Richmond County Record

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT"

An Independent Journal Devoted Solely in the Interest of Richmond County

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR—Founded 1897 THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD, ARICHAT, C. B., DECEMBER 23, 1961



Richmond County Record.

Established 1897
Printed in our own plant.

(Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.)

Subscription rates to any part of Canada $2.00; United States $3.00 per year. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

No responsibility is assumed by this newspaper for opinions expressed by correspondents.

MARSHALL J. BOURINOT
Editor and Publisher

ARICHAT, C. B., Canada
DECEMBER 23, 1961

Of Many Things

By AMBROSE HILLS

PRINTING THE CHRISTMAS EDITION

As I write this column the weekly newspapers across the land are busy putting together their Christmas issue and it is easy to imagine the madhouse in the back room. TV dramatists who want to picture excitement of newspaper life ought to forget the big dailies and visit a weekly newspaper when the Christmas issue has to be prepared, together with countless special job printing orders and the regular issue of the paper. Some papers use color for the special issue and that further complicates the process.

Finally, when Christmas week comes, out goes the paper. Everybody in the shop from the high school apprentice, the linotype operator to the editor (who has bustled about like a clucking hen through it all), sighs with relief and waits - waits just a bit wistfully to see if their hometowners appreciate the job.

I'm here to tell you that they do. And the out-of-town subscribers appreciate it too. I continue to get the old hometown paper, and I like the Christmas issue even more than I did when I was a lad. I read the advertise-

(Continued on last page)

Arichat-Sydney Daily Bus Service

(Except Sundays and Holidays)

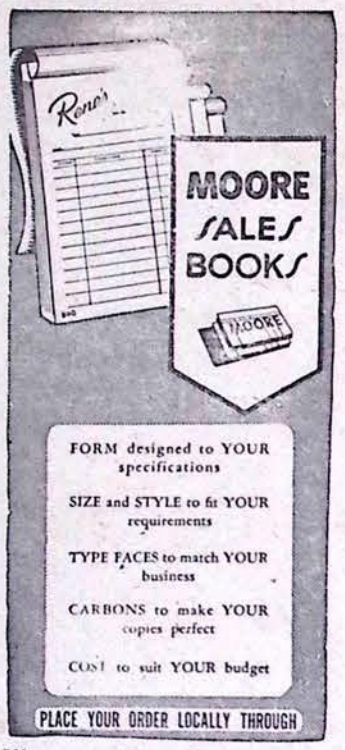
Leave Arichat	8.30 a.m.
Leave Grand Anse	9.00 a.m.
Leave St. Peter's	10.00 a. m.
Leave Big Pond	11.00 a.m.
Arrive Sydney	11.30 a.m.

Leave Sydney Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 5 p.m.

Leave Sydney: — Friday and Saturday at 6 p.m.

Tickets can be purchased in Sydney, at Acadia Coach Lines, where a rest room is provided for the Arichat Bus Service.

G. A. LeBLANC
Operator - Sydney



We carry in stock a supply of Stock Books at all times.

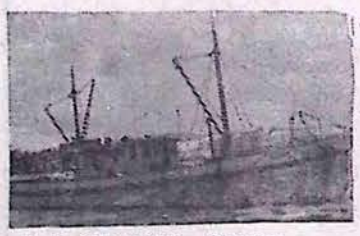
RICHMOND RECORD
Phone 29 Arichat, N. S.

THE Carleton HOTEL
IN DOWNTOWN HALIFAX
Just walking distance to Business Centre
EXCELLENT DINING ROOM
Catering to Provincial People
A LIMITED NUMBER OF EFFICIENCY UNITS AVAILABLE
ARGYLE and PRINCE STS. — HALIFAX, N. S.

m. v. VANAHEIM

Daily Except Sunday
(subject to weather conditions)
MOTOR SHIP FREIGHT SERVICE
- MULGRAVE
- QUEENSPORT
- ISLE MADAME

Also Overland Passenger Service daily except Sunday — Isle Madame C.N.R. Station to Macintyre Lake



A. J. LANGLEY, jr., Manager, Port Hawkesbury, N.S
J. B. RICHARD, Agent
ARICHAT, N. S. Phone 148
L. A. SAMSON,
Phone 1-3, Petit de Grat, N.S.

S. J. BRADSHAW; R.P.A.
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR
Main Street Port Hawkesbury, N. S

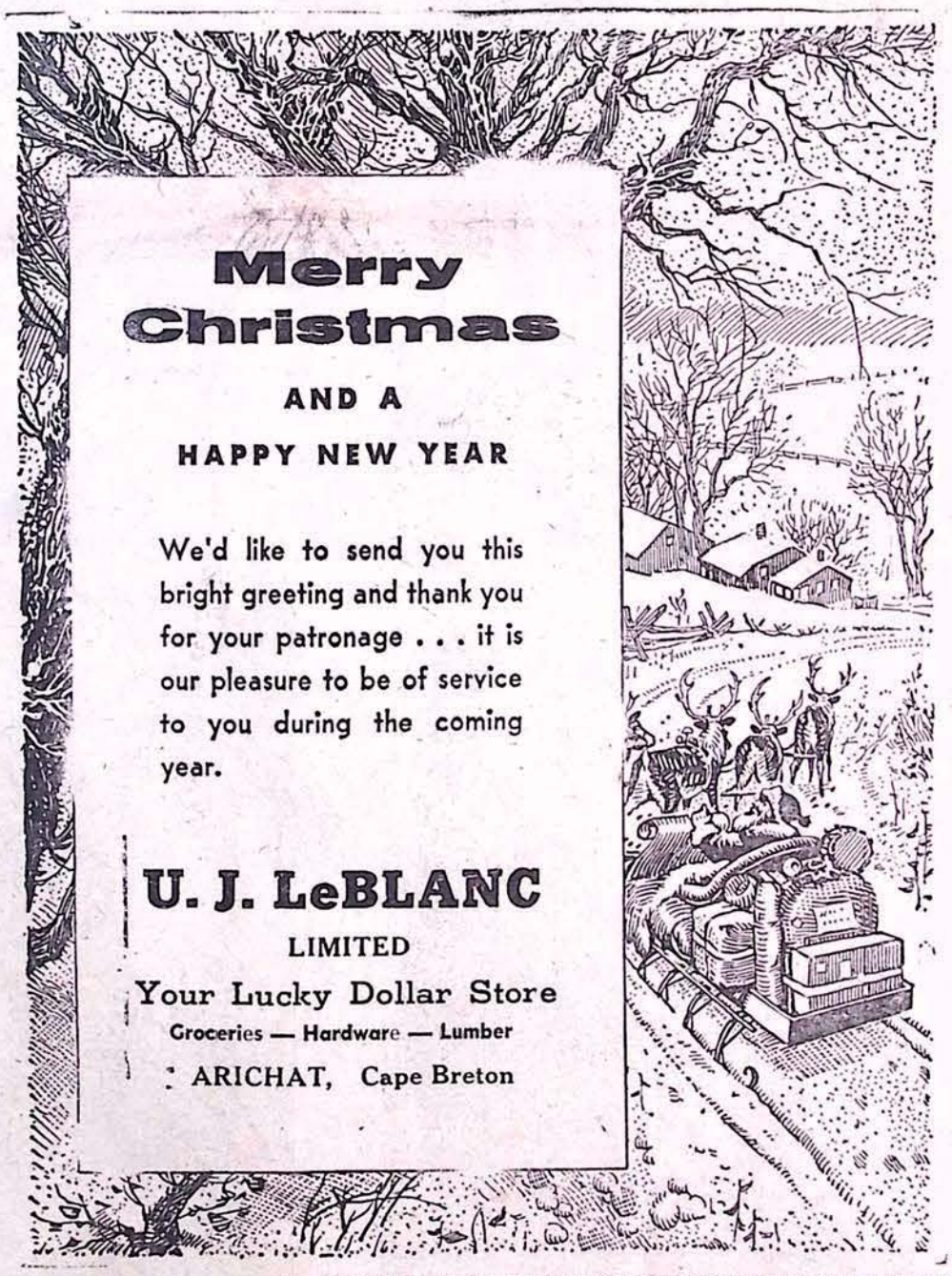
WILFRED C. FORGERON
FIRE & AUTO INSURANCE
WEST ARICHAT, N. S. Phone 166
Representative
Halifax Insurance Company
Canada's Oldest Insurance Co.
Agent
Douglas Rogers, General Agents



As another year passes by, we sincerely hope our many patrons and friends enjoy the merriest Christmas they've ever had!

W. J. FOUGERE
GENERAL MERCHANT
POULAMON, — — Cape Breton

Your Christmas Store
THE WESTERN TIRE AND AUTO SUPPLY STORE AT ST. PETERS, WILL BE OPEN EVERY NIGHT DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK.
WE INVITE YOU TO OUR STORE WHERE YOU WILL FIND GIFTS GALORE FOR EVERYONE
Associate Dealer
MILTON ANDERSON
ST. PETERS, - - Cape Breton



Merry Christmas
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

We'd like to send you this bright greeting and thank you for your patronage . . . it is our pleasure to be of service to you during the coming year.

U. J. LeBLANC
LIMITED
Your Lucky Dollar Store
Groceries — Hardware — Lumber
ARICHAT, Cape Breton

FIRE! FIRE! —Will you be warned in time to save your loved ones? Wonder Fire Alarm— will alarm even thru power failures. Controlld by Thermostat which sets off alarm when temperature reaches 145 degrees. Easily tested for continuous operation. Simple to install. If not satisfied return in 10 days for refund. Send money order for $5.95 which will include postage and tax. Max Harding, P. O. Box 338, Liverpool, N. S.

HOUSE FOR SALE or RENT situated at River Bourgeois, Richmond County, N. S. For particulars apply to P. O. Box 16, St. Peters, N. S. or Telephone 98, St. Peters, N. S.



Greetings
WE WANT TO THANK ALL OUR FRIENDS FOR THEIR [illegible] AND PATRONAGE
Isle Madame Fishermen's Co-Op. Ltd.
PETIT DE GRAT, Richmond County, Cape Breton

RANDOM CUTTING of Christmas Trees

At this time of the year many persons from towns and cities make a trip to the country to cut their Christmas trees.

Quite innocently they cut trees from forest land other than their own, not realizing they are trespassing.

In fact these persons are subjecting themselves to legal action for trespass and theft.

On the other hand untold damage is done to the forests of the province, as well as destroying the beauty of the countryside

To avoid legal action, obtain permission from the landowner before entering the woods to cut your Christmas tree.

Department of Lands and Forests,
Halifax, Nova Scotia,
E. D. HALIBURTON,
Minister.

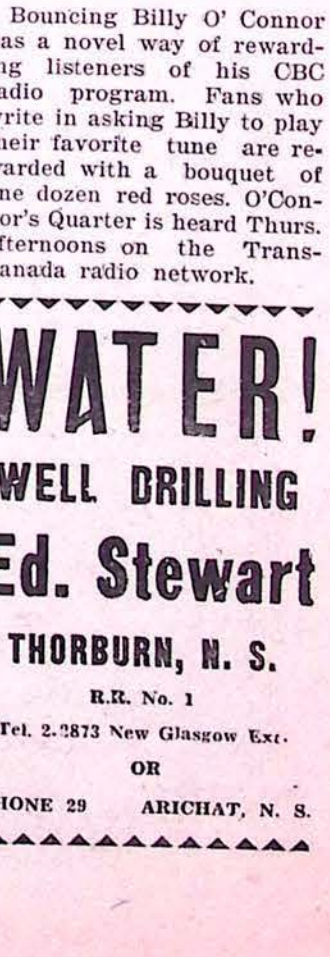
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ANTIGONISH INSURANCE AGENCIES LIMITED
Main Street, PORT HAWKESBURY, N. S.
LIFE, FIRE, AUTO AND CASUALTY INSURANCE AGENTS

WANTED — We have room for passengers coming from or going to Halifax, every week-end. For information contact, John Rogers, at Phone No. 4547151, Halifax.

