The Richmond County Record

"PLEDGE BUT TO TRUTH TO LIBERTY AND [illegible] NO FAVOR WINS US AND NO FEAR SHALL AWE"

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« Winston Churchill »

CHAPTER XV

"He that is able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own."

—Butler

It was mentioned in the previous chapter that in the fast-moving and adventurous career of Winston Churchill, no estimation of this leader of free men can be made accurately without the important statement that his activities were so numerous, so dynamic that there was really sufficient material for several distinct, complete and very interesting biographies on account of his widespread experiences and unusual accomplishments in several public offices, in war, in public lecturing, in journalism, in politics, in literature, etc. Indeed, it is possible to state that this was a life that embodied so many deeds and indicated so many talents that there have been few statesmen in history, if any, who could boast of such boundless energy and innate genius in such a variety of human endeavours.

There were traces of these characteristics in his early childhood days, in his school days, in his periods at Harrow and Sandhurst, in his army career, and in the same way these can be observed everywhere and at all time throughout his life where again and again are signs on the wall that he was a man of destiny, a man of many ideals and many noble purposes, with the distinctive feature that he never feared anyone and anything once he had made up his mind to achieve a purpose, aided in no small measure by an extraordinary will-power and remarkable intelligence. There can be no doubt that these characteristics supplied an unusual phenomenon because it made Winston Churchill appear on the scene at a time in world history when a leader with such ideal qualities was needed to inspire and to strengthen the fighting spirits of all free men in a war upon which depended the survival or destruction of civilization. His versatile experiences in all branches of warfare, possessing a background and ability and knowledge that science could not have prepared him better if destiny had forewarned the world of future events in the earliest days of Winston Churchill's life. Not only had fate prepared him for the tough side of actual warfare but even in the war of words, where the enemy had some advantages at the beginning of the war, Winston Churchill has already won a decided victory by his magic phrases, his thrilling ways of expressing a thought or feeling, wherein he reflects the valiant spirit of all free men. He had always entertained an unusually deep interest in his own native language from early childhood and the strength of his character in this respect was a fortunate happening for civilization.

It is only necessary to quote a few words of this leader to note how he is able to uphold the morale of any nation." On May 13, 1940, he said: I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." On June 4 1940, he again thrilled the world when he stated: "We shall not flag nor fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be." On June 18, 1940, he made the never-to-be-forgotten statement that "if we open a quarrel between the past and the present we shall find that we have lost the future." On Aug. 20, 1940 an astonished House of Commons heard his historic remark that "British airmen are turning the tide, never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." There are not merely words. These are expressions in which the very heartbeat of a fighting leader can be heard to reflect the battle cry of the people who would rather die in defence of their rights as free men than live as virtual slaves in a hateful and heathen world. No man in history has possessed a better knowledge or facility of expression in his native tongue than Winston Churchill. And it is most fortunate that such a genius of expression should be at the helm of the British Empire at this time. In fact, his ability to thrill and to strengthen the morale of the masses an innate quality developed through his dislike of the usual routine of studying foreign and ancient languages in the educational process of his childhood and youth and his fondness for plain, everyday English, may well prove not only a turning point in his own career but in the history of the world. As the story unfolds itself, it will be revealed in other chapters that this was but one of many other remarkable and almost inexpressible occurrences in the unprepared him for the tough side of inexpressible occurrences in the unof destiny.

The British High Commissioner To Canada

By WM. MacDONALD, NORTH SYDNEY

News of the decision of the British Government to appoint Mr. Malcolm MacDonald to the post of High Commissioner to Canada has been enthusiastically received in this country.

Few men in British public life are better fitted for this important post at this grave period in our history, than Mr. MacDonald. Young, modest, of distinguished parentage and having a brilliant political record the New High Commissioner will make a striking impression on both the political and social elements of the Canadian populace as the representive of the British Goverment.

It is almost impossible to over emphasize the great responsibilities that are attached to the office of British High Commissioner to Canada at a time when the British Empire and commonwealth is engaged in the most terrible war of all time. The final victory of Great Britain in this war will depend, to a large extent, upon the amount of food and war materials that the Mother Country can import from all parts of the empire.

Canada, being the largest, most productive and nearest to the British Isles of all the dominions is in a position to give a large quantity of essential war materials to Britain, and help bring about an early conclusion of hostilities. Urgent as is the need for as much effective aid to Britain as Canada can muster, perhaps it is after the war, when the new world will be called upon to redress the balance of the old, that the great natural resources of Canada will be most helpful.

The availability of Canadian products for Britain will doubtlessly depend to a large degree uptn the diplomacy of the British High Commissioner and as such Mr. MacDonald will be in a position to serve his country, the empire and the cause for which we are at war.

As Dominion Secretary and later Colonial Secretary in the British Cabinet Malcolm MacDonald was able to study, at first hand, the composition of the greatest empire in the development of civilization and the relationships of the various parts of this far-flung family of nations. Such a wide knowledge of imperial affairs should prove invaluable to him in his new post. Mr. MacDonald is the second member of the British Cabinet to be given a diplomatic post, Lord Halifax being made Ambassador to United States a short time ago.

The new High Commissioner, in the interests of [illegible] political career the late Premier Ramsay MacDonald once refused [illegible] will retain his seat in the [illegible] House of Commons while serving in Canada. Since the formation of the Churchill Government Mr. MacDonald has held the now important [illegible] of Minister of Health [illegible] he strove to prevent the [illegible] epidemics in the [illegible] London and other [illegible] British cities that have been repeatedly bombed. His insistence on the evacuation of children from the dangerous areas of Britain will win him an affectionate place in the hearts of future generations.

In an address before the Constitutional Club of London a few years ago he caused something of a sensation when he said that the British Empire might crumble even in our day. He became the target of much ruthless criticism and was labelled as an alarmist by people in all parts of the empire. Events of the past year, however, have shown that Mr. MacDonald's warning came dangerously close to becoming a reality and he really was not an alarmist, but a far sighted statesman who refused to blind himself to the facts, while his colleagues slept to the lullaby of appeasement.

Being a Scotsman and a MacDonald the British High Commissioner should have no difficulty in getting lost in a crowd in almost any part of Canada, as a bachelor he will fit perfectly into the scene of Canadian political life.

The people of Nova Scotia will have a special interest in Mr. MacDonald when he takes up his new duties. It was the honour and pleasure of the people of this province including Cape Breton to entertain his father on more than one occasion while he was Prime Minister of Britain. The late premier's admiration for this province and the esteem in which he held his hosts was very graciously expressed in his own words "I have found in Nova Scotia the land of heart's desire."

All of Canada is looking forward to the safe arrival of the British High Commissioner in this country and the pleasure of working with him for the common good of the British Empire.

Let George Do It

The passing of a prime minister illustrates the fickleness of human nature. The return of Neville Chamberlain from the Pact of Munich was the occasion for huzzas and adulation. He was greeted with shouts of 'Good Old Neville.. His passing was the occasion for vituperation. With the backing he had throughout the Empire, he could not have done otherwise. His failure was not the failure of a man, but the failure of the British Commonwealth. He was merely the target for censure. He bore the brunt of vilification with Christian resignation. History will record that he was a Christian gentleman. It was ever thus. One day the mob shouts "Hosanna," and the next they crucify.

The retreat from Dunkerque and the Italian reverses in Africa will be recorded among the great military disasters of history. They are the result of political interference in military affairs. Mussolini set out to be another Julius Caesar, with just a modicum of Caesar's ability or character. Caesar was a benevolent dictator, who was most beloved by those he governed. Such another has not since been seen.

Dictatorships differ from democracies in that the former are led by men; the latter are led by ideas. And, such is human frailty that the ideas are not always good. There has yet to arise a benevolent dictator.

There is a lot of twaddle talked about democracy, which is something to talk about, but not so many are ready to fight for it. It is a case of "Let George do it."

Too many nations are resolved to fight only when invaded. But, when the enemy is at the gate, it is all over, save for the cheers of the victors and the moans of the vanquished. Since the Treaty of Versailles, thirteen nations have lost their independence, partly or wholly. From many places came the cry, "Come over and help us". The cry was unheeded. For that, we now pay, and pay plenty.

It is difficult to say which is the greater danger to a democracy, that which threatens from without, or that which arises within. Political leaders invariably promise material prosperity or social security. It is the plank that puts the party in power, and they stay in by squandering money and soaking the taxpayer. Each succeeding government perpetuates the evils of the former, and adds a few of its own.

If fortune smiles again and, with immeasurable resources and immense sacrifices, we are enabled to survive this conflict, it seems that a group of clear thinking and decent minded men will have to band together to relieve the direction of affairs from those into whose inexpert hands and selfish disposition have fallen the reins of government.

When one views the curious class into whose hands are placed the interests of our country and all that we own in the words of the Immortal Bard, we are:—

"Amazed, as one unaware Had dropp'd a priceless jewel in the flood."

