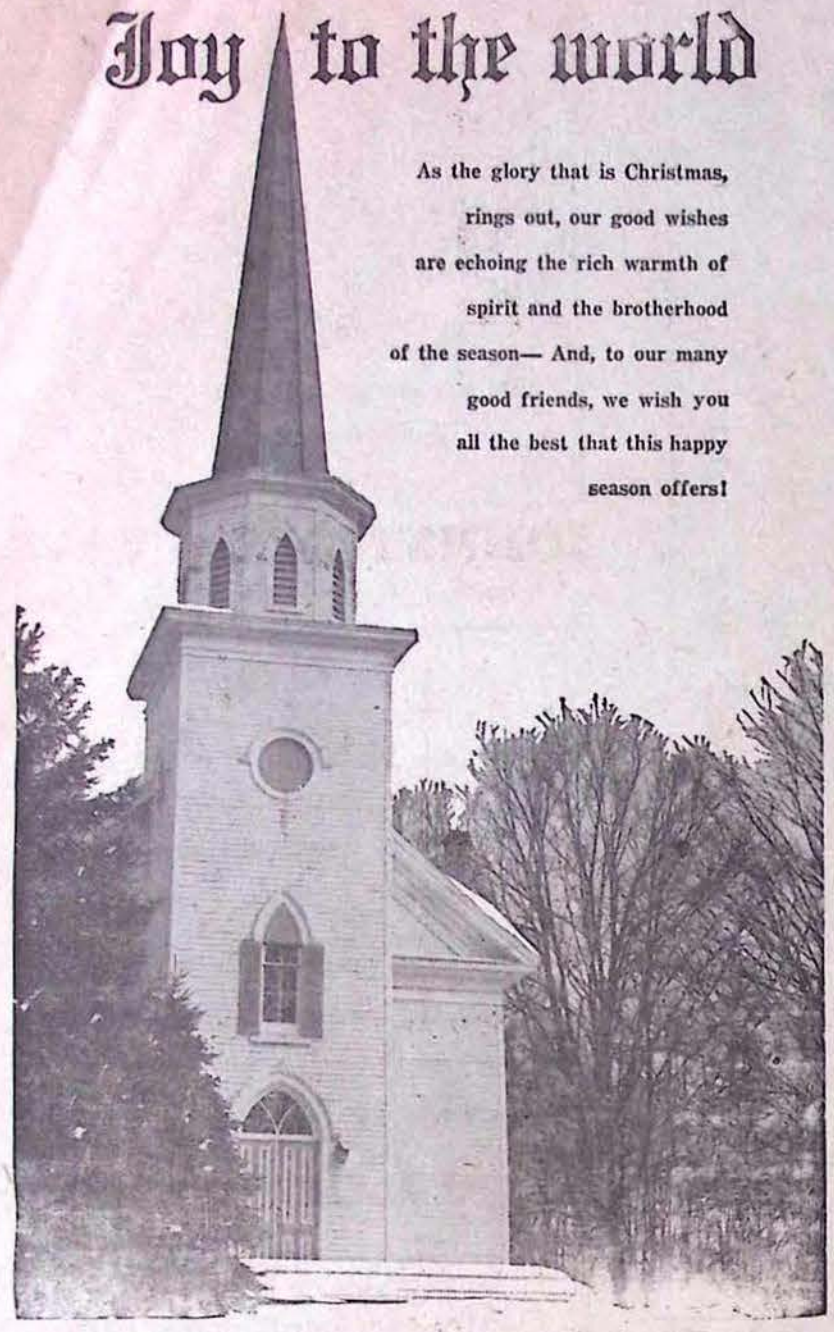
Joy to the world

As the glory that is Christmas, rings out, our good wishes are echoing the rich warmth of spirit and the brotherhood of the season— And, to our many good friends, we wish you all the best that this happy season offers!



ERNEST S. THOMPSON
LIMITED
PONTIAC « BUICK « GMC TRUCK
Main Street, ST. PETER'S, C. B.

JOYEUX Noel



Nous, l'Administration et Personnel de la Boulangerie de Lynch, envoyons nos meilleurs souhaits de Noel a tous les lectuers du Journal "Richmond County Record."

Nous apprecions beaucoup le patronage donne par les bons gens du Conte Richmond, et nous esperons qu'ils continueront a nous favoriser de leurs commandes pendant l'anne 1955.

Que la nouvelle Anne soit une Annee de sante, bonheur, paix et prosperite pour tous!

DON LYNCH, President
W. T. LYNCH & Sons, Ltd.
Sydney, N. S.



