supplies

Typewriter Paper, good quality bond, \$1.30 per ream. Better quality bond, \$1.70 and \$2.40 per ream.
Copy Paper, manilla, \$1.00 per 1000 sheets.
Business Envelopes, \$1.00 to \$2.50 per box of 500.
Carbon Paper, 2 sheets for 5 cents, \$1.00 per box.
Onion Skin Paper, 85 cents per ream.
Stenographers' Note Books, 10 cents each.
Adding Machine Rolls, 25 cents.
Blotting Paper, 5 cents per sheet.
Orders taken for Typewriter Ribbons, any make. Orders also taken for Loose Leaf Binders and sheets for same, any size or style of ruling.

The Acadian Store
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Acadian Want Advs. Bring Results!

The Hantsport Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HANTSPORT AND VICINITY

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The Christmas season with its feasting and merriment is with us once again. We see its influence reflected from the many happy faces as they pass by. There seems to be a subtle magic in the air that is expressed by a heartier hand-clasp and a warmer welcome.

What a joyous gladsome ring there is to that good old-fashioned wish of "Merry Christmas" that we get from our friends. "The Same to You and Many of Them", we cheerfully answer back, with a sparkle in the eye.

For Christmas is the one season that takes us away from the bickerings and cares of business and fills our hearts with human love and understanding and sympathy; and poor indeed is he whose heart or purse does not respond to its magic call. Truly, at this season, "The Bethlehem Message" is a living inspiration.

We feel we cannot better express our feelings and wishes to our readers and friends in more fitting words than those of poor crippled Tiny Tim in Dickens' delightful fantasy, "A Christmas Carol"—"God Bless Us Every One".

EDITORIAL

Told in simple and plain terms, the diary of Margaret B. Michener, which has been running through the columns of the Hantsport Acadian for some weeks, records the story of early life in this place. Many of our readers, including some who were old-time residents, have expressed their interest in the story so simply depicted of the doings of the people of that day. Those hardy pioneers, who made possible for us the many comforts and conveniences which we of today enjoy, lived what to the present generation would appear to be an uninteresting and uneventful existence, and yet the story tells us of pleasing social relations, community happenings which meant much to them of personal joys and sorrows, of plans realized or brought to fruition—in a word the history of a people most of whom have long gone from earth. May we of the present time do our part as faithfully and well.

Hantsport business institutions have a message for the readers of the Hantsport Acadian this week that is deserving of attention. Like those of other places our merchants are finding conditions difficult to cope with these days. They are endeavoring to meet the demands made upon them and if given a chance are ready to meet any honest competition. After all it is very largely the

stores that make the town, and we could not get along very well without them. In view of the important place which they fill in the life of the community their owners deserve and should receive the hearty support of all patriotic citizens.

HANTSPORT SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

The closing exercises of the Hantsport school took place last Friday. The pupils of the High School had prepared a short programme consisting of readings, drills and two playlets, which were well received. At the close, Principal Sarty was presented with a very fine reading lamp, from his pupils. Everett Newcombe amking the presentation.

In the other department there were exercises and Christmas trees laden with gifts for teachers and pupils.

The event of the week was the entertainment given Thursday evening in Empire Theatre by the pupils of the Hantsport School. The programme, of a Christmas nature, consisted of drills, plays, tableaux, all of which received rounds of applause. The "Sunbonnet" drill, by twelve young girls, was a clever piece of work and showed much training; also "Reindeer", a play in two parts, was particularly pleasing and well carried out. The tiny tots from the Primary Department, in their various drills, "Mother Goose", etc., in their pretty costumes, made a charming picture. Last on the programme was a play in two parts entitled "Trespassing" by the pupils of the High School, which was most interesting and created great applause. The music was furnished by Mrs. Pope and Miss Pearl Dickson.

The theatre was packed to the doors and much commendation was given to the staff and the musicians for their work in giving to the public such a splendid performance.

HANTSPORT HAPPENINGS

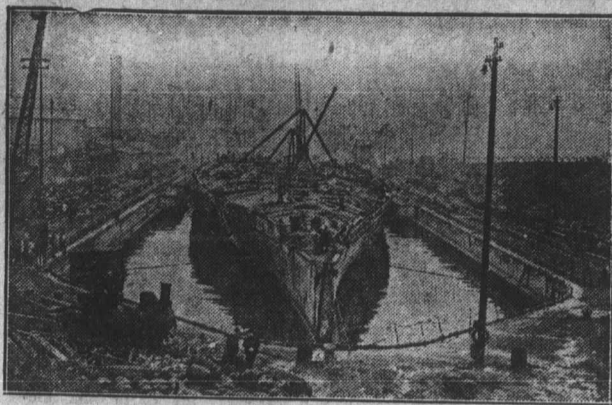
Miss Lilian Bishop, of Greenwich, was the guest of Rev. Z. L. and Mrs. Fash for several days last week.

The usual preaching service at Lockhartville will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7 p.m. The subject of address will be "What Lockhartville Needs".

Mrs. Chas. Brown left the first of the week for Amherst, where she will spend the Christmas season with relatives.

The schools closed here on Friday. Principal Sarty is spending the holiday season at his home in Lunenburg.

The following teachers are home for the holiday season, Misses Stella Taylor, North Grand Pre, Pamela Black-



THE END OF A MIGHTY MAN O' WAR

It is a feat of engineering to build a huge battleship, and it is almost as big a job to take it to pieces again. This photograph shows H.M.S. Lion, Admiral Beatty's famous flagship, stripped to her main deck and ready to be cut in two by acetylene blow torches. Her two valves will be floated and towed to the breaker's yards near Newcastle for complete demolition.

burn, Burlington, and Abbie Beazley, Dartmouth.

Misses Mabel McConnel and Aileen Yeston were in Windsor on Tuesday, attending the Vanieck-Brownell nuptials.

Austin Brownell, B.A., of the Pictou Academy staff, arrived home Saturday morning and will spend the Christmas holidays with his mother, Mrs. Brownell.

Mrs. (Capt.) A. Lawrence returned home on Saturday from Pictou where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Sutherland.

Mrs. H. Fuller entertained the W. M. S. of the Presbyterian church on Wednesday afternoon. At the close of the business part of the meeting a social hour was spent over the teacups.

Mr. Ellsworth Morris, who is taking the Arts Course at Acadia University, is spending the Christmas holidays at the home of his father, Mr. George Morris.

The many friends of Miss Mabel McConnel will be pleased to learn that she is doing as well as can be expected following an operation for appendicitis at the Victoria General Hospital on Saturday.

Mrs. Fash received for the first time on Thursday afternoon from 3.30 to 6 p.m. Mrs. Fash was assisted in receiving by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Mrs. L. V. Marsters and Mrs. J. E. Borden. Mrs.

(Dr.) Mellick ushered the guests to the dining room where a dainty buffet luncheon was dispensed. Those who assisted in serving were Mrs. A. McDonald, Mrs. W. Flemming, Mrs. H. L. Smith, Mrs. E. Blackburn, Misses M. Lawrence and M. Hart, Miss Lillian Bishop, of Greenwich poured the coffee. Little Miss Orrie Frittenburg, looking winsome in pale blue crepe, was on duty at the door.

On Friday evening, Dec. 19th, the Community Sunday School at Lockhartville assembled in the Methodist church where a varied programme was presented to a large audience, consisting of recitations, duets, choruses, and Christmas exercises. Following the entertainment Santa appeared and with assistance unloaded the bountifully laden Christmas tree of its candy, oranges and various gifts. At the close Rev. A. B. Higgins gave a very appropriate address. Altogether the evening was a pronounced success.

The open air rink, under the efficient management of Mr. George Currie, had its initial opening on Saturday evening with a good attendance. The rink occupies the old site on the J. Pentz property.

Special Christmas music featured the services held in the different churches here on Sunday. The music rendered in

the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning consisted of the Anthems: "Star of Bethlehem", by Ira D. Wilson, and "Message so Wondrous Sweet", by R. H. Nolte, the solo in which was effectively rendered by Mr. Cyril Harvie, as was also the obligato solo throughout the remainder of the anthem. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Dickie, gave a very beautiful Christmas address, based on the 8th verse of the 17th chapter of Matthew.

An excellent program of Christmas music was rendered by the choir of the Methodist church on Sunday evening, the program included a chorus "Rejoice, the King is Come", duet, by Mrs. Kewley and Mrs. R. Marsters, anthem, "Arise, Shine for thy Light is Come". Mr. Cyril Harvie, who has been assisting the choir for several weeks was heard to fine effect in solo, duet and chorus. Announcement was made of a special service to be held next Sunday evening. The choir will be assisted by local and other talent.

Both morning and evening services in the Baptist church were impressive. The pastor, Rev. Z. L. Fash, delivered eloquent Christmas messages. The music by the choir, which was particularly well rendered, consisted of the anthem "Hark! What mean those Holy Voices", by E. Lorenz; chorus, "I Bring You Good Tidings", the solo of which was splendidly rendered by Miss Marguerite Lawrence who also sang the obligato soprano solo, "The Song and the Star", by I. G. Holland. The choir was ably assisted by Mrs. M. Oulton, who was heard to great advantage in solo and obligato. Miss Clare McDonald, efficient organist and choir leader, is to be highly commended for the success of the musical part of the service. The music will be repeated next Sunday, Dec. 28th, with Mrs. M. Oulton as the soloist.

The Windsor basketball team played the Hantsport team in the latter's gymnasium on Friday evening, Dec. 19th.

The line-up was as follows: Windsor—Forwards, Mary Doran, Esther Johnson; centres, Grace Johnson, Dorothy Hoffin; guards, Doreen Seale, Mildred Matheson; subs, Babe Robinson, Alice Doran.

Hantsport—Forwards, Nellie Reid, Ted Alley; centres, Dot Laurillard, Ethel Young; guards, Grace Whitman, Hazel Palmer; subs, Elsie Perry, Mary Macumber.

Referees: B. Salter and O. Higgs. The score was 31-7 in favor of Hantsport. After the game the visitors and home team were pleasantly entertained at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Young. Refreshment were served.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

NOW LIFT THE CAROL

Now lift the carol men and maids,
Now wake exultant singing;
This day the Well of Life first sprang,
Who shall declare His springing?
It is the Birthday of our Peace;
This day, for man, the weaver,
The Everlasting Son of God
Was born of blessed Mary.

Chorus.
Noel, Noel, Proclaims the Saviour's Birth.
He raises us to Heaven, O hail
He is coming down to earth.

He did not bring a royal train,
A host no man might number,
Nor lay begirt by damask folds,
Nor lulled by harp to slumber.
Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands
Whose might o'erspreads the heaven,
And that mean trough where oxen fed
For His first rest was given.

Chorus.
There were poor Shepherds in the field,
Their flocks at midnight tending;
Then Heaven came down, and brought
For news,
A rapture never ending.
So they went swift to Bethlehem,
And saw—and told the story
Of Christ the Lord, a little Child,
And Angels singing "Glory".

Chorus.
MacLean's Magazine, Canada's National Magazine, is becoming more popular every day. \$3.00 a year or two years for \$5.00. Hand your subscription to H. P. Davidson, The Magazine Man.

Do People Read Advs. in The Acadian? What are you doing now?

Executor's Notice

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

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



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON with its feasting and merriment is with us once again. We see its influence reflected from the many happy faces as they pass by. There seems to be a subtle magic in the air that is expressed by a heartier hand-clasp and a warmer welcome.

What a joyous gladsome ring there is in that old fashioned wish of "Merry Christmas" that we get from our friends. "The Same to You and Many of Them" we cheerfully answer back, with a sparkle in the eye.

We, who have inserted our names hereto, having the spirit of Christmas, hereby express our appreciation and goodwill towards the people of Hantsport and vicinity, and extend to you our hearty wish for a Merry Christmas.

E. H. CORBETT
Barber

R. A. FRIZZLE
Restaurant and Bakery

H. A. HART
Men's Furnishings

F. W. PORTER
Groceries and Meats

W. C. CURRIE & SON
Groceries and Hardware

HANTSPORT FRUIT BASKET
COMPANY

L. B. HARVEY
Groceries and Meats

H. L. SMITH
Druggist

CHAS. DAVISON
Groceries

HANTSPORT HOTEL

R. LAWRENCE
Boots and Shoes

W. K. STERLING
Dry Goods and Clothing

Personal and Social

Rev. Dr. J. H. MacDonald was the preacher at the United church, Kentville, on Sunday last.

Mr. F. P. Rockwell and Miss Grace Rockwell left last week to spend the winter at Daytona, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Lingley are spending the Christmas season with relatives and friends in St. John, N. B.

Lieut.-Col. Allison Borden and Mrs. Borden were over Sunday visitors in Wolfville guests at the Royal Hotel.

Miss Gladys Kinnic, who has been for some time past at Worcester, Mass., returned home on Friday last, and will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Kinnic.

Miss Mildred Harvey, who has a position on the teaching staff of Penn Hall, a fashionable school for girls at Chambersburg, Pa., arrived home on Friday last, for the holidays.

Mr. H. P. Davidson, editor of this journal, left on Friday to spend the holidays in Boston, and will accompany home Mrs. Davidson and little daughter, who have been spending some weeks there.

Prof. Austen Chute, Latin teacher at the Country Day School for Boston Boys, accompanied by Mrs. Chute, arrived on Tuesday and are spending Christmas at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Chute.

Miss Mona Parsons, who is pursuing a course at the Curry School of Expression, Boston, arrived home on Friday last to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Parsons, Acadia street.

Miss Eva L. Mason, who has filled an important position in a business office in Boston during the past year, returned home on Tuesday to spend a vacation of two weeks at the home of her parents Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Mason, Highland avenue.

Miss Margaret Ford, who has been engaged in teaching at Brookline, Mass., and Miss Gwendolyn Hales, who has been in attendance at an art school in Boston, arrived home on Tuesday afternoon, to spend the vacation at their respective homes.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Starr, of Starr's Point, left recently to spend the winter at Daytona, Florida, where they will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Webber. Miss Maude McLatchy, who makes her home with her sister, Mrs. Starr, will spend the winter at Windsor, where she will make her home with another sister, Mrs. E. H. Dimock.

