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I believe the dead come back. I believe that. A friend of mine, his father had a friend. After he died, this friend of his was walking down the lane one day. He saw this fellow coming to meet him, the fellow that was dead. And he said, "What do you want of me?" "Well," he said, "you go and tell so-and-so that if you don't leave my baby, use my baby better than he's doing it, I'll come back and destroy him." This fellow that died's youngest son. You know, he wasn't a baby, but it was the last one born. (And the older son was mistreating the younger son?) Yeah, that's it. "Well," the other fellow said, "if I went and told him that, he'd only laugh at me." "Well, you tell him this," he said, "there's no? body knows it but him and I." So he went, and told him. And that fellow packed his suitcase and he never came back to Cape Breton again. Took off. That's supposed to be a proven fact. I'm sure this old fellow wouldn't say that unless he saw it. (Did anyone ever come back to you?) No. But when my Uncle Angus died--my uncle and his wife died on the same day, with the flu in 1918. And my mother and Angus, they were dressed alike, you know, when they were growing up. And Mother Came home from the States, you know, when they died. There was only I and my grandfather there. And oh, she was in an awful state, crying every day, crying every day. And when An? gus died, he had left a young son. Well, till the day she died, she said Angus came back one night and told her to smarten up and look after his son. We saw a change in her, but she didn't tell us at first what it was. But later she always said that's what it was. (You were telling me of a house...,) Oh, that--it was the devil that was there, (Do you really think so?) Oh, I don't know what it was. There was a crooked stairs coming down from the attic, around the flue. And this racket--oh, loud--started in the attic. You could hear it coming down around the flue. It wasn't orderly walking, it was like this. (Stamping?) Yeah. He came down to the upstairs, and then he'd come down this stairs and go in? to the front room. And that's it. Didn't hear any more. Well, I went in there one night, and I figured it was someone who wanted to buy the place--that he was get? ting up in the attic some way. And I was sure, if it was something, I'd see it, you know. So I put the lamp on the table here, and the door was there, and the stairs were coming down here. So sure enough, at 10 o'clock this racket started. Came down to the upper floor, and then started down. When I figured he was--I was right near the door--it was right opposite the light, you know--I pushed the door open. Nothing. Noise stopped and there was nothing. So I don't know what it was. (Anything else hap? pen besides the noise?) Oh yes,' they had to leave there. A