

on the

Nov 19/70

**MAIN STREET**



and polished the night before Christmas and the entire household off to the kirk.

The minister in his long black coat was on hand early to personally shake hands with members of the flock and his special sermon seemed to have a special message for every one present. The hymns were old stand-bys and everyone sang loudly and in harmony. The small but faithful band of members in the choir seemed to sing with meaningful fervor and the tenors, sopranos, altos and basses sang as if they meant every word. Service over, there seemed to be a reluctance on the part of the congregation to leave.

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The time for forming cue lines in front of the office of the motor vehicle issuer is at hand. What a change from the days when Dan McLean issued the licenses at two or three dollars at his office on the west side of Cambridge, north of the fire hall. There was no need to get in lines as today, and the car owners plunked out two or three dollars instead or \$25 to \$35 as they will do this season.

The second gentleman to deal out licenses was William Agnew followed by a staunch Liberal by the name of Jim Isaac with his sister-in-law, Miss Stanley attending to the detailed clerical work. The office was on York Street, south and at times customers had to stand in a line up. The

present issuer of motor vehicle licences is Mrs. Collins with an office on King Street.

"Be it Ever so Humble there is no place like Home" is a line from one of the finest old songs ever written. Remember the piece of tapestry, surrounded by a plain cedar frame, which hung on a nail over the door and bore four little but very meaningful words, "God Bless Our Home"? Why did it have to go and where did it disappear to? It seemed to have more meaning at Christmas time.

Remember the lamp which hung from the ceiling and could be raised or lowered? It was a lamp with a large colored bowl and it was necessary to trim the wick and always necessary to refill the bowl.

The old saying "Trim the lamp" meant just that. How mother deftly used the scissors to trim the wick and how the trimming had to be straight with no tufts at the end of the wick?

The big three-foot high lamp with the beautifully painted shade was only lighted on special occasions. The parlor with it's red plush

chairs was only used at Christmas time or when parties were held and perhaps when the minister called.

Remember when on Christmas eve, or on Sunday night, the family — and the families were large — gathered around the high-back organ and the sweet robust harmony permeated the parlor? What grand old hymns and how those good people could sing, "Rock of Ages," "Bless be the Tie That Binds," "When the Roll is Called up Yonder," "Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus," "Onward Christian Soldiers," "O Blessed Fountain," and many other wonderful hymns including the one heard every Sunday morning on the Halifax broadcast, "It's the Old Time Religion. It was good enough for my father and it is good enough for me."

Those were the good old days."

Christmas Sunday morning used to be a very special time for the old-time family: Every one was up bright and early, boots all cleaned