"HONOR AMONG MEN"

People who love to hobnob with kings, princes, countesses, dashing soldiers and beautiful women and delight to participate in intrigues, hair-breadth escapes and brave deeds will find "Honor Among Men", which comes to the Orpheum Theatre Friday and Saturday, exactly the thing to make a pleasant evening.

This picture, produced by William Fox, would be much better known by the title of the book upon which it is based. Fact is, "Honor Among Men" is no other than our old friend and favorite, "The King's Jackel", written by Richard Harding Davis, which used to keep young folks from 12- to 112 awake nights reading on to see what becomes of the beautiful rich American girl who gets mixed up in the affairs of a little kingdom whose King has been exiled. It was great stuff as a book, and well, you know how much advantage the film has over the printed page.

Edmund Lowe, who did such fine work in the title role of "The Fool" that William Fox elevated him to stardom, is seen as Prince Klovoy, the King's "Jackel". Beautiful Claire Adams has the role of the wealthy American girl, Patricia Carson. Deimonson Clift is entrusted to much commendation for his directorial work because he has produced something at once beautiful and exciting.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the time-honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking. Good old St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw long knitted purses, tied at both ends, into the open windows of the very poor people. These purses were of yarn, and not unlike a footless stocking. Finally, it became the custom of the people to hang these long empty receptacles out of their windows on the night before Christmas, so that St. Nicholas could put a gift into them as he passed by. By and by, when coins became scarce, toys were put in for the children and useful presents for the grown up people. In the north country, where it was rather chilly at Christmas time, the purses were hung on the mantelpiece, and it was believed that the good old saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When the purses were out of use, stockings were substituted, and have been in use ever since.

BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR FREE

Subscribers to the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal have been advised that they will receive free of charge a beautiful calendar for 1925 with a most attractive picture in colors entitled, "The Sale of Old Dobbin". When one considers that the subscription price of this big 72 page family and farm journal is only \$2.00 per year, one is amazed by the value received, but with a beautiful picture calendar thrown in, the value is indeed superlative.

TENDERS

Tenders for the Collection of County Rates in the several Wards of the Municipality of Kings County, for 1925, are invited, and will be received until December 31st, by the undersigned.

J. HOWE, Municipal Clerk.

9-2

SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

A very enjoyable and successful entertainment was given on Friday evening last by the pupils of the North Grand Pre school, under the efficient direction of the teacher, Miss Stella Taylor. The following programme was rendered in a manner which reflected great credit upon all those who took part: Chorus—"Santa Claus"; Recitation—"Welcome"—Albert Allen, Charles Palmeter, George Allen, Robert Stewart; Recitation—"Christmas Day"—Edith Palmeter; Recitation—"What Christmas Means"—Vivian Gould; Recitation—"A Christmas Tree Farm"—John Stewart; Trio—"Three Kings"—Edith Palmeter, Margaret Fullerton, Mable Palmeter; Recitation—"A Christmas Song"—Charles Palmeter; Recitation—"Good Evening"—Robert Stewart; Recitation—"A Crippled Dolly"—Margaret Fullerton; Solo—"Star of the East"—Edith Palmeter; Recitation—"Christmas Doings"—Edith Palmeter, Margaret Fullerton, Mable Palmeter, Vivian Gould; Recitation—"Family Cares"—Myrtle Gould; Recitation—"The Toys He Doesn't Like"—George Allen; Recitation—"Jolly Old St. Nicholas"—Mable Palmeter; Duo—"Christmas Joys"—Edith Palmeter, Margaret Fullerton; Recitation—"Santa Claus"—John Stewart; Recitation—"Christmas Message"—Vivian Gould, Albert Allen; Recitation—"A Christmas Sleepy Head"—Robert Stewart; Trio—"A Song of Welcome"—Charles Palmeter, George Allen, Robert Stewart; Recitation—"A Christmas Quiz"—Charles Guptell; Recitation—"All He Wants"—Albert Allen; Exercise—"Visitors from Other Lands"; Recitation—"Old Santa Claus"—Edith Palmeter; Recitation—"Her Letter"—Marion Palmeter; Dialogue—"Letter to Santa Claus"—Margaret Fullerton, John Stewart; Quartette—"Joy to the World"—Edith Palmeter, Margaret Fullerton, John Stewart, Mable Palmeter; Recitation—"The Holly"—Mable Palmeter; Recitation—"Christmas Goose"—Charles Palmeter; Monologue—"Making Christmas Presents"—Edith Palmeter; Solo—"Christmas Carol"—John Stewart; Recitation—"To Santa Claus"—Margaret Fullerton; Recitation—"Christmas Wish"—Vivian Gould; Recitation—"A Christmas Telephone"—George Allen; Chorus—"Christmas Bells"; God Save the King.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS Christmas has but one meaning—the Nativity. The goodness, the justice, but also the mercy, the helping of God. This, the greatest event in human history, has a spiritual meaning. The Saviour came to minister to the spiritual nature of man. He showed the true glory and importance of man and helping him showed the duty of helping one another. Endowed with the power, yet He did not bestow material blessing or set up an earthly kingdom. But to follow Him gave the power to command all those. To get the world to see the true meaning of things, that is the redemption. The creation was all declared good. It can be perverted. The enemy for-

NOTICE!

MOTOR CARS, AUTOMOBILE PARTS AND ACCESSORIES, RADIO SETS

Large stock of Maxwell & Chalmers parts on hand for immediate shipment or service.

I am offering at very inducing prices: Complete Automobile Motors Engine Blocks Transmission Assemblies Chalmers Radiators Maxwell Radiators Wheels Axles Rear Axle Housings, etc. These parts are slightly used being taken from Automobiles which I make it a business to dismantle for the parts. Office, Grage & Stockroom at residence, Kent Avenue.

C. A. PORTER

Auctioneer Insurance.

\$25.00 REWARD

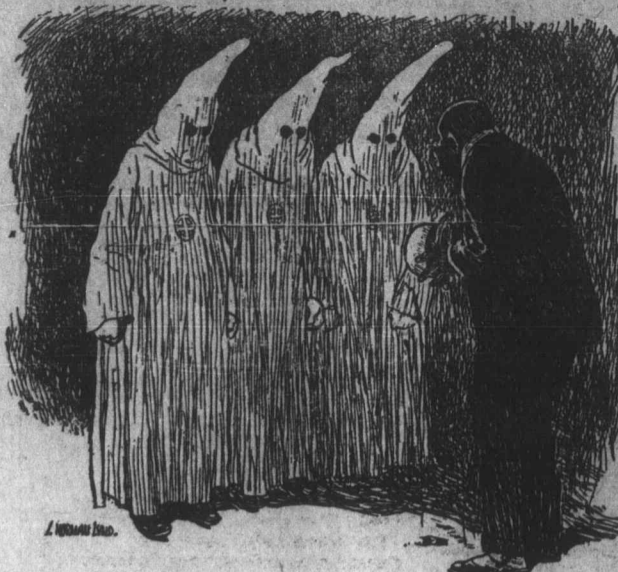
The sum of Twenty Five Dollars will be paid to anyone giving information which will lead to the conviction of the person or persons breaking or removing lamps from street light fixtures within the Town of Wolfville. This offer will stand until a conviction is obtained.

R. W. FORD, Town Clerk.

ROCK WANTED

Parties owning trap rock or what is known as iron stone suitably piled up for loading and wishing to dispose of same please apply below. Tenders will also be received for the supply of such rock up to and including December 27, 1924 and delivered to Wolfville.

Apply TOWN OFFICE.



K. K. & K.: "This is a warning—get anything to say?" "Yessir—ah wanna thank you gemmen for currin' ma hiccoughs." —London Opinion.

ever strives "out of good still to find means of evil". The material welfare of men does not come first—to make it first makes it to be destroying and destroyed. Christmas is not instituted for the purpose of earning the reward of gifts, but for giving them in their true significance. "The wages of sin is death, eternal life is the gift of God".

FORMER WOLFVILLE MINISTER

The death of Rev. J. E. Donkin, a former minister of the Wolfville Methodist church and a popular and esteemed resident of this town, occurred suddenly on Sunday morning last. While eating his breakfast he was seized with a heart attack and before medical aid could be summoned had expired. He was 68 years of age and previous to his retirement from the active clergy ten years ago,

had occupied many of the pulpits in the Maritime Provinces. He is survived by two brothers, W. Fred Donkin, town clerk of Sackville, N. B. and Clinton Donkin, of Amherst.

Wishing you the Season's Greetings and thanking you for past patronage

Miss Hayes, Needlecraft Shop

TO MY CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS I WISH YOU ALL

A Merry Christmas

and A Prosperous New Year

J. D. HARRIS

THE ORPHEUM

To all our patrons, we wish A Merry Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Christmas Night

Bert Lytel and Betty Compton in

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

Friday and Saturday:

Edmund Lowe in

HONOR AMONG MEN

Adapted from Richard Harding Davis' novel: "The King's Jackel". The idol of women; a leader of men. He played the game of life on the level.

ALSO COMEDY

Monday and Tuesday:

Week of December 29th

Harry Carey in

DESERT DRIVEN

Here is the crashing melodrama that dwarfs all other Western pictures as the Leviathan dwarfs the rowboat.

Here's the greatest and most entertaining picture of the wide open places ever produced. See it in all its crashing drama, its thundering thrills, its cyclonic action, its breathless suspense, its piercing interest, its rustling romance, its irresistible humor. Story by Windham Martin.

ALSO PATHE

Wednesday and Thursday:

TO BE ANNOUNCED

May This Christmas bring you Good Cheer and the New Year much Happiness

C. H. Porter Where it Pays to Deal

To all our Patrons and Friends

We wish A

Merry Christmas

ACADIA PHARMACY

HUGH E. CALKIN

Phone 41

D. ROSS COCHRANE

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACIST

WOLFVILLE

Phone 334

Main St.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Pure Drugs, Chocolates, Stationery,

Films, Cigars, Tobacco,

Cigarettes

Mail orders will receive our prompt attention.

If for any reason you do not find your purchase entirely satisfactory be sure to let us know. Everything that goes out from this store is guaranteed to be as represented. Best Quality and Honest Prices our motto.

HUTCHINSON'S TAXI AND BUS SERVICE

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.

Items of Local Interest

After an unusually open season win- finally set in at the end of last week...

The Financial Post says a pulpwood means "jobs, wages, buying power..."

Two more little girls were made ha- last night because of subscriptions...

The ACADIAN has received numerous compliments on our issue of last week...

John C. Hardy, who for some years has owned and operated the Hardy...

"Industries move Southward in the United States, for cheaper labor, more plentiful power..."

The community was saddened to learn of the death of Lena, wife of Mr. Benjamin Hubbard, Peregau, which occurred Saturday, Dec. 20...

The funeral of the late Harmon Tupper took place from the Union Church, Scotia Bay, on Sunday afternoon, and was largely attended...

Many farmers desire to give the boys who plan to remain on the farm the advantage of a good education...

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" CHRISTMAS NIGHT

A wire containing the following came to the Orpheum last evening: "One reel of 'Shadows of Paris' destroyed by water, unfit for use..."

Pay your Subscription today

The LITTLE SHOP

Wishes its friends A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

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 next meeting of the V. O. N. will be held on Thursday evening, Jan. 8, as the regular time falls upon New Year's Day.

DISCONTINUANCE OF SERVICE

SS "Prince Albert" Between Wolfville, Kingsport and Parrsboro, December 27th, 1924.

The service of the S. S. "Prince Albert" between Wolfville, Kingsport and Parrsboro will terminate with the last trip on Saturday, December 27th, 1924.

ASTRONOMICAL DAY TO BE CHANGED

Beginning on Jan. 1 next, astronomers will change the astronomical day so that it will coincide with the civil day. Before the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, in the Physics Building, Toronto, on Tuesday night, Prof. C. A. Chant gave some particulars regarding the impending change.

TWO NEW FACTORIES TO LOCATE IN TORONTO

Slazenger's, an important British house in the manufacture of sporting goods, will open a factory in Toronto to handle the Canadian trade.

FROM LADY ASTOR

LONDON, Dec. 22.—Lady Astor, M. P., today forwarded the following message to the Canadian Press: "For four Christmases we had Canadians at Cliveon. We don't want another war, but we should like to get our Canadian soldiers and sisters back here again for Christmas."

NOTICE!

CUTTING OF TIMBER In accordance with a recent Resolution of the Wolfville Town Council, tenders will be received up to and including January 2nd, 1924, for cutting and removing timber from certain areas on the Wolfville Waterworks Lands.

G. S. STAIRS, Town Manager.

FOR SALE

SHORT-HORN DURHAM CATTLE

Pure bred and registered. Consisting of First prize Bull (at Amherst Winter Fair), Cows, Heifers, and Steers, First class Herd.

J. Howe Cox

Riverside Farm, Cambridge Sta., N. S. 9-23

R. LESLIE FRY SHOW CARDS, PRICE TICKETS and GLASS SIGNS



M'Clary's Bonny Blue SOMETHING NEW We have just received a shipment of this Enamelled Ware See the display in our window L. W. SLEEP Wolfville Hardware & Shoe Store

The Acadian Classified Advertisements

RATES FOR CLASSIFIED OR WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

First insertion, 2 cents a word. One cent a word each subsequent insertion; minimum charge, 30 cents per week.

If so desired, advertisers may have replies addressed to a box number, care of the Acadian. For this service add 10 cents.

THE ACADIAN is not responsible for errors in copy taken over the phone. Contract rates on application.

TO LET

TO LET.—Room with board. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

TO LET.—Unfurnished apartment. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

HOUSE TO LET on Gaspereau avenue. W. A. Reid.

TO LET.—Unfurnished apartment, 4 rooms. Apply to C. F. Stewart.

FOR RENT.—A furnished house on Westwood avenue. Possession at once. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE.—Smith Premier Typewriter in good order. Apply T. L. Harvey.

LOST & FOUND

LOST.—Portion of three-piece suit off green overcoat. Finder please leave at Acadian Office.

MISCELLANEOUS

SAFE FOR DISPOSAL.—Large office safe can be had or the taking away Apply Town Clerk's Office.