FROM CHETICAMP

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Boudreau and four children, also Claudette and Albert AuCoin all of Cheticamp, were motor visitors here, on Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Fougere.



Bouncing Billy O' Connor has a novel way of rewarding listeners of his CBC radio program. Fans who write in asking Billy to play their favorite tune are rewarded with a bouquet of one dozen red roses. O'Connor's Quarter is heard Thurs. afternoons on the Trans-Canada radio network.

WATER!
WELL DRILLING
Ed. Stewart
THORBURN, N. S.
R.R. No. 1
Tel. 2-2873 New Glasgow Ext.
OR
PHONE 29 ARICHAT, N. S.

A Very Merry

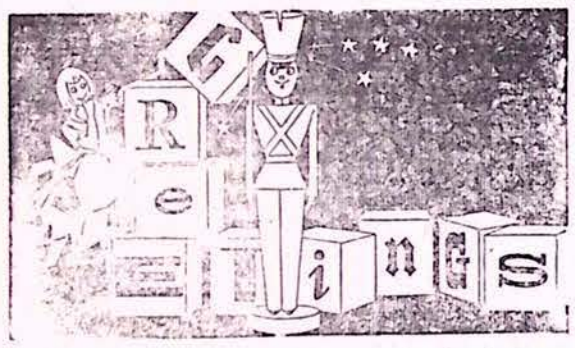
Christmas



NOW and in the future we sincerely express our desire that the Joys and Happiness of this gala season be yours unconfined.

George Boudreau's Fina Station

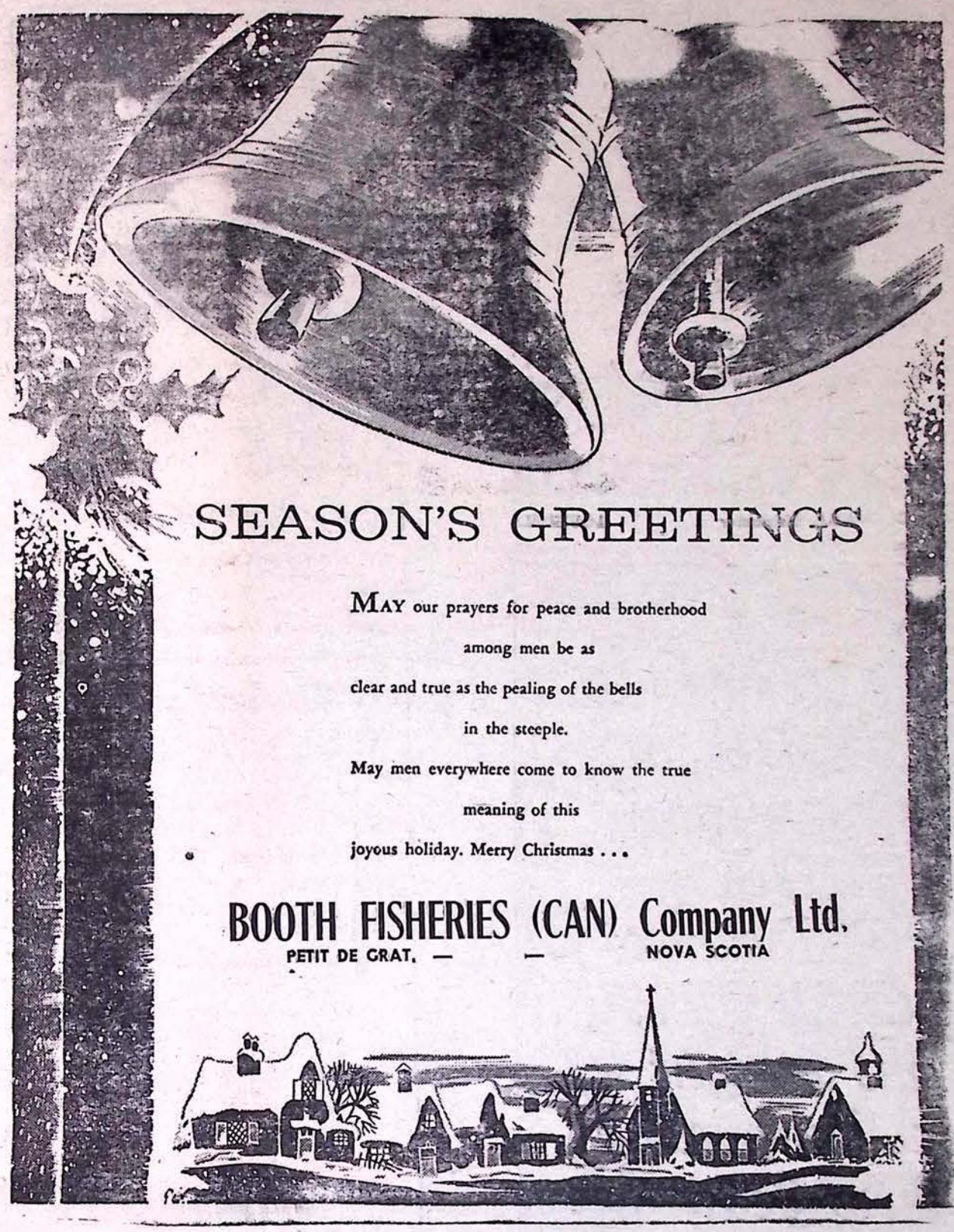
PETIT DE GRAT, — — Nova Scotia



. . another year passes by, we wish to thank each and every
. . of our friends for their kind favors and patronage! May
the spirit of Christmas enrich your lives throughout the comi. .
year! May there be peace and goodwill among all mankind!

West Arichat Co - op Society

WEST ARICHAT - - - CAPE BRETON

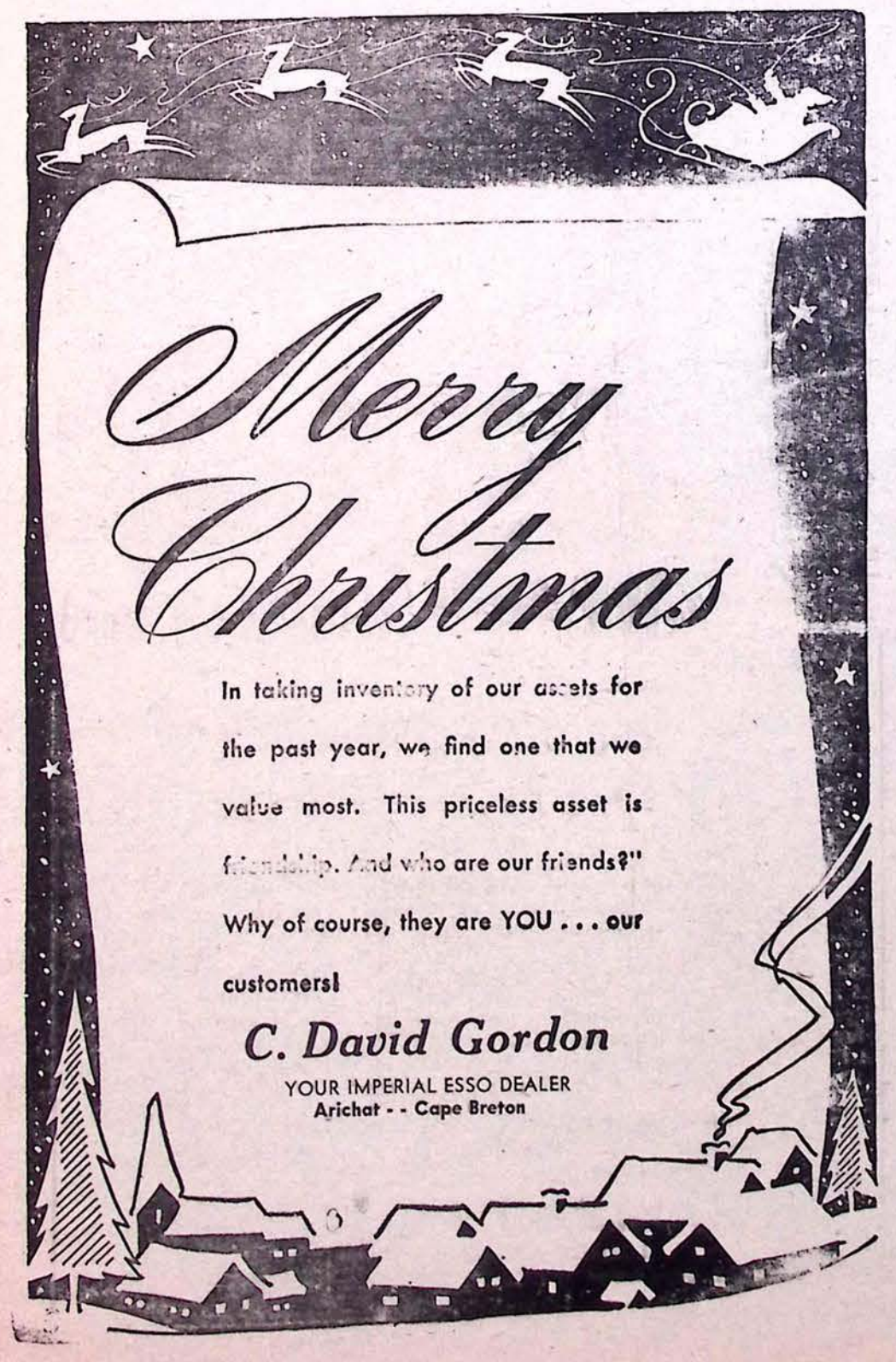


SEASON'S GREETINGS

MAY our prayers for peace and brotherhood
among men be as
clear and true as the pealing of the bells
in the steeple.
May men everywhere come to know the true
meaning of this
joyous holiday. Merry Christmas . . .

BOOTH FISHERIES (CAN) Company Ltd.

