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## Letter to Santa

EAR SANTA— This has been a pretty good year in lots of ways, and in some ways not so

We lost the drydock, as you probably heard, and we didn't like that because we have the sea gright next to us and anything to do with the sea is Pkind of important to us. We want to build ships and see lots of them in the harbor from all over the world. We also want to be sure our fishing boats Tare taken care of.

Another thing, we haven't yet got that airport we've been talking about. Some fellows ground here have been doing some arithmetic and where figure you can give us an airport without very much trouble. Besides, we need one. One of these days they're going to stop building those old Cansos and we're not going to be able to fly in and of here at all. Anyway, who wants to get stuck at Sandspit all the time?

Also there's lots of people still getting bumpaced around on the highway. It's really dangerous, Santa, and awfully hard on the cars around here. Maybe you could do something about that, too, if you're not too busy.

But I don't want to be complaining all the time because as I say we're really doing all right. you look around, you can see that most people have plenty to eat and the job situation is much better there than in lots of other places.

Anyway, I guess it doesn't matter so much what happens to a place as how people take it. If they've got the stuff, nothing can happen that they can't lick. And that's what we've got up here real people. You can't beat that.

I heard a fellow say the other day there's no such thing as a poor person unless he's poor inside, so that money doesn't mean anything that way. Well, as I say we're eating all right but we're not poor inside either. You can't be when there's so much chance to do things.

So if I started with a beef, Santa, what really want to say is thanks. Of course there's some people around here that might need a little extra help if they're going to have a Merry Christmas, but I'm sure they're going to thank you too because I know you'll take care of them.

Yours sincerely, RUPERT KAIEN.

## By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

hristmas.

144 ley are holding frozen armfuls Lower Town, f snow, just as pine trees every-

dells tinkled or boomed out val- they are. lantly over the Hill and into the

A sew hundred yards to the with his family at his home in past, the great white granife Ng. | Quebec City, Governor-General lional War Memorial, with now Vincent Massey has gone to his trusting the bronze figures of home at Port Hope, Out. Peace and Justice on top, stond More than the usual number stark against the night sky in of civil servants are around fown | server every the glare of the floodlights this Christmas. The government which eaten the mists off the would not give the many extra Ottawa River and seem to add time off simply because Christto the sharpness of the night. mas falls on a Saturday,

Beside the War Memorial, at But Ottawa, generally, has set- ? great community Christmas tree tled down for a good oud-fashhas been erected, with hundreds, ioned Christmas.

ftly to Parliament Hill, and seen the length of Rideau street mas?" Lis year, more than usual, it and down the broad avenue of "The Lord answers prayers. If allity and a more marked re- street cars — some of them new, to pray for it." m to old-fashioned values of but still old-fashioned in appearance — trundle around the War THAT night our tribe of young On the Hill, before the tall. Memorial and past the tree and "aceful Peace Tower, the pines; throw themselves into the bustle ave grown bigger, and this year of the early evening traffic of

there are pictured at Christmas. Lining all the main shopping thoroughfare of Rideau, Sparks A few night ago, the Dominion and Bank Street are graceful arilloneu, Robert Donnell, peal- arches of cedar boughs, lined, do out well-remembered old with illuminated poinsetta's. And hristmas carols on the bell; each holds a lighted old English of the Peace Tower, It was a lamp. Its trite to call them pretty fold, sharp, frosty night, and the as a picture, but that is what

Of course, at the top adminishere were few gathered around trative and cabinet level, Ottawa the base of the Tower to hear this weekend will be a pretty empty place, Prime Minister St. Laurent is spending the holiday





Sled From Heaven

IT WAS the day before Christmas, 1904, in our big rambling house at the foot of the mountain, in Hamilton, Ontario.

As always, at that season, there with more enthusiasm than we was intense group excitement, had ever prayed for anything be-By that year, we already had; fore, about ten children in our family. At the first crack of Christmás with only three more of the ulti- daylight we were all up, as usual mate thirteen still to come. Also, on the principle that a so we trooped down the stairs

magnet attracts little bits like an army in good order. of iron, all the other youngsters. At the door of the dining room, in the neighborhood gathered where the presents were all hid as usual around our house. out, chair by chair mother had

From time to time we climbed us stop and sing "Praise God the half mile up the mountain From Whom All Blessings Flow." side, pulling our little sleighs be-! hind us. Then, one by one, boys ball rooters club, ever sang with and girls alike, we came flashing more triumphant spirit. For what down "belly flammer" style.

THE big question, was-would we Bobsleds flow." get that big bobsled for Christ-

long marred, a little later, when "Whatever you need, pray for" mother had told us over and over the wonderful bobsled exceeded again, ever since we were old our wildest hopes in perforchough to understand. mance, went hundreds of yards

So our whole tribe of young beyond where we figured, and sinners was praying like mad for when one of our gir! passengers that bobsled. We hoped the Lord broke an ankle trying to get the up in hear n was hearing our blessed bob stoped before it prayers but by praying out good ran into the lectric railway and loud we made good and sure that mother and dad did, in the

IN THE late afternoon the Singing Stars whisper ran down the grape- Set For Sunday vine: "We have gct that bob alright. Dad just brought it home, Joan Maxwell, contralto, of tied behind the cutter. He has Winnipeg, and barite ie, Donald it hidden, behind the hedge." Young, of London, Ontario, will

One by one, silent as mice, we be heard Sunday, December 26. stole out the unused front door on the CIL Singing Stars of Toand looked over the bob. It was morrow radio competition. It a beauty. The plank seat was big will be the first appearance for enough to carry about a dozen Donald Young. Miss Maxwell has kids, provided that they are made four prior bids for one of packed together life sardines, the music scholarship awards. There was an iron tearing rod, resulting rectifications are the control of the co complete with crossbar. In brief, the bobsled was a dandy.