Butter Parchment, printed ready for use. at THE ACADIAN store.

ADDING MACHINE rolls for 25 cents at THE ACADIAN store.

Foolscap, marginal ruled, one cent per sheet, at THE ACADIAN Store.

Paper Towels in rolls for sale at THE ACADIAN Store.

ADVERTISING in these columns pays well. That is what those who have tried THE ACADIAN want ads. tell us.

Do Business At Home

This is the time of year when people are taking out Magazine Subscriptions or renewing old ones.

We are in a position to serve you in this respect.

Our prices are the lowest and the prices authorized by the publishers.

We guarantee that a subscription placed with us will properly reach the publishers, and in case of any trouble arising, we are here to assist you.

We advise everyone to place subscriptions with the legitimate dealer only, and to avoid the stranger who calls at your house, who gives you no guarantee and who in all probability you will never see again.

We represent the publishers and are here to serve you.

Why not buy at home and from us?

THE ACADIAN

EXECUTORS NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Andrew deW Barrs, late of Wolfville in the county of Kings, Physician, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned

JOHN EDMUND BARSS EDMUND SIDNEY CRAWLEY Executors.

Probate granted August 27th, 1924. Wolfville, Aug. 27th, 1924.

Storage Battery Service

Wet Storage \$4.00 Dry Storage \$6.00

Batteries called for and returned in the spring fully charged.

George McKinley Greenwich Phone 12-12

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against the estate of George E. DeWitt of Wolfville in the County of Kings, Medical Doctor, deceased, are requested to render the same within one year from the date hereof, duly attested, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to

DR. AVERY DEWITT, of Wolfville Executor, MRS. ANNIE M. DEWITT Executrix.

Probate granted December 8, 1924. G. C. Nowlan, Proctor of Estate.

Executors' Notice!

All persons having legal demand against the estate of James A. Allan, late, of North Grand Pre, in the County of Kings, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same daily attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to

FRED PALMETER and GORDON ALLEN, Executors, both of Grand Pre.

Dated at Wolfville, N. S., this third day of November A. D. 1924.

Probate granted October 23, 1924. G. C. Nowlan, Proctor of Estate.

Executors' Notice

All persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Evangelina D. Bowles, late of Wolfville, deceased, are requested to render the same within one year from the date hereof, duly attested, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to

Josephine Cox, Executrix.

Probate granted January 28, 1922.

Why Stand Watch

all night with a smoky or poor FURNACE

Have it looked after before it is too late. Call SAWLER

PHONE 333 or 25-11.

WORK GUARANTEED Let me install your next Furnace. PIPED or PIPELESS.

Bankrupt Stock

Bargains in Men's Mackinaws, Ladies Coats, Rubbers for all the family, Ladies' Overshoes, Children's Boots, Quilts, Blankets, Aluminium ware, Glass ware, Men's Ties, Socks, floor oil, cloth and other articles.

Everything sold at reduced prices. Auction every Saturday evening. Open Every Day

O. D. PORTER

Opp. D.A.R. Station.

The Acadian Classified Advertisements

RATES FOR CLASSIFIED OR WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

First insertion, 2 cents a word. One cent a word each subsequent insertion; minimum charge, 30 cents per week.

If so desired, advertisers may have replies addressed to a box number, care of the Acadian. For this service add 10 cents.

THE ACADIAN is not responsible for errors in copy taken over the phone. Contract rates on application.

TO LET

TO LET.—Room with board. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

TO LET.—Unfurnished apartment. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

HOUSE TO LET on Gaspereau avenue. W. A. Reid.

TO LET.—Unfurnished apartment, 4 rooms. Apply to C. F. Stewart.

FOR RENT.—A furnished house on Westwood avenue. Possession at once. Apply to THE ACADIAN.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE.—Smith Premier Typewriter in good order. Apply T. L. Harvey.

LOST & FOUND

LOST.—Portion of three-piece suit off green overcoat. Finder please leave at Acadian Office.

MISCELLANEOUS

SAFE FOR DISPOSAL.—Large office safe can be had or the taking away Apply Town Clerk's Office.

Butter Parchment, printed ready for use. at THE ACADIAN store.

ADDING MACHINE rolls for 25 cents at THE ACADIAN store.

Foolscap, marginal ruled, one cent per sheet, at THE ACADIAN Store.

Paper Towels in rolls for sale at THE ACADIAN Store.

ADVERTISING in these columns pays well. That is what those who have tried THE ACADIAN want ads. tell us.

Do Business At Home

This is the time of year when people are taking out Magazine Subscriptions or renewing old ones.

We are in a position to serve you in this respect.

Our prices are the lowest and the prices authorized by the publishers.

We guarantee that a subscription placed with us will properly reach the publishers, and in case of any trouble arising, we are here to assist you.

We advise everyone to place subscriptions with the legitimate dealer only, and to avoid the stranger who calls at your house, who gives you no guarantee and who in all probability you will never see again.

We represent the publishers and are here to serve you.

Why not buy at home and from us?

THE ACADIAN

EXECUTORS NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Andrew deW Barrs, late of Wolfville in the county of Kings, Physician, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned

JOHN EDMUND BARSS EDMUND SIDNEY CRAWLEY Executors.

Probate granted August 27th, 1924. Wolfville, Aug. 27th, 1924.

Storage Battery Service

Wet Storage \$4.00 Dry Storage \$6.00

Batteries called for and returned in the spring fully charged.

George McKinley Greenwich Phone 12-12

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

All persons having legal demands against the estate of George E. DeWitt of Wolfville in the County of Kings, Medical Doctor, deceased, are requested to render the same within one year from the date hereof, duly attested, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to

DR. AVERY DEWITT, of Wolfville Executor, MRS. ANNIE M. DEWITT Executrix.

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Bargains in Men's Mackinaws, Ladies Coats, Rubbers for all the family, Ladies' Overshoes, Children's Boots, Quilts, Blankets, Aluminium ware, Glass ware, Men's Ties, Socks, floor oil, cloth and other articles.

Everything sold at reduced prices. Auction every Saturday evening. Open Every Day

O. D. PORTER

Opp. D.A.R. Station.

The Season's Greetings To all our patrons at friends May The New Year bring you Happiness and Prosperity W. O. PULSIFER

We extend to all Heartiest Greetings for A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year CROWN BAKERY Don Campbell, Prop.

Thanking all our friends and customers for their liberal patronage during the past year and wishing all A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year Rand's Drug Store A. V. Rand, Prop.

BOSTON AND YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., LTD FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE FALL AND WINTER SCHEDULE Two Trips Weekly—Fare \$9.00 S. S. Prince Arthur Leave Yarmouth Tuesdays and Fridays at 6:30 p.m. (Atlantic Time) Return leave Boston Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P.M. For Staterooms and Other Information apply to J. E. Kinney, Supt., Yarmouth, N. S.

Wanting Information on a Special Subject? THE ACADIAN has a list of magazines, newspapers, trade journals—hundreds in number—and covering almost every conceivable subject or trade. We'll be glad to tell you what is available covering the subject you are interested in. Further—we will be glad to place your subscription for any of these journals, saving you considerable trouble, without extra cost to you. The Acadian

We have a few of those Beautiful Landscape Calendars for 1925 First Come - First Served EDSON GRAHAM WOLFVILLE Phone 70-11

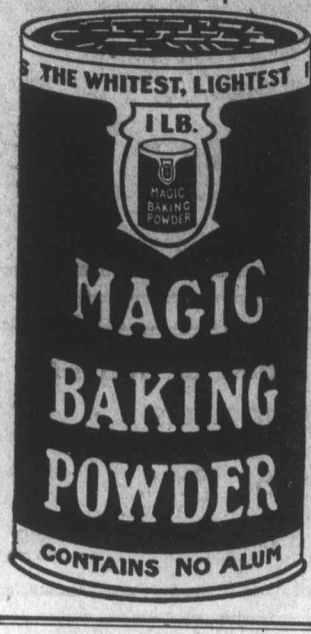
Acadian Want Advs. Bring Results!

Subscribe to The Canning Acadian

The Canning Acadian

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF CANNING AND VICINITY

Advertise in The Canning Acadian



CANNING AND VICINITY

The various departments of Canning school held Christmas entertainments on Friday afternoon, Dec. 19, which were very delightful and carefully rendered.

versity are visiting her mother, Mrs. A. M. Covert. Miss Gladys Kennedy, of the teaching staff of the New Acadian School, Halifax, is spending Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy.

ing her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Dickie, Kingsport. Miss Bernice Power is visiting her mother, Mrs. Fred Power.

Mrs. Avery Bentley is the guest of Mrs. Tooker. Miss Vivienne Porter is spending Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Porter.

Dr. Thomas W. Hodgson has had a radio installed at the parsonage. Mr. (Rev.) James Ramsay, Moncton, is visiting her mother, Mrs. David Burgess, who was injured by a fall.

Newton Corkum, of Scotts Bay. The left are a wife, three sons, Mayford, Stella; a mother, and sister, Effie, living at Scotts Bay. Two sisters, Mrs. Harry Jess and Mrs. Rufus, reside at the west. Mr. Tupper was Court of Bay View Lodge, Past Grand of A. F. and A. M., Canning, was beloved and his passing away has cast a gloom over the entire community.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT

CANNING, Dec. 18.—At the last annual meeting of the Water Commissioners of Canning, the question of sidewalk was brought up. A vote was passed that the water commissioners take charge of the repairing of the same to a limit of amount.

UPPER CANARD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Holds Annual Supper The annual supper of Upper Canard Presbyterian church was held Friday evening, Dec. 18, and largely attended. Nearly one hundred and fifty enjoyed supper and a social hour together.

SCOTTS BAY

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Steele are being congratulated on the birth of a son, born Dec. 16 at Canning Maternity hospital. Mr. Thomas Watson, who has been ill with quinsy, has recovered.



TO ALL THEIR PATRONS and friends the business and professional men of Canning extend heartiest wishes for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Our greeting to you is one of kindness in return for the good-will you have displayed towards us. Our wish is that you may be filled with the fresh, clean love of the season and receive a liberal endowment of that spirit which at this time rises like a mighty flood over the world.

- BLANKHORN & SON Axe Factory
CALDWELL-YERXA LTD. H. K. Bain, Manager
S. T. CHIPMAN Contractor, Builder, Hardware
COHEN'S BARGAIN STORE Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes
H. R. ELLS Groceries
E. P. GRANT Barber
J. E. KENNEDY Groceries and China
H. R. KINSMAN Flour and Feed
R. W. NORTH Hardware
A. D. PAYZANT Dry Goods
SARSFIELD & HUSTON Meat, Fish & Provision Market
L. W. SLACH Carriages and Harness
L. M. WARD Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes
WAVERLY HOTEL

THE INVERTED PYRAMID

BY
Bertrand W. Sinclair
Author of "North of Fifty-three"

CHAPTER XXIX

though that disastrous autumn of when the logging camps of B. C. were given over to watchmen and the mills were silent storehouses of idle machinery, and the owners of both camps and homes, cursing labor, government, that vague entity called consumer who had mysteriously come to consume, raving about conspiracy, taxation, bewildered and reeling in the face of a retrograde swing of the pendulum—the Norquay machine functioned without a crackling joint, on into the winter through sodden weeks of mist and rain until a deep snow in January had the gear and froze the water that fed the donkey engines. Even the hardest logger was glad to be indoors.

Certain percentage of the younger men with good money burning their fingers went to town, victims of the same reaction from the grind of the war. But most of the crew followed counsel and stayed in the camp, and in the bunk houses, read and magazines, organized stag parties, and some of the married men built houses on rafts which could be towed when the camp changed, and left their families there to live from rent and fuel cost in town. The joint effort persuaded the provincial government to establish a temporary school. So by degree the camp was taken on the aspect of a community. The shutdown was comparatively brief, a few weeks. Then rains wiped out the forest, the frost, in the drippings where fog wreath the smoke among the tree tops, axes and saws whined, cables hummed, the logs came down to the sea. The logging industry in great measure had stopped dead before the hazardous operation, Rod did not even slow down. It was not a question of profit. It was simply a matter of turning trees into cash to replenish plundered coffers of the Norquay. Every boom that sold in the market lessened somewhat his obligations, once his men agreed cheerfully to a lowered wage better than no wage. The reddest radical among them believed in him sufficiently to go on the assurance that wages would automatically keep step with the product of their labor. A few other organizations that Rod did not know of, but which were active in the maximum of production. But his rare. His affairs took him into a new world. He had kept membership in a club with his grandfather had belonged. In the club quarters which served as a hotel he came into casual contact with sundry pillars of British Columbia industry. The amount of in-vepoared on the head of things in Rod was a revelation.

These worthy gentlemen over their cigars affected to believe that before unique wage scales. The men in their voices when they spoke of working-class demands amazed Rod. But as he listened, he perceived that this rancor was impartially directed upon many things, upon government, upon taxation, upon Europe, upon the gaunt specter of the Lenin-Trotsky regime; there he ended their grievances. And he perceived further that this uneasy lay in the fact that the sweeping of war prosperity had slackened suddenly where they had childishly believed it would surge on to greater heights—and that this slackening was inevitable. If the stagnation kept long enough, they must shrink to a stunted, some to ruin. They were uneasy. Some, committed to great undertakings, were palpably afraid. They could keep wages down and they did not say so openly. They did not correlate the two objectives. They merely brightened at any prospect of better selling prices for their products, greater demand, shown in distress over labor costs. Paid labor would have to come off a high horse, and they said it with a deal of unnecessary vehemence. They unanimously, almost instinctively, were bitter against any man who did not agree with them.

