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Margaret Brown, Meat Cove: This one goes back to when I was a young girl, working at the fish plant in Dingwall. And nothing else had come out of it. I was working in the fish plant, and our house was just up from it. You could look right up and see the house. The hour was about 3 in the afternoon. This woman came around the corner. She was not a woman of this world-- dressed like this world today. She was all dressed in black and her clothes came down to there, and she even wore black gloves. She came around the building. The door was closed. She put her hand up like that and she went right in. We didn't know anything about it. We all saw her. We thought it was somebody came up the back way. I had a sister, and thought that's who it was--but the long clothes.... So we came home and we were inquiring, and mother said, "No, there was nobody came in." The next day around the same time, the woman came again. She just put her hand up like that and she went in. Two girls from the factory went right up, and went right in the house. My mother was in the pantry baking biscuits; my sister-in-law was asleep with the baby on the couch. "Who came in?" "No one." And they went right through the house. Nothing. Some people around there started to get scared. There were quite a few--about 40--working in the fish plant. The next day, they all sat there on the side of the road, and there was an old lady among them--she was at that time about 80 years old, and she had never seen a thing in her life-- and she said, "If there's anything going into that house, I want to see it." She was one of them that went up, and she sat on the bank. Fair 3 o'clock this woman came. She put her hand up like that--and this is the funny part. Before she had a chance to open the door, my sister-in-law came out with a pan of water and threw it practically over her, and she didn't see her. And all those people on the bank all saw that woman. And most of them from the factory went up to the house. And they went around it; they went everywhere. There wasn't a sight of that woman. And the old lady said, in all her years she never saw a thing like that. Now the ones that described her, that was closer to her that day on the bank--she was completely in black, very slim, but her face was snow white. There was no recognition in her face at all. They said her face was like paste. And then the priest heard about it--he used to stay at our house when he came from the Bay--he asked the old lady, where did that lady come from. She said, "All I could say, when I saw her coming, is that she came out of A Shop for Cape Bretoners and Their Friends Island Crafts Visit our store for a distinctive gift or souvenir' Whether it's a beautifully hand-crafted C. B. wool sweater, an accessory item, jams and jellies. Mad Pottery, a toy for that special child, or something for yourself or a friend-- a gift from ISLAND CRAFTS is always appreciated. WE FEATURE ALL "MADE IN CAPE BRETON" ITEMS AND EVERYTHING IN THE STORE IS HANDCRAFTED OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT HAS A FULL RANGE OF EXCELLENT SOUVENIRS. 335 George Street, Sydney Open All Year 'Round MR. TIRE LTD. 267 Prince Street Sydney The Radial Tire People specializing in '??' • ""="" • ??' and the World Famous Bandag Re-treading Fully Equipped Mobil Unit nomi A9-S670 (18)