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THE A THE Ceilidh XL Cabot Trail "Trail WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN! No matter where you stay in the county of Inverness you will enjoy spectacularly beautiful " " " countless little coves to countryside complemented by explore, the warmest beaches in a rugged dramatic coastline. " Maritimes, hiking trails up to rocky mountain glens. Ask for the day trip brochures at any provincial tourist tx>oth. "Our beaches have the Aarmest A/aters, our people have the kindest hearts." THE INVERNESS COUNTY MUNICIPAL TOURIST COMMITTEE BOX 179 PORT HOOD, NOVA SCOTU it--bang!--at the building. Then ran like everything, ran to the door, as the fellow burst out. He wouldn't have got in if he had gone to the door; they'd have slammed the door. Fellow burst out to see what it was about--and he walked in. There were liquor barrels from Glace Bay and Sydney there. He was a very good natured fellow, though he was very strict--couldn't get past him. He spoke to them, passed the time of the evening, and took out a book and wrote all their names down--and, "Good evening, gentlemen," and he left. The next morning he asked those two offic? ers where they were. "Well," they said, "you weren't here, so we went down." "Yes. What did you see?" "Nothing." "Nothing at all?" "Well, coming home, there was a man with oilclothes and rubber boots on, walk? ing along." "What time was that?" "Well, that was 3 to 4 o'clock in the morning." "What was he doing there at that time of the morning?" They didn't know; they didn't ask him. "What? A man out at that time of the morning, and you didn't in? quire what he was out for?" Now, he went down, look at all he saw, and they saw nothing. He was just a sleuth like that, he could do that all the time. He was so keen-minded. Over near the light at Edwardsville there's a little pond, and there was a man living over there, with a fishing boat-- and he was in and out. He'd come in; he'd only have a little, not much, fish. But an? yway, Tony had a suspicion that he was landing liquor. So he went over there one night when he knew--at least he thought-- there might'be something going on. Here he saw action down at the waterfront. There was a field, and then woods, so he worked his way down. And here the man that had the vessel had men working, bringing rilm kegs ashore. And they screwed a screw-eye in the head, and had a long chain with cross-chains of an automobile, snow-chains, with a snap on them. They had a space just right, and they'd snap it in the screw-eye; then they were sunk into the pond. They were hidden there. And as they needed to get at them, they could pull on the chain, and take off a keg or two at a time. They didn't see him at all till he put his hand on the captain's shoulder--he got right up to him. He was so hard on them. He'd sense that they were going to land, and he'd get them. The liquor fellows had pull enough in Otta? wa to get him taken off of outside patrol and to give him an office job. But that was no use. He'd work in the office all day, and go out all night. He got thin as a rail. They couldn't stop him--he could do what he liked at night. Nobody could tell him not to. But he just could not give up. Finally, they shipped him--he was up in Halifax, had the highest post up there, he had charge of the whole working for Newfoundland. And then they took him to Ottawa. He married and had no family. Oh, what a fellow. Lot of man. I did



regular Customs work. I used to have to go down every time the boat would come