F. E. BURNHAM,
Brigadier-General

Halcyon Springs,
Arrow Lakes, B. C.

:o:

"The Highland Scots" Much Appreciated

Editor Richmond County Record.

Dear Sir:—My sincere appreciation is extended the author of "The Highland Scots" for the very excellent narrative he is giving us.

A work of this kind, embracing in one volume the whole scope of Highland Scotch history, must necessarily be somewhat abstract, and so we miss a great many details which I am sure, would add interest to the story. I suppose people not of Celtic extraction would accuse the author of being an arch penegyrist, but to us who are of the blood his encomiums are reasonable.

The story regarding the origin of the various branches of the Celtic race and their dialects is enlightening, and denotes a vast depth of knowledge on this subject. It would have been a loss if Mr. MacKinnon had not put into writing the ideas and conclusions he had reached after what must have been a life-time of study and keen analyzation. This opinion is further strengthened after observing the broad-minded manner in which he has dealt with the story of Mary Queen of Scots. If he could not say anything very laudatory about her, at least he did not enter into a tirade of abuse like so many historians who, writing at a time when it was fashionable to do so, claimed that Mary Queen of Scots was the personification of all that was evil and that her enemies represented all that was good.

I have derived some personal satisfaction from Mr. MacKinnon's story of the Massacre of Glencoe. It is good to know that the Campbells are not to be blamed so much after all. Both my grandmothers were MacDonalds, and so an incessant war between my Campbell and MacDonald natures kept me ever in a state of turmoil, while my Kintalian nature (my mother was a MacKenzie) stuttted proudly on the sidelines and enlivened the fight with the stirring strains of "Caber Feidh." But now the swords can be sheathed for aye, and peace can reign supreme.

I certainly think Mr. MacKinnon's story should be published in book form, and wish him the success he deserves should he decide to promote such publication.

Very truly yours,

P. MacKENZIE CAMPBELL

Red Islands, Cape Breton.
February 21, 1941.

:o:

Finding Bed Added To M. P's. Puzzles

Apartments Vacated in December Not Available

OTTAWA, Feb. 17—(CP)—Members of the House of Commons, here to consider vital questions, today had a little personal problem as well on their hands—the task of finding suitable lodgings.

Many said they were having trouble locating quarters in a city whose population has climbed far above normal since the war started. Some stayed temporarily at hotels and others with friends.

"I've been trying to find an apartment for a month," said Dr. M. E. McGarry, Liberal M.P. for Inverness-Richmond. "I wrote real estate people here and messengers of the House and others, but I haven't had a prospect yet." Dr. McGarry said he knew of several members who now found unavailable the apartments they had vacated in December when parliament adjourned.

:o:

LINDBERGH DEFINED

From the Timmins Advance

"Quiz" programs on the radio often lead to remarkable answers—sometimes by the quizzed and as often by the quizzer. For example, there was the boy who was asked to describe a "Quisling!" "A Quisling," he replied "is one of those radio guys that runs a quiz hour!" There have been some funny answers on local quiz programs. The prize answer to a "quiz," however, goes to the young lady who was asked about Lindbergh. "Lindbergh," she answered confidently, "is a rank-smelling German cheese." The quizzer said, "No, that's Limburger," but thoughtful people will be inclined to agree that the young lady knows a cheese when she sees it.

The Service Gates Are Open

(By G. J. COFFEE, St. Peters.)

Can't you see those homes of England
Battered daily by the Huns
Can't you hear the whine of shrapnel
And the roar of "Ack Ack" guns;
Can't you hear that mother sobbing
Where her murdered baby lies,
Can't you see the work of centuries
Blasted daily from the skies?

Oh, the lark's gay song is ended
On lovely English downs,
As hate obscures the sunlight
O'er country lanes and towns.
As Goering's fiends sweep downward
To scatter death and flame,
Then slip away all helling
Their cursed Fuehrer's name

Was there e'er such watchful waiting
Since first the world began;
Was there e'er such noble courage
Displayed by mortal man
As shown by those embattled
On Albion's tortured sod,
Who fling a mocking challenge
To that modern "Scourge of God."

If we cannot serve our country
At that front of fire and flame
Nor battle in the heavens
Or guard the foamine main;
Then must we here in comfort
Our dollars free's give,
That England bleeding sorely
Might heal her wounds and live.

Ah, England bleeds so bravely!
God knows how long the lane
Until the larks of Devon
Can sing their songs again!
But we beyond the tempests
Must heed her frantic cries
And know we'll live with England
And die if England dies.

When the tragic night has faded
In the Dove of Peace at last,
You'll be glad that you donated
Ere old England's call had passed.
For the service gates are opened
And the march will soon begin
On the final road to victory
Of the Empire to Berlin.

Not Satisfied With War Effort

Conservative Leader Hanson will never be satisfied with Canada's war effort until the Canadian casualty list includes thousands of our boys. In the House of Commons the other day he tried to give the impression that Australia was doing everything while Canada was doing nothing. He seemed to regret that Canadians were not in Libya. Dr. Hanson's line of reasoning will not appeal to Canadian mothers and fathers, whose sons are overseas or in training at home. A soldier has to go where he is told to go. Dr. Hanson continues to drive nails in the coffin of the Conservative party.

NOVA SCOTIA FARM NEWS

ASSIST FARMERS IN PURCHASE OF TILE FOR DRAINAGE

Announcement is made from the Nova Scotia department of agriculture of a new policy to assist farmers in the purchase of tile for underdrainage. Extent report comes from Hopewell that a calf club in Pictou county, where 12 members recently agreed to purchase savings stamps regularly each month. President of the club is Philip Long, and the secretary is Annie Delaney.

farm drainage, one of the most urgent needs in farming in this provinces, be encouraged to as great an extent as possible. Under the new policy, the Nova Scotia government will pay transportation on tile from the factory at Elmsdale, to the nearest siding in communities where farmers agree to purchase in carload lots. Coupled with this, is the agreement of the tile company to reduce the price of the tile by $5 per thousand provided purchases are on the carload basis.

With proper drainage, many farms in Nova Scotia could increase the acreage planted to feed crops. A year ago, the department of agriculture purchased a ditcher for tile drainage on farms, and conducted a number of demonstrations. A policy was also inaugurated of providing the use of the ditcher to install drainage ditchers in communities where farmers signed up for 5000 feet or more of ditching, to be done at a nominal charge. However, the cost of tile prevented many from taking advantage of this policy, and it is felt that some assistance in this respect will eliminate this difficulty and lead farmers to install necessary drainage on their farms.

FIRST COMPANY OF GARDEN BRIGADE

Cambridge Station in Kings county is the first community in Nova Scotia to report organization of a company of the Garden Brigade for 1941. It was closely followed by Noel Shore, in Hants county. Organization of the "garden brigade" is being undertaken in the communities of the province as a means of bringing together in a co-ordinated effort to increase home production of garden vegetables, all those who are accustomed to raising gardens or who will agree to do so during the coming season. Details of organization are being carried out through the medium of the various branches of the women's institutes under the auspices of the Nova Scotia department of agriculture.

FIRST 1941 ORDER FOR LIME

First order for lime for spring delivery, under the policy of the Nova Scotia department of agriculture, which was inaugurated at the beginning of the war to provide a price of $1.50 ton to farmers, comes from the Cape Jack agricultural society, of which R. M. Crispo is secretary. The order is for 30 tons to be shipped the last week in April.

Last year a total of 30,000 tons of lime and marl was sold to farmers through agricultural societies under this policy, which is an amount nearly double that put on to farm soils in Nova Scotia in any former year. This indicates the success which has attended the policy, and it is fully expected that there will be a rush of orders this spring. Farmers are therefore urged to get their orders in through their agricultural societies as quickly as possible. The lime policy aims at remedying one of the chief weakness of farming in this province, and that is the large proportion of acid soils, a condition which must be corrected before the clovers and many other crops can be grown successfully.

SCOTSBURN CO-OP PLANT HAS BIG POULTRY BUSINESS

During 1940 the co-operative creamery at Scotsburn reports having handled a total of nearly 53,000 dozen eggs, graded at the egg grading station at the creamery, and marketed for patrons. The high quality of these eggs is indicated by the fact that 89.3 percent. of them graded into the Grade A class. This plant also handled co-operatively a volume of 31,900 lbs. of graded poultry for their patrons.

REFUND WHEAT PROCESSING TAX

Nova Scotia farmers who have paid the 15 cents processing tax on wheat grown by themselves and ground for their own use, will have this tax refunded, and the tax will continue to be rebated to these farmers, in accordance with an order recently issued from Ottawa. This is a matter which has been the subject of representations by Nova Scotia agricultural authorities who have pointed out that many farmers here are accustomed to having a quantity of wheat ground at local grist mills for their own home use and therefore should not be required to pay processing tax on such wheat.

Spanish bread is said to be like concrete. When Franco's people asks for bread he hands them a stone.