PETIT DE GRAT, — — NOVA SCOTIA

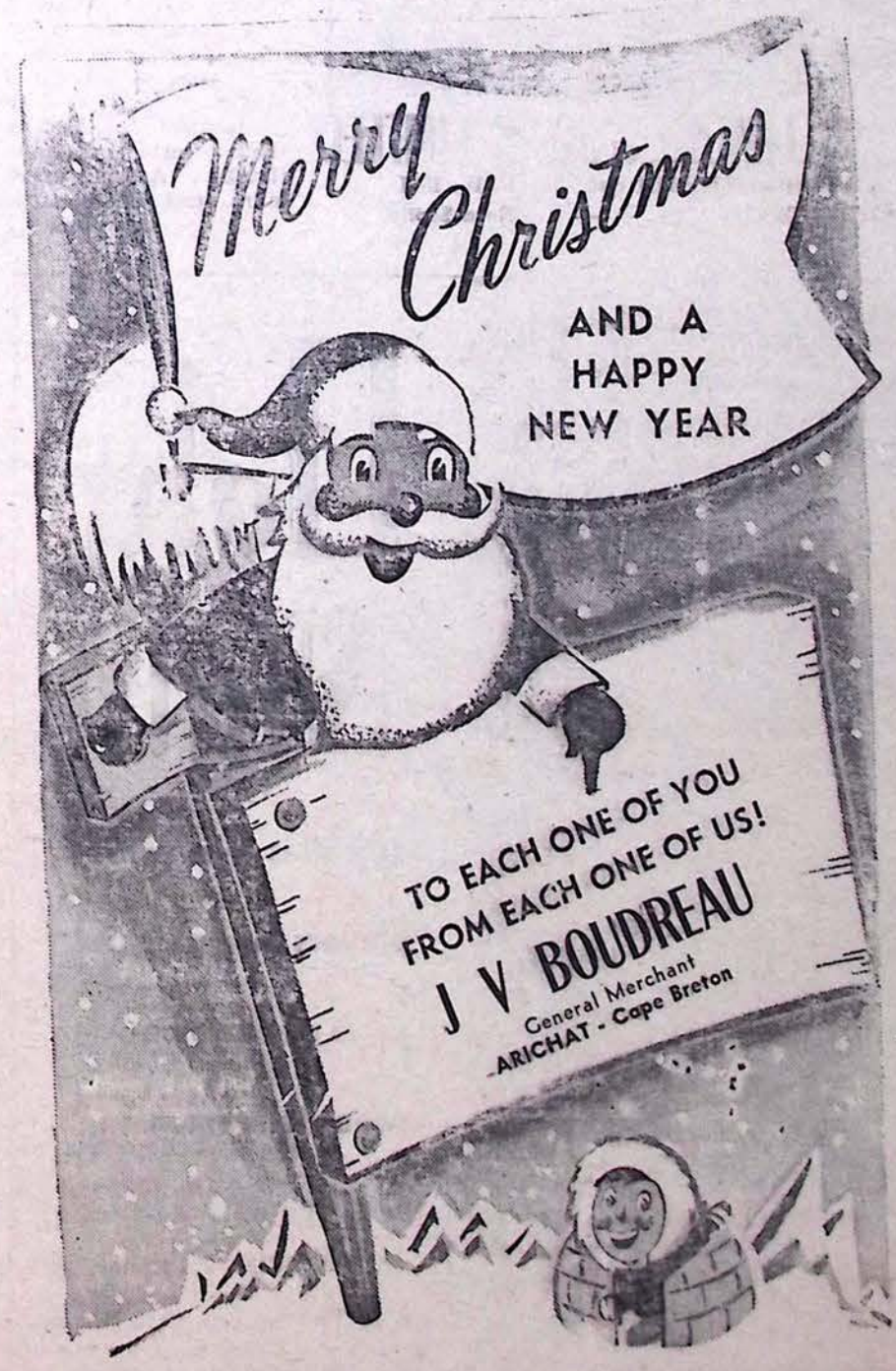


Merry Christmas

In taking inventory of our assets for the past year, we find one that we value most. This priceless asset is friendship. And who are our friends?" Why of course, they are YOU . . . our customers!

C. David Gordon

YOUR IMPERIAL ESSO DEALER
Arichat - - Cape Breton





AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Eastern Bakeries, Ltd.

DAVID COGSWELL, Distributor LOUISDALE

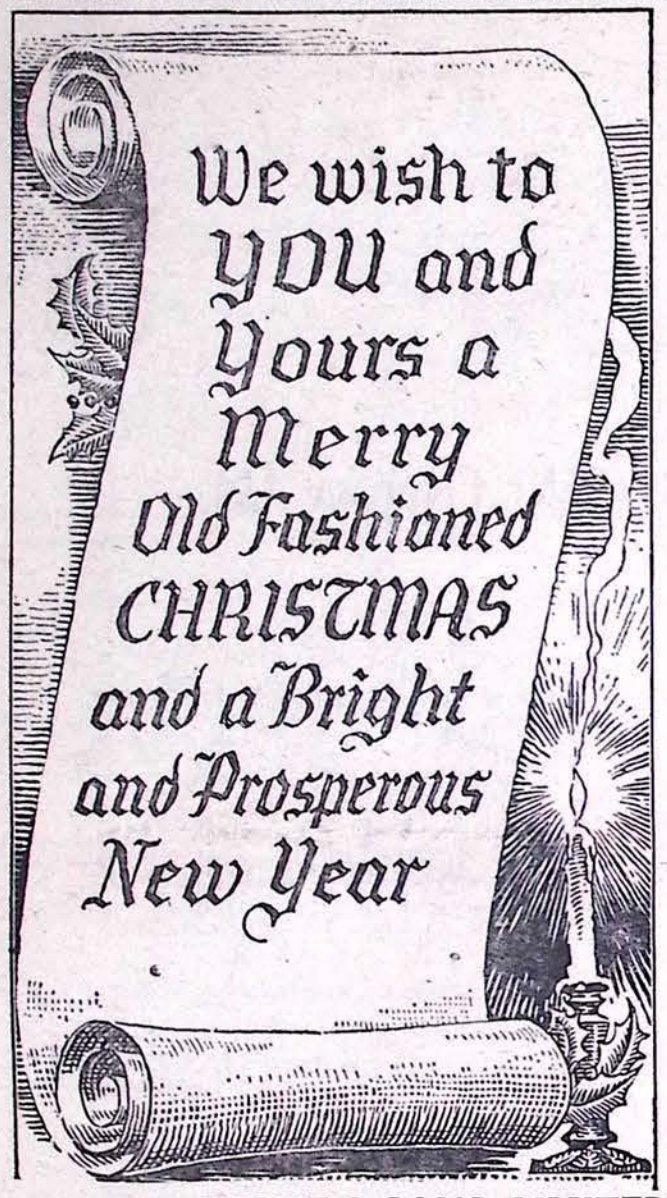


Season's Greetings

As Christmas draws near it is only natural that our thoughts turn to those who have played such a big part in our success . . . our friends, our customers. Our best way of wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year is to assure you of continued high quality and courteous service in the year and years to come.

LeBRUN'S, Limited

ARICHAT, Cape Breton



G B JOLLIMORE & SONS LIMITED

PROCESSORS OF SALT and PICKLED FISH

PETIT DE GRAT, — — Nova Scotia

GRATITUDE

Gratitude is the sign of noble souls. —Aesop

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues. —Cicero

Gratitude is much more than a verbal expression of thanks. Action expresses more gratitude than speech. —Mary Baker Eddy



Holy Night

and all is calm with prayers for a peaceful earth and love between fellowmen.

Cosy Corner Restaurant

JOE MANCINI, Proprietor

ST. PETER'S, — Cape Breton



The Old Fashioned

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Behind the joy, feasting and gift giving which help so much to make Christmas the most important day in the year there rests a fundamental spiritual and religious feeling.

Our Christmas has become an institution, successfully serving an inner as well as an outer need . . . an institution based on old, well founded precepts . . . yet as well adapted to the needs of the world today as it was centuries ago. It is an institution capable of fulfilling an age-old requirement . . . that of joy to mankind.

It is our hope that from this day you will gain the full measure of joy . . . and that the New Year will be the best you've ever had.

BOUDREAU'S GARAGE

LORENZO BOUDREAU, Proprietor

ARICHAT, Cape Breton Phone 97



SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

Do you know something? We haven't any national character. There's no such thing as a "typical Canadian." We're just a vague, unformed glob of human beings who happen to live in the same vast hunk of geography. Isn't that a fine state of affairs, with Christmas coming on, and everything.

I learned this while reading a couple of new books about Canada this week. The authors seemed not only disturbed but displeased because they were unable to put down a list of adjectives, point triumphantly and say, "There you are! A typical Canadian!"

This search for a Canadian identy has become a regular parlor game among writers and intellectuals. I find the whole problem remarkably undisturbing. I'd rather be a typical human being than a typical Canadian. Have you ever noticed that when people say, "He's a typical American" (or Englishman, Frenchman, German). they don't mean it as a compliment.

* * *

However, in the interests of pure truth I thought I'd look back through a number of friends and acquaintances and see whether I could come up with a typical Canadian, after more than 40 years of consorting with the species.

There was a huge, happy, lively-tongued, quick -witted fellow with whom I once trained as apilot, in the dead of a typical Canadian winter. He didn't have any special advantages of wealth, school ing or social position. But Jake Gadaur, president of the Hamilton Tiger - Cats football club, is doing all right these days. A typical Canadian.

There was a skinny. starved-looking little guy at college who was so shaky, physically and financially, that I didn't think he'd graduate. But he had a wicked wit and a wonderful way with words. His name was Jamie. As Professor James Reaney poet playwright, novelist and editor of a new magazine, he's doing all right. A typical Canadian.

There was the French-Canadian kid who worked with me as a bellhop on the lake boats, before the war. When he started that summer, he knew only three words of English, all of them bad. I couldn't help hooting when I saw the name in the paper the other day—a distinguished member of the clergy in Quebec. A typical Canadian?

* * *

There were a couple of young screwballs who wrote and played in comedy skits when I was at univeresity. Next time I saw them was in a troop show, overseas. They had improved. I saw them on television the other night. They're getting by, as Wayne and Shuster. Typical Canadians?

Then there's Dutch. Once a wild and woolly Australian. he taught me to fly Spitfires in England. He came here after the war and is happy as a trout, hotly pursuing his first million in Toronto. A typical Canadian.

And Chuck. His old man was a Ukrainian. We were in prison camp together and when the Russians were getting close he taught me to say, "Dont Shoot!", in Russian. He was a first - rate cartoonist and last I heard he was in Vancouver. A typical Canadian?

And three Georges. One was a quiet student, who bought a Belgian pistol from me after the war and paid me $10 more than it was worth, because I needed the money. He's managing these days, between directing plays at Stratford and on television. A typical Canadian.

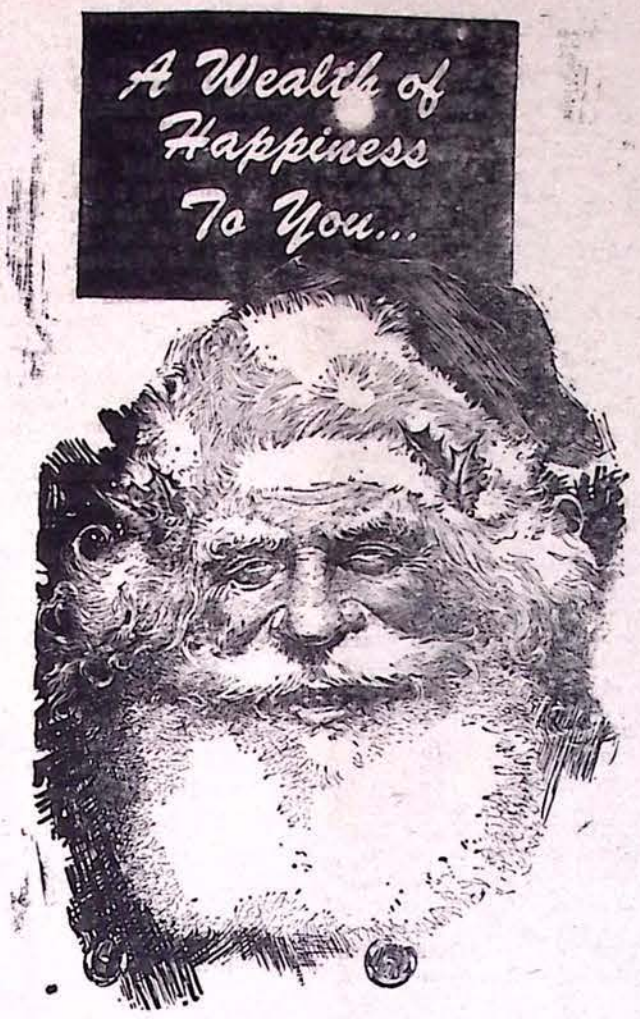
* * *

Another George repaid the Yanks for burning York in the war of 1812. He went over to Wall St., made a million before he was forty, and carried it gleefully back to his northern lair. A typical Canadian?