By Maud McCurdy Welch

TOMORROW was Christmas and Tommy was worried. It hadn't snowed at all, and if there was no snow to shovel, how could he make any money for Christmas?

Tommy lived in the neat farm cottage with his Uncle Pete and Aunt Lucy. Aunt Lucy had just told him he could go over and see Jimmy Reeder but be sure to be back by five o'clock. So Tommy started walking slowly toward the Reeder farm, as he had a lot of thinking to do.

In the small sitting room Aunt Lucy and Uncle Pete were talking. Aunt Lucy insisted that two dollars was an awful lot to pay for a dog. They were poor people after all and could only afford to give Tommy sensible things.

Uncle Pete thought Tommy should have the puppy he wanted. He was only seven, and needed a playmate.

Tommy was walking along still slowly, trying not to think how wonderful it would be if he could have this little puppy. His name was Blaze, and he was a runt; that's why he cost only two dollars. Tommy thought how the pup would frolic along beside him and wag his tail, and how they'd race over the fields when spring was here. But no use thinking about Blaze. He had to get a job.

It was when he was passing the big house where Mr. Robert That-



"Could you give it to me in new shiny dollars," Tommy said.

cher lived, that the idea came. Tommy went in and asked Mr. Thatcher for a job. Mr. Thatcher was said to be a bad-tempered, stingy old man, but Tommy wasn't going to be afraid of him. He said, "I need some Christmas money, and I thought you might give me a job to do."

The old man asked grumpily, "What do you want for Christmas?"

His Xmas Wish

Tommy explained about the dog and Mr. Thatcher said, "All right, you can go to work in the orchard, cleaning out under the trees."

Tommy found the rake and other tools and went to work with vim. A little before five, the job was done. Mr. Thatcher took a look at it, and said he'd earned the two dollars.

"Could you give it to me in new shiny dollars?" Tommy asked.

The old man nodded. "Thought you were going to buy a puppy?"

"Nope. Can't have the puppy. Christmas is for giving."

The old man put two silver dollars in his hand. He said softly, "Glad you reminded me, Tommy. I'd almost forgotten."

Then it was Christmas. After breakfast Tommy proudly laid a shining silver dollar in Aunt Lucy's hand and one in Uncle Pete's. They were both so surprised for a moment they didn't speak. Then Aunt Lucy nodded at Uncle Pete. He left the room and they heard the chugging of the old Ford as it went down the lane.

"The dollar shines pretty, doesn't it?" Tommy asked.

"It's beautiful, Tommy. Thank you." Aunt Lucy's voice sounded choked up.

The Real Thing

When Uncle Pete came back, he gave Tommy two packages, mittens from Aunt Lucy and shoes from Uncle Pete. "Just what I needed," Tommy exclaimed and gave them both a big hug. Uncle Pete cleared his throat. "Tommy, your real present is on the back porch in a basket."

It was Blaze, the puppy. Tommy gave a cry of joy. He ran back to the sitting room, the puppy in his arms. "Oh, thank you, Uncle Pete. Thank you, Aunt Lucy. Thank you a million!"

But that wasn't all. An hour later a car stopped outside and a chauffeur brought in a big basket of fruit and one filled to the brim with wonderful things to eat. Even a turkey. There was a note, which read:

"Christmas is for giving. I wish you all a very Happy Yuletide." It was signed Robert Thatcher.

Aunt Lucy and Uncle Pete looked at each other in amazement. Then Uncle Pete said, "Well, Robert Thatcher certainly did get the Christmas spirit, didn't he?"

"Everybody is so good," Tommy said. He looked down at the puppy which was now asleep in his lap.



May your Christmas holiday be filled with joy and fun...
And may the coming New Year, be your very nicest one!

MacDonald's Market
EARL MacDONALD, Prop.
St. Peter's, Cape Breton



Because it's Christmas,
and you're all so nice to know,
From our firm to your home,
our friendly wishes go!

L. H. CHERNIN & Sons Ltd.
Wholesale Grocers, GLACE BAY



There's no time like
CHRISTMAS
for extending our sincere wishes for the best of everything in the coming year!

St. Peter's *Rexall* Drug Store
DONALD STONE, Registered Druggist
Phone 20 - - ST. PETER'S, C. B.



To our friends and patrons:
May your days be filled with
notes of good cheer...for
the holiday and coming year!