JUNIOR CLUBS BUY WAR STAMPS

Many junior farm clubs in the province have been devoting club funds to investments in war savings stamps, the purchase of tools for under the

SHORT COURSE IN GARDENING

Short course on vegetable and small fruit growing will be held at the agricultural college, Truro, from March 11, to 14, immediately following the course on soils and fertilizers, and crops. These courses are under the youth training plan, jointly operated by the N. S. dept. of agriculture and the Dominion dept. of labor. The gardening course is designed to be of assistance to those who are beginning gardening as a means of increasing their home production of food, but is open to all who are interested. Financial assistance will be given under certain conditions to those attending, details of which may be had by writing to the principal, agricultural college Truro.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE MEETS

Nova Scotia's Advisory committee on agricultural services held a meeting during the past week, at which various proposals for improvement of conditions surrounding the production and marketing of farm products, were discussed and recommendations made. Chairman of the committee is Hon. John A. McDonald, and the members are W. W. Baird, supt. experimental farm, Nappan; Arthur Kelsall, supt. experimental farm at Kentville; Dr. W. S. Blair, secretary Nova Scotia Farmers' Association; F. W. Wade, director of marketing, J. W. Graham, Maritime representative of the livestock services of the Dominion department of agriculture, and Dr. W. V. Longley, director of extension. Among matters discussed were continuance of the provincial boar bonus policy, assistance to farmers in maintaining quality hog production, establishment of abattoir facilities for the slaughtering of livestock under govt. inspection and grading within Nova Scotia, and other matters. Recommendations made by the committee respecting these matters will be passed on to the provincial government for consideration.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR DAIRYMEN

Some encouragement for dairymen with respect to the future price situation comes in the announcement from Ottawa that power has been granted to the dairy products board to fix a minimum price on butter for the summer period commencing May 1, if found necessary. Commenting on this, Hon. John A. McDonald, minister of agriculture, in a statement issued the past week, said that the indications for a better price situation for dairy farmers during the coming summer were sufficiently strong to encourage dairy farmers to prepare now for a greatly increased production of milk. Price of cheese, including federal bonus, as from March 31, 1941, will be approximately 17 cents, so that this indicates a price level for butter which will be remunerative to farmers. It is indicated also that something like 406,000,000 lbs. more of milk will be required from Canadian dairy farmers during the coming year to meet requirements. As one authority recently remarked, "It looks as if 1941 would be a year in which the farmer with a good herd of milk cows can be of real service to his country and make a little profit for himself."

One of the best means of preparing for greater milk production during the coming season is to plan for more pasture fertilization. Rapid earlier growth of grass on fertilized pastures permits putting the cows out to grass several days earlier in the spring and grass is the best and cheapest milk-producing feed. Fertilized pastures also provide better grazing all through the early summer, and lessen the chance of a slump in production during the period between the end of the flush growth of early summer and the time when the second growth of alfalfa red clover or hay aftermath can be utilized.

A traveller had a very homely wife but everywhere he went she was with him. If he went to a political meeting, or out for the evening, he took her along. Finally, one of his friends who objected to a lady crashing a stag party asked:

"Why on earth did you bring your wife along"?

"Well, I would sooner, bring her along than kiss her goodbye!"

Capt. Lukeman's Reply to "Citizen"

Mr. Editor:—I have read with keen interest the uncomplimentary remarks about the service performed for Arichat and vicinity by the S. S. "Surf."

Under normal conditions roads are kept open and can run pretty well all winter; and, under normal conditions, the S. S "Surf" would sail twice a day at the Government wharf, Arichat, but in most months [illegible] not permitted this winter. It has been impossible to keep the paved highways open every day, and even the Railroad trains have not been able to maintain their schedule. Neither have we been blessed with tropical sunshine on the water. The ice jam in the Strait of Canso only made up a short time ago. May I mention that one day we proceeded through the ice as far as Point Tupper only to be swept back. On that same day it took the C.N.R. Ferry, "Scotia," six hours to cross from Mulgrave to Point Tupper. The "Scotia" was swept down as far as Sand Point.

May I state that I am responible to give service to the route, passengers, mail and freight. Also that I am responsible to the owners, and to the Government of Canada, in the maintenance of this ship. Especially in these critical times when a ship is a ship, and a very valuable asset to a warring country.

Within my memory I remember that the Arichat-Mulgrave passenger boats were very often frozen up in Arichat Harbour for the best part of the winter, and I brand as absolutely untrue that the "Surf" has missed more than one-third, or one-third of her calls at Arichat any one month this winter. This I can easily prove by documentary evidence.

This boat is not an ice-breaker. Under normal conditions, when the Harbour freezes, a channel to the Government wharf can be cut and maintained. This winter the Harbor filled with heavy Northern ice, which came down through the Strait of Canso and frozen together in Arichat Harbour. This cannot be broken through by this boat without endangering the boat, the lives of her passengers and crews, for which I am responsible. Nor can Arichat be made in racing snow storms, with ice conditions as they have been for the same reason. And no boat made Arichat every day in the winter time since a boat first ran from Arichat to Mulgrave.

As for maintaining the service from West Arichat and Petit De Grat, this is the responsibility of our agent in Arichat; and it is also his responsibility to co-operate with the boat's crew to get the freight ashore when landed on the ice at times when she cannot reach the wharf. When the agent refuses to take the freight from the steamer I cannot very well land it on the ice to stay there. This has happened on a few occasions when I was informed, by him, that the ice along the shores was unfit to make a landing. At present all freight has been landed.

Where does "Citizen" think he will get better service, or a better ship? Does he want to revert to the days before the "Surf"?

The service to Guysboro and Queensport has not been able to maintain one half of their calls this winter. The Master is one of the most able men on this coast—Captain E. Lowe. Is he timid? Or is the boat, weather not suitable? Perhaps "Citizen" would like to have a boat of that type run to Arichat. Passenger accommodations are not to be compared with passenger accommodations on the "Surf." Where will Arichat get a better boat, and better service during this War?

If "Citizen" would, instead of making ignorant and malicious statements from the comfort of an easy chair, and the screen of a pen name, making the bells and trying to stampede fair-minded people into throwing them, try to obtain the services of the ice-breaker, "Lady Grey," to break up the ice to the Government wharf, then the "Surf" would call there twice a day. His help would also be very much appreciated in keeping the ice jam together in the Strait of Canso.

I challenge "Citizen" to come out in the open, and I will leave my actions as Master of the S.S. "Surf" to the judgement of the Master mariners, sailors, and the fair-minded people of Arichat, as to this unjustified and underhand attack upon me.

Sincerely yours,
HERBERT LUKEMAN
Master S. S. "Surf"
Canso, N. S. February 24, 1941

LIQUOR STORES TO CLOSE SATURDAYS

All Nova Scotia Liquor Commission stores in the province will in future be closed on Saturday until further notice. The announcement to this effect was made by Arthur R. Mahon, newly-appointed chairman of the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission.

Let us put every possible cent into War Savings stamps, War Savings certificates, War Bonds. Better to throw our all into the pot than be under the iron heel of Hitler!

The Richmond County Record

Established 1897

BERTRAM BOURINOT, Publisher & Proprietor

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ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, MARCH 1, 1941

NOTE AND COMMENT

Marshal Petain is reported to be white-washing his house, but he has even more reason to white-wash his regime.

There is sometimes something in a name. In this Japanese crisis, the United States is far from asleep on its mid-Pacific island of Wake.

Hitler's incendiary bombs have burned millions of books in London, it is said, but he never will be able to destroy the ledger of the Recording Angel.

As long as there are so many air-schools in operation, the banks do not have to go far for expert help. The aviators learn all about banking. Except, of course, the cold glare when asked for a loan.

There are many needs in Britain, but among people so courageous there can certainly be no need for crying needs.

So far as Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are concerned, the Axis want to be the Access.

"But how do you support them?" asked Wendell Wilkie, on his African stop, of a native chief with 47 wives. "I don't," answered the chief; "they support me." And they call Africa the Dark Continent!

Every day there is more evidence that the occupation of Holland by the brutal Nazis is a one-sided affair —not a Dutch treat.

The Italians have found that carrying the war into Africa was a boomerang. It has now bounced back into Italy.

The Germans have scuttled ships worth millions of dollars, which causes a contemporary to remark that "old-timers remember when the world's most expensive scuttle was supposed to be one allegedly worth a few hundred dollars found in the office of a prime minister of Ontario."

A scientist announces that by the use of a certain chemical, men may live to be 185. That is good news for life insurance companies, but bad news for heirs.

The trouble with the Axis is that, like the early motor cars, it moved by a chain drive.

It's nothing for a radio commentator to answer questions of the hour on the spur of the moment.

Russia is lying so low these days that the hammer and sickle on its coat of arms should be replaced by a possum.

Mayor La Guardia, New York, of Italian descent, and Wendell Willkie, late Rupublican candidate for the U. S. Presidency, whose forefathers were German—both alike are for help to Britain against the Axis.