WE ARE overjoyed. But we Wishes All Their Customers, could not let our parents know EA VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS that we knew we were getting is and a HAPPY NEW YEAR that bobsted. Dad would take a basis and the second dim view of our quick discovery of the hiding place he had picked. Also, none of us could bear! to take the edge off mother's joy. So, like an army of well train-

XMAS GREETINGS and I ed secret agents in time of war, we went through with the act: "O mother, do you really think Christmas Eve always comes of colored lights that may be we will get that bob this Christ-

ems, there is a sense of tran- Elgin Street. The old-fashioned you want that bob, don't forget

sinners prayed for the bobsled

At this Joyous Season of the Year I would

like to wish all residents and visitors a

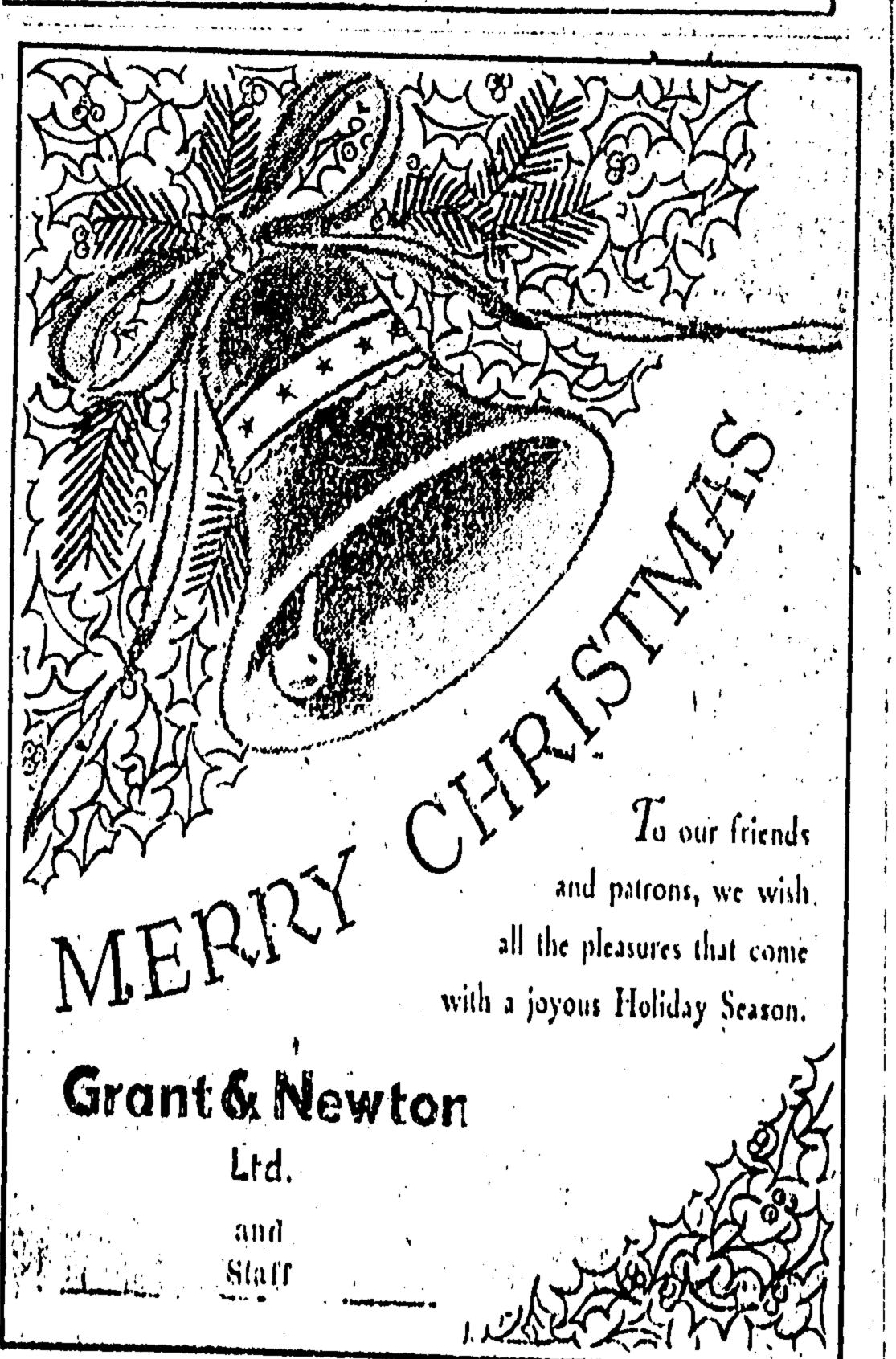
Merry Christmas and Health and Hap-

piness for the coming year.



ICICLES HANGING from the lighted lamp and snow along the wrought-iron sence surrounding the basilica in Quebec City provide an unusual display of winter artistry. The picture was taken in the evening after a day-long snowfall. (CP Photo)





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