FOUGERE'S GARAGE
WALTER FOUGERE
RIVER BOURGEOIS, - - Cape Breton

a STRING of LIGHTS

By Don Wheeler

WE WERE in a dust covered box that sat in the corner of Mr. Barker's attic. All through the year no one ever bothered about us, but now, at Christmas time, we knew that once again we would be the center of attraction Grumbling and gruntmg, Mr. Barker lifted our box into his arms and started down the attic stairs.

Being a rather plump fellow with a stomach that protruded so far he couldn't see his feet, he was, I regret to say, somewhat clumsy. About half way down the stairs he stumbled and our box went tumbling down the stairs. I was uninjured, but I'm afraid some of my friends suffered from the fall. A few minutes later we were all unpacked and laid on the huge dining room table.

"Well now, let's see, John," said Mrs. Barker. "We can use this string of lights, and this string and, oh! We don't want to use this old string again, John! They've been around here for years. Throw them out in the trash with these other things that were broken when you fell."

I was shocked! For years I had been used to decorate the Barker's Christmas tree, and now, simply because I was getting a little old, they were throwing me out! It is true that my popularity with the Barkers had declined through the years. When I was new I was used at the top, but each year



About halfway down the stairs he stumbled and our box went tumbling down the stairs.

I seemed to find myself placed lower and lower on the tree

Unwanted Home

My friends, most of them broken in tiny pieces, and myself were cast upon the trash pile in the alley I felt sorry for them They had many years of use ahead of them had Mr Barker been more careful, but now they could never be used again But what of me" I wasn't broken; only a little old

For two days I lay on the trash pile with my broken friends and then, on the third day a small child, who seemed to be searching the trash cans in the alley to see if he could find something of value came upon me With a cry of delight he gathered me into his tiny hands and scampered out of the alley and to the edge of the small town, where he lived in a broken down little old house

How glad were his brothers and sisters when they saw me! That evening they trimmed their tiny tree, it was scarcely three feet tall, and I was the principle item of decoration One of my lights was placed at the top of the tree and the rest were wound in and about from top to bottom Then the tree was placed in the front window and for the first time in my life I was given the task of lighting an entire tree

That evening it snowed and snowed and the wind whistled harshly about the corners of the house. I was glad that I was in a warm house instead of being on the trash pile in the alley

A Visitor Comes

Suddenly there was a loud rap on the door When Mr Cullen opened it I heard a man's voice ask, "Have you seen the Granger boy? He was out playing this afternoon and hasn't come home yet We think he's become lost in the storm The whole town is out looking for him Would you like to help Mr Cullen?"

Mr Cullen quickly put on his coat and scarf and followed the man into the dark cold night They had been gone only about twenty minutes when again there was a knocking at the door When Mrs Cullen opened it in stepped a tall man, carrying a boy in his arms The boy's ears and nose were blue from the cold and his teeth chattered

"Mrs Cullen," said the man, "this is Tommy Granger I'd like to leave him here while I go tell his parents we've found him and send word to the others to stop searching It's no wonder he was lost in a storm like this I was almost lost myself until I saw the light from your tree in the window"

How proud I was when I heard those words My lights seemed to brighten and shine as they had never done before, especially the one at the very top of the tree

Sporting Mountain Echoes

Date of writing is December ninth.

The prevailing weather here is seasonably cold, but there is not enough snow to spoil the motoring on Sporting Mountan highways.

Flu is epidemic throughout the countryside, and Seaview is not immune to it.

We were glad to see our competent teacher, Mrs. MacPhee, who was stricken with a severe attack for a few days resume her duties.

Leonel LeBlanc has been to and from Sydney during the week transfering coal to local customers.

Samuel Boudreau has been kept busy this fall harvesting a bumper crop of superior quality turnips which were in good demand.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morrison were motor visitors to the LeBlanc home Tuesday evening and thus were we glad to learn that Mrs. Vitus Burke had made a good recovery from her recent illness.

A. W. H. McDonald was a passenger to Hawker in the mail conveyance Thursday evening.

Conversation is stimulating to a depr ssed nervous system, and we enjoyed Arthur Fougere's company for an extended stay Saturday night.

Miss Leora McLeod and Miss Kaye McPhail drove to St. Peters the other day with a horse and carriage.