Virtually everyone would favor a negotiated peace, if it were negotiated between the head of the Hun government and a blunt instrument.

Ignorance is not always bliss, not when you have forgotten a guest's name just as you are about to introduce him to the rest of the company. This happened lately.

The Italian press charges that the British bombardment of Genoa was "piratical." It certainly was pile.

Mussolini has modelled himself upon Julius Ceasar, but it is now quite evident that his legions have not modelled themselves upon Caesar's legions.

Through perseverance, said Dr. Johnson, "the quarry becomes a pyramid." And through General Wavell's perseverance in Libya the Italian pyramid is rapidly becoming a quarry.

If practice makes perfect, Mussolini will soon be as good at explaining as the Japanese government is at apologizing.

Of the 724 mistakes which Hitler admits having made, by far the greatest was the first, that of being born.

DEAL WITH TIGER FIRST

To the Editor.

Sir: Every little while some irresponsible person comes forward with considerable earnestness, requiring that Britain now definitely state her post war aims. Very generally such persons are the ones who have no right to put forward such a demand When a man is at grips with a "tiger," fighting for his very life, the man (in most cases a mere spectator) who would ask him even before the issue is decided, to detail what he is going to do with the "tiger," is not only devoid of common sense but is criminal in intent, parading false pretences of being more humane than his fellows. There is little question that many such are interested abettors of Hitler's fifth columns. Britain is not fighting for territorial aims. That is not her objective, and she has no secret treaties with such end in view as some have so unfairly stated in reference to Lord Halifax. There is, however, little doubt in the writer's mind that eventually the British Commonwealth of nations and the United States of America will enter into similar relationships such as were suggested by Premier Churchill to the French. It is further his personal opinion that many of the small nations will voluntarily desire to enter partnership with the British Commonwealth of Nations, while remaining independent separate nationalities; that unrighteous men will be deposed, and peace-loving righteous rulers put in their place in the furtherance of a new and world-wide better order.

Many a child in this country is showing more real concern for the sufferings of his fellow men by his sacrifices on behalf of Britain's Victims of Hitler, than these fifth columnists who so evidently desire to throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery concerning which they contribute no vital interest.

R. H.

—oc—

MATTER OF MONEY

The Provincial Legislature opened at Halifax Tuesday. Both parties will have new leaders, Premier A. S. MacMillan for the government and L. W. Fraser for the Conservative opposition. This is the fourth session of the present Assembly.—Says the Yarmouth Herald.

Nova Scotians will watch the proceedings with more than usual interest to see the way these two men will perform their duties. Of course, politics will not be indulged in at this time, but the discussions will centre largely about money matters. The people will expect to see the affairs of the Province dealt with efficiently and with a minimum of waste, but at the same time will look to the legislators to produce something worthwhile for their labors.

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Get The Best

France's new army, according to Vichy report, will go in strongly for baseball and football. Fine if it doesn't play ball with Hitler.

The special parchment bag in which you get MORSE'S STANDARD COFFEE not only saves you six cents a pound, but keeps all the good flavour in to the last grain.



The Highland Scots

By J. G. MacKINNON

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CHAPTER XV

THE DISPERSION OF THE SCOTS

THE dispersion of the Highland Scots began soon after the rising of the "forty-five." Having waged a war of defence of their native land for many hundreds of years, they were at long last face to face with the fact that they were beaten, and shortly they had to begin to make terms with their fate. The Romans, the Saxons, the Norsemen and the Normans had laid seige to their little kingdom without avail; but every wave of foes driven back was followed in due time by others, larger and larger, and finally the strength was too great for a people who never aimed at subduing others, but always and ever fought to keep the yoke of the tyrant off their own necks. That they lost the battle in the end is small wonder. They had never been an aggressive people; preferring to let others enjoy their freedom to act as seemed best to themselves; so while other kingdoms had been gathering strength and more strength, not always knowing for what purpose, our Highland Scots were really losing ground in the nations' battle of life. Added to this was the fact that many of their leaders had yielded to the temptation of siding with the stronger armaments because of what they would bring them in the way of personal gain, leaving their fellow-clansmen to sink or swim in the game of "catch as catch can." Neither strong in numbers nor strong in natural leaders, they were bound to play a losing game.

So we find them, at the middle of the eighteenth century, bereft of nearly everything their prowess in the past had earned for them, and all the good done by them forgotten. The blessings of the Gospel brought to the Saxons by guiding their hands to the pen and teaching them to read and write their own language until then but a jargon of sounds, now disowned by latter-day zealots, to whom nothing was literature unless modelled after the writings of ancient Greece and Rome, who could see no dignity or style in music, except in what was brought over from Germany. The flag, the most ancient in the empire, joined to another, and given an inferior position. The clans who had been loyal to King George, as well as those who had not, forbidden to wear the Highland Dress, the only distinctive dress evolved in Britain; and a nauseating oath prescribed by parliament to be administered whenever a petty officer could be found mean enough to do it. The object of all these was not only to punish but humiliate the Highland people, to make them understand that they were conquered. But as a matter of fact, they were not conquered; not one-half the Highlander's had been out with the Prince, and the minority that had been out nearly broke King George's hold on the crown of Britain. We are not writing any laments in the matter; we are simply stating the facts.

The Highland Scots regarded themselves as the real Britons, as in fact they were. Now, however, they found themselves outside the pale. The first scholars of Europe, now they could not get proper schooling for their children. A people who always cherished fair play, now denied the essence of it; who loved the Gospel as few races did, but could not get the Bible in their own tongue for twenty decades after neighbouring peoples had it; whose first-printed book of songs or poems was seized at Edinburgh and burned by the public hangman; whose first little Gaelic dictionary was issued to the schools in hope it would help to put the old tongue out of use. The objects of the authorities in this regard were defeated by the good sense of the clergy and teachers, who felt the injustice of such treatments, and refused to assist in the degradation of their fellow-beings. But all the same, life in the Highlands was becoming a burden from which as many as could escaped across the seas, where they had to struggle hard, but eventually made good. Most of those remaining behind did so because their circumstances did not enable them to face the adventure of crossing the ocean and building new homes under an unknown sky. A few sketches will be added to show how it fared with those who came to the land west of the great ocean that seperates the *old* lands from the new.

EMIGRATION BEGINS

THE first emigrant of whom we have any notice was Abraham Martin whose child was the first white baby to be baptized in Canada, at Quebec in 1620. He had secured lands on the heights adjoining the city, and had lived there long enough to give the farm the name of Abraham's Plains, where his compatriots, the Fraser Highlanders, distinguished themselves in the final battle of Canada's conquest from the French. Very little is known to us about him; in all likelihood, his wife was a French woman, and his descendants are among those French Highlanders so thickly spread over Quebec and Montreal. We should like to learn more about his family, if more is obtainable.

HIGHLANDERS FROM MARYLAND

THE following item was clipped from a local newspaper, in 1913, when it was going the rounds of papers throughout Canada. It contains less information than we should like to have:

Among the new arrivals into Western Canada is a most unique party composed of 35 Scotchmen, a portion of the MacKenzie clan, who have migrated from Oklahoma. These new comers who all bear the name of MacKenzie, are descendants of those members of their clan who came to the American continent 200 years ago.

At that time they settled in the state of Maryland, and remained there and prospered as farmers for 175 years. Twenty-five years ago a portion of them attracted by the new territory which has been opened up in Western Oklahoma went into that state, where they remained until now.

Norman MacKenzie, leader of the party states that they left Oklahoma owing to the failure of their crops for the past five years. During this period they have lost their crops through drought and grasshoppers each year.

The party intends settling in the district northwest of Edmonton. They are fine looking men, all being typical Highlanders, tall and agile.

The peculiar thing about them is that they speak Gaelic perfectly but with a strong American accent which makes it difficult for their fellow countrymen, who came into contact with them, to understand. They are the forerunners of another 75 or 80 families of the same clan who are still in Oklahoma, but anticipate once more becoming citizens within the Empire.

(To be continued)

ALONZO SAMPSON

LOWER L'ARDOISE, Cape Breton

Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Confectionery & Fruit

Gas and Oil

YOU'LL FIND OUR PRICES RIGHT

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR LIVER

It may be the cause of your trouble. Back it up the *right* way, with Fruit-a-tives. Feel grand.

Your liver is the largest organ in your body and most important to your health. If yours not able to digest food, gets rid of waste, stores energy, allows the proper nourishment to reach your blood. When your liver gets out of order and decomposes in your intestines. You become constipated, stomach and kidneys can't work properly. You feel "rotten"—headachy backachy, dizzy, dragged out all the time.

Rid yourself of these miseries, as thousands have—with Fruit-a-tives, for 35 years Canada's largest selling liver remedy. Fruit-a-tives stimulate your liver, bring prompt relief—make you feel like a new person. Get Fruit-a-tives at your druggist's today, 25c, 50c.