They said, "Men won't work." That lie. Rod Norquay had proved it. His men had worked; and he had a crew of a score of agitators blacked out in other camps. No men who had been war-time wages easily overruled by war-time living costs would work for a driving employer under any conditions, not under the whip of necessity lashed them to the task. And when they had to, they laid down on the job. It was the root of the trouble. You could open your camps and your mills tomorrow," Rod broke in conversation at his elbow one day. "If you'd base your tactics on the fact that men are men and not beasts, you'd be doing it right along. There's no magic about it. I simply accept the conditions, instead of mourning the good old days when a logger was something less than a dog in a pen. The trouble with you people is that you're not doing it. You're not walking out on the street, leaving your men insulted and indignant. But he cared. He was in one of his moods, one of those momentary surges of that overtake the herd-prince. He saw every thing in such a moment of distorted clarity. The men and aspirations of such men meant beyond words. If it had been possible for him to stay long at a pitch of emotion he would have taken them as heartily as they had taken him. Chiefly because he understood his motives. For a long time he had believed that he was a man of money, a sentimentalist who was taking a great fortune into a bot-

"It's a damned shame," Andy muttered. "No choice."

It was the simple truth. Rod looked across at Valdez often in the next few weeks—perhaps to turn his eyes from the desecration at hand. He did not expect any save himself to feel such a sentiment, to feel a physical shrinking every time a faller lifted his on-drawn cry of "Timber-r-r-r," and the sobbing swish of lofty boughs sweeping in a great arc and the crashing thud marked another tree prone. Valdez was a waste. Where living green had clothed the hills there lifted stumps, torn earth, bald rock lay in its cliffy hollow, barred to the hot eye of the sun. The deer and the birds had withdrawn to the farther woods. Animal life banished, vegetation destroyed. Barren. Bleak. Ugliness spread over square miles. Soon the Nest would stand like that. Hawk's Nest would stand bleak and bare on a stripped promontory. If man were in the land, surely the troubled spirits of his dead kinsmen must hover dumbly about the spot. But they were as powerless as he.

He had walked out to see the first tree thrown down, and he had overheard one faller say to his mate, looking up at the stone house and lifting his face to sniff the sweet smell of life blown to him across the lawns by a June breeze: "By God, it's almost a crime to cut these trees."

But, as he had said to Andy Hall—no choice. Upon that twelve hundred acres the trees stood bough to bough, clean, straight, tall, enormous of girth and sound to the core. From the level center of the island an easy slope fell away to the water on every side. For a mile back from Hawk's Nest to walk around was like walking in the nave of a Gothic cathedral. Perhaps the Goths in their northern fastnesses first saw those pointed arches in the lofty symmetry of fir and pine. For a hundred years the Norquays had warred on the thickets and undergrowth. They had cleared away the dead trunks and the rotten windfalls. The floor of that forest was the floor of a park. Bough to bough the trees stood in endless ranks. Man was a pygmy among them. Dim aisles ran out into shadowy perspective. Only on the southern fringe bordering the house and lawn had the forest seen thinned to let a sunshine and some clothe with grass. All the rest was a carpet with moss.

No logging crew on the Pacific Coast ever put their gear into such a logging chance. Twelve hundred acres of fir and cedar, few less than four foot thick at the base, thousands that three men touching fingertips could not span, clean straight trees that lifted a hundred feet without a knot or limb, and another hundred above that bared their heads to the sun. Their feet in perpetual shadow; their heads upholding the sky. Except on two or three hundred acres of jungle at the northern end there was nothing in all that stretch to hamper a rigging-slinger with his snaky cables. The fallers could lay a tree where they wished. The high-head gear could snatch the logs out at top speed. Rod could imagine old Jim Handy, the human logging machine, looking with glad eyes on such ground and such timber. Records would be made there. Big days that the loggers would talk about in years to come; days when more timber would go down to float within the boomsticks than ever was moved by a crew of men between sun and sun.

And that was why they were there now. He had hoped to save a part of this. But the pressure was too great. He had to have a given amount of revenue within a given time. Only by this means could it be secured. It was his fate for him that he had this resource, doubly fortunate that it would go out on a rising market; for 1921 marked the turn of the tide.

All lost save honor! He smiled at the self-righteous expression. He could strike an attitude and utter that worn phrase. It was true. But was it valid—either the attitude or the phrase? Yes, for himself. He was throwing away every material advantage that men live, work, fight for, plan and scheme and struggle to attain. And he did not do it because it was a reasonable, logical course. He did it to gain peace with himself, to retain his own self-respect. He was so made that he could endure anything but the thought of meeting an enemy and skulking away in the face of danger, of treachery to a trust, of taking an unfair advantage. Yet there were times when he felt that it was too great a price to pay for another man's blessing. And then he would feel as if he had done something, or contemp, ted doing something, of which he was ashamed. He began to realize that the cheerful giver gives nothing of value compared to the glow he gets in giving; and that the man who can cheerfully sacrifice his dearest possessions has never yet been born.

They were living once more in the old house. For how long Rod did not know

and the tried not to think. The outcome was still uncertain; and where uncertainty lingers so does hope. At least, it was very pleasant to be there.

(Continued next issue)

THOUSANDS OF BRITISHERS READY TO COME TO CANADA

OTTAWA, Dec. 16.—Advices from London are that although no sailings will be permitted before the middle of March, already over 600 applications have been received under the Hon. James A. Robb's agreement with the Imperial Government, by which Great Britain will lend financial assistance to 3,000 approved British families taking up Canadian Government owned farms. A number of these families have been approved and the work of selection is proceeding satisfactorily under direction of Canadian officials in the Old Country. All the approved have had farming experience, mostly they have families and personal capital to provide for their needs until they have become established.

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.
Grand Pre, N. S.
Office in residence of H. P. KINNEY
Hours: 1.30 to 3.30 P. M.
7 to 8 P. M. Phone 311

Dr. H. V. Pearman
Specialist
EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT
Office practice only
Wolfville, N. S. (Formerly of Halifax)

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Dentists
Dr. Leslie Eaton, D.D.S., University of
Dr. Eugene Eaton, D.D.S., Pennsylvania
Tel. No. 43.

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(McGill University)
Telephone 226

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

G. C. NOWLAN, LL. B.
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W. D. WITHROW, LL. B.
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NOTARY PUBLIC
Money to Loan on Real Estate.
Eaton Block Wolfville
Phone 284. Box 210.

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 p.m.
No. 100 From Yarmouth (Mon., Wed., Sat.), arrives 4.13 a.m.

Plumbing and Furnace Work
JOBING 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

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

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

After all there's no Tea
Like Morse's!

On every package the words MORSE'S Standard mean much to Tea Drinkers

The Season's Greetings

"The Gift Shop" Williams & Co.

BAYVIEW COAL
CANT BE BEATEN FOR GRATES
TRY SOME

Dealers:
A. M. Wheaton, Wolfville.
L. E. Shaw, Ltd., Avonport.
D. H. Forsythe, Greenwich.
Geo. Chase, Port Williams Wharf.
Dodge Coal Co., Kentville.

RADIO

R11—Three Tube Northern Electric Receiving Set complete, and installed for \$99.00.
You cannot buy a better set for the same amount. Guaranteed to give results.
Fresh stock of B & A Radio batteries arriving weekly.
"Let your Radio troubles trouble us."
Storage Battery Service Station
J. R. BLACK
Kentville Phone 334

Apples Trees and the British Preference

We have bought the total output for the Annapolis Valley of

Brson Brothers' Nurseries

of Ontario, which we are selling at moderate prices. This stock has been giving great satisfaction the past few years.

The British Preference was defeated by six votes in the British House of Commons, 272 votes for, 278 votes against. Best opinions are that this preference will be granted within a few years, and growers having trees then coming in bearing will be in a position to take advantage of same.

We strongly recommend growers planting the Winesap for a well colored, long-keeping dessert apple, highly appreciated on the British markets.

For prices and varieties apply
Herbert Oyler
Kentville, N. S.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94 p.c. AIR
Beats Electric or Gas

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

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

An Exceptional Offer
ON THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
W. A. STEPHENS', WINDSOR, N. S.

which is to be disposed of quickly during the month of December. New Fur Coats and Cloth Coats just opened.

New Dresses, Men's Overcoats and Suits, Boys' Suits and Overcoats, Girls' Dresses at unheard of prices.

Inspect these values at once.

The Port Williams Acadian

PORT WILLIAMS, AND VICINITY

The Christmas music which was rendered on Sunday morning by the choir of the United Methodist Church, is to be repeated next Sunday evening by request.

Miss Dorothy Hilsley, who has been visiting in North Sydney, returned home on Saturday, Dec. 20.

Mr. Carl Weaver, who has been working here on the bridge work, returned to his home in Advocate for the Christmas season.

Mary El's, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. K. El's, is very ill with tonsillitis.

Two new radio sets have been installed during the last week, viz., Harold Chipman and Mason Cogswell. The first is a two-tube set, the second, a one-tube set, and both are giving wonderful results.

Mr. Charles Meister, of Berwick is visiting Mr. Leverett Meister, at Church Street.

Mr. A. K. Fillmore, of Port Elgin, N. B., a student at Acadia University, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Cogswell Thursday, when he was canvassing the "Port" in the interests of the Maritime Baptist.

Miss Jean Burgess, of Sheffield Mills, was the week end guest of Miss Mary Chase, of Church Street.

A number of the Port Williams people went to Wolfville on Thursday night to enjoy the competition concert given by the High School students in the Orpheum. The people here were especially interested this year because three of the pupils are residents of Port Williams, one in Grade IX, one in Grade X, and the other in Grade XI, the winning grade. This was considered by all the best concert yet given.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dodge left on Tuesday afternoon for Halifax, where they will spend Christmas with Mrs. Dodge's parents.

The annual Christmas tree of the St. John's church and Sunday School was held on Monday evening, Dec. 22, in Parish Hall, Church Street. A good programme was enjoyed by all and a supper was served at the close. The most interesting part was Santa Claus, who appeared during the evening and brought the kiddies all sorts of good things.

Mr. Robert Chase, who is studying at the Agricultural College, Truro, returned home on Friday to spend Christmas at his home in Church Street.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES

(Experimental Farms Note.) When speaking of pruning, the words "spring pruning" are generally used when "dormant pruning" is really meant. Much of this dormant pruning can be accomplished during the winter months and December is generally a good time to commence operations. At this season there is more slack time in the orchard than at any other. If pruning is left until spring, the rush of spring work often arrives before the trees are all worked over in the orchard. The habit of leaving the dormant pruning until early spring, as a rule, results in one of two things, either a continuation of operations long after the sap has begun to move, with consequent poor healing of wounds, or results in unavoidably slipshod work over a large part of the orchard due to a desire to finish the pruning and get at other important seasonal operations. By making a start in the early winter, working on days when climatic conditions are not too severe, the work can be completed early enough in the season to avoid interference with early spring duties.

In planning pruning operations it might be borne in mind that a light pruning each year will keep a tree in better condition than heavy pruning at less frequent intervals. Pruning recommendations today are radically different from those of a few years ago and those who are interested in the subject are advised to write to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, for a copy of bulletin No. 18 (new series) which deals with modern orchard practices, and out-up-to-date pruning methods.

M. B. DAVIS,
Chief Assistant to the Dominion Horticulturist.

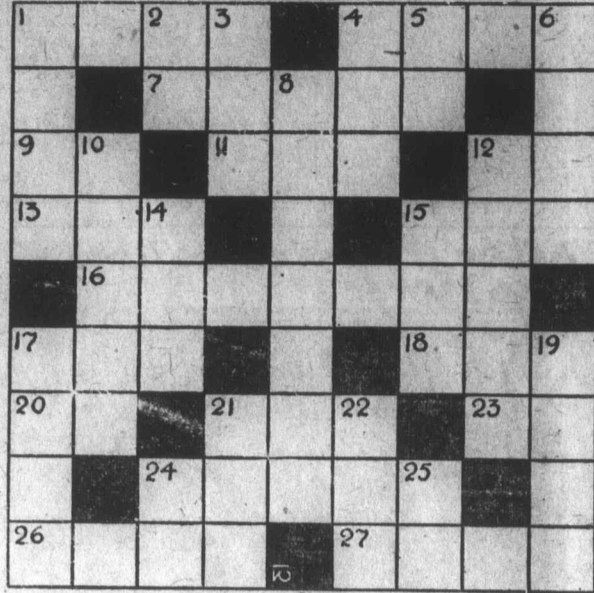
A BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR

The calendar to be given by the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal to subscribers whose subscriptions are received in time, is a most beautiful work of art. The figures of the calendar are easy to read and the picture, entitled "The Sale of Old Dobbin" is a masterpiece in colors, suitable for framing. The subject of the painting is so full of human interest that you will never tire of looking at it. In addition to the calendar and picture, the Family Herald offers to each subscriber an opportunity to win as much as five thousand dollars in an easy and interesting contest. A catalogue of valuable articles which are given as rewards for new subscriptions can also be obtained free from the publishers of the Family Herald. The Family Herald as an interesting journal carries everything before it.

BRITAIN'S FINANCING

Payment this week by the British Government of another semi-annual instalment of \$91,650,000 principal and interest on the war debt to the United States was the first in cash. Previous payments were made in Liberty bonds, but the premium those securities now demand made that method impossible. For upwards of sixty years Britain is to continue these semi-annual payments, and as yet no Allied country has begun to pay her debts to Britain. There is, however, a good prospect that out of which France has to begin repayments to the United States there will come an agreement for equal payments to Britain. With the receipt of a fixed annual sum from France and the better concision created by the near approach of the pound to par, Great Britain will find it easier to meet the American payments, although the annual drain on the national purse will still be heavy. This fixed charge is a burden on the population for the time being, but the recovery of the pound is, un-

HOW TO SOLVE CROSSWORD PUZZLES
The method of solving crossword puzzles is very easily understood. The small numbers in the squares refer to the definition. Thus: No. 1 horizontal calls for a word that will answer the definition and at the same time fit into the number of white squares from No. 1 to the first black square at its right. No. 1 vertical calls for a word that will answer the definition and at the same time fit into the number of white squares from No. 1 downward to the first black square. When you have inserted the right words into all the white squares, the puzzle is solved. You will then find that all the words interlock.