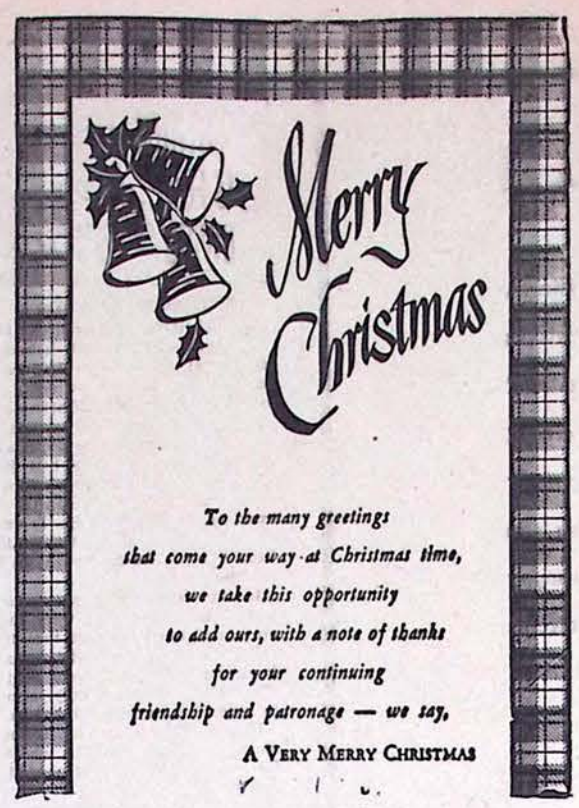
That's the way we all went there some forty years ago.

How nice it was!

Though not generally susceptible to "Flu", it didn't by pass us this time, and for a couple of days we were hard hit.

We are grateful to Mrs. Samuel Boudreau for manifestng her usual in a sick neighbor.

D. A. S.



To the many greetings that come your way at Christmas time, we take this opportunity to add ours, with a note of thanks for your continuing friendship and patronage — we say,

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

J. W. STEPHENS Limited
Phone the LUMBER NUMBER 5554
Woodworkers & Builders
BUILDERS Supplies
SYDNEY ... NOVA SCOTIA
The Only Unionized Lumber Dealer in Nova Scotia



To our many friends: best wishes for a very Merry Christmas!

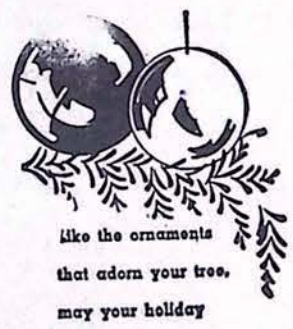
JOHNSTON'S GARAGE
F. M. JOHNSTON, Proprietor ST. PETER'S, Cape Breton

4% Paid on Deposits

THE WALKER FINANCIAL COMPANY
Port Hawkesbury, C. B.
G. S. WALKER, Manager
Investments, Fire and Life Insurance

Sydney-Arichat Bus Schedule
Effective June 27th.
Until Further Notice
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS
Leaves Arichat, 8.15 a.m. Leaves Sydney, 5 p.m.
Saturday 6.00 p.m.
GORDON BUS SERVICE

The Corner Store
We carry a good fresh stock of Choice Groceries—so let us fill your orders.
FLOUR and FEED HARDWARE
PAINTS Interior and Exterior.
W. S. URQUHART
"Fair Deal Store"
GRAND ANSE, - Cape Breton



like the ornaments that adorn your tree, may your holiday celebration be festooned with fun and gaiety.

PAULA PRODUCTS
We are agents for the famous Paula Products on Isle Madame. Wait for our visit to your home Medicinal products, Food and Cosmetics.
CLIFFORD GEORGE, Agent
Janvrin's Harbor, C. B.



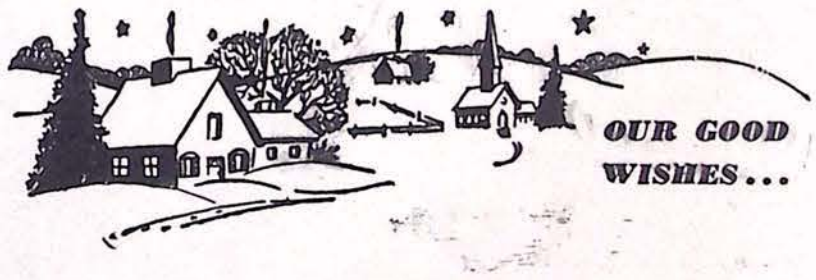
MERRY CHRISTMAS
To our Friends and Customers and may your New Year be Bright and Happy.
O. G. LeBLANC
D'ESCOUSSE, CaPe Breton

W. S. Urquhart
GRAND ANSE, Cape Breton



from:
Arichat Restaurant
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Jones

Merry Christmas



We the Management and Staff of Lynch's Bakery, Sydney, wish to extend to all the readers of the "Richmond County Record" our sincere wish for a Happy and Blessed Christmastide.