FRUIT-A-TIVES The Liver Tablet

Invest in a bomb now. YOUR bomb may "get" Hitler.



Yes! EVERY CANADIAN FAMILY Must Pledge and Sacrifice...

"THIS TIME we are ALL in the front line."—H.M. THE KING.

FALL IN! The line is forming. Close the ranks. Answer His Majesty's call. Every man, woman and child in Canada has a duty to perform. Some will fight. You, too, have a job to do. It may demand sacrifice. You are called on to help furnish the munitions needed to win the war . . . guns and tanks for the army . . . planes for the air force . . . ships for the navy and merchant marine. Guns and tanks and planes and ships cost money. You are not asked to give—you are only asked to LEND your money. This is something you can do . . . something you *must* do.

For Each $4.00 You Get Back $5.00

$ 5.00 for $ 4.00	$10.00 for $ 8.00
$25.00 for $20.00	$50.00 for $40.00
$100.00 for $80.00	

War Savings Certificates are a direct obligation of the Dominion of Canada, repayable in 7½ years. At the end of that time your investment will have increased twenty-five per cent., which represents interest at 3% compounded half-yearly.

They may be redeemed at option of registered owner, after six months from date of issue at an established scale of values.

The following table represents an average basis of saving. These figures are only illustrative, as the amount of saving which is possible will vary according to each individual's family and other economic circumstances.

Earnings Per Week	Savings Per Week	Maturity Values of Annual Purchases
Up to $20	25c to $1.00	$ 15 to $ 65
$20 to $30	$1.25 to $2.00	$ 80 to $130
$30 to $40	$2.25 to $3.50	$143 to $225
Over $40	$3.75 to $9.25	$245 to $600

There is only one place to get the money Canada needs to win this war—from the people of Canada. A large part will come from business firms and people with large incomes. They will pay high taxes and buy heavily of War Loan Bonds. But more money is needed . . . a great deal more. $10,000,000 a month is expected from men, women and children who invest in War Savings Certificates.

Work hard. Earn more. Save all you can and lend your savings to Canada. BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES. Budget to buy them regularly. Buy them every week . . . every month . . . as long as the war lasts. You will be forming a good habit . . . the saving habit . . . a habit that will benefit you when victory is won. You will be doing a *real* job in helping to win the war.

Published by The War Savings Committee, Ottawa 15-W

Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES regularly!

PONDVILLE

(From Our Own Correspondent)

The pre-lent card party and dance held in the consolidated schoolhouse here was a financial success. The teacher and trustees wish to thank all those who donated and attended.

Messrs Pete O'Hearn and Vernard Martell spent the week with their families.

Miss Edna O'Hearn of Rocky Bay is employed by Leighton Amey as maid.

In spite of the snow laden roads Mr. LaVaille, our Watkins representative was attending to his customers here during the week.

Several local teams are now engaged in hauling sand for Thomas H. Edwards' meadow.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Britten are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest DeCoste of West Arichat were calling on friends in Pondville on Sunday.

Gordon Bus Service DAILY

Passengers and Freight

SYDNEY - ST. PETERS and ARICHAT

Phone, Sydney 216
Arichat Central

Leaving Arichat for Sydney 8 a. m. via D'Escousse
Leaving Sydney for Arichat at 4 p. m.

Leaving Sydney on Saturday for Arichat, at 6 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday via Grand River and L'Ardoise.

Sunday Leaving Sydney 9 a. m.
Leaving Arichat 4 p. m.

BUY GOVERNMENT BONDS



The best protection

AGAINST DISEASED POTATO CROPS!

PLANT Canadian *Certified* Seed Potatoes in clean land—on part of the farm where potatoes have not been grown before.

Produce bigger yields of potatoes . . . that are more uniform in size, smoother, cleaner, of better quality than those grown from ordinary seed stock and avoid many of the losses that result from disease. Grow potatoes that will grade Canada No. 1.

Good seed potatoes cannot be selected by appearance alone —The best assurance of getting *good* seed is to buy Canadian *Certified* Seed Potatoes. Ask the District Government Inspector, *Plant Protection Division*, for full information and list of nearest distributors.

INSPECTOR FOR NOVA SCOTIA
Dominion Department, Dominion Experimental Farm, Kentville, N.S.

Marketing Service
DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA
Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister.

Look for this certification tag on the bag or container—the safe way of being sure of getting Canadian Certified Seed Potatoes. Examine it carefully.



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«LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS OF INTEREST»

Visited Sydney

Rev. A. E. Monbourquette, P. P., was a business visitor to Sydney the past week.

Visited His Bride

Gunner Allan MacDonald spent the week-end with his wife (Emily Boudreau) and returned to his military duties on Monday.

Canso Visitor

Fred. G. Gaznon was on a visit to Canso the past week.

Sold New Truck

John LeBlanc, proprietor of the Arichat Garage, has sold a new half ton truck to James Kehoe, of Rocky Bay. Mr. LeBlanc represents Mr. Johnson, St. Peters, who deals in Chev. cars now.

Victim of A Cold

Dr. B. A. LeBlanc was laid up with a cold the past week, but is again on his usual rounds attending to afflicted humanity.

Fox Ranch Snowed Under

Emile Benoit, who operates a fox ranch here, had quite a job on his hands during the last snowstorm. His ranch was blocked with snow and he was obliged to remove the wire on the pens to get to the foxes. Next year he expects to erect a snow fence to prevent a recurrence of such a blockade.

Soldier Visits Home

Pte. Ned LeBlanc, of the P. L. F. spent three days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe LeBlanc.

Home On Visit

Pte. Joe Goyetche, of the Halifax Rifles spent the week-end with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. Goyetche.

A Hustler

Wilfred Boudreau, of Poulamond, accompanied by a crew of men, cleared the road of snow on Grandique road on Sunday. Wilfred is a hustler at anything he undertakes.

Whiteside Visitors

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan White, of Whiteside, were visiting in town on Sunday.

Not In His Usual Good Health

The health of Rev. W. J. Bridgman, the popular rector of St. John's Church, has not been as good as his many friends would like to have it, and as a consequence he has abandoned his parochial duties at Cape La Ronde and curtailed his duties in this parish until such time as his health permits him to resume his regular duties.

Gone to Auld's Cove

Leighton Amey, Pondville, who has been assisting in the operation of the local electric plant for some months, has been engaged by the Nova Scotia Power Commission to undertake similiar work at Auld's Cove, for which place he left on Tuesday.

Ice Cream Sale

The ladies of the Arichat unit of the Red Cross held an ice cream sale on Monday at their headquarters in the post office, and realized several dollars.

Harvesting Ice

Messrs C. S. Malzard and Rod McDonald are harvesting their summer's supply of ice from Pottie's Lake. The ice is of excellent quality.

A Fine Number

The Dalhousie News published at Dalhousie, N. B., came out last week with a very creditable number of 36 pages in celebration of the 60th anniversary of the A. & R. Loggie Co., Ltd., which has a branch at Mulgrave and several other places in the Maritimes. It was an ambitious undertaking for the Dalhousie News and was well patronized with advertisements. Our contemporary installed a linotype the same time as the Record and its 36-page issue shows what the linotype is capable of doing. We congratulate our contemporary on the fine appearance of their special number, which would have done credit to a much larger office.

Instead of making his next speech from the balcony, Mussolini may speak from under the bed.

BABY CHICKS. Buy the best. Bloodtested. Government Approved. R-O-P-Sired. Also Sexed Pullets and Started Chicks. Cockerel Chicks five cents each. Free Booklet. Write Maritime Chick Hatchery, St. John, N. B.

Traded His Car

Inspector Benoit has traded his car for a new Chev. 1941 model purchased from Johnson's Garage, St. Peters.

New Ford Dealer

Sam. Kaplan has taken the agency for Ford cars in Richmond County.

Snow Blockade Delayed

Her Return

Miss Hazel Thurgood, proprietress of Hazel's Beauty Parlor, who spent several weeks with relatives in Sydney, returned home on Tuesday. Miss Thurgood's stay in Sydney was prolonged on account of snow blockade that covered Cape Breton for many days.

Returns Home

Mrs. Agnes LeBlanc, who visited Halifax and Hawkesbury for several weeks, returned home on Saturday.

Business Visitor

Ernie Gourley, representing the Harris Abattoir, was a business visitor here on Wednesday from Antigonish.

Again In Service

The snow blockade prevented the Gordon Bus Service which operates between here and Sydney and intermediate points from making its regular trips for several weeks, and it was a welcome sight to see the Bus in service again on Wednesday with Walter Pougere at the wheel. The public which it serves missed the service and welcomes its re-appearance.

Ash Wednesday

Wednesday ushered in the advent of Lent and the churches throughout the county held services on that day.

An Anti-Toxin For War Rumors

If your lips keep from slips
Five things observe with care;
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

Snow Plow Opens Road

The government snow plow was again operating from Grand Anse to Arichat on Thursday and made the roads passible for cars and other vehicles after they had been filled in by snow drifts after they had been cleared of snow by the plow a few days previously.