Cross Word Puzzle No. 25

Key to Cross Word Puzzle No. 25

- | Horizontal | | Vertical | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 To cleanse. | 1 Healthy. | 2 The older member of the family | 2 The older member of the family |
| 4 The glass in a window. | 3 Head raiment. | where there are two of the | where there are two of the |
| 7 Garden tools. | 4 Vigor. | same name. | same name. |
| 9 Behold. | 5 Like. | 3 Head raiment. | 3 Head raiment. |
| 11 To upset. | 6 State (French) | 4 Vigor. | 4 Vigor. |
| 12 Music note. | 8 Every house has one. | 5 Like. | 5 Like. |
| 13 A cover. | 10 Lubricated. | 6 State (French) | 6 State (French) |
| 15 Seized with the teeth. | 12 Clenched hands. | 8 Every house has one. | 8 Every house has one. |
| 16 Light repasts. | 14 Excavated. | 10 Lubricated. | 10 Lubricated. |
| 17 Member of the body. | 15 Entreat. | 12 Clenched hands. | 12 Clenched hands. |
| 18 A former Canadian railway | 16 Excavated. | 14 Excavated. | 14 Excavated. |
| (ab.) | 17 Young woolly animal. | 15 Entreat. | 15 Entreat. |
| 20 Year of our Lord (ab.) | 19 To revolve. | 16 Excavated. | 16 Excavated. |
| 21 To place. | 21 To rest. | 17 Young woolly animal. | 17 Young woolly animal. |
| 23 Therefore. | 22 A number. | 19 To revolve. | 19 To revolve. |
| 24 A vessel. | 24 The (French masculine) | 21 To rest. | 21 To rest. |
| 26 Vegetable. | 25 In reference to (ab.) | 22 A number. | 22 A number. |
| 27 A girl's name. | | 24 The (French masculine) | 24 The (French masculine) |
| | | 25 In reference to (ab.) | 25 In reference to (ab.) |

INTERESTING FACTS GLEANED FROM THE LAST CENSUS

As the returns of Canada's last census are studied and analyzed, some curious facts are brought to light; some generally accepted ideas roughly handled. It is shown for instance, that old jokes of the coy lady declining to state her age will have to be revised, for there were more males than females whose ages were not supplied to the enumerator. At the same time, males are declining more communication. In the Canadian census of 1911, there were 370 males and 159 females per 100,000 population returned as of unknown age; in the last census, the number per 100,000 was 132 males and 110 females. Statement of precise age, however, seems to awaken considerable vexation of spirit particularly among those advancing into middle life. There is a tendency to round off the years with "5" or "0". The number of people reported at the ages of 30, 40, 50 or 60, for example, are much greater than for either the years immediately preceding or following.

Large families are decreasing. In 1881, the average size of a family was 5.33 persons. At the last census it was 4.62. Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia show the slowest disappearance of the large family by decades. Of Canada's total population at the last census 97.6 are classified as belonging to some Christian denomination or sect.

Illiteracy is declining from decade to decade. Canada's population now stands at 9,226,740, an increase of 438,257 over the last census.

QUEBEC AND THE MARITIMES

The Quebec Premier's expression of opinion that that province should save its power and its wood for the economic development of Quebec is warmly approved by the Montreal Gazette. A lengthy editorial supports the Premier's idea and on many subjects the great Conservative newspaper and Premier Taschereau do not see eye to eye. The Gazette says:

Quebec's interest in the development of water powers within or on its boundaries and in the disposal of the energy produced through such development is a vital one. The industrial future of the province hinges upon the adoption and resolute pursuance of a Canadian policy which means a policy which will conserve these resources for the use of Canada whether it be a present or a future use. A penny-wise pound-foolish attitude on the part of the Dominion Government now will mean a heavy reckoning in days to come. No one objects to the development of hydro-electric power whether by Canadian capital or by American capital provided the conditions are such that the energy

WHAT TOURIST TRAFFIC MEANS TO VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER.—At the annual meeting of the Vancouver Publicity Bureau on December 9, it was reported that approximately \$40,000,000 had come into the province in the last two months from tourists; of this amount \$10,000,000 was from motorists and during the summer; that the clearings in the heavy tourist months of July, showed an increase of \$10,000,000 that some of the heaviest shopping days of the year occurred in the summer months which used to be very quiet and that the 4th of July is now regarded with the Christmas shopping for good business.

For Corns and Warts—Minard's Liniment.



POULTERER: "So you want me to reserve a duck for Christmas, Mr. McNab—what size will you want?"
McNAB: "I'll require a fairly large one, mon—there'll be forty-seven of us."
—London Opinion.

der the circumstances, most convincing evidence of the sane and resolute determination with which the problems of the times are being surmounted in the face of great difficulties. Otto Kahn, international banker, spoke truly when he told the Ottawa Canadian Club that "the advance in the value of the pound sterling to within a fraction of its par value is an expression of the world's unquestioning confidence in Great Britain's economic ways, methods and character, and of its estimate of what the future has in store for her."

EIGHT HOUR DAY FOR THE DOMINION

Power of the Dominion Parliament to enact legislation to put the eight-hour day into effect is to be submitted to the Supreme Court of Canada for opinion at the next term. The terms of reference are now being prepared. The reference follows on a recommendation by a parliamentary committee last session, held under the international organization of League of Nations; Canada assented to the eight-hour day the convention adopted. Legal authorities subsequently held that necessary legislation would come within the jurisdiction of the provinces, and the convention was therefore referred to the provincial authorities. This legal opinion has however, since been questioned, hence the reference to the Supreme Court for a ruling.

Only Four More Days To Shop

Let us take the weariness out of the task of choosing so many gifts in so short a time. Let us help you to make every gift one of individuality, beauty and usefulness, and, best of all, let us help you to make your selections without over-spending your Christmas budget. All your Christmas puzzles can be happily solved here and when a gift is packed in a dainty Christmas box it is sure to please even before the cover is removed.

Omitting the long monotonous list of gift suggestions, allow us to mention just a few that are sure to win favour.

A long sleeve, wool lined, wind proof leather vest that can be worn under a coat,—an ideal gift for any man.

A pair of two buckle two strap "Adjusto" overshoes; the newest thing on the market and a very neat overshoe for ladies.

A Betty Brown Dress in the new fashionable shades at a price that is seasonable for Christmas.

Bunny Slippers for children, and, of course, handkerchiefs, shirts, pyjamas, hose, etc., all practical gifts for any member of the family.

97 Piece English Semi-Porcelain Dinner Sets. The design and coloring of these patterns are very delicate and blend perfectly. Prices \$25.50 and \$39.50

SILVERWARE—LOVELY GIFTS

Attractive assortment of Community Plate and Rogers Anniversary Patterns.

Firth Stainless Steel Knives with Ivory Handles make a useful and attractive gift.

Hockey Boots and Skates. Automobile Skates with Lightning Hitch Hockey Boots for the boys. We can also supply girls' boots and skates in all sizes.

Victor Gramophones with all the latest records, or, if you are determined to stick to useful presents, how about the Electric Laundryette Washing Machines?

NUTS, CANDY, ORANGES, GRAPES, FIGS and DATES

"LET US PUT UP YOUR CHRISTMAS"

GEO. A. CHASE

Port Williams, N. S.

December Comes Only Once Every Year

OUR PROPOSITION IS,
Furnace

Heating Stoves, Kitchen Ranges and all kinds Parlor Heaters,

Will be Sold During This Month at Cost and Charges

It will be worth your while to look at these goods.

Water Systems and Plumbing

We are in a position to name you prices on "THE VERY BEST GOODS" at prices lower than second best and our GUARANTEE goes with it.

Our Own Manufacture

All kinds of sheet metal work in galvanized and black iron, tin and copper.
Heavy and light.
Special orders have prompt attention.

HARVEY'S

PORT WILLIAMS

J. W. HARVEY,
Manufacturers' Agent.

Supplement To

The Acadian

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1924.



A Christmas For A Dollar

Did you ever think that for a silver dollar, and a little work you could produce a truly Merry Christmas for your eager children? No? Then read how Junior did it, and then tell me what you think.

Junior was a short, sturdy, ruddy-haired urchin, grocer's boy part of the time, and newsboy the rest. His brother Jim rejoiced in the same trade. Each morning the two would set out, Jimmy with his papers and Junior for the grocer's. Later in the day the boys swapped jobs on account of an old saying of Junior's, "Sticking at the same job all day makes a fellow kind o' tired o' nights. Change o' jobs is good for the conterstution."

With the grocer (Mr. Smith) it made no difference. He was one of those fat good-natured men, and as long as one of the boys were there when called, he did not mind whether it was Jimmy or Junior. One pair of legs to him were as good as another, provided that they were not lazy legs. Jimmy and Junior did not give their legs time to get lazy, and so they kept the job.

At heart Mr. Smith thought a great deal of the two manly little fellows who struggled so hard to keep the wolf from their widowed mother's door. She worked hard and so did they, but he couldn't understand any way how they managed to exist. They had refused charity, and how could they do it? Two dollars a week came from him, and the rest—? It was surely to be wondered at. It was beyond Mr. Smith anyhow.

But if you asked Junior to explain it he would be apt to say, "Oh, I dunno! We just do it, that's all." But if you followed him for one day only, you would have your answer.

Before "sun up" would find him sifting ashes in somebody's cellar. Then you would catch a glimpse of him delivering milk for the milkmen or perhaps he would be helping some cabby to get fitted up for the day. He was seldom seen very long in the same place, but he was always busy.

During the winter months his little wooden shovel did good service. Winter was at hand now, and it was already in its place behind the kitchen door, waiting for the first storm. Junior had his list of customers and he never would fail them no matter how cold the morning was.

With winter was coming of course—Christmas, and Junior was determined that it should not go by unnoticed in his home. Mother shook her head and told her little ones that "Santa Claus was killed at the war", but Junior determined to revive him. This resolution came to him when he was given a letter

by a harassed gentleman to deliver "at once" to a sealed address.

Boldly Junior mounted the wide step and touched a button. Almost immediately the porch was flooded with light. Junior had touched the electric button! But he didn't mind much. He'd seen them things before. So he bravely pushed the lower button and the lights went out again.

The next button was the right one and Junior sent a loud peal through the big house. The trim little maid, who answered, resisted him but Junior was firm.

The gentleman had told him which lady was to get it, and she wasn't her. So Junior was allowed to pass. Such a scene as met his eyes he had never witnessed before. But he was on "bizness", and he must not be caught napping, so he watched for some life in this earthly paradise. There was a mass of brown velvet and golden curls in one corner which afterwards proved to be a boy of about his own age—there was a lady resplendent in the fashions of the day tying up numerous gay boxes in tissue paper and fine ribbons—there was a fat poodle at her feet, disturbing the quiet by an occasional grunt followed by a loving reproof from his mistress.

Junior gasped at it all, but he did not forget his errand. Summing up his remaining courage he stepped on the soft velvet carpet and delivered his "bizness". Then he drew his rough coat sleeve over his burning face and prepared to depart.

But the lady handed him something first, and Junior didn't dare look at it until he was out in the cold again. It was a silver dollar!

Junior's first act was to bite it. Why, he did not know, save that all the men "down his way" did it.

The hard metal grated against Junior's small teeth. Then he smiled. It was real then.

"Golly," said Junior as he realized his good luck.

Then Junior did something which he never did before in all his short life. He hid that dollar under his mattress and told his mother nothing about it. But she saw it when she made his bed for him. Still she said nothing for she trusted Junior fully. She decided to watch and wait.

The 24th of December dawned bright and clear. There had been a snowstorm the night before, and Junior's small shovel was busy until it was time to go to Mr. Smith's. His brain was busy too, as he worked, and such plans! W until you hear them.

About five o'clock Jimmy appeared as usual to relieve his brother, and these plans began to work.

With the silver dollar clutched tightly in his fist, Junior sped up towards a toy shop and paused breathlessly before the brilliantly lighted doorway. The glare blinded him, but he blinked once or twice, and proceeded to worm his way inside.

"Gee," he said happily as the stacked up tops greeted him. "Ain't they just great now?"

Santa Claus was busy down at the other end of the store. Junior caught sight of him above the struggling mass of children about him. The temptation was too great and Junior went nearer. Santa spied him coming.

"Hey, kid," he shouted, "can you catch?"

Could he? Junior nodded and stretched out his hands. A small oblong parcel fell into them and Junior watched it for a moment. Then he snatched off his woolen cap, placed one arm over his chest and gave Santa a profound bow of thanks. But the crowd pushed him back and his bow was wasted. Nevertheless he grinned cheerfully as he issued from the store, about fifteen minutes later, with some irregular shaped bundles in his arms. He had only forty-five cents left, but he had presents for mother, Ruth, Jennie, Nan, and Jimmy, beside the one Santa had given him.

He stowed them all away in the back wood-shed and once more went forth for his plans weren't half worked out. Forty-five cents remained to be spent.

Stacks of Christmas trees stood in the town square, as Junior approached. Breathlessly he sought out the "tree man".

Say Mister," he begged, "If I help you tonight will you gimme a left over tree?"

The "tree man" was extra busy. He merely nodded and Junior went to work. "Here y' are, ladies an' gemman!" he shouted lustily. "Fine Christmas trees! Best you kin buy. Doan't go hoam without one! These was growed under favourable condetion! Reasonable fer cash! Here y' are! Trees!"

Thus Junior sold a number of trees, but one's voice wouldn't stay strong

The Return At Yuletide

Christmas comes and the old world turns

Fondly back to its fairy days—

Days that saw Him whose splendor burns

Bright through eras of murk and maze;

Back to the Star whose speaking rays

Wise men spied as it beckoned them

Over Judea's winding ways—

Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Christmas comes, and the old heart goes

Gayly back to the dear days past—

Days whose breath of the budding rose

Scents the years that have followed fast

Back to the Star whose spell was cast

Over young eyes and dazzled them,

Filling rapt youth with a wonder vast—

Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Christmas comes, and the old faith lives,

Summoned back from the days gone

By—

Days begemmed with the joy that gives

Mortals balm for their sob and sigh;

Back is the Star in the smiling sky,

Prigams haste as it urges them

On to the haven ever nigh—

Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Christmas! come, when the world shall

Go

Bounding back to the best of days—

Days when He in a manger low

Sages charmed into prayer and praise;

On to the Star whose speaking rays

All men spy as it beckons them

Over Judea's winding ways—

Back to the Babe of Bethlehem!

long under such a strain and the tree

man noticed it.

"You kin have that there tree youngster," he shouted at him, "and good luck on Merry Christmas."