The third George used to be a Czech. He was in a concentration camp during the war. Now he's a dentist in Canada, has a split - level home, a two car garage, and a real aversion to paying so much income tax. A typical Canadian?

I can think of a dozen others. The country is full of characters, but there's no such thing as a "typical Canadain" any more than there is an "average man." I, for one, am heartily glad of it. Who wants to be "typical"? Do you want to be a typical farmer, or a typical merchant, or a typical laborer, or typical housewife? Or even a typical millionaire? Not a bit of it. No more than I want to be a typical School Teacher.

The only thing the characters above have in common is that they live in this country and love it. And that goes for me too. How about you?



Sincere thanks for your patronage during the past year. We hope we may serve you as well in the New Year. Merry Christmas!

NU-WAY RADIO & TV
SALES and SERVICE
Louisdale - - Cape Breton



As we look back upon memories of sound friendships, we find countless names of friends and patrons that stir our hearts to this Yuletide greeting . . . may you all enjoy the very best!

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



Merry Christmas

May the Spirit of Christmas fill our hearts as we join in a humble prayer for good-will among men and peace among nations.

W.C. FORGERON
FIRE AND AUTO INSURANCE
WEST ARICHAT, — — Cape Breton

SEASON'S GREETINGS



May this wonderful season be long remembered as one of the happiest our friends and patrons have ever enjoyed! We sincerely wish you prosperity in the coming NEW YEAR!

CIETUS TOUESNARD
Radio & TV Sales & Service
Dealer For: Mercury, Meteor, Frontenac
ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton



May your table be filled with good food and good wine. May you have all your old friends gathered 'round. May there be happy song and pleasant memories. May it be a real old fashioned Merry Christmas.

Marbro Hotel & Restaurant
ERNEST MARCHAND, Proprietor
ARICHAT, Cape Breton Phone 15



STONE & MARCHAND
White Rose Distributors



OURS is a land of happy homes, of free hearts. God has bountifully bestowed many blessings upon us. Let us put our trust in him and be glad this happy Yuletide season.

LOUISDALE CO-OP SOCIETY LTD
LOUISDALE, — — Cape Breton

GREETINGS



Sincere thanks for your patronage during the past year. We hope we may serve you as well in the New Year. Merry Christmas!

CONRAD THERIAULT
BARBER
ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton

MERRY CHRISTMAS



To you and your family we extend our greetings for a truly wonderful Holiday Season and a most prosperous New Year!

RICHMOND MOTORS LTD

LEO MARTELL, Manager

PONDVILLE, Richmond County, — Cape Breton

Christmas



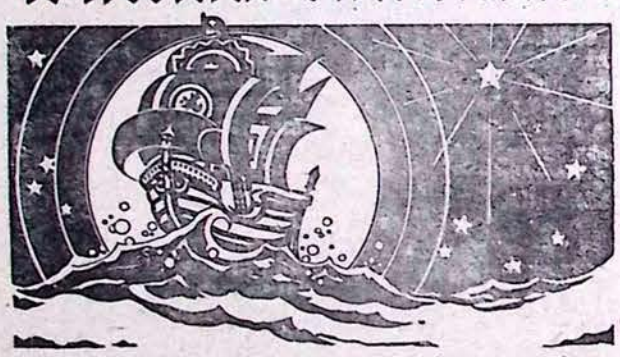
We want to extend our sincerest thanks to our patrons and their families for their many favors and kindnesses during the past. A very Merry Christmas to you!

ST. PETER'S MARKET

EARL MacDONALD, Proprietor

ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



We'd like to tell you all how much we appreciate your patronage . . . how much we've enjoyed knowing and serving you. Fondest wishes for a Merry Christmas!

LAUCHLIN I. POIRIER

SERVICE STATION — REPAIRS — BODY WORK

D'ESCOUSSE, Richmond County Cape Breton

MERRY CHRISTMAS



During this season of quiet joy and reverence We'd like to add our heartfelt wishes for continued good health and happiness.

MARTELL'S GARAGE

CLARENCE J. MARTELL, Proprietor

PONDVILLE, Richmond County, — Cape Breton

WEDDINGS

JOLLYMORE -MARCHAND

A pretty wedding of interest took place at Notre Dame Church, when in the presence of relatives and friends and with a double ring ceremony the Very Rev. Fr. Poirier united in marriage Mary Francine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alcide Marchand of Arichat, and Joseph Allister, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jollymore of West Arichat. C. B.

As the church organist played the wedding march the bride entered the church with her father, by whom she was given in marriage. The bride looked lovely in a street length dress of white chiffon over net and satin, fastened with a fitted bodice with a sabrina neckline covered with sequins and pearls and long sleeves that tapered to points over the wrists. Her chapel length veil of silk illusion fell from a coronet of sequins and pearls.

She carried a bouquet of red and white roses intermingled with fern. She wore white accessories.

Attending as bridesmaid, was Miss. Donna Jollymore. She wore a dress of mauve chiffon over taffeta with matching headdress and white accessories. She carried a bouquet of mauve and white mums. Bernard Marchand attended the groom After the ceremony the bridal party motored to the Knights of Columbus Hall at West Arichat, where a reception was held for a number of invited guests. Lovely fall flowers and streamers were arranged in the reception room. The bride's table was covered with a white linen cloth centered with a three-tier wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom. The cake was cut in traditional manner by the bride and groom.

The Very Rev. Fr. Poirier proposed the toast which was responded to by the groom. They received many beautiful gifts. Amid showers of confetti the happy couple left on a short honeymoon trip. On their return they will reside at Arichat. We join with their many friends in wishing them a long and happy married life.

KEATING — LeBLANC

The Immaculate Conception Church, West Arichat, was the scene of a pretty wedding when Margaret Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony LeBlanc of Port Royal became the bride of James, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Lawerence Keating of Rocky Bay.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Doucet. Mrs. Joseph Mury was organist.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride looked very lovely in her gown of white nylon, which had net and lace sleeves, and tapered at the wrists. Her shoulder veil, which was also nylon was held in place by a tiara of pearls, and she carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses.

The bride was attended by her cousin, Lillian LeBlanc, who wore a lime green lace over net gown, with accessories to match, and a pearl tiara. She carried a bouquet of white roses.

Tne best man was Rudolph Keating, a brother of the groom.

After the ceremony a reception for a large number of guests was held.

They will reside in Port Royal.

We wish them a long and happy wedded life.

West Arichat Notes

Born to— Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Richard at St. Anne's Hospital, Arichat, a son. Congratulations!

We are glad Willie Gerroir is making a satisfactory recovery at his home, after an operation at the V. G. Hospital, at Halifax.

Wilfred Babin bought a new Pontiac car from Sampson Motors of Sydney, C. B.

Mr. Robert LeJeune has returned to his home after having undergone surgery at St. Martha's hospital at Antigonish. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Born to— Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bona at St. Anne's Hospital, Arichat, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Clorey visited relatives and friends at Halifax, for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Edwards, of Truro, were guests of Mr and Mrs. Leo Forgeron over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Henry of Antigonish, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Doiron over the week end. On their return they were accompanied by their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Zita Henry.

Mrs. Edmund Hollar of Halifax, visited her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Process Boudreau, the past week.

Amadee Lavandier was on a motor business trip to Sydney on Monday.

A concert sponsored by the pupils of the Acadiaville school of West Arichat, was held on Sunday.

A matinee was held on in the afternoon with full program in the evening. The hall was filled to capacity, and was much enjoyed by one and all. Much credit goes to tee school teachers in giving such a wonderful performance.

The sum of one hundred and fifteen dollars was realized.

For

Radio And Television Service

Contact

Nu-Way Radio & TV

Phone 10-3

LOUISDALE, N. S.



PIPER IN THE PLAZA — The color and skirl of the Highlands was brought to the grey heart of bustling New York when Pipe Major Allen Cameron of Antigonish dropped in at Canadian National Railways' office in Rockefeller Plaza. The pipe major, in full Highland dress, accompanied Gerald Redmond, (centre), director of the Nova Scotia Travel Bureau. They were in the city for the opening of the new Nova Scotia information office on West 54th Street. Mr. Redmond was one of the VIPs attending the official opening who made travel arrangements with James Walsh (left), CN's New York passenger sales representative. (CN Photo)

MERRY CHRISTMAS



We hope the treasured moments of your families' Christmas remain throughout the coming year . . . to be relived and relived by all as the only guide by which peace is finally attained.

The Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League

BRANCH No. 150

PETIT De GRAT, - - Nova Scotia

Merry



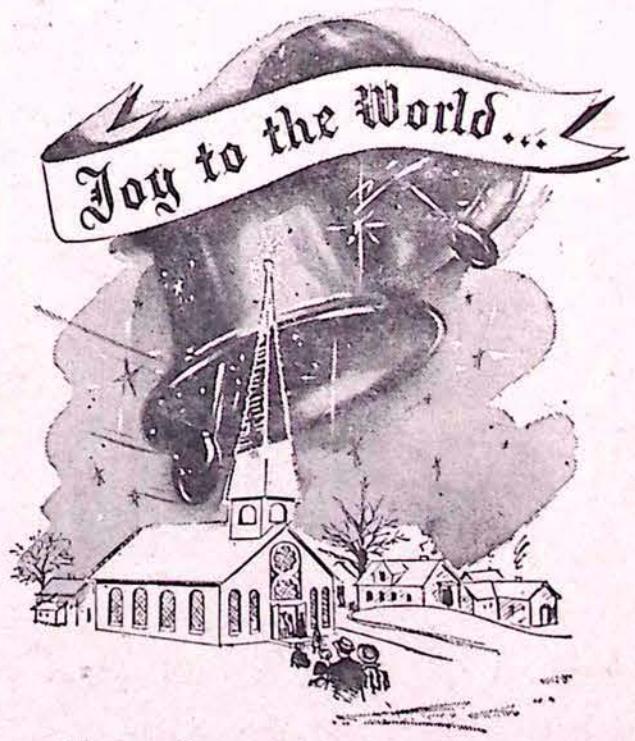
Christmas

WE WISH OUR MANY FRIENDS

GOOD HEALTH, PEACE AND PROSPERITY

MORRISON'S STORES Ltd.

ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton



May joy and happiness enfold your household during the coming Christmas season and throughout the New Year.

Atlantic Fisheries, Ltd

PETIT DE GRAT, — — Nova Scotia

The LOST CHRISTMAS

by Stanton M. Meyer

Folks hereabouts still call it the Big Road, though there are some that are wider and newer and even longer nowadays. And if you perch on one of our overpasses, say between Carlisle and Bedford, you can see why. Stay there for an hour on any summer afternoon and you'll see the plates from almost every state in the Union go flashing past. But to really get the picture stand there at night and watch the trucks go by. Hear them growling up the long gentle grade near Fort Littleton, their headlights arrowing the mountain mist. Or see them in the westbound lanes, coasting out under your feet like great ghostly ships in the dark, their square sterns all lit up like Christmas trees. There go steel girders and guest towels; wristwatches, live turkeys and printing presses; and wherever you live in the USA there's something in your home that's come over the Big Road, that's for sure. It carries the commerce of a nation and the Pentagon calls it the most strategic highway in the whole wide world.