Visiting Her Father

Miss Anna Boucher, who is employed at Halifax, is a visiting her father, Simon Boucher and family.

Enlisted At Halifax

Francis Richard, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Richard, who went to Halifax recently, has passed the medical examination and enlisted in the army.

Gone To Barra Head

Alexar David has gone to Barra Head, where he has secured employment with John Langley.

BOAT FOR SALE

27 Feet Overall, sails included. In good condition and suitable for fishing.

Apply to
ARTHUR GOYETCHE,
Arichat, C. B.

Feb. 28, 1941.

NOTICE

At the late session of the Council a resolution was adopted directing that names of all outstanding Hospital Accounts, charged to this municipality, be published in the 1941 minutes of Council. However, if settlement of said accounts be now made with the Municipal Treasurer, either by medium of monthly payments or other installment plan such names shall not appear, no reasonable offer of settlement will be refused.

E. C. DOYLE,
Clerk-Treasurer
Municipality of the County of Richmond.
Municipal Office, Arichat, N. S.
February 26th, 1941

THE WALKER FINANCIAL COMPANY
PORT HAWKESBURY, C. B.
Investments, Fire & Life Insurance
4 per cent paid on deposits.
G. S. WALKER,
Manager

WINTER TIME TABLE
S. S. "SURF"
Canso Arichat, Mulgrave, Steamship Service

AUTOMOBILES FERRIED BETWEEN
Canso-Arichat and Arichat-Mulgrave. Reservations Can be Made at Head office Sydney, or Local Agents

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY, SUBJECT TO WEATHER CONDITIONS

LEAVE CANSO AT 7 A. M., CALLING AT ARICHAT AND CONNECTING AT MULGRAVE WITH MORNING EXPRESS FROM SYDNEY

LEAVES MULGRAVE AT NOON ON ARRIVAL OF EXPRESS FROM SYDNEY FOR ARICHAT AND CANSO.

Passengers and Freight via "SURF" to and from Petit Grat and West Arichat will be transported by BUS and MOTOR TRUCK connecting with Steamer at Arichat, morning and evening, free of charge.

In a small country town a meeting had been called to discuss the question of a brighter Sunday for the people.

Various proposals were put forward when some daring soul suggested a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon."

A grim woman rose and said:

"There will be no pleasant Sunday afternoons where I am."

Certify Victory with Certificates.

The Products Turned Out By
LYNCH'S BAKERY
Are known for their high quality
LYNCH'S BREAD AND CAKES
Have an established reputation for their purity and Cape Breton customers find them to their taste.
LYNCH'S BAKERY
SYDNEY - - N. S.

Gems of Thought

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT

The best way to get to the top is by being the best man at the bottom.
—V. H. Jones

Merit exists without high position, but no one can reach high position without some merit.—La Rochefoucauld.

Is a musician made by his teacher? He makes himself a musician by practising what he was taught.
—Mary Baker Eddy

Your circumstances may be uncongenial, but they shall not long remain so if you but perceive an ideal and strive to reach it. You cannot travel within and stand still without.
—James Lane Allen

Straight from the Mighty Bow this truth is driven:
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.
—Florence Urmy

The race advantage is won by the extra achievements of the individual. You are the individual.—Twain.

No Worrying After A Loss
if you place your insurance with
M. J. BOURINOT, ARICHAT, N. S.

GRAND RIVER & VICINITY

(From Our Own Correspondent)

The Lewis Cove Road school is closed since January 10th, as a result of the illness of the teacher, Miss Anna Morrison. We are glad to report that Miss Morrison, who is at her home at Drummondville, is improving and expects to resume her duties very shortly.

Kenneth R. Cameron, who had been confined to his bed following his return from the Rockdale Training Camp in December, was removed to the Provincial Sanatorium on February 12th. Miss Martell, the county nurse, accompanied him to Kentville.

Ross S. Shaw has been laid up since his return from the Parkdale training camp two weeks ago. Alex J. MacLeod, who left with him on January 10th is a patient in Aberdeen Hospital, New Glasgow.

Margo, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Mackay Grand River Falls, is seriously ill with pneumonia, following measles.

Few of the young people at Grand River who had not previously had measles escaped the disease this winter.

Buy War Saving Certificates

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
CHILDREN IN THE TUB



The bathtub is an excellent spot for delicate, high-key snapshots of children—and these shots are easy with high speed film and photo bulbs.

ONE of the most popular spots in the house, for snapshots of small children, is the bathtub. It's a natural location, not only because children are particularly appealing during the daily scrub, but also because the white walls and white tub lend a bright, high-key quality to the pictures.

The walls and tub serve both as background and as a series of reflectors, completely encircling the subject. Because of all these bright reflections, the shadows are very soft and clear—exactly the effect you want in a child picture. This effect can be obtained in other shots if you use several reflectors of white cloth or cardboard, to distribute the light—and it's a point well worth remembering. Most indoor snapshots could be improved 100 percent by the use of reflectors.

When you take snapshots in the bathroom, keep your photo lights fairly high, so that the light can get down into the tub. If the bathroom is rather small, one light can often be placed in a ceiling fixture, and the other used in a bridge lamp and moved about as required. For box-camera snapshots, on high speed film, use two No. 2 flood bulbs, with one in a ceiling fixture and the other in a bridge lamp 4 feet from the subject. Or, if you prefer to use two bridge lamps with reflectors, you can keep them both 4 feet from the subject and have a No. 1 bulb in the second lamp. I prefer the No. 2 bulbs because they give twice as much light and last about three times as long.

In most bathtub snapshots, the tub should be just about as bright as the subject. If you need it a bit darker (for example, when the young subject is having a shampoo and you want the white lather to show) just bring your subject to the near edge of the tub, and tilt the reflectors down a trifle. This shades the background just enough—be careful not to darken it too much.

Follow these suggestions next time you shoot some tub pictures of the "youngest member." You'll find they help make these snapshots even more attractive.

j17 John van Guilder

THE WEEKLY NEWS FROM HOME



Have You a Son, Daughter, or Friend

52 ISSUES $2.00 IN CANADA $2.50 in U. S. A.

IN A NEARBY OR FAR OFF CITY? DO YOU NEGLECT TO WRITE—AND WHEN YOU DO WRITE DO YOU TELL ALL THE NEWS?

WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR THE RECORD AND LET IT TELL THEM THE WEEKLY NEWS OF THE OLD HOME COUNTY?

WE WRITE THE LETTER AND PAY THE POSTAGE

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

Bread helps to keep Canadians strong and vital. Delicious, nourishing bread supplies one fourth of the food energy of Canadians.

Eat more bread to meet today's emergencies with greater vitality and energy

When ordering bread specify BUTTER-NUT

BUTTER-NUT IS GOOD BREAD

Eastern Bakeries Ltd.

SEE US FIRST !!

Before Sending Away to Mail Order Houses SEE US FIRST. We Feel Sure We Can Satisfy You In PRICE and QUALITY.

We Carry A Full Line of General Merchandise All Displayed For Your Inspection.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
When In Need of Building Material We Can Supply You.

LET US FILL YOUR ORDERS

A. A. MORRISON
GENERAL STORE
ST. PETERS, — CAPE BRETON

Lumber & Building Supplies

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK IN CAPE BRETON

Most Parts of Cape Breton have trucking services running to Sydney. Get in touch with them for fast service to fill your requirements from our large stock.

SOME OF THE BUILDING SUPPLIES WE CARRY

CEMENT	LUMBER	TILE
BRICK	FINISH	LATHS
PLASTER	MOULDINGS	FIRE BRICK
CHIMNEY TOPS	GUTTER	SIDING
FLUE LINING	SHELVING	LOCK SETS
SEWER PIPE	DOUGLAS FIR	NAILS
DRAIN TILE	CEDAR POSTS	HARDWARE
LIME	CEDAR SHEATHING	SHOW CASES
CEDAR SHINGLES	WAINSCOTTING	CABINETS
ASPHALT SHINGLES	SPRUCE FLOORING	FRAMES
PAINT	BIRCH FLOORING	BALUSTERS
GLASS	PLASTER BOARD	SCREENS
PLATE GLASS	DONNACONA	SASHES
ROCK WOOL	INSUL BOARD	DOORS
CLAPBOARDS	WALL BAORD	STAIR STOCK

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Chappells Limited
SYDNEY, :-: C. B.

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Get the BEST insurance at the lowest rates that that money can buy . . . buy safe insurance.

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M. J. BOURINOT, Agent
ARICHAT, - C. B.

TRY OUR PRINTING

L'ARDOISE

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Mr. Lawrence Monbourquette who spent a few months with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pascal Monbourquette, L'Ardoise West has returned to Montreal on Monday.

Messrs Cornelius and Herman Monbourquette left for Halifax last week to seek employment.

Pte. Joseph and James Briand of the Halifax Rifles, who are now stationed in Mulgrave, spent the week-end with friends here.