That there tree was small, but it suited Junior's purpose. Overwhelmed with gratitude he seized his treasure and proceeded to drag it home. Then when it was safely hid in the back alley with the rest of his "surprises", Junior proceeded to count his capital. Forty-five cents!

You would probably snifle and say it wasn't enough. But Junior didn't. He counted it twice and then he said:

"Golly!"

Whistling bravely he plowed his way through an unnecessary snowdrift and was off again. He was back again fifteen cents poorer but with more parcels! These were to trim his tree. Did you ever trim a tree for 15 cents?

"Now," said Junior as he counted his present capital, "for the eats."

To be sure one couldn't expect to get much Christmas candy for thirty cents, but Junior wasn't a bit downhearted. There was an orange, a pop-corn ball, a barley sugar toy, and a candy cane (small to be sure) apiece from that thirty cents, and proudly Junior laid them alongside of the rest of his treasures.

It was almost dawn when Junior finished his preparation.

The Christmas Chimes were ringing and the echoes of them came to the tired but happy boy as he gave the finishing touches to his tree.

"Merry Christmas!" someone called from the outside world, and Junior caught the spirit.

"Merry Christmas, everyone," he shouted, "Santa's been here! Cum on down!"

Four-year-old Ruth was the first to obey the summons. Her eyes almost immediately fell on a cheap wax doll bearing her name. She shrieked her joy and then the rest came.

Junior opened the parcel Santa had given him and shrieked with the rest. It was a mouth-organ. Shyly he pulled back an unnoticed curtain and revealed "the tree".

How the children shouted when they saw it. Gay strings of popcorn adorned the branches. The candy canes and the popcorn balls hung in evidence and big silver balls hung here and there. These balls were of cotton wool covered with tinsel paper saved from the cigarette packages of Mr. Smith's clerk.

The mother reached out her hand and the children understood. Round and round the tree they danced making the old house ring with their laughter, while outside the Christmas chimes did their best to make themselves heard.

"Peace on earth,
Goodwill to men."

There is one thing I forgot to tell you about. It was a surprise for Junior too. For mother had a chicken dressed and ready for the oven. Mr. Smith had sent it home by Jimmy with an apology that "it wasn't a turkey". But the children didn't mind that. It was "Christmas" and Santa Claus had not forgotten them.

No one suspected Junior save his mother. She remembered the silver dollar, but she said nothing. Junior would not have liked to have her know. He had spent his dollar, gained more than money's worth of fun out of it, and now he was ready for the New Year.

Back To Bethlehem

A good way to spend part of every Christmas Day would be to read over again, in the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke, the story of the wondrous birth, as the anniversary of which the day is observed. And, to read also, in the second chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, the story of the visit and homage paid to the Christ-child, by the Wise Men from the East. It would recall the wonder and glory of the most momentous and influential event in human history, and help to redeem the day from mere feasting and merry-making. For more we share the spirit of the shepherds, and the wise men, of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Simeon, who took the Babe in his arms and blessed God", the more the day will mean to us and the truer enjoyment will we find in the festivities by which we celebrate it.

Every Christmas Day takes us back to Bethlehem, where, if we listen, we may hear again the Angel say, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people", and the music of the heavenly host, praised God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to ward men", and may see, again, the Star which led the wise men, "Till it came and stood over where the young child was".

The birth of Bethlehem was the beginning of a new era, of brighter and better days, for the whole world. The "good tidings of great joy" are for all people. The more widely they are published the more universally they are believed, the greater joy and gladness they bring to saddened, burdened, discouraged, despairing souls.

"Lo in a manger
Lies the King of Angels:
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord."

The birth at Bethlehem was a revelation of the Eternal Father to all the children of men and an assurance of His infinite love and mercy. His "only begotten Son" is the pledge of His willingness that all mankind should become the children of God. He is the basis of the only brotherhood of man, that will bind man to man with bonds that can never be broken, the bonds of our common love for Him who was born at Bethlehem.

The birth of the Babe of Bethlehem has won for every babe, born since of Christian mother, a more loving welcome, and more tender care, has given to infancy and childhood a fuller meaning and more expectant interest. And, as the child grows, he "waxed strong, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him". The babe became the boy, his mother's pride and joy. And so, countless mothers since have cared more tenderly for their babes in the faith and hope that the grace of God would be upon them, too, and it has been in answer to their hope and prayer. The Babe of Bethlehem became the ideal boy, who, though He was Lord of all, was subject to His parents though all His childhood and youth.

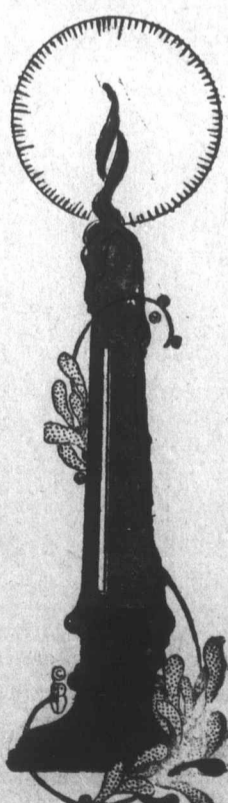
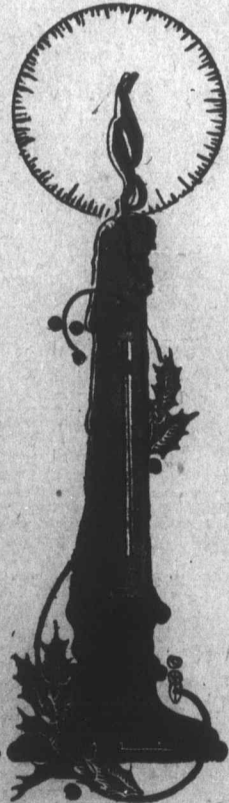
The babe of Bethlehem became the man of Nazareth, who went everywhere doing good, who blessed the children brought to Him; the man who spoke as never man spoke and the record of whose sayings has been more widely published, and more highly treasured than all other literature.

The coming of the Christ, whose birth the world will never cease to celebrate, has done more than all else to bring "Peace on earth and good will among men". In Him, and in Him alone, have we the assurance of the ultimate unity of the whole human race, in the realization of the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. The most abounding joy for the individual and for the nations, as well, has been made possible to all mankind, by the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace and the Saviour of the world.

The First Christmas Tree

There is legend that is connected with the Christmas fir tree. The story is told that St. Winifred was one day in the woods cutting down one of the sacred oaks of the Druids when a terrific wind blew up and felled the tree. As it crashed to the ground it split into four pieces and one piece fell in each direction. Directly behind and in the way of the falling oak, rose a young fir tree pointing its green spire to the heavens. The oak crashed to the ground, but the fir pointing to heaven remained upright and unharmed. When Saint Winifred saw this miraculous escape of the young fir he proclaimed it a holy tree, saying that it was a sign of endless life because its leaves are green at all times, and that because it pointed to heaven it should be called the tree of the Christ-child. Then he called upon the people and told them to gather about it with joy in their hearts and he bade each man take to his own home a young fir tree which should be stood in the centre of the home where it should shelter nothing but loving gifts. And so today when we celebrate our Christmas festival, the fir tree bears and shelters our gifts of love.

The origin of the Christmas tree is not exactly known. It is thought that it may be in some way connected with the great tree Yggdrasil, of Scandinavian mythology. This tree was thought to be a gigantic evergreen tree coming from the centre of the earth. In its branches were the dwelling-places of the gods, men giants and dwarfs. The roots were highly symbolic, and above the branches a stag fed ceaselessly upon the leaves, as the year feeds upon the endless stream of time and four other stags consumed the buds as the seasons consume the days and the hours. Higher up the sunbeak built his nest and there were other animals who each stood for something of the wonder of the world. The golden balls and pretty toys which we hang upon our trees are relics of the old symbols of the moon and sun and stars and other characters which had their connection with this old mythological tree. Some people think the Christmas tree idea is a survival of the pine trees of the Roman Saturnalia which were decorated during the Roman holiday with images of Bacchus. But the custom may go back even farther than that for the old Egyptians used to decorate their homes in the winter with branches of the date palm which they thought symbolized immortality and heaven. In the Middle Ages people thought a certain holiness was invested in an illuminated tree. The first real Christmas tree, however, can be traced back to about 1600, the custom was taken up all over Germany and it soon spread to other countries, and today there is a Christmas tree in almost every Christian home the world over.



TOURIST TRAFFIC MEASURES TO VANCOUVER
At the annual Vancouver Publicity Bureau report, it was reported that \$40,000,000 had been spent by tourists in the last two months of the year. This was from motorists and other tourists; that the heavy tourist season had an increase of \$10,000,000 of the heaviest shopping year occurred in the month of July is now the 4th of July is now the Christmas shopping business.



erve a duck for Christmas one, mon—there'll be a London Opinion.

Days

many gifts in so duality, beauty sections without puzzles can be Christmas box it is

Semi-Porcelain sign and color are very delicately. \$50 and \$39.50
VELY GIFTS
ment of Com- gers Anniver-
Steel Knives make a useful

Skates. Auto-lightning Hitch for the boys. We'll boots and

es with all the if you are de- p useful pres- Electric Laun- ches?

RAPES,
STMAS"

Christmas In Canadian History

Epochal Events Have Attended the Day Since the First Discovery of the New Land—Quebec in State of Siege on Three Separate Occasions

Three hundred and eighty-nine years ago, in the year of our Lord, 1535, our history began when Jacques Cartier on his second voyage to the New World, discovered the first Christmas in Canadian history, and the most notable of all that marked the coming of Europeans to the new-found western land.

Back of that river afterwards called Saint Lawrence which Cartier describes as "grand, broad and extensive, as far as we could discern", lay the whole northern half of America, its extent, its very existence unguessed at by the men who maintained so precarious a foothold at Quebec. Cartier, writing to the King, bursts out into panegyric on "the goodness and fertility of the western lands", and on "the fruitfulness of the great river which flows and waters these your lands, which is the greatest without comparison that is known to have ever been seen".

Cartier had come out to spend the winter in Canada to take possession of it for the King of France, and while he went on up the St. Lawrence, which he named Mont Royal, he left "masters and mariners" to "make a fort before the ships all inclosed with large sticks of timber" at Stadacona (Quebec) "which is as good land as it may be possible to behold, and very fruitful, full of exceeding fair trees". A real Canadian—Jacques Cartier—who would have made a great publicity commission in our day, who was a great advertising agent as it was, for "the new found western lands".

But by Christmas dismal events fell upon them. Four feet of unaccustomed snow covered the land, their drinkables were frozen in the casks, and the scurvy had come upon them. Cartier did not know what to do to check the ravages of this horrible disease. To add to their distress, the Indians, who had at first been friendly, now began, under the leadership of the two Indians who had visited France, to act in a suspicious manner. Whenever they approached, Cartier had his sick men in the ships make a great noise and pouring to deceive them with a show of strength. At a little distance in the woods, Cartier had set up a little shrine of the Virgin, and there they went in procession to pray for help in their extreme distress.

Such was the situation of the first men of the Christian religion on the first Christmas in Canada. Darker Christmases have since been had, but hardly one has witnessed more hardships and suffering—or more courage and endurance.

Two hundred and twenty-four years later, another Christmas, again at Quebec, marked the passing of the power of the French monarchy in Canada. Wolfe's work had been done; the English held Quebec. Canada was practically won to England. Pitt said: "with a handful of men Wolfe had added an empire to English rule." (How great neither of them knew!) But on the approach of winter, the ships of the line had to withdraw to Halifax; the French still held Montreal, and it was expected that during the winter they would attempt to retake the city.

It looked as if they might succeed. Only 7,000 British troops had been left at Quebec—as many only as could be fed. By Christmas, only 4,359 were fit for duty. As in Cartier's expedition, the winter sickness proved too much for the medical and sanitary knowledge of the times. Wolfe's success had been achieved on "the ruins of a town". So terrific had been the bombardment that 180 houses and the cathedral had been burned and other buildings shattered. Lodging for the troops was found with difficulty. Food was scarce. General Murray had to feed the townspeople; he endeavored to regulate the markets. Fuel was even more scarce. The Highlanders went out with sleds and drew in supplies of wood, the working parties being protected by guards with bayonets fixed. The good nuns nursed French and English wounded alike, and knit long woolen hose to protect the Highlanders' knees from the bitter cold.

It was expected that de Levis would attack about Christmas. The town was in such ruins that it could not be defended, and the heights outside the town and across the river were fortified. Again, as at that first Christmas, Quebec awaited an attack, this time not French, but Indians, but English from French. But Christmas passed without the attack being made, and spring saw the supremacy of England everywhere recognized.

It seems an extraordinary circumstance that the next epoch in Canadian history should again be marked by the siege of Quebec. But it is so. These three victories—of French against Indian, of English against French, of British against American—determined the racial and national characteristics of all Canada. This third Christmas, of 1775, was a third time of anxious watching and waiting at Quebec.

As over the American continent, the Americans were successful. Could Cartier hold Quebec for England against Montgomery? Each had about 1,500 effective men. Montgomerie had made an amazingly successful march over the Height of Land from New England, and arrived before Quebec on Nov. 13th. He expected aid from within the town, though the French, being satisfied with Carleton's humane government, had not risen to his support as he had thought they would. On the twenty-second of December, a deserter from the American camp informed the British General that an attack would be made on the twenty-third. That day, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were passed in expectation of the attack, which being made finally on the thirtieth, resulted in the defeat of General Montgomery and the subsequent withdrawal of the Revolutionary forces.

Yet, after all, Quebec is only the key to Canada. Something more than its possession was needed to make a country. The success of the American War of Independence determined the founding of the second great British Province in North America—Upper Canada, Ontario.

Where were those Loyalists to go, who, having fought a losing fight for England, could no longer remain in the United States? A few who had money were in England; as many as could be afforded for had been sent to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. But the English Governor of New York, on evacuating the city, was in despair as to what he should do with the rest.