We deeply appreciate the loyal patronage given us by the good people of Richmond County, and we look forward to supplying them with the same high quality bakery products and efficient delivery service throughout 1956.

May the NEW YEAR be filled with good health, happiness, peace and prosperity for all!

DON LYNCH, President
W. T. LYNCH & Sons Ltd.
Sydney, N. S.



Merry Christmas

May Christmas Be All You Wish it to be and may the New Year be filled with good health and happiness for each and everyone of you.

Earl W. Urquhart, M. L. A.

Merry Christmas



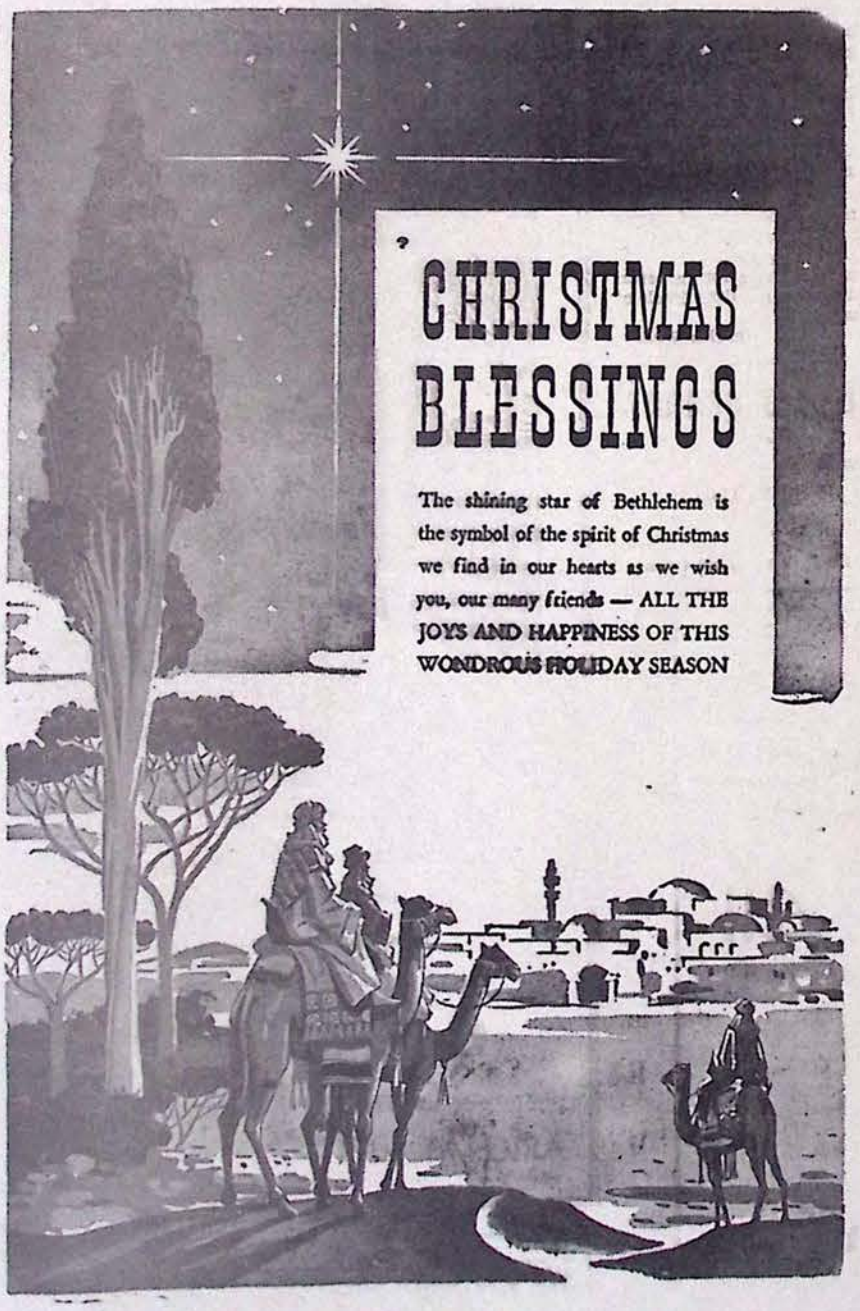
Hi there!
May your
CHRISTMAS
be merry!

MARTELL'S GARAGE
C. J. MARTELL, Proprietor
LEO MARTELL, Sales & Service
PONDVILLE, C. B.



To you - our patrons
and neighbors -
we wish all of the
good cheer of
the Yuletide season.

