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place my people came from, the part of Mabou they thank God called The Coal Mines. But I wasn't going up to the house and Neil acted like he was too drunk to go but it was Ian was drinking the hardest and rubbing his face to keep seeing the road. And soon it was night and we were really in the country with the houses so far apart from one another and us on the road so far from each one of them, driving along so slow you migjit say that Ian was walking the car, and probably when he was wip? ing his fiice one of the tires caught in the side of the road and he couldn't get it back, just kept on driving, slowly, till the bottom of the car scraped along the edge of the ditch and then the car al? most stopped. Then it started sUding. The one tire over the edge and creaking along on the bottom of the car, just kept sliding, everyone quiet, Ian leaning away from the slide wdth his shoulder out the window. But the back wheel went over the edge very very slowly and we rode down the slanted side of the ditch and setded in the bottom. And I?ii decided he had to take a pee but couldn't open his door so Pe'y got out her side and Ian scrunched over and out with her and I knew we were in it for the night. Neil was NO''SCXniA TX'e've got more than 600 down- Vr home celebrations planned all the province this year. It's eastern Canada's largest festival and you're invited! Our Value-vacation catalogue is filled with great getaways for every budj that put you in the heart of the action - from highland games and woodsman competitions to lobster dinners. So treat yourself to a break and come to a Village Fair. Celebrate our history, heritage, culture and cuisine. For your FREE Value-Vacation Catalogue, call 1-800-'6'-0000 (operator #671). chuckling like a ba? by chuckling. Ian and Pe'y went off with their arms around each other and what was left in the botde, the two of them heading for the woods to take that pee. And me I had Neil and the wall ofa ditch on one side and woods on the other. And later I wrote in the scribbler, "After all day looking and looking there he was my own. I loved "" The Neil. And the whole fri'n' / ' r-' -n The Glace Bay Cabot Trail meant nodi- / Muier's MuseUHI ing to me compared to / IS Oil Sale ROW, right across Canada. riding in diat car or be- I Jq Q'der COpleS by mall, mg anywhere widi him. YOU Can Write tO US ' at Breton Books. And Neil's big hand w'ere I See the Order Fom wanted it and the whole car to "" K a ' ourselves. Looking back is one thing but looking forward v4io could know I was making love to a man pretty soon dead?" SIMEON'S II Family Restaurant 427 Grand Lake Road, Sydney 562-0251 We Feature:

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