I'm talking about The Pennsylvania Turnpike, and mind you spell that first word with a capital "T." Like the man says on TV, I work there. I'm a cop.

My beat is east of Bedford down to where the mountains end near the twin tunnels west of Carlisle. This is part of the original road before they put in the extensions and I've been working for the PTC since it opened in the fall of '40. I've been traveling the Big Road for twenty years. I've seen it gentle. And I've seen it mean. I remember a lot of things. Like the time we stopped traffic through the tunnels in '44 so the army could run through them with 41 big rigs, each loaded with thirty thousand pounds of TNT, and wondering what would happen to Tuscarora Mountain if one of them let go. Or the time we finally caught up with the Turnpike Bandit who had been sticking up cars and panicking drivers from Irwin to Gettysburg Pike. We spotted him because he was carrying a ticket two days old. But I remember best the Christmas we lost the Big Road . . . and almost lost Christmas, too. Because it was a Christmas without presents or holly or a decorated tree or even mistletoe. And no Christmas dinner even, unless you want to count a box of crackers, a pot of coffee and three candy bars. The only thing that made it seem like Christmas were the carols we listened to and the happening that was like the first Christmas of all.

If you look at a map of middle Pennsylvania you'll see why it's a trap for some of the craziest weather in the world. The mountains run in long, parallel, gently curving chains from northeast to southwest, with hardly a notch or gap for hundreds of miles. The Endless Mountains, the Indians called them. Those mountains have been responsible for a lot of things. They were responsible for the biggest battle ever fought in America because Lee's army came marching up one side of them and the Union army was hiking along the other and neither of them knew it till they ran into each other at a little place called Gettysburg. And those same mountains were responsible for what happened to us on the day before Christmas.

Most of us watch the weather on TV nowadays and we know that the big storm tracks move from west to east. That's not the kind of weather that bothers us on the Big Road . . . the snow snaps off the Allegheny Plateau, heading east, puts a white blanket on the ridge tops and sifts down to powder the valleys. We know it's coming twenty-four hours ahead and we have the plows and dozers and rigs to handle it.

But once in a blue moon a Gulf low will ooze a clot of heavy, warm, wet air and it will hug the Blue Ridge through the Carolinas and Virginia all the way up into Pennsylvania. And then, just at that same moment, a big, cold, dry high will come roaring across the Lakes out of Canada, whirling clockwise like a huge pinwheel. As it rolls across New York State an arm of that cold dry mass will dart without warning down the valleys between the Pennsylvania ridges until it meets the warm wet air. Then, brother, watch out! All hell will bust loose.

I was approaching Sideling Hill Tunnel, eastbound, at 3:37 PM on Christmas Eve when I heard a vast rolling peal of thunder beyond the mountain. It was nearly dusk and a kind of cloudy, coppery gloom. I switched to low-beam on my lights and nipped into the mile-long bore. Before I got to the other end I knew something was funny. I couldn't see daylight ahead at all . . . just a big black turmoil which reflected white off my headlights. I drove out into the maddest, wildest snowstorm I have ever seen. A feather-bed twenty miles square and a mile thick had exploded in the sky with a hundred million electric fans blowing it every which way. I pulled over, my Mars light flashing, and slapped on my chains. Then I picked up my mike and spoke to Pete at Bedford control.

"This is a dinger. Four inches already and starting to drift. Wind northeast, estimate thirty-five, gusts fifty-five. Better alert traffic west of Sideling. I'm moving east."

"Roger," said Pete, "Shall I call Jean to hold dinner for you?" I was due off at seven.

"In a pig's ear. This could be a flurry or it could go all night. I'll keep in touch. Out." I tossed the mike onto the seat. Traffic was hugging the outside lane, crawling, the cars instinctively hunting shelter in the lee of the huge eighteen wheel rigs. The inside lane was clear except for the roaring whirl of the blizzard itself and my car bored through the murk.

A mile beyond, the eastbound line of cars and trucks was turning slowly into the parking of a Howard Johnson. Now I would have the road to myself. I sure hoped so because the drifts were already starting to build up, a foot-and-a-half, two feet deep on the concrete. I drove slowly, searching the westbound driveway with my spotlight. There were no cars. I checked with Carlisle control.

"Okay, 92," said Carlisle. "Patrol to Fort Littleton. East of Fort Littleton interchange all traffic is clear and off the pike. We're holding traffic now at Tuscarora Mountain. Snow is light east of there. Repeat, patrol to Fort Littleton and get to hell off. It looks like we're going to lose the road."

Even with chains now it was very heavy going. The pavement would be clear as a dance floor in spots. Then I would have to bunt through three foot drifts. Far away at my right, down beyond the Maryland line, a December thunderstorm was blasting away, its local turbulence sucking the northeaster greedily into the valley. I could hardly see. The familiar road was foreign and strange. And believe me, that's frightening. I've seen her gentle . . . I've seen her mean, I thought. Now she's so mean I can't even find the son of a gun.

Across the road on the westbound shoulder I spotted a drift too big to be a drift. I swung across the median and stopped alongside. It was a sedan. Man and a woman inside. The man looked frightened in the flashlight beam. "Officer, can you get us to Bedford? We got to get to the hospital there. My wife is going to have a baby." He turned to the woman beside him. "The pains. Are they closer together?" He seemed more scared than she. A little wisp of a woman, only her eyes and her blonde hair were visible above the blanket which covered her. "About twelve . . . no, ten minutes apart," she said and her eyes followed me as I moved. Bedford? They'd be lucky to get a quarter of a mile in the storm. The snow was now two feet deep and drifting higher. "What's your name?" I asked. "Carlson. Jim Carlson," the man said.

I called Bedford control. They said we'd lost the road. They said they'd have a snow cat, a tracked vehicle sent for us. If they could reach it. It was somewhere out in the blizzard. Without a radio. Meanwhile do the best I could. They'd get a local doctor at their end to give me advice over short wave if I needed it. The rest of it was in the book. Which meant in my head.

We all got into my car. Two miles east was an emergency PTC garage, unmanned on Christmas Eve. If we could reach it. First time I ever drove east on the Big Road in the westbound lanes. It took us half an hour through the drifts, through the whirling, screaming storm, but reach it we did. It had a tow truck, a stove, a phone, an electric plate, a coffee pot, a kettle (thank God!), a work bench and a radio. It was better than a stable. It had electricity. We moved inside. I brought the stretcher and the medical kit from my car. Then I went back and got a jar of instant coffee, a box of crackers and three candy bars and brought them in, too. The wind tore at my clothes as I struggled the twenty feet.

I lifted the phone. "Operator," I said, "Get me the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission police station in Bedford. And keep this phone open if you have to tie up your whole damn switchboard." Then I got Mrs. Carlson to lie down in the stretcher and Mr. Carlson and I hoisted the stretcher up on the top of the work bench. Her pains were coming fast now. I took off my tunic and rolled up my sleeves. "Carlson," I said, "get a fire going in that stove and then melt and heat some snow water. And then rig that light over this table here." I figured keeping him busy was the best thing I could do for him.

I didn't need the doctor, but it was sure wonderful just to know he was there at the other end of the line. I delivered the baby at four minutes to twelve, normal delivery, no trouble at all. A good looking boy kid, seven pounds, give or take half a pound and he yelled louder than the storm. We washed him and dried him and I wrapped him in my spare shirt (cops carry everything) and the blanket and he went to sleep near the stove like a baby, which he was.

Then we turned on the radio and there were Christmas carols and I got lonesome for Jean and the kids and started to call her. But then I realized how late it was and hung up. I knew Pete had told her not to expect me. And Carlson and I heated some more water and made instant coffee and we had crackers. Mrs. Carlson said she wanted some, too. We left the radio on, playing softly. Mrs. Carlson went to sleep and Jim sat down next to her and held her hand and dozed off. I clambered up into the cab of the tow truck and took my shoes off. From where I sat, I could just manage to see the baby asleep in my shirt and the blanket in a tool box lined with newspaper. And I felt kind of good. A garage is better than a stable. The stable didn't have a hot plate. Maybe not even a stove.

I didn't sleep much. I was worried about my car. By daylight I couldn't even find it. It was up above the roof line in snow. So I couldn't radio in but I got the operator on the phone and called Bedford control. Pete's relief, Joe Martin, said the road was still closed and asked if we needed a helicopter. I told him I couldn't see a square foot where the thing could land and he said they would probably have the snow cat to us in a couple of hours, anyway. Just sit tight.

We listened to more carols on the radio and then to the news broadcast . . . it said we'd lost the Big Road and told about the people at the Howard Johnson being hungry because they'd eaten up all the food in the place and it told about Mrs. Carlson and her baby and about me bringing it, Al Hansen. Mrs. Carlson said, "I didn't know your name was Al." And Mr. Carlson said, "You must be a Scandihoovian, too." And I said yeah. Then we had some more instant coffee and crackers and we each ate a candy bar. And I thought about Jean cooking the turkey and I looked out at the snow and where the Big Road had been there was just one tremendous sheet of white about six feet deep and the snow was almost stopped and down at the turn I could see wolf tracks. Imagine, wolf tracks on the Big Road.

Pretty soon the snow cat came clattering up. We all got in and made it back to Sideling Hill Tunnel in about an hour. There was an ambulance at the west portal and it took the Carlsons in to Bedford. I drove back with Art Levy in his patrol car—he'd taken off Channukah the week before and was spelling one of the boys for work Christmas. I reported in and a guy from the papers was there. He took my picture. Then I signed off and went home.

I told Jean to let me sleep till six and save me some turkey. But she let me sleep the clock around. "Wake up, you big lunk," she said, "it's morning."

I sat up and yawned. Then I remembered. "I lost my Christmas," I said. "I lost Christmas, Jean."

She came over and kissed me. "No you haven't," she said. "We saved it all for today. I'm putting the turkey on to roast now. We all ate frankfurters yesterday. Hurry and get up. The kids want their presents."

I swung my feet out of bed and looked out the window. The sun was shining and the snow was like my mom's tablecloth that she brought over from Sweden. From where I sat I could see the ramp to the Bedford interchange. Cars were rolling up it. Lots of them were eastbound. The Turnpike was open. We had the road back again.

"Hurry up," said Jean. "And Mrs. Carlson called a while ago. They've named the baby Al, after you. She wanted you to know."

I looked at the cars going up the ramp to the toll booths. People were driving places again. The trucks were rolling, too. I thought of the Big Road. Sometimes it's gentle. Sometimes it's mean. Today it was gentle as a baby's smile. Then I smelled something cooking. Turkey. Oh, boy.



MARK BOUDREAU
- Building Contractor -
Arichat - - Cape Breton

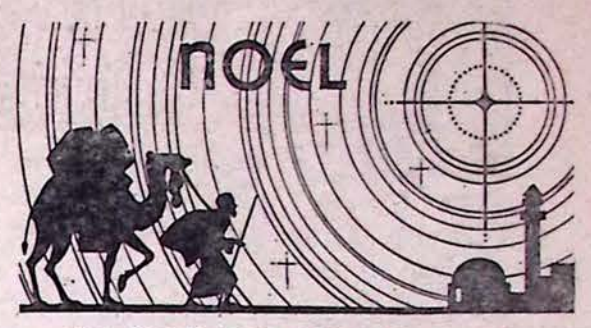


In grateful appreciation of your patronage we extend our heartfelt wishes for your complete enjoyment of the holiday!