Pte. Quentin Sampson, R.C.A.S., arrived from Halifax on Friday last, to attend the funeral of his uncle the late Anthony Sampson.

Pte. Abraham Briand and Walter Pottie of the C. B. Highlanders arrived from St. John, N. B. to spend their furloughs with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Briand and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A Monbourquette.

Mr. Jule Sampson of Lower L'Ardoise left for Halifax on Monday and his sister Mrs. Robert Westlake left for Truro to join her husband who is employed there.

Mrs. Jane Boudreau of Lower L'Ardoise accompanied her little daughter Agnes to St. Rita's Hospital, Sydney, where she was rushed on Monday for an appendix operation.

Mr. Daniel Peters arrived from Sydney on Tuesday to spend a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Peters.

Bernard and Mr. and Mrs. James Sampson of Halifax, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Angeline Sampson Both brothers belong to the Royal Canadian Navy.

WATCH REPAIRING



Done as it should be done, Work Guaranteed. Over 40 years experience. Prices moderate. Mail your Watch for estimate of costs. Return postage paid. Reference Royal Bank.

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The "window" effect was obtained, very simply, by having the children peer through the French door into the darkened dining room. Such stunning novel pictures.

GOOD snapshots around the home depend partly on your subjects —and partly on how you present them. Often, a clever or unusual presentation makes an excellent picture out of the most familiar subject-matter.

Take a look around the house, and note the spots or locations that will make good "settings" for pictures. The fireplace, the stairway landing, the stairway corner, the big easy chair by the bookshelves—all these are good "picture spots."

Windows and French doors are useful, too. In the daytime, a bright window can be used as a background for silhouette shots—with shades drawn on the other windows. Or, you can bring up your photo lights, to illuminate the shadow side of the subject, and thus get a bright, cheerful "high key" effect.

At night, interesting pictures can be made by having your subjects at an uncurtained window, with the photo lights at one side,—and then shooting the picture "from outside looking in."

The picture above shows the effect. However, a French door was used in this case—the children were simply peering into the dark dining-room. But the frame makes a very satisfactory window effect. It's just as if the subjects were peeping out on a pitch-dark winter night.

Try some of these effects. They're easy, with any camera—using high speed film and photo bulbs for the night shots. And they add novelty to your collection of home pictures.

310 John van Guilder



RENDZ-VOUS IN VIENNA

A Story of Romance and Adventure in Europe Immediately Prior to the Outbreak of the Present War

CHAPTER FOURTEEN— NIL DESPERANDUM

By LESLIE HAMILTON

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Conversation during the rest of the journey became very desultory, especially after darkness had fallen and the emergency lamps issued by the German authorities at Prasseau had been lighted. Most of the party were dead tired and soon dropped off to sleep, even in the cramped quarters of the crowded carriage, now faintly illuminated by flickering from the tins of solidified alcohol—burning litfully on the floor beneath the doors and window.

"So long, everybody!" Munroe said in an all-embracing farewell to the rest of the party, when the train finally rolled into the main terminus of Nurmberg and he awakened Olga, prior to gathering their three pieces of impedimentia together, and departing.

"So long!" the Americans responded in a mixed chorus of "good-lucks," "bon voyage," and "God speeds," "And happy landings," the irrepressible Mac called after them as the "Munroe's" disappeared along the corridor towards the nearest vestibule at the end of the coach.

"Watch your step," Rex cautioned, assisting Olga on to the almost invisible platform. "Talk about your blackouts; this is a pip, and no mistake about it! None of your aneamic practice twilights like they put on in dear old London just before I left, not for 'Jerry'; he's too damn thorough, I'll say that much for him."

"They're certainly efficient," she whispered sibilantly, "especially when it comes to organizing for mass murder!"

Gingerly picking a course around the piles of stackled trunks, suitcases and boxes of freight, dimly discernable in the wan glow of sparsely hung and carefully shaded blue lanterns, Munroe led the way towards the subway which crossed under the various platforms, and traversing the lone corridor which, being underground, was well lighted, in due course reached the main hall of the station, situated on the far side of number one platform.

Even here, the darkness was still unrelieved to any great extent, except for a small lighted area in front of the entrance of the main waiting room, out of which a stream of silhouetted figures continually entered or emerged, only to melt into the dark shadows with the uncanny appearance of dissolving into nothing. "Like a series of motion picture fade-outs," Rex chuckled, guiding his companion by the arm as he continued to pilot a course through the stygian gloom around them.

"I wonder if those two S.S. guards scrutinizing the passengers at Prasseau were looking for the same person as the two at Vienna, and if they were really after me?" Olga ventured in low tones as she headed for the waiting room.

"Hold everything! It looks like it!" Rex muttered, suddenly drawing her close to a huge supporting pillar of the roof, a thick, gigantic column which faded into the impenetrable darkness above them.

"What is it?" his companion exclaimed, clutching his hand in startled apprehension.

"Take a look over there, in the lighted space in front of the waiting room! See those two blighters questioning that red-headed girl? She about your own height and build too," Munroe murmured, "which doesn't look good to me at all!"

"The girl does look a bit like me, I must admit." Olga commented after careful observation of the scene. "Oh Rex! Let's get out of here quickly, before they see us!" she begged him; a hurtfible fear of the Gestapo rousing her deep-rooted instincts of self-preservation.

"Down here!" Munroe commanded, dragging her into a passage leading at right angles from the main corridors. "It certainly looks as though they are after you, and no mistake about it!" he muttered, feeling their way along by touching the nearest wall with an outstretched hand for guidance.

"What can we do?" she asked fearfully. "They'll be searching for me everywhere—and God help us if we're caught!"

"Nil desperandum! And thank our lucky stars for the blackout. The next step is to get you under cover while I think things over and figure out a new course of action."

"But where can we go? All the hotels will be under observation, and we'll be picked up as suspicious characters if we walk around all night."

"Did you ever have a Turkish bath? Rex asked quickly, an unique solution of the problem flashing through his fertile mind.

"Occasionally—yes. But what a question at a time like this!"

"A Turkish bath house is an ideal hiding place, my dear girl. By using a fictitious name and local address, it's as safe a hideout as we can possibly find. The Gestapo will never dream of looking for you in a place like that."

"But where can we find one, and what about a local address if I'm asked for it?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson, as the famous Baker street sleuth used to say to his confrere. All we have to do is find a public telephone box and look up a couple of bath houses in the advertising section of the directory. If none are listed there, you can telephone the information exchange and they will be able to tell you of two or three. Make sure you find the nearest one to the station here, we don't want to prowl around half of Nurmberg locating it after you get an address; and make sure they cater to ladies. Better ask if they have a hairdressing saloon attached too, because you'll need that attention afterwards. As for a local address, you can pick one out of the telephone book and then 'phone the bath house you select, reserving accommodation for to-night for Mrs. . . whatever you decide to call yourself."

"It's not such a silly idea as it sounded to me at first," his companion admitted. 'It will also be wise for me to stay there all day to-morrow-a natural precaution against taking a chill—and to eliminate the risk of being seen near the station in the day-time, don't you think so?"

"Yes I do. You had better stay hidden in the place to-morrow evening too, which will be easy by killing time in the hairdressing saloon. After your hair is all fixed up have a manicure, have a facial; in fact, have the whole bag of tricks if you have to waste any further daylight before leaving, but don't be later than ten o'clock, because I'll be waiting outside at that hour and all set, I hope, to push on our way."

"What will you do in the meantime?"

"I'll go to a nearby hotel. These Gestapo swine may know all about you, but, thank goodness, I'm the unknown equation so far. To-morrow I'll work out some new plan of continuing our journey in safety."

"But I'm on your passport, don't forget!"

"I know but, being alone, it's only necessary for me to fill out my own particulars on the registration slip."

"It's just that I'm so terrified of the Gestapo," Olga warned him. "They're in league with the devil himself."

"Satan takes care of his own," Rex laughed softly, "but 'del gratia,' my dear; we'll foil Messrs. Himmler and Company for a change; so let's hunt for a telephone box and get on with it."

In due course, Munroe's suggestions were successfully carried out, and he finally bid his companion good-night at the door of a ladies' Turkish bath emporium, situated not very far from the railway terminus. He was also fortunate in finding a good-sized second class hotel located quite handy, just around the corner from Olga's sanctuary. Luck was also with him in this instance, as the manager, who spoke fairly good Engish, was still on duty in the office.

The next morning after breakfast, in continuing the introductory conversation begun with the manager the night before, Rex learned that his host was also the proprietor of the hotel and an ex-soldier of the 1914-1918 campaign, although, being a German, the man had naturally fought on the opposite side to that of his guest. However, the spirit of camaradie peculiar to ex-service men the world over soon broke the ice and they were shortly chatting away as though they had known each other for many years. The man was very dejected in his views and extremely pessimistic over the general outlook of things, confessing to Rex that he was afraid the new war looming on the horizon had now become inevitable.

