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ghost. (1945. So you personally had had no experiences then.) No, I had experiences, but I was forced to face them--and it was (always) something natural. So, we'll say there were 7 or 8 men in, and she was working around, and could list ten to every story. And I could refute every one of them. I'd ask, "Well, did you stay to investigate?" "Well no, as soon as I saw this, I knew who it was." I said, "You thought you knew," They said, "Yeah. I just left and ran." So then I'd say, "Well, I was in a similar situation and I couldn't run. I had to face it. And it was something natural." I remember one time that this fellow had died, died suddenly. I was taking a short-cut through his farm. Some horse had broken away, a black horse with a white face. And I see this thing coming to meet me at a distance. I'd swear to God it was a man with a white shirt on, I couldn't--what could I do? I had to stop, and it stopped. And then it veered off and went by me on the side. A horse. A black horse. So after they left, she said, "You did a great job tonight. A lot of people went home feeling that, well, maybe they didn't see anything. Since you're so good," she said, "try this one." She said, "I married my husband; I came to live here. His mother was dead, and he was living alone for two years. And one night I was out at the woodpile, taking in fire-wood for the morning of the next day. I was down on my knees, I loaded up my arms, I raised my eyes--and I saw this woman in front of me. I never saw that woman before; I didn't know her. But I saw the kind of a dress she had, and everything else. I got scared. But," she said, "the house was just a little piece away, and I went in the house and forgot about her. "Then," she said, "oh, about two months later we were finishing haymaking. And one of the neighbours came over to help my husband. I was out with them working all day. So we were putting in the last load of hay. And when we came to the barn the men said, 'You go in and get supper. We'll pitch the load ourselves, and we'll go in and have supper.' And I went down to the house, took two buckets, went down to the well to get some water. Filled the buckets, turned around. And the woman I had seen before at the woodpile walked all the way from the spring to the house with me." She said, "I fainted." She said, "I don't know how long I was out, but the men coming in found me. I was pregnant at the time, and they thought that I had worked too much in the sun. So they picked me up and brought me in. I didn't say a word to anyone. "Two weeks later," she said, "my husband was down in Port Hood. And he was coming home. And just turning in the lane, the horses saw something, and he saw something. Horses bolted and ran away on him. The barn stopped them. He was thrown out of the wagon and he broke 3 ribs. So we had the doctor, and he strapped him up, and he was convalescing at the time. "So I decided I was going to clean the attic. I hadn't cleaned it since I took over the new home. So," she said, "I went up. And going through her trunks, I saw a picture, a frolic. And there were 10 women with spinning wheels. And in the centre of the group was the one I saw at the woodpile and at the well. I brought it down and I put it on the table. And my husband came to dinner, and he picked up the picture and he said, 'Where'd you find this?' 'Oh,' I said, 'I was doing some house-cleaning upstairs.' I said, 'I ran



across this, and I don't know who they are.' 'Oh,' he said, 'you don't know any of them, ' He said, 'They're all dead. This is Mrs, Mac- Isaac, and this is Mrs, MacCormack, and this is Mrs. MacDonald, and this is Mrs. Rankin, and this is Mrs. Beaton, and so on. And the one in the centre, that's my mother.'" CONTINUED NEXT PAGE
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