Ted's Service Station
TED NEIFORTH, Proprietor
ST. PETER'S, Cape Breton



AGATHE BOUDREAU
GROCERIES — FRUIT — CONFECTIONERY
ARICHAT, C. B.

Merry Christmas

This is the season of good will to be shared by new friends and old. It is in this spirit that we extend our sincerest wishes for a very merry Christmas to all.

Cosy Corner Restaurant
Joe Mancini, Proprietor
ST. PETER'S, N. S.



May yours be a holiday overflowing with happiness and good cheer.

At this time of year we think more vividly of our friends and more especially do we remember the good people of Isle Madame whom we served for many years in the passenger and freight service between Arichat and Mulgrave.

TO ALL OUR ISLE MADAME FRIENDS WE EXTEND OUR BEST WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

W. N. MacDONALD
SYDNEY, - - Cape Breton

CHAUFFEURS LICENSES EXPIRE DECEMBER 31

BE SURE. Renew your license now and avoid inconvenience and delay. Detach the renewal form from your present license, sign it, noting any change of address, and send it with $6.00 (by money order or cheque) to the Motor Vehicle Branch, Provincial Building, Halifax, Nova Scotia. There will be no extension of time after December 31.

RENEWAL APPLICATIONS SHOULD REACH THE MOTOR VEHICLE OFFICE BEFORE DECEMBER 20 TO ENSURE DELIVERY BEFORE DECEMBER 31.

LICENSE FEE
$6.00

1956 MOTOR VEHICLE PLATES or Revalidation Strips And Permits Will Be Available On And After December 21.

E. S. CAMPBELL, Registrar of Motor Vehicles
Department of Highways & Public Works

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Shirley Sargent

RALPH RANSOME, a forceful looking, dark-haired man of about fifty, left the office early Christmas Eve There was no use staying, he reflected almost bitterly, the office staff had been having a Christmas party since noon on company time His family accused him of not having any Christmas spirit Well, the office staff had too much of it

The gaily decorated streets were lighted as he walked along the downtown area Hurrying crowds seemed to be in a gay mood Ralph remembered the Christmas of his own youth He lived on a ranch with four other brothers and sisters, an aunt, two fatherless cousins and his parents With that many mouths to feed, they were lucky to find a dime, an orange,



He felt excited. This was fun And challenging, too.

nuts and a hand-knit pair of socks in their stockings

Now it was vastly different Ralph thought Christmas was commercial and presents elaborate, often useless Molly his wife, bought the gifts for their three children A less brilliantly lighted store window attracted him. Sports equipment was exhibited Ralph remembered his boy's shout of pleasure last Christmas when he had opened something he wanted particularly. "Gee, dad, how did you know? Just exactly what I wanted"

And Ralph had to say, in honesty, "Thank your mother, son, I just work here."

Julie, his nineteen-year-old, had burst out, "Oh, daddy, it just isn't any fun when you don't take part. You don't even know what you're giving us."

After All, He Paid

Well, who paid for it? Ralph thought now So long as they got what they wanted but did they? Maybe Julie and Jim had been trying to show him that they wanted something from him Something he picked out Ralph thought again of his boyhood presents that had been made especially for him Why, he realized that was what made them special

The children were right then All he did was pay for their gifts This year he could pay double and take a chance that he would choose things they liked It was supposed to be the thought, not the gift that counted anyway Why, last Christmas it was that Jim had given him that awful pipe rack But Ralph had accepted it with pleasure and still displayed it in a prominent place because Jim had worked hard to make something he could use And the ill-fitting, hand-knitted socks from Martha Those gifts had meant more to him than any store-wrapped package could He turned and hurried into the store

Getting The Spirit

Ralph shopped carefully among the jostling crowds He thought carefully as to whether the gift would be practical or not, appreciated or not Molly was first and that was easy for Ralph knew she had wanted a watch for years The children were harder Julie was in college She had everything No, wait She loved music, the type Ralph had no patience for A Brahms symphony wasn't entirely practical, but he knew it would be appreciated

He felt excited This was fun Challenging too Other shoppers' faces reflected his own growing excitement Next, year, he vowed he and Molly would shop together He backtracked to the camera department Martha, their seven year-old was a photography fan He bought several rolls of film and a "How To" book Then Jim The boy lacked coordination yet liked sports A basketball and a punching bag That ought to do it

Later, as he let himself in the house, Ralph could hardly wait to see their faces tomorrow But he didn't need to wait As he placed the packages around the tree, Julie's delighted squeal brought the rest of the family in When he turned around, he met four pairs of shining eyes that expressed their affection more clearly in words

"Gee, dad," Jim sputtered, "you finally got the Christmas spirit."