DOUGLAS LANDRY
Electrical Contractor
St. Peter's - - Cape Breton

BUMPER CROP OF B. C. HOLLY

VANCOUVER— A record crop of holly is being harvested in British Columbia to add color to Christmas decorations throughout Canada. The holly is being shipped east by Canadian National Express in temperature controlled cars. This years crop, grown on farms in the lower mainland and east coast of Vancouver Island, is estimated to be 50 per cent more than last year's.



WE WISH OUR MANY FRIENDS
GOOD HEALTH, PEACE AND PROSPERITY

MOTEL RICHMOND
MR. and MRS. L. W. GOGEN
Route 4 Located at FALSE BAY, Richmond County, C. B.
Post Office Address: ST. PETER'S, Cape Breton

Christmas



A FRIENDLY GREETING
from Us to You!

We hope you're as happy as we, this joyous season! We are glad to escape the drab commercialism of everyday announcements to convey our sincere appreciation for your patronage and wish you a happy Christmas.

MacLeans Grocery
A. O. MacLEAN, Proprietor
ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton





May we take this opportunity to thank you for your patronage and wish you a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

WALTER MARCHAND
YOUR
Lucky Dollar Dealer
Louisdale - - Cape Breton



Diary of a Vagabond

BY DOROTHY BARKER

CHRISTMAS --
HAS IT A NEW LOOK?

My feet felt as though I had Mexican jumping beans for toes. I would gladly have taken off my shoes and walked stocking footed, except that I had to set an example for small Lori. Having reached her second birthday she was eligible this year for a Christmas store prowl with her doting grandmother as had the older children in other years.

I get just as much kick as the children out ofthe annual safari into the department store jungle peopled by shoppers. Only that my endurence seemed a little less this year and Lori's exuberance seemed a little more strenuous.

Fortunately it took little coaxing to convince her, after after she had seen Santa and the animated toys, that a rest period was indicated. She was quite happy to curl up on ae bench in the ladies waiting room and dig her pony tail into my lap for a nap. I kicked off my shoes well aware that because of swelling I might never get them on again for our final splurge, a children's party in the store's cafe.

The waiting room was crowded with weary shoppers. They all wore a rather smug, satisfied air however as they tucked their loaded shopping bags beneath their chairs and slumped down with a relaxed appearance.

Beside us on the bench were three elderlygentlemen They were rather out of place in a ladies waiting room except that this had been provided by the store as a place where families could meet and husbands, who easily become bored with shopping, could rest until their women folk either exhausted their funds, or their enthusiasm.

At first I wasn't aware of the three old gentlemen's conversation. When it began to filter through my dozy brain I couldn't resist listening to them. They were just three old, old age pensioners who found the warmth of the store and nearness of other human beings comforting and were commenting on the women's high heels, wobbly posteriors and silly hats as they passed in a never ending stream before us. "My mother wouldn't have been seen dead with her skirts hiked up like that to her knees", remarked the first old duffer.

THREE OPINIONS

"Well you know, Jim, times change, just like Christmases do. Take the time when we were kids, why we thought we were luckey to get an orange and some nuts in our stockings. My Dad made every toy we ever had, sleighs and rocking horses, doll houses and long slats we used to coast down the hill on. None o' them fancy skis and steel harnesses, just leather thongs to tie these to our felt boots. Dad sandpapered and waxed them to a gleam so's they'd glide easy over the snow", reminisced the second elderly codger.

"I know, I know", remarked the third old man coming in on the conversation from the mysterious whereabouts of his meditation. "The girls in our family all got aprons in their stockings on Christmas morning and were thrilled with their gift. My mother used to make every stitch by hand. Those were good times, but I wouldn't want the kids today to be without these high falutin' fancy toys. I think they are teaching 'em somp' n. Take that "Rocket to the moon" contraption in toyland that spiels a recitation about all the planets the kids are supposed to be passing while they whirl around and around in that capsule. It would have scared us kids to death but today's youngsters take everything in their stride. In fact the thing that interested me most was how they all begged their parents for a chance to play engineer and pilot "Old Smokey" on a rootin' tootin' smoke blastin' ride. The nearby little make believe railway engine was just as fascinating to the kids as that new fangled moon rocket thing, perhaps even more so."

CHRISTMAS --
SOMETIMES CONFUSING

Though new and more spectacular toys may be produced each year, the real Christmas story will always be the most fascinating tale ever told. It is why old gentlemen will sit on benches and recall their happier youth and why little girls will sleep peacefully in their grandmother's lap, perhaps a bit confused at age two by a red velvet clad, white whiskered old Santa and the story in her colored picture book of the birth of the baby Jesus.

Christmas is and always has been since the Wise Men came to the stable, tinsel and glitter, faith and hope, memories and dreams, surprises and companionship, sharing and giving. Lucky for us humans it comes year after year to reassure us in good times or bad.



WISHES YOU A VERY... Merry Christmas

Swifts Premium
"Butterball" Grade A
OVEN READY
Turkeys 18 lbs. & up 47c. lb.
Turkeys 10-16 lbs. 53c. lb.

SMOKED PICNIC STYLED WHOLE
PORK SHOULDER 43c LB.

FREE 5c TURKEY TOKEN
IGA TableRite Rindless
BACON 79c LB.

Save 10c
Graves Fancy 400
PEAS
15 oz. Tins
3/49¢

Save 8c
Graves Sweet Mixed
Pickles
16 oz. Jar
29¢

20c Off!
IGA Deluxe Instant
Coffee
10 oz. Jar
$1.19

Save 10c
TULIP
Margarine
1-lb. Pkgs.
2/51¢

Finest Quality
SWEET JUICY EMPEROR
GRAPES 2 lbs. 25c

Shop and Save at IGA for your Christmas GOODIES

LARGE JUICY SWEET MEXICAN
ORANGES 126's 39 doz.

PRIME SEEDLESS SUNKIST NAVEL
ORANGES 113's 79 doz.

LIBBY'S FANCY 48 oz.
TOMATO JUICE 33c

BORDEN'S 24 oz.
MINCEMEAT 55c

LeBrun's Groceteria IGA
ARICHAT, - - - Cape Breton

Chauffeurs Licenses -EXPIRE- December 31 - 1961

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 $5.00 (by money order or cheque) to the Registry of Motor Vehicles, Provincial Administration Building, Halifax, Nova Scotia. There will be no extension of time after December 31st.

RENEWAL APPLICATIONS SHOULD REACH THE REGISTRY OF MOTOR VEHICLES BEFORE DECEMBER 19 TO ENSURE DELIVERY BEFORE DECEMBER 31.

LICENSE FEE $5.00

1962 Motor Vehicle Plates and Permits will be available on and after December 21st 1961.

OPERATORS LICENSES expire at the end of BIRTH month in 1962. DO NOT APPLY until first of BIRTH month as shown on license.

E. S. Campbell, Registrar of Motor Vehicles

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS

5767 dec. 13, 3i



GUNN & GUNN
BARRISTERS, ETC.
W. A. D. GUNN, Q. C.
A. O. GUNN, LL.B.
BOX 405, SYDNEY, N. S.
Canada Bonded Attorney Reps.
Specialized Collection Department

BOAT FOR SALE—Tancook built 32 feet long 8 feet wide. Reparied 4 years ago; new keel, new stern; new ribs throughout; new karlin's. part of lower bottom new. All seams cleaned and caulked. Will sell for $90.00 (as is), hull only. Apply to Isaac Fougre, Poulamon, N. S.



We gratefully extend best wishes to all our friends. May this Holiday Season be bright with the smiles of your loved ones. Enjoy this happiness throughout the years to come.

GEO. A. SAMSON

PLUMBING & HEATING

Dealer for:—B-A GAS and FUEL OIL

We are also Dealers for Blue Flame Propane Gas

PETIT DE GRAT, — — Nova Scotia

MERRY CHRISTMAS



We're glad for the chance to wish our many patrons and friends a holiday season filled with good luck, cheer and happiness.

LAKESIDE SERVICE STATION

ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton



With Best Wishes

for a

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

D. D. MacDONALD'S, Limited

Your Isle Madame Clothing Centre

ARICHAT, - - Cape Breton



RALPH MacKICHAN, Agent

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

ALSO FIRE and AUTO INSURANCE

CLEVELAND, CAPE BRETON

Christmas Greetings



We really do hope this will be the merriest Christmas ever. May your life be filled with the joys of many friendships.

KAPLAN'S CLOTHING STORE

ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton

MERRY CHRISTMAS



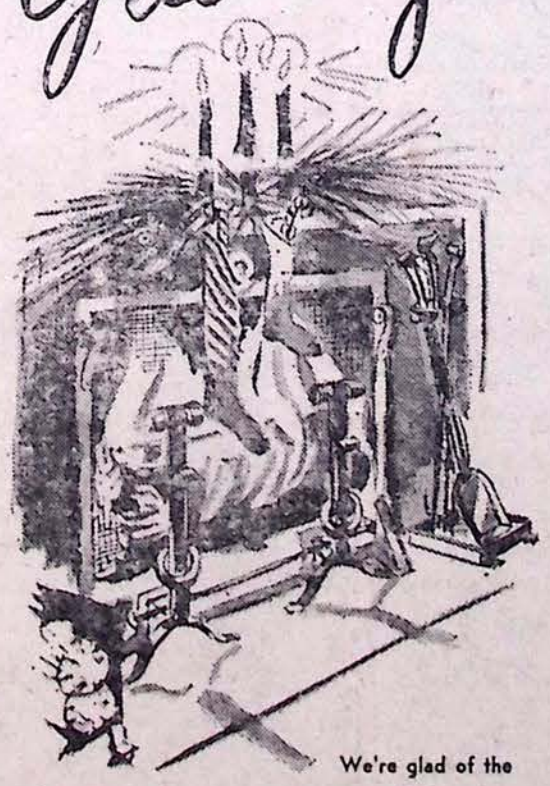
We're glad for the chance to wish our many patrons and friends a holiday season filled with good luck, cheer and happiness.

WALTER FOUGERE

TEXACO GAS and OIL

RIVER BOURGEOIS — — Cape Breton

Greetings



We're glad of the chance to wish our many patrons and friends a holiday season filled with good luck, cheer and happiness.

Rexall Drug Store

DONALD STONE, Proprietor

ST. PETER'S Cape Breton



Merry Christmas

May you know a Christmas Season

Filled with Peace and Happiness

And a New Year overflowing with

Good Health and Prosperity!

Western Tire & Auto

SUPPLY COMPANY

Milton Anderson, Associate Dealer

ST. PETER'S, Cape Breton

Season's Greetings



May you and your loved ones enjoy the blessings of peace throughout the year.

Sampson Motors, Ltd.

PONTIAC — VAUXHALL — BUICK — GMC TRUCKS
SYDNEY — — CAPE BRETON

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

Never since the time of Our Lord's birth was the Message of Christmas more needed in this world than now. The foundations of human life are being shaken. Everywhere there is uncertainty, bewilderment and anxiety for the future. Standards of honor and truth among nations are being strained to breaking point. And over the earth hangs the dire threat of a war that could devastate the entire world.

But in the midst of all this comes the Christmas message—"Peace on earth, good ll to men.." The Star of Bethlehem still shines for all whose eyes are open to see it. We see today more clearly than eve r that the one and only Light for mankind, the one and only help for this world, its that offered to us by the Holy One whose birth we mark on Christmas Day.

The one great need of this world is to realize the tremendous fact of the Divine Fatherhood — the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man. It is this which is revealed to us and all the world by His coming to live with and redeem mankind. In spite of all that is happening, the suspicion and fear that grip the human heart, and in the midst of it all, He shows us the way of Justice and Brotherhood and Love for all sons of God.