While they were thus discussing the major topic of conversation in most quarter of the globe during those fateful days, a couple of S.S. men entered the lobby and signified they desired to speak privately with the manager who immediately excused himself to Munroe for a few moments, and then retired to his private office in accordance with the men's request. Determined to learn whether the visit was in connection with the hunt for his partner, Rex waited until the agents of the Gestapo took their leave and, upon resuming his interrupted chat with the manager, casually asked, as though he didn't have the least idea, what particular organization the black uniformed officials represented.

"They are Himler's special service police," came the quite answer, "and very bad fellows to upset."

"It's a good thing war hasn't been declared yet, then, or I guess they would have wanted a word or two with me."

"Perhaps," the manager shrugged his shoulders. "But, strangely enough it's a German person they are notifying all hotels to watch for. Some girl who has fled from Vienna."

"Someone trying to get out of the country because of their religion, I suppose?" Munroe suggested.

"No, not this time. This girl is Ayran and from what they said is wanted very badly. She is tall, fair and good looking, well dressed, and has very noticeable red hair, according to their description. She is also without a passport; so, whoever the girl is, they are bound to get her. . . . sooner or later!"

"They shouldn't have any trouble catching her in that case," Rex remarked, with an inward crafty smile at the reference to Olga's supposed lack of papers. "Incidentally," he added, "if you will direct me to the British Consulate, I think I'll drop by there and find out what my position is likely to be, should things begin to happen before I can clear out of the country."

"I think your idea is a very good one, under the circumstances," the manager agreed, directing his patron to the diplomatic offices.

The first thing Munroe was instantly asked by a member of the Consulate staff when he drifted in, was "what the dickens he was still doing hanging around in Germany? Why hadn't he obeyed the general instructions, advising all British subjects to quit the place at once?"

After Rex explained that he was just passing through Nurmberg on his way from Vienna, the young civil servant unfroze a bit and gave him all the recent information they had on the situation. Sir Neville Henderson, the British Ambassador to Germany, was still in Berlin, but a move in Poland was expected hourly and the skeleton staff hanging on until the last moment were all packed and ready to leave at a minute's notice. "Could they help him in any way?" graciously proffered this time after their visitor had vouchsafed the information that he was on his way to London to report to the War Office.

"The only thing I require," Munroe replied, "is a sheet of note paper and an envelope, and your promise to deliver a letter in London for me should war break out and you get your walking papers. If everything blows over, however, just burn it; but on no account send it through the post from here."

"We couldn't accept any private communications of that sort."

"This letter happens to be for Sir Charles Lorne," Rex retorted tartly, "and if you don't know who he is, just ask the Consul—he'll soon tell you."

The sudden interest which the mention Sir Charles' name aroused was not lost on Munroe, who nevertheless kept his own counsel, and merely handed a sealed note to the chap behind the counter, whose attitude had now thawed out completely. With a curt good morning, Rex then turned on his heel and forthwith departed from the building with a muttered "Supercilious twrip" beneath his breath, and headed for the address of a second-hand automobile dealer which the blue-blooded scion of the "old school tie brigade" had condescended to give him.

"I suppose my 'tin lizzie' status upset his aristocratic applecart', Munroe laughed to himself, spotting the premises of one Hans Schmidt, a dealer in junk on wheels who had been highly recommended by the clerk at the Consulate.

"You savvy Englischer?" Rex demanded of the portly Hans.

"Bitte?" replied the descendant of the Schmidt family.

"Thank heaven I picked up enough German in the past few days to know 'please' when I hear it," Munroe reflected ruefully, "or I'd be stuck first shot." "Sprechen Englischer?" he tried again.

"A leetle! Aber meiner lieber Klaus sprict Englisch," the man volunteered, calling lustily to a youngster of about sixteen, who was busily cleaning a huge touring car at the end of the garage.

"How much for that light enclosed panel delivery truck?" Rex asked the tow-headed Klaus.

Followed a short colloquy in German between Schmidt senior and junior, then a query from "meiner lieber Klaus" as to whether the payment would be in American dollars. The nodding of Munroe's head in confirmation promptly unleashed another excited parley between the Schemidt's until Klaus, with popping eyes at the prospect of seeing real money and not fancy coupons, said they would make it a bargain for one hundred dollars cash. This concession was supplemented by an immediate offer from the lad to demonstrate the van so Munroe could judge what a real snap it was at such a gift price.

Accepting the invitation, their prospective customer grinned mirthfully as the usual defects of the used, misused and abused wares of second-hand car dealers the world over, such as slow leaks in rotten tires, of pep in battery or no battery at all, promptly manifested themselves; but these minor defects were eventually attended to, and then away they went for a trial spin with "mein lieber Klaus" behind the wheel.

The little Opal proved to be in fair shape, nevertheless; and appeared to be in good enough condition for his purpose, so Rex decided to take a chance and buy it. Fishing fifty dollars of the price out of his pocket as a deposit, the deal was closed as soon as they returned to the garage and the elder Schmidt, through Klaus, promised to give the van a going over, fill it with gas and oil and grease it, ready for delivery at nine thirty that evening.

Leaving the Auto-mart, Munroe next called at a reasonably priced clothing shop, recommended by the younger Schmidt, which Rex easily identified by the card in the window, announcing all and sundry that French English, Italian and Spanish were spoken inside the villainous looking establishment.

He therefore had no difficulty in securing from the swarthy Tribal merchant of dubious nationality who shuffled forward to serve him a pair of trousers, sweaters, sport jacket and cap—which he guessed would fit Olga—and a couple of heavy traveling rugs, together with a pair of jeans and a slouch hat suitable for himself.

Returning with his purchases to the hotel, Munroe was advised by the worried manager of rumours to the effect that Germany was sending a virtual 24-hour ultimatum to Poland.

"Doesn't sound very hopeful, does it?" Rex commented, offering his friendly informant a cigar from a small box of German smokes which he had also bought while attending to the other matters.

"I'm afraid the fate of Europe hangs in the balance, my friend, and if I were you I should make for Belgium without further delay," the innkeeper advised in friendly warning.

"I thought we were close to curtain time," his patron thanked him, informing the hotel owner that he was leaving immediately after dinner. Paying his bill and ordering a taxi or the run to Schmidt's when the me for his departure arrived Munroe warmly thanked the proprietor for the latter's pleasant surprise in the form of a small basket packed with sandwiches and fruit, etc., which had been prepared for his guest to eat on the railroad journey to the frontier.

"It is a pleasure, Herr Munroe," the manager replied in answer to the expressions of appreciation extended in return for his thoughtfulness, "to be able to repay in some small way a little of the kindness shown to me during my two years in England as a prisoner of war. I only trust," he added with a wan smile, "that I may have the pleasure of seeing you back in Nurmberg when the happier days we all hope for returned."

With a cordial "Auf Wiedersehen," Rex bid the kindly hotelman goodbye, and, giving the taxi driver the address of Herr Schmidt, printed on the receipt for his deposit on the van, carefully noted the route followed by the driver on the short run to the used car depot.

Darkness was falling by the time Munroe finished taking delivery of the truck and, with the luggage and his additional purchases stowed inside, started on his way back to the vicinity of the hotel. This he eventually reached—after losing his way once or twice—but, finally on familiar ground again, he found the corner around which the bath house was situated without any further difficulties. Parking the van a short distance from the entrance, he adjusted the shaded lamps on the side —all that were permitted during the darkness under the blackout regulations—and then posted himself to await Olga's appearance, which, all being well, was due at any moment.

He was not kept waiting very long, promptly at ten o'clock his companion emerged from the exit of the swanky institution as well turned out —Rex greeted her—as a Mollyneaux model on parade. "The overhaul has done wonders for your ladyship," he remarked in humorous comment, "which is a pity, in one way, as you're going to turn gypsy and waste all the expensive beauty service," motioning for her to enter the dilapidated truck standing by the curbside.

"Good heavens, what's this!" she ejaculated with a startled glance of su prise at the battered remains of once proud example of Herr Opel's handiwork.

"This, dear lady" (with a hearty laugh at her astonishment, "is your Pullman special for all points west. So hop in and let's go, the engineer is waiting," assisting her into the vehicle with as much flourish as if it were a Rolls Royce. Climbing in beside her as soon as his charge was safely seated, Munroe revved the idling motor to a speed sufficient to engage the clutch, and gingerly engaging the gears, started their caravan on the next lap of their journey to the German border.

"You're simply full of surprise, aren't you?" Olga exclaimed merrily as the van ambled slowly along, the now darkened streets of th city. "Have you a baby aeroplane tucked away in the back by any chance?" she ventured, smiling inwardly to herself at her companion's resourcefulness.

"Sorry, I'm a Kiwi in that respect." "And what is a Kiwi, might I ask?" "An Australian bird which cannot fly." Rex retorted in a soft, droll voice as they struck a major highway.

(To Be Continued)

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