Ralph smiled back at them warmly, "Guess it's catching, and incurable."



By Dorothy Boys Killan

THE TELEPHONE rang just as Chris Jackson had climbed up on the stool to put the silver star on the very tip-top of the fragrant green fur tree

"It's for you, Chris," Karen said a moment later Some strange man."

"They told me here at the drug store," a voice came to him over the wire, "that you might be able to fix up my car. Something's gone seriously wrong with the clutch, and my wife and I are on the way to Detroit for the holidays."

"I'm sorry, Sir, but we don't have night service at my garage. We're all locked up for the night, and my assistant has gone out of town."

"Can't you come down yourself?" the voice persisted.

"Tell you what," Chris suggested. "There's a train through here at 10:00, and it's only an hour's run to Detroit. Why don't you take it on in to the city and leave your car here. I'll get at it first thing the morning after Christmas, and you can get someone to drive you down for it then."

"The hitch is," the stranger replied, "that we've got a new bicycle and a lot of other unwrapped gifts for our grandchildren crammed into the back seat. In fact, we're playing Santa, and we've simply got to get that stuff under their tree tonight."

Chris glanced into the living room and saw Karen holding the star, confidently waiting for him to return to their trimming party

He was about to say into the



"Maybe someday you'll have a garage with all the latest and best," Mr. Baxter said.

phone, "I simply can't make it," when a vision of those unknown children in Detroit crowded into his mind. When a little fellow is expecting to see a shiny new bicycle under the tree . . . and then it isn't there—

A Finished Task

An hour and a half later he straightened up beside the gleaming black Cadillac, wiped his greasy hands on an old rag and said, "There you are, Mr. Baxter. You'll get that bicycle delivered in plenty of time now."

"Yes, if I can pry my wife loose from your house," the portly gentleman's eyes twinkled. "When I left there a few minutes ago, she and your Karen were in the midst of the coziest coffee huddle you ever saw. It certainly was nice of you to send us up there to wait."

"Oh, well, it was too cold in this garage tonight to have you people stand around for a couple of hours," Chris said diffidently.

"Maybe some day you'll have a garage with all the latest and the best." Mr. Baxter smiled. "Like warm waiting rooms and 24 hour service."

Chris sighed. "I'm just getting started, you know, and of course there's another older garage already established in the village."

"I know there is." Mr. Baxter looked grim. "As a matter of fact, I called them first, and they wouldn't open up tonight for love nor money. The owner was having a party or something and just couldn't be bothered."

"Well, you know how it is," Chris murmered.

A Good Return

"I know how you are," the gentleman said firmly "And because of that I also know what I'm going to do. Here's my card—"

Chris looked at the white slip and let out a low whistle. "State Auto Club. Harold F. Baxter, 1st Vice President."

"We've been wondering about the advisability of designating an official garage for the Club in this vicinity, now that the new road goes through here," Mr. Baxter went on. "And after tonight, I know we need one."

Chris couldn't help gasping. "You mean—?"

"Yes, I mean you," Mr. Baxter said. "It's dependable people like you we want on our books. And I'm certainly going to recommend your company for the position."

Chris grinned. "My company is just me and a part time assistant right now, but with the advertising your outfit will give us, we'll really begin to grow up. I just can't tell you what this means to me—"

"Let's get back to the women," Mr. Baxter interrupted in friendly gruffness. "I'd like another cup of that coffee."



May we convey
our sincerest hopes
that you, our friends,
will enjoy a most
happy, cheerful Holiday!

Boudreau's Garage

Lorenzo Boudreau, Prop. Arichat, C. B.



Season's Greetings

On this our first CHRISTMAS in business it affords us great pleasure to extend to our many customers our sincere wish for A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and thanking them for their valued patronage.

May the New Year hold for you all every happiness.

J. V. BOUDREAU

GENERAL MERCHANT

Phone 20 ARICHAT, N. S.



Merrie Christmas to All

In the spirit of friendship and good will
that is Christmas . . . we thank our many
customers for their continued patronage!
To all, our most sincere wishes for holiday joy!

Clark Kaplan and Staff

Kaplan's Clothing & Richmond Motors

ST. PETER'S, Cape Breton

AROUND OUR HOUSE

by Bill and Eileen Lovett

Christmas shopping .. Christmas cooking .. and Christmas entertaining! As usual, there's more than enough excitement in the holiday season to last the year round. But after all's said and done, the real fun of Christmas comes not from what we spend on gifts but from the time we spend with our family and friends at home.