Jesus who was born in a stable in Bethlehem, must be our Guide, our Friend, as well as our Lord and our God. Let us then lift up our prayers and praises to Him, let us sing our glorious hymns and carols to Him This Christmas. Let us repair to our church to join thankfully in Worship on His natal day.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

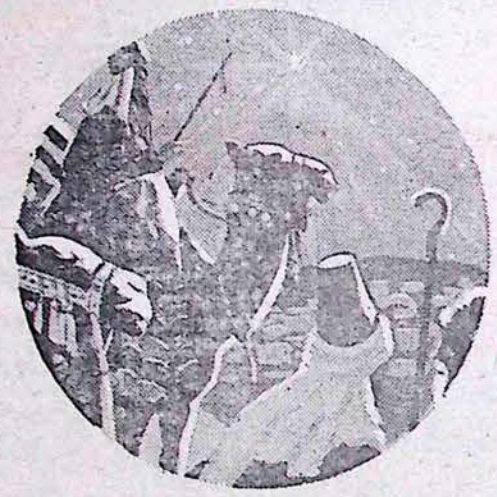


WE HOPE THIS CHRISTMAS WILL BE ESPECIALLY PLEASANT FOR YOU, YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

Langley Shipping Limited

A. J. LANGLEY, Jr., MANAGER, Port Hawkesbury
L. SAMSON, Agent, Petit De Grat — J. B. RICHARD, Agent, Arichat

NOEL



MAY the true spirit of Christmas fill your home at this festive season . . . and may its many benefits linger on throughout the entire year. This is our hope. May a new prosperity and happiness be yours throughout the coming new year. This is our prayer. So we join with everyone in an expectant unity that all this may be true.

Co-Operative Society Ltd.

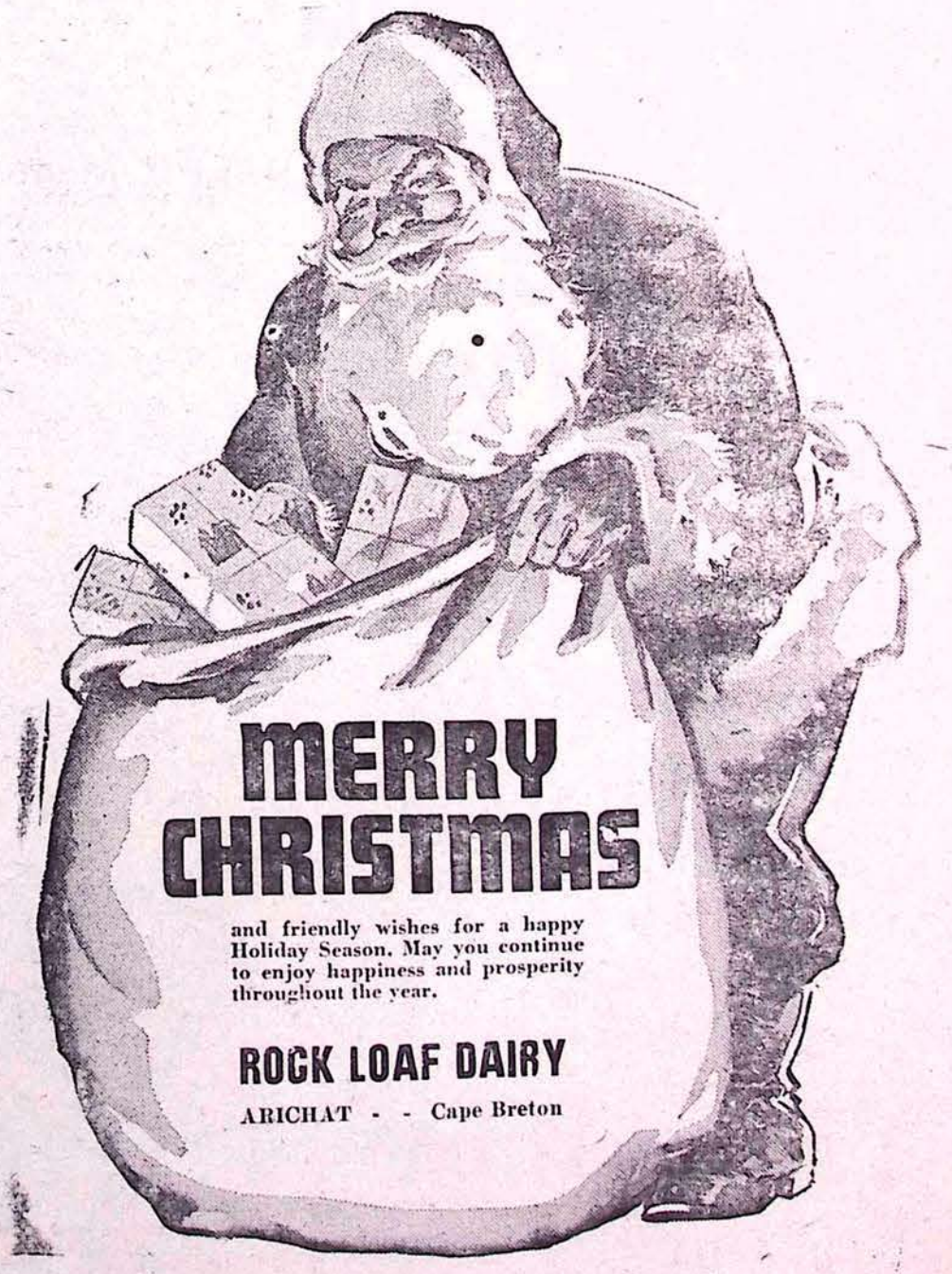
ST. PETER'S, — — — Cape Breton

WARMEST *Greetings*



May the holidays find you at the height of happiness, in the best of health . . . rich in friendships.

LAURENCE KAVANAGH
K. O. C.
COUNCIL 4607
West Arichat, Cape Breton



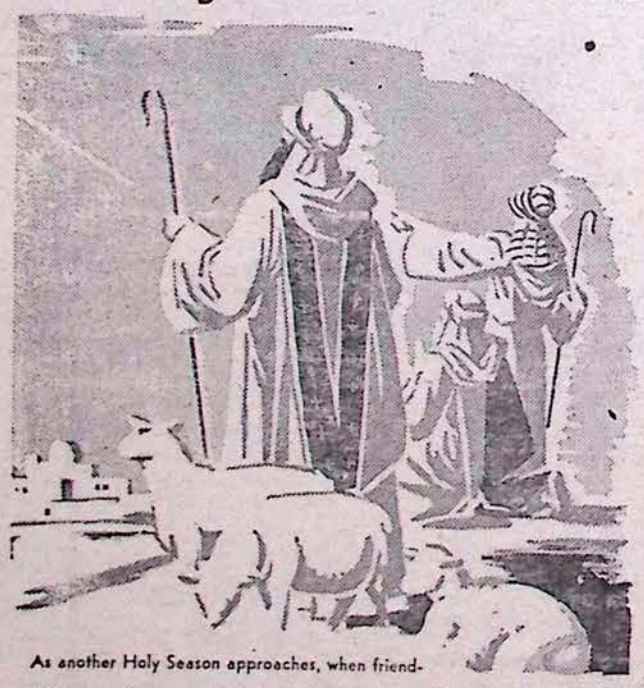
MERRY CHRISTMAS

and friendly wishes for a happy Holiday Season. May you continue to enjoy happiness and prosperity throughout the year.

ROCK LOAF DAIRY

ARICHAT - - Cape Breton

Merry Christmas



As another Holy Season approaches, when friendships are not measured but cherished, we want to wish our family of friends a truly Merry Christmas, a Christmas that will linger endlessly.

C. A. BOUCHER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
ARICHAT, — — Cape Breton

In the spirit of Christmas, we're wishing you a most joyous holiday.



CHERNIN BROTHERS
WHOLESALERS
Glace Bay - - C. B.

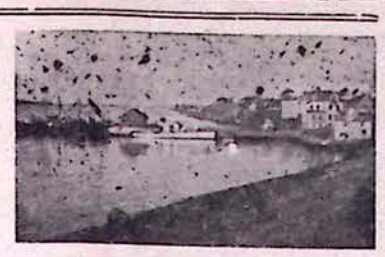
look for the rum in the raffia

GOVERNOR GENERAL

RUM

LIGHT · WHITE · NAVY

NEWS ABOUT TOWN AND COUNTY



Petit De Grat

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Landry and young daughter, Denise, also Mrs. John Landry, Mrs. Viola Landry, Mrs. Alcide Landry and Mrs. Amadee Boudreau, motored to Antigonish the past week.

Wilfred Boudreau arrived home from the Lakes to spend the winter months with his wife and family.

Hyacinth Samson and Bennie Landry motored to St. Andrew's on a business trip the past week.

Miss Sherron Fougere of West Arichat, is spending a few weeks as guest of her aunt, Mrs. Vander Landry.

Mr. Clancy Poirier left for D'Escousse to spend the winter months with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Landry.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Pico accompanied by Mrs. Wilfred Boudreau and son Rennie, motored to Sydney on Thursday returning same evening.

Bernie Boudreau, Willie Boudreau and daughter Cornellia,also Grace Boudreau, motored to Sydney on Monday on a business trip.

We are glad to report that Gustave Landry, manager of the Liquor Store, Arichat, who is a patient at the City Hospital, Sydney, is well on the road to recovery, and is expecting to return home very shortly. His many friends are pleased to hear the good news.

A card party for live turkeys and chickens, took place in the Parish Hall on Dec. 10th. The lucky winners were Mrs. Harold Covin of West Arichat, Jerry Landry, Fulbert Boudreau, Francis Boudreau, Norman Samson and Mrs. Alcide Landry, all of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Boudreau, of Port Royal, also Mrs. Beatrice Breau, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Landry and family during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Landry, accompanied by Mrs. Jerry Landry motored to Port Royal during the week and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Ross and family.

Alex Fougere, tinsmith, who is employed at Cheticamp, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Fougere.

CARD OF THANKS

The husband and family of the late Mrs. Wallace Maloney wish to convey their sincere thanks to all good neigbours and friends, who so kindly helped in any way during their recent sad bereavement.

Special thanks to Very Rev. Father Poirier; to those who sent spiritual and floral offerings.

Thank You!

We wish to thank all our advertising patrons, who took space in this issue, and to wish customers and friends, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Home For Holidays

Richard Gordon, a student at St. F. X. University, Antigonish, is spending the Chritmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gordon.

From St. F. X.

Miss Yvette Boudreau, a student at St. F. X., Antigonish, is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Agathe Boudreau.

Home For Holidays

Miss Karen Landry, a student at the Mabou Convent, is home for the Christmas holidays, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thilmon Landry of this place.

To Toronto

Mrs. Warren Jones, left on Thursday for Toronto, accompanied by her son Brian. She will spend Christmas with relatives, and her father-in-law, Mr. John Jones.

We wish her a very pleasant holiday.

Trawlers In Port

Trawlers of the Booth Fleet, are arriving daily, from the Banks, and crews will have an opportunity of spending Christmas with their respective families.

Winter fishing out the Port of Petit de Grat is generally profitable and Skippers and crews of the fleet, will be looking forward to bigger catches in the New Year.

In Holland

Leonard Baisly, production engineer at the Booth plant is at presnt in Holland, inspecting a new trawler for the Booth Fleet, which, we understand, will arrive here early in the New Year. This will be the third new trawler built in Holland for Booths.