It is rather pathetic to read that in his anxiety he appealed for information to a Mr. Grass, who is described as "a genuine sample of honest, plain, loyal German". Mr. Grass, who by this event became a U. E. Loyalist, had been held prisoner of war by the French at Catarqui (Kingston

now). The Governor sent for him and questioned him as to the kind of land and place it was. "Could people live there? Would anything grow? (This, of Ontario, the beautiful) Mr. Grass was decidedly of the opinion that things would "grow" there, and after deliberating the matter for three days, agreed to lead the first party to their new home.

"It appears that five vessels were procured and furnished to convey this first colony of banished refugees Loyalists to Upper Canada; they sailed around the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and up the Saint Lawrence to Sorel, where they arrived in October, 1783, and where they built themselves huts or shanties and wintered.

What a Christmas was that of 1783 at Sorel for the United Empire Loyalists of Canada! Peace by defeat they had, and nothing else. Nothing else? Save courage and faith. They needed both. The country they faced bore the printed reputation of "a winter of almost insufferable length and coldness", of "having a few inconsiderable spots to cultivate"; a land covered with a spongy moss instead of grass, wrapped in the gloom of a perpetual fog—a region of dense wilderness and swamps, of venomous reptiles and beasts of prey." Not a cheerful Christmas, that of 1783, but, like other dismal Christmas Days in Canadian history, opening to a beautiful and sunny, if stormy, future.

The Christmas of 1792 spent by Alexander MacKenzie on an advanced position on the upper waters of the Peace River, made possible his dash for the coast in the spring, and gave the Pacific Province to Canada. It was the greatest but not the last Christmas spent by Canadian explorers in the discovering and mapping out Canada. MacKenzie was in the service of a fur company of Montreal, but he preferred geographical exploration of new hunting countries, to the routine of trade. Four years before, his daring and love of adventure had led him to explore the great river that bears his name to the shores of "the Frozen Ocean", and now he had no mind to let the American and Russian trader beat him in laying claim to the Pacific coast.

Hear him tell his own story of that Christmas of 1792:

"October 10th, 1792. Having made every necessary preparation, I left Fort Chipewyan to proceed up the Peace River. I had resolved to go as far as our most distant settlement which would occupy the remaining part of the season, it being the route by which I proposed to attempt my next discovery across the mountains from the source of that river, for whatever distance I could reach this fall would be proportionate advancement of my voyage. The rivers and lakes were freezing as he went. On the western fork of the Peace River, six miles up, they "landed on the first of November at the place which I designed to be my winter residence.

"December. We found two men who had been sent forward last spring for the purpose of squaring timber for the erection of a house, and cutting palisades, etc., to surround it, and the house was building. He had time, while the house was building, to examine the nature of the country, and here is his, the first description, of the Peace River country:

"In the spring of 1788, a small spot was cleared at the old establishment, which is situated on a bank rising a few feet above the level of the river, and was sown with turnips, carrots, and parsnips. The first grew to a large size, the others grew very well. There is not the least doubt but the soil would be very productive, if proper attention was given to its preparation. In the fall of the year 1787, when I first arrived at this place, Mr. Bond was settled on the banks of the Elk River, where he remained for three years, and had formed as fine a kitchen garden as I ever saw in Canada."

He had to be doctor as well as leader to his own men and the Indians. "In this situation, removed from all those ready aids which add so much to the comfort and ease of a civilized life, the characteristic of civilized life, I was under the necessity of employing my judgment and experience in accessory circumstances by no means connected with the habits of my life or the enterprise in which I was immediately engaged."

His Christmas was favored with the Christmas birds, the robins for he "was very much surprised on walking in the woods at such an inclement season of the year to be saluted with the singing of birds, while they seemed by their vicinity to be actuated by the invigorating power of a more genial season." The winter was mild until after Christmas.

On the 23rd of December, he says: "I this day removed from the tent into the house which had been erected for me, and set all the men to begin the buildings intended for their own habitation." Did they work Christmas day? In such a climate, so far advanced in the winter, we should judge it probable, although on this point the journal is silent. They were finally settled for the winter, at least until the winter camp on the Peace which their starting point next spring for the coast. There, on a smooth rock cliff facing the ocean, MacKenzie painted:

"Alexander MacKenzie, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52° 20' 48" N."

His dash for the coast prepared by that Christmas camp, made the western province British Columbia and Canadian. The next great Christmas event in our history didn't even happen in Canada. There were no mountains to climb, no unknown river perils to face, no Canadian cold. But there were illness and unmerited disgrace to be bravely faced, and of all the courage and devotion that have gone to the making of our country, not any surpasses—scarcely any equals—Lord Durham's devotion to Canada during the Christmas season of 1838.

His recall from the governorship of Canada having been achieved by his political enemies in England he left behind him a Canada scarcely pacified from the Rebellion of 1837, to return to England to write that famous report, which not only saved Canada to the Empire but which established the British system of colonial self-government, and so, in a sense, founded the British Empire. Not battle, not exploration, not settlement, a book—that is all—or shall we say, rather the self-sacrifice of the greatest British and Canadian statesman, marks the Christmas of 1838. Lord Durham, it was said, made a country—Canada—at the loss of his own career. It is certain that his devoted service brought on



Christmas

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a murmur in the carol
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holy-wreath tonight;
And the hush is never broken
By laughter, light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow".

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sighs to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow".

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We can not bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee,
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings hope and gladness still.
And patient we may grow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow".

A Thought For Christmas

Many years have passed since Dickens wrote a "Christmas Carol", but the lesson that he taught therein remains for all time. As Hogarth, the painter, portrayed in such remarkable fashion the traits of human nature in the faces of the subjects of his pictures so Charles Dickens imparted to his writings an illuminating insight into the minds of the characters he portrayed, which made his works such human documents. The warm, glowing sentiments of human kindness and sympathy on the one hand, and on the other a merciless exposure of wickedness and greed.

At this season of the year when "A Merry Christmas" is on everybody's lips comes to mind one of Dickens' best known works with the lesson that he sought to teach, now, as then, just as necessary of application. In the story of Tiny Tim and his associates a responsive chord is touched which brings us to reflect that most towns have their Tiny Tims and others, too, worn with the strain of the battle of life. To these a kindly thought put into action makes all the difference between "A Merry Christmas" and a great bleakness, and in the knowledge that you have given help in this respect is a tendency to make the reunion or association with your own family and immediate friends more bright and care free. The friendly smile and the word of cheer are ours to give when they are looked for. Be prodigal with them now that no regrets may ever arise, so that in the Christmas spirit of thought and good cheer for others, we can say in a realization of the words of Tiny Tim "God bless us every one".

Greetings!

From out our house the candles glow
With ruddy, cheerful light,
And may their gleam across the snow
Reach you and yours tonight.

For we have peace and joy and health
To bless our Christmas fire,
And love, that is the fairest wealth
That any can desire.

So, out across the drifting snow,
Our Christmas song speeds true,
Our candle-flames all bravely glow
To light our wish to you.
Edith Ballinger Price.

A gift well given is a gift highly prized.

Christmas comes but once a year, anybody ought to be capable of one generous, cheerful day.

Christmas Chimes

The Christmas chimes are pealing, the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvelous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always "the Year of Our Lord".

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.—Washington Irving.



How Santa Claus Came

The big play-room in the house where the little French war orphans lived was usually a very noisy place, but on Christmas Eve, 1917, twenty-five faces showed traces of tears, big brown eyes looked sorrowful, and no one wanted to play.

Every night for a month Nurse Gray had told them how on Christmas Eve Santa Claus would drive over Headquarters, and if they were good children would fill their stockings with gifts. Over and over again they demanded to be told about the jolly, white-haired, red-robed Santa, and just what kind of a sleigh he had, and the color of his horse. Over and over again Nurse had told them just how the big bag of toys and good things would be carried. Today, however, news had come that the roads were impassable. The enemy had been shelling them for over a week, and it was not safe for any one to attempt to go over them.

"Won't Santa come at all?" was the question that the twenty-five children asked at once, and it took a long time to comfort them.

"Perhaps Santa Claus will find some way to get here," Nurse said. "I know he will try for he never likes to forget anybody, and there are so many children here. We will hang up the stockings anyway."

Soon after supper the children were tucked in their beds, and for a little while watched the man in the moon, but one by one dropped off to sleep. Then, all of a sudden, there was a sound, and all heads popped out from under the covers, only to disappear again as quickly, for the sound was a familiar one to them, and brought terror to their hearts. It was the throbbing of the engine and the whirring of the propeller of an airplane. On nights when the moon was shining, the airmen often went over the little village, and once they had dropped a bomb which landed beside it, only to disappear again as quickly, for the sound was a familiar one to them, and brought terror to their hearts. It was the throbbing of the engine and the whirring of the propeller of an airplane. On nights when the moon was shining, the airmen often went over the little village, and once they had dropped a bomb which landed beside it, only to disappear again as quickly, for the sound was a familiar one to them, and brought terror to their hearts.

"Look out of the window, children," called a voice, and quick as a flash, they were out of bed and looking out. There in the open space in front of the house stood the big machine and beside it was a figure at sight of which the children screamed with delight.

"Santa Claus did come, he did come! I knew he wouldn't forget us!" cried John. Into the house went Santa Claus carrying a huge bag, and, after what seemed ages, he came out again. When the machine was just ready to start, he turned, waved his hand up at the window, and called "Good night, and a Merry Christmas".

Nurse Gray got them back into bed, promising to call them very early in the morning, and with sighs of contentment the children settled down and dreamed of Santa Claus and his wonderful airplane, and the things they would find in their stockings. The man in the moon smiled down on them, and the nurses went around on tiptoe arranging things, just as happy as the children that Santa Claus had not forgotten the little French village.

Riddles

Which key is most in use at Christmas?
The tur-key (turkey).

Why is Christmas Day weak?
Because it can't help tailing on December 25th.

What letter means life or death to a turkey?
"A", because it changes roosting into roasting.

Why does mother never make a square plum-pudding?
Because she wants it to go round.

Which toe never suffers with corns?
Mistletoe.

What is it that will not keep more than twenty-four hours?
Christmas Day.



Merry Acrostic

M for the mistletoe, merry and bright,
E for the evergreen, Santa's delight!
R for the room where we hang up hose,
R for the red ribbons for red ribbon bows,
Y for the youngsters who scurry to bed.

C for the candy canes, yellow and red,
H for the holly that shines thru the pane,
R for the reindeer we seek for in vain,
I for the ice for, the valley and hill—
S for the stockings for Santa to fill—
T for the tinsel that hangs on the tree,
M for the music of laughter and glee,
A for the absent, remembered and dear,
S for the season's glad greetings of cheer!

Christmas swapping is a luxury that affords little pleasure.

It is wiser to renew family ties at Christmas than, the ties of the family.

Getting the tree all lit up will spread more joy than a more personal illumination.



"To think of old friends; to wish them good cheer; to radiate good will without pretense--that is the true spirit of Christmas"

CHRISTMAS! The brightest gem in Childhood's crown of pleasure. Christmas--with its visions of well-filled stocking, its dreams of Santa Claus and his fleet-footed racers, its unbounded joys and mountains of pudding. Christmas--ever in the future, yet always of the past--the fondest page in Memory's book of treasures.

It is the Season of the Soul--and our better natures are at their best. There is cheer and warmth for all we meet. The spirit of giving comes into its own. Joy is radiated to every corner of the earth. And the Angel's message of "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men" finds fertile root in every heart.

It is fitting, then, that we who have subscribed our names hereto should express our appreciation and good will toward the people of Wolfville and vicinity. And we extend to all of you our most hearty and sincere wishes for---

A Most Joyous Yuletide!

May you and yours enjoy this festive Day to the fullest measure.

MRS. G. H. BARNES
The Wolfville Book Store

F. C. BISHOP
Men's Wear

CALDWELL-YERXA LTD.
Groceries and Meats

HUGH E. CALKIN
Druggist

DON CAMPBELL
Crown Bakery

D. ROSS COCHRANE
Pharmacist

DAVIDSON BROS.
Printers

EATON BROTHERS
Dentists

M. R. ELLIOTT, M.D.

EDSON GRAHAM
Photographer

WM. GRANT, M.D.

J. E. HALES & CO. LTD.
Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings

J. D. HARRIS
Groceries and Meats

R. E. HARRIS & SONS
Coal and Fertilizer

MISS HAYES
Needlecraft Shop

FRED G. HERBIN
Jeweler

J. A. M. HEMMEON, M.D.

T. E. HUTCHINSON
Bus and Taxi Service

G. D. JEFFERSON
Boots and Shoes

MRS. O. D. PORTER
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MARITIME TEL. & TEL. CO. LTD.
C. A. Brown, Local Manager

J. C. MITCHELL
Electrician

J. M. NEWCOMBE
"The Palms"

Cecil H. PULSIFER
McLaughlin Service Station

W. O. PULSIFER
Groceries and China

A. V. RAND
Druggist

W. A. REID
Studebaker and Star Dealer

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WATERBURY CO. LTD.
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H. M. WATSON
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Jeweller and Optician

WOODMAN & CO.
Furniture

A. M. YOUNG
Bakery

Merry Christmas

The Sentimental Financier

A Christmas Story

John Chester, lawyer and financier, turned the key and re-entered his office. He had been fully halfway home when he had remembered an important document on which he had intended to work that evening by his own fire side, with the soothing aid of his mercurium and his shaded library lamp.

He strongly objected to working at the office after hours; its deadly silence annoyed him. Not that Miss Marlow was noisy when on duty, but the cheerful click of her typewriter and the business-like way she worked about the office were rather pleasing to her employer.

Mr. Chester switched on the light and crossed to his desk, which bore unmistakable signs of having been straightened up during his absence. That was another thing about Miss Marlow—she never mislaid things. Of course, having worked with him for ten years, she knew the business almost as well as he did himself.

But tonight, as he approached the desk, he stopped short with a gasp of surprise. A most unprecedented thing had happened. A large box wrapped in white paper, tied with Christmas ribbons and sealed with holly seals, lay upon his blotting-pad. It bore the words, in Miss Marlow's handwriting, "A Very Merry Christmas—from Jean."

The lawyer frowned as he poked it gingerly with one finger, then lifted it, balancing it on his hand to feel the weight. What could this mean? It was an exceedingly strange thing for Miss Marlow to do, and most unlike her. Christmas had always passed practically unnoticed at the office, as he considered it a nuisance, and felt his duty nobly done when he had given Miss Marlow a nice little cheque, which, he surmised, was badly needed at home.

He glanced at the calendar. It was only Dec. 20th. She was early enough and no mistake. He sat down before the desk and turned the box over and over undecipherably. He hardly knew what to do. But curiosity, not being confined entirely to the gentler sex at length prevailed. He untied the dainty bow and broke the holly seals of the first Christmas gift he had received for many a year.

Inside, he box were crinkly folds of his sue paper and more seals. "Flummery and nonsense," snorted the lawyer, delving eagerly into the depths and drawing forth a card, which read:

"Santa Claus's deer strained a hoof on the ridge of a snowy roof. So he left this parcel to give to you. With love and good wishes for next year, too."

For he had to scurry and scamper away. Lest he disappoint anyone Christmas Day. The girl is crazy, absolutely!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, putting down the card and removing the tissue paper. There before him lay a doll, artistically gowned, as even an uninitiated bachelor of forty-five could see—so artistically that he lifted her from the box to examine her more carefully.

A wonderful gown it was, of some soft, shimmering blue material, or was it pink? And a white hat, trimmed with rosebuds on her silver brown hair. As he lifted her, her eyelids opened and she stared at him—a fixed, unhuman stare.

At that moment a resounding knock echoed through the room, and the janitor entered hastily. Mr. Chester jammed the doll into the box and arose, coughing frantically to cover his embarrassment. His face was a slightly high in color, for the janitor looked unusually pleasant.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Chester," he began, "but Miss Marlow has just phoned me, that she left a box with a doll for a little sick child somewhere, and she wants to know if it is on her desk, as she was shopping at several places on the way home. If it is here it will be all right, and she'll get it tomorrow."

"Yes, it is here," returned Mr. Chester looking as forbidding as possible and trying to obscure from view as large a portion of the desk as he could by interposing his substantial bulk. "Tell her it was on my desk. I'll put it in her drawer."

Long after Jenkins had shuffled off down the hall John Chester sat staring unseeing at the sleeping beauty in her tissue paper nest. He had something of the hurt feeling of a child who expects a present and has it rudely snatched away when his hand is outstretched to receive it.

It was many years since he had observed a doll at close range, and it had brought back a flood of memories of bygone Christmas parties, when noisy brothers and sisters and cousins had romped in the lonely house where old Martha, his long suffering housekeeper, awaited him at that moment, with a wistful eye upon the clock.

The family had been scattered since then; all were married but himself, and although some of them lived within easy distance, he had never troubled to answer their letters or keep up social relationships. He was too much immersed in business. "A hard-headed financier," people called him; and some added "hard-hearted" as well. His business ability was unquestioned, but he had never been known to do a mean or unjust thing.

"That doll must have cost the girl a lot of money," he mused, "not to mention the work she has put on it. She had probably done without necessities for herself to get it for that sick child." Jenkins had informed him only a week ago that she supported her widowed mother and two younger sisters, and he had noticed that her gloves were mended and she had no muff.

"I'm a selfish brute," he muttered. "I've made over ten thousand this year, and I give her a hundred and fifty. I'll make her as hard as I do, and takes just as much interest. I must get acquainted with the family and find out how they are situated. Her mother was a friend of my sister Ethel. I wonder—yes, I'll do it."

It was eight o'clock before John Chester moved from his chair and turned toward home and his belated dinner. That even-

ing, by the library lamp, he worked steadily and late; but not at legal documents. There was a letter to each of his sisters and brother, inviting them and their families to a reunion at the New Year. Martha, who had been in the family in the old days, had hailed the prospect with joy, and was at that moment laying plans with Polly, her underling, for a perfect orgy of baking.

Mr. Chester sat for a long time staring into his hearth fire and musing on the years that the locust had eaten. His slumbering conscience was aroused at last, and, like everything else about him, it was a businesslike conscience. It told him all the people he might have helped on those wretched Christmases, the homes that would have been brightened immeasurably by a very small expenditure. By the time it had finished with him he felt small and mean and rather ill.

"That wretched doll," he groaned; "it is to blame for all this; and yet, in a way, I feel better already. I feel like a mummy come to life. And now to business; my debit side horribly over-balances my credit."

It was midnight before he had finished and leaned back to read over the substantial list he had thought out with great deliberation. No one was forgotten—the janitor, the scrub-woman, the office boy. "I'll get Miss Marlow to give me some names of people who need help. I'm not going to do things by halves," he concluded. Then, with a strangely light-hearted, almost boyish, feeling he slipped the list into his pocket and retired for the night.

Next morning, when Miss Marlow entered the office rather earlier than usual, she was horrified to see her neat Christmas parcel lying on the desk opened and disarranged, and Mr. Chester in the act of thrusting the doll back into the box with nervous haste.

"Oh, Miss Marlow," he explained looking like a schoolboy in disgrace. "I owe you an apology. This doll has occasioned a resurrection." And he proceeded with a full and vivid recital of his mistake and its consequences, and his desire to make this Christmas a record one for as many people as he possibly could.

Miss Marlow's brown eyes grew wide and bright as he outlined his plans. Would she help him? Decidedly she would. Her thin face flushed with delight. She looked actually pretty. Mr. Chester thought, as he entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the thing. There were so many she knew who could have a wonderful Christmas on so very little.

That evening the unexpected happened at the Marlow's tiny apartment. They were favored with a call from John Chester. Mrs. Marlow, who had not seen him since schoolgirl days when she had visited his sister, could hardly reconcile the burrowing-looking man of the world who leaned back in such blissful content in her comfortable armchair.

Mr. Chester announced that his visit was partly business and wholly pleasure. His first ostentatious glance had taken in the small, close rooms and the evidences of a hard struggle against circumstances. He casually informed Mrs. Marlow that he was looking for a tenant for one of his houses which had just been completed. It was warm and comfortable, and had a small garden, and he was anxious to secure good tenants. He named a monthly rental ten dollars less than it was his custom to charge.

The unsuspecting Mrs. Marlow and Jean and the twelve-year-old twins exchanged joyful glances. It was for this very thing that they had been hopelessly longing—a little home, with a garden and a verandah and a real upstairs. They fell upon the offer with avidity.



WE talked to Santa Claus the other day, asking him what time he planned to come to our town, because all the children were much interested to learn. Some of the little ones, we told him, feared he might not come at all—that they might be forgotten. But Santa smiled.

"I will bewitch you, have no fear," he said, "but just the hour I cannot say. If I get lots of help, it may be early, very early, but who knows? When the mince pie is in the oven and the pudding is in the pot, when the big gobbler is crisp and brown and nuts and raisins rest on mother's snowy tablecloth, when sleepy eyes are opened to behold the tree and the laughter of all the children echoes over fields and down the streets, when tender hearts, just everywhere, are aglow with the joy of human brotherhood, there will not be a child in all the land that will not know old Santa's been around. A little lump will rise in mother's throat and perhaps a tear in dear old dad's eye will tell us that the spirit of the Christ still lives."

This year Santa said he will have a gift for everyone, the greatest gift in all the world. Of course he will leave the toys, the apples and the candy sticks, but the candy will be eaten and one day the tin soldier will be bent. The big gift is to last forever. Santa found it in a manger. We forgot to ask its name, but as we look across the years and view the setting sun, we think that Jesus called it LOVE, so let us watch for it on Christmas morn and nourish it throughout the years, each day, each moment of our lives.

The Uninvited Guest

BY VIRGINIA STANDARD

(A Christmas Story For The Kiddies.)

When the long, lighted train pulled into Fairwood on Christmas Eve, Roderick Dale was there to meet the little guests who were coming to spend the holidays with him.

Mr. Dale swung the children to the platform. "Five six—seven—eight," he counted. Then he hurried them out to a big sleigh and tucked all of them in under furs. The driver spoke to the horses, and away they went shaking music from their silver bells across the snow.

When the sleigh reached the house ten minutes later the children swarmed up the broad steps.

Mrs. Dale met them at the top. "All eight of you here?" she asked. "All but Rick Payson!" they cried. "He couldn't come!"

Roderick's father stopped short. "But I counted eight," he declared. "The children did not know how that could be; they had thought he was counting Roderick in, they said."

"So in the light that streamed from the hall he counted his guests carefully. Three Prestons, two Torreys, a Morton and a Ray—that made seven. Then he stopped short in front of a dark, silent little figure that stood apart from the rest."

"Who is this boy?" he asked. "Sure enough, who was he? They hurried into the lighted hall, and all eyes were turned on the stranger. He was very small and was bundled up in a big overcoat. Between his coat collar and his funny peaked cap a pair of large black eyes stared solemnly out."

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Dale. The little boy replied briefly that it was Timothy.

"Timothy what?" "Baxter. And I was going alone to visit my grandfather at Baywood. Where is my grandfather?"

Mrs. Dale turned to her husband. "O William, how did you get hold of that child? His people must be so anxious!" Mr. Dale looked worried. "The boy must have thought the conductor called 'Baywood'," he said. "And I scooped him up with the rest and didn't notice."

He hurried away to telephone to the other station while the children took off their wraps and began to laugh and talk again, still casting curious glances at the odd little stranger.

"I've talked to his grandfather," Roderick's father said coming back. "It's all right. There's no other train tonight, and so Timothy will stay here with us."

Timothy ate his supper slowly and afterwards withdrew to a corner, where he watched the other children's games with wondering eyes.

"We shouldn't dare play with him he looks so solemn."

Doing Its Duty

BY VIRGINIA STANDARD

(A Christmas Story For The Kiddies.)

The Cathedral had been gayly decorated for the Christmas services and two Irishmen were visiting it. One was from the country, and had been taken there by his friend who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur. As they came out, the resident of the city said:

"Well, Mike, and what do you think of it? Isn't it grand?" "Pat, said the one from the country. "It bates the divil!"

"That," said his friend, "was the intention."

The old man picked up his book again. In a stammer he said, "The name of the town was Bethlehem."

Roderick's cheeks grew scarlet. He walked over to the window and pressed his hot face to the frosty glass. A big gold star was shining just above the sky line. After a while he turned away without a word.

A few minutes later the household was startled to hear peals of laughter from the playroom. Timothy, wandering around alone, had found Roderick's hobbyhorse behind the door. It was plain that he had never seen such a thing in all his life. He stood in front of it and shouted with delight. Then some one put him on the horse's back and he gathered up the reins still shouting and began to ride. He rode hard and fast until it was time to go to bed.

Early the next morning the children came creeping downstairs to get their stockings. They gathered in a joyful circle round the bright fire in the living room.

Suddenly the door opened softly. Timothy Baxter stood on the threshold. He was dressed in a suit of Roderick's night clothes, and his hair stood up all over his head; he gazed with pleasure at the half-emptied stockings.

"Which is my stocking, please?" he asked in a clear, high little voice. "No, one answered, so he spoke again. "If you please," he repeated quietly but firmly.

The children looked uncomfortable. This was too bad. They realized what had happened: in the bustle and confusion the unexpected guest had been overlooked. They eyed one another in dismay.

"Perhaps mine fell on the floor," Timothy suggested gently.

At that Roderick scrambled to his feet. "See here, Timothy," he said. "You run back to bed for just five minutes, and then come down and get your stocking."

As the door closed, he turned quickly to the others. "We'll have to make up a stocking for him," he said. "And there's no time to lose."

When Timothy appeared five minutes later, he had his share with the rest.

Right after breakfast a big, shabby sleigh drove up in the yard—Timothy's grandparents had come to get him.

The family went to look for Timothy and found him riding the hobbyhorse. He was decked out in all his Christmas presents—a red toboggan cap, a drum, a horn slung over his shoulders. When he heard that his grandfather was ready for him he dismounted briskly and pulled a pair of colored reins—another Christmas gift—from his pocket. He fastened the reins on the horse's shaggy neck. "Come along, Racer!" he cried.

Floor Timothy, he had made a terrible mistake! He had understood that the hobby horse too was his to take home and he believed that if he only pulled forward it would move forward as well as up and down. He had even given it a name. When he found out the truth, he bowed his head in Racer's name. He did not cry; he only stood in dumb despair. A bigger boy would not have made such a mistake, but Timothy was only five years old.

"Mother," said Roderick, "let him have the horse. He must have it. Don't you see?"

"Do you mean that, Roddy?" asked Mrs. Dale. Roderick nodded. "I don't want it so very much," he said.

So they lifted the horse into the back of the big sleigh, while old Mr. and Mrs. Baxter looked on, smiling, and the Dales and all the little guests stood by to watch.

Timothy would not stir until the horse was firmly tied in with its head toward the real horse's head. Then, when Mr. Dale started to lift him into place between the old people, he squirmed out of his hands and scrambled over the side.

"I will ride Racer," he said in positive tones.

No one could stop him. He climbed to the hobbyhorse's back and sat there, clutching the reins.

As the sleigh drove slowly out of the gate, the hobbyhorse bowed up and down. Timothy sat erect, drum, horn and all. It was a strange sight; all the way down the road people turned round and looked.

Roderick stood on the porch laughing. The last thing he saw, as the team turned a bend, was a spot of bright red bobbing gayly in the Christmas sunshine.

A Canadian Christmas Song

There's a joy that grips the heart-strings when the year is at the spring. When the first blue violet blossoms and we hear the robins sing. Glad are the summer's sunlit days that lure us off to camp. To plunge in cool brown waters, and in woodland ways to tramp. Songs of thanksgiving fill our lips when autumn's lavish hand A golden harvest broadcast pours o'er our beloved land.

Then the kiss of old king winter brings roses to the cheek. And skates are gaily ringing on every rink and creek. Each season has its rapture, its beauty and good cheer. It's good to live in Canada at any time of year!

But best of all, when Christmastime yields its benignant sway. When envy, malice, selfishness, in shame have fled away. When smile meets smile, as we reflect the spirit of the King. Who lay a Babe in Bethlehem, with angels carolling.

As memory's golden key unlocks our tenderest, kindest mood, We greet the world the angels sang of peace and brotherhood.

—By Mercy E. McCulloch.