From the Lovett's to all our friends (actually more than 250-000 readers)— the happest Christmas ever!

It may not sound very glamorous but the fact is that most of the last minute Christmas shopping is done in drug stores and hardware stores. Honestly, I find them about the likeliest places in town for gifts to fill a Chrismas stocking.

How about making sure now that you take those Christmas party and Christmas eve photographs. Here are some tips on indoor photography: Leave the room lights on, as they help intensify the flash. In fact, if the walls are a dark color, the more light the better.

Your subject should be at least six feet from the camera. Discourage the subject, especially if its children from posing. Ask them to talk and don't let them stare at the camera. Be sure you take several shots of each subject.

Incidentally, photoflash batteries are far better than ordinary flashlight batteries. They cost only a few pennies more but give much better results and, also, you get many more pictures per battery. So they are actually cheaper in the long run.

During the holiday season there will be many a dish washing chore of roasts and broiler pans. It takes just a moment to sprinke a layer of detergent over the pan right after you remove the food. Then put a wet paper towel over the detergent. You'll find it makes washing so much easier later on.

Every winter Bill stores two or three gunny sacks in the trunk of the car. They serve him well whenever the car gets mired in mud or slush. By the way, an Eveready flashlight is a useful gift for any motorist.

Here's a quick, no fuss, no muss "shortcake" family and friends will enjoy. Fill, fresh do-nuts with crushed fruit in the center and top with whipped cream.

So that you can catch an hour or so more sleep on Christmas morning why not have Santa Claus fill the children's Christmas stockings and leave them at their bedside? When they wake up, as they do early Christmas morning they spend a happy hour of exploration.

Bill says: The easiest way to teach children the value of money is to borrow some from them.

—oOo—

Men always hope for a better world when they see the miracle of Christmas.

Charles Wells

EARL W. URQUHART

LL.B.,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR.

NOTARY, ETC.

• • •

WEST BAY, Richmond County



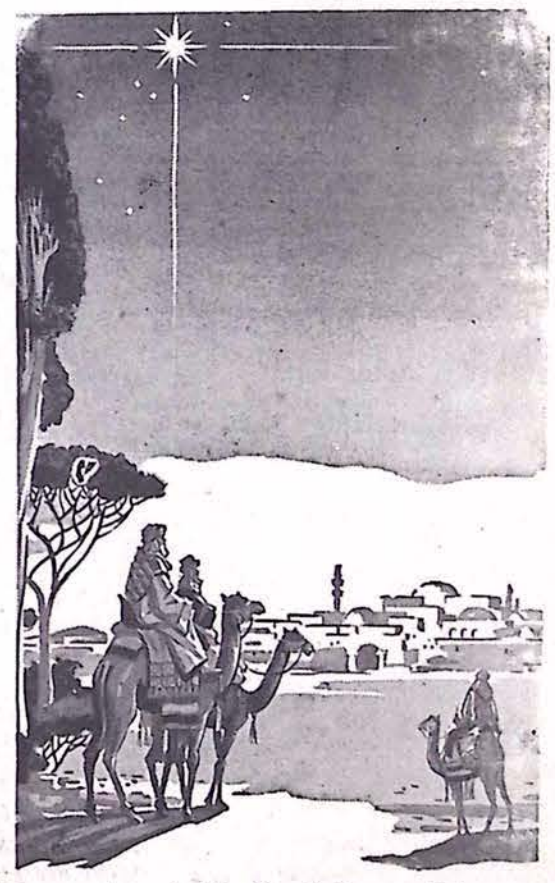
Best Wishes for Christmas

As all hearts echo and re-echo the joyous words "Merry Christmas", we wish to join in the spirit of the season and add our greetings to all the rest. And may the New Year bring you every happiness, too!

MacLean's Grocery

A. O. MacLEAN

St. Peter's, C. B.



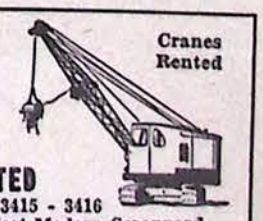
Just as the Wise Men of old were guided
on their holy journey by
the wondrous brightness of a shining star,
so may our good wishes
guide our many friends to a happy
time to come — blessed with
the spiritual gladness of the holiday
and its happy memories.

G. J. LeBLANC

General Merchant

ARICHAT, - - Cape Breton

We Pay More For Your
SCRAP METALS including
Brass, Copper, Lead, Iron, Steel,
Batteries, Radiators, etc.
Write — Wire — Phone!



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