Held Over

Many news items and district news held over for next issue. We invite correspondents from all over the County to send in news which will be gladly published.

Greetings



It affords me great pleasure at this Joyous Season to extend to everyone my Very Best Wishes for A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A NEW YEAR FILLED WITH GOOD FORTUNE, PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

BYRON S. LANGLEY

Season's Greeting



Again through the medium of the "Richmond County Record", I wish at this happy season to extend my best wishes to everyone throughout the Constituency of Inverness-Richmond and Cape Breton West, for A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and A NEW YEAR FILLED WITH HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

BOB MacLELLAN, M. P.
Inverness-Richmond
Cape Breton West

BILL DING says:



LeBrun's LTD
• RANGES • HEATERS • FURNACES
Fawcett
Phones 9 & 43
"Everything to Build Anything"

ARICHAT, Nova Scotia

TOP TV SHOWS ARE BACK ON THE AIR



and one weak tube can SPOIL your TV FUN!

Regardless of the age, make, or size of your set, our TV Check-Up and G-E TUBES can give it a new lease on life.

TV Check-up and G-E Tubes

Superior Radio & TV
BILL ALLEN
Nova Scotia
Martinique, Richmond Co.'

Season's Greetings



To all my Richmond County Friends I extend my best wishes for A Merry Christmas and may the New Year be filled with good health and happiness for each and everyone of you

Earl W. Urquhart, M.L.A.

A Complete Line of



Men & Boys Clothing

We carry a complete line of MEN and BOY'S Clothing and Footwear at our Sydney and Sydney Mines Stores where the shopper will find leading lines of Manufactured Goods hearing Trade Marks of distinction.

We invite our good friends from Richmond County to call at either our Sydney or Sydney Mines Stores, when next in the vicinity.

YAZER BROS., CLOTHING STORES carry only the best in Styles and Quality.

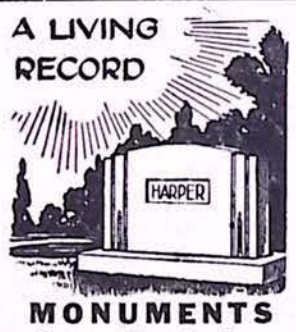
Yazer Bros.

LIMITED

"FOR BEST VALUES"

SYDNEY and SYDNEY MINES

A LIVING RECORD



MONUMENTS
Outstanding Designs

We have been appointed an Agent for:

ARSENAULT MONUMENTAL WORKS
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

We are ready to give you quick service. Come and see our catalogue of appropriate designs to suit every purse.

Write or Phone for Catalog or if you wish we can call on you.

C. A. BOUCHER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
ARICHAT, N. S. Phone 117

FOR SALE

Broiler equipment 1 year old; 26 Propane gas brooder Stoves; 25 Automatic 12 foot waterers; 360 automatic 15lb. feeders; 78 water fountains. For particulars phone Arichat 125 or 30-3, or write c. o. P. O. Box 3, Arichat, N. S.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any bills or debts that have been or will be contracted by my wife, Mrs. Harry Doiron, without my authority.

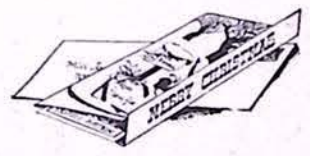
Harry W. Doiron,



At this happy Season we wish to express our best wishes for your Joyful Holidays, and our appreciation for your patronage.

Arichat Hotel and Restaurant
WARREN JONES, Proprietor
ARICHAT, — — Cape Breton

Say "Merry Christmas" with
ROYAL BANK MONEY ORDERS
Ask at any branch for FREE envelope and colourful Christmas greeting folder.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

SINCERE BEST WISHES



OURS is a land of happy homes, of free hearts. God has bountifully bestowed many blessings upon us. Let us put our trust in him and be glad this happy Yuletide season.

H. E. McDONALD
D'ESCOUSSE, Cape Breton
REPRESENTING: JACK & CO., GENERAL AGENTS
FIRE — AUTO — LIABILITY

FOR YOUR INSURANCE REQUIREMENTS
We Offer Coverage in the SUN OFFICE LTD., "THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFICE IN THE WORLD" — Serving satisfied Clients for over 250 years.
"No worrying after a loss when you insure in the "SUN"
FIRE — AUTO —MARINE — BONDS
M. J. BOURINOT, Agent
ARICHAT, N. S. Phone 29

WHO ELSE WANTS A NEW CAR!

BUY IT NOW WITH A LOW-COST LIFE-INSURED

LOAN

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

FOR SALE Property situated at Port Royal, Richmond County, at the intersection of the paved highway leading to Port Royal. Dwelling practically new. Apply to Clarence Dorey, 140 Queen Street, Halifax, N. S.

EARL W. URQUHART
LL. B
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
NOTARY, ETC.
WEST Bay, Rich. County, C. B.

Classified Ads.

FOR SALE: — Property at West Arichat; 6 room dwelling with bath. In good state of repair.

Also one practically new Kemac Oil Burner. For particulars, apply to Joe Boudreau, West Arichat, N. S.

WANTED—Woman to clean home, one day a week., apply to Mrs. D. . Coaps, Arichat, Phone 164.

WANTED

A registered nurse. For further particulars— please applyto— The Superintendnt, St. Anne's Hospital, Arichat, Nova Scotia.

BOAT WANTED—25 to 32 feet, new or used. State Condtion, Age, Size and Price. Hull Only. Address P. O. Box 50 — Richmond County Record, Arichat, N.S.

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT, located at Petit de Grat. Bathroom, Hot and Cold water. Apply to Gordon Boudreau, Petit de Grat. Phone 151-3.

W. R. BOLTON
OPTOMETRIST
EYES TESTED, GLASSES FITTED
Ross Block, Charlotte Street
SYDNEY, C. B.
PHONE 6245



As joyous as the songs of Christmas is our wish for you. May the holidays hold much happiness for you and your family.

THELMA'S BEAUTY SALON
D'Escousse - - Cape Breton

OF MANY THINGS

(Continued from Page 2)

ments -- where local Merchants wish me Merry Christmas in pretty darn fancy prose that I suspect was clipped from somewhere, and over which the typesetter probably said some untinselly blankety - blanks. And I get the glow that I know they want the people to get-- and I know that the merchants really mean it, too, because you simply can't succeed as a merchant in a town uniess you have some empathy with its people.

I suppose there might be one or two cynics in the community who will see all the advertisements and exclaim "It's all so horribly commercial!" Nuts to them-- if they only knew the slim revenue involved in printing a community weekly, they'd choke on that word "commercial."

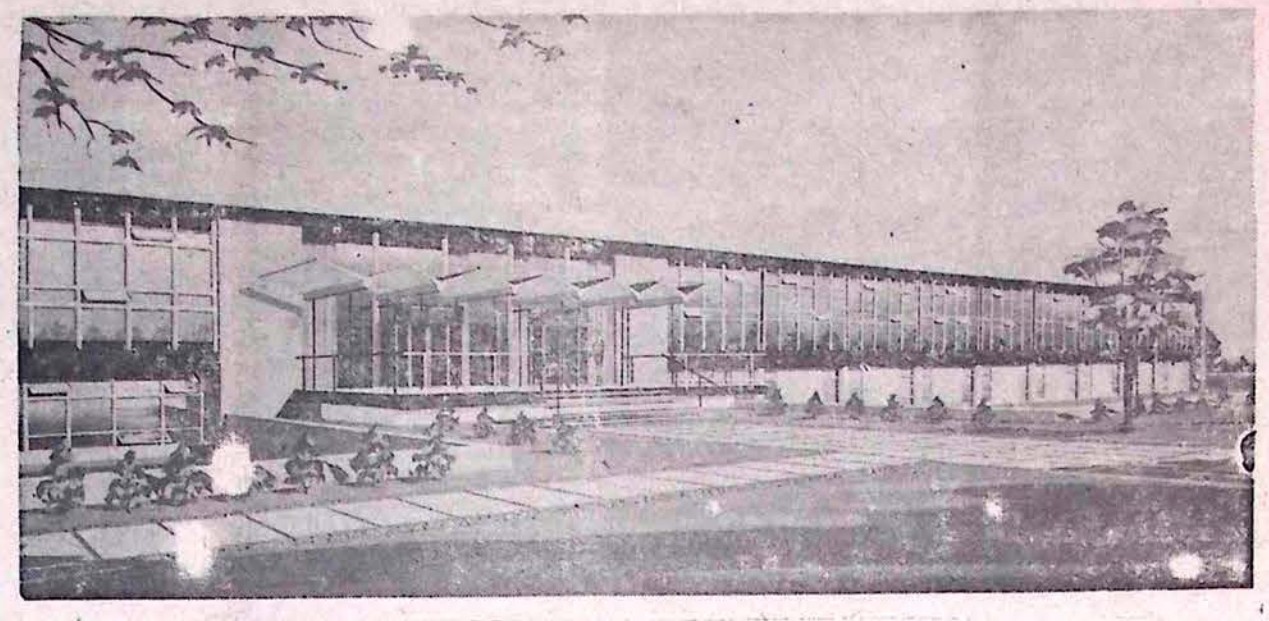
Fact is, the Christmas issue ads are only adding to the everyday business of the community some of the aura of friendliness and goodwill that is essential to the good life. There's not a dime as a result of his Christmas ad; he simply thinks he ought to wish the folks well at this time of year.

The Christmas issue of your weekly paper is a dog-gone nuisance to print. It upsets routine and usually loses the publisher money in spite of all the ads. It never comes out as fine as the publisher planned or the staff intended. But there's a lot of community heart - throb in it and if you don't appreciate it, you need a visit from Christmas past, Christmas Future -- and I wish you a very merry holiday in Christmas Present.

Yule - Tide

The Yule-log kindle, let it burn,
With warm and ruddy glow;
With season's fare, the table spread,
It's blessing to bestow.
With fondest greeting send your gift,
Each kindly action may
To some, a glimpse of 'Heaven' bring
As we good will display
And, as we festive spirit show,
we ever find it true,
Not only are receivers blest,
So are the givers too,
What most we need for peace on Earth,
Is world Fraternity.
Extending Christmas all through the year,
"Good neighbours" we shall be.

C. E. Radcliff



New TECHNICAL INSTITUTE — Shown above is an architect,s drawing of the new $2,000,000 Nova Scotia Trades and Technical Institute located in the north end of Halifax. The first sod, marking the start of construction on the building, was turned Dec. 1. The school will have an initial enrollment of 600 with facilities to expand to accommodate 800 students. Offering electronic electrical and mechanical courses, the institute is the first of its kind in Nova Scotia. It is open only to high school graduates.

Christmas Greetings



Watching for Santa

'Twas Christmas Eve and all was still,
As three small heads with golden hair
Peered wide-eyed o'er the window-sill
To see if old Saint Nick were there.
Now comes the sound of dainty paws:
It is the deer of Santa Claus.

Behold the wondrous magic sleigh,
All laden down with shining toys
And dolls, which only go, they say,
To nice, good-mannered girls and boys
(But surely it is not polite
To peek at Santa Christmas night!)

Look! On the roof, with nimble tread
Strides Santa, as the kiddies peep.
They duck and scamper back to bed—
A moment later they're asleep.
And when they waken, they will see
A world of gifts beneath their Tree.

GERALD G. LeBRUN
Representative
The Maritime Life Assurance Co
AGENT: Fire and Auto Insurance
ARICHAT· Richmond County, C. B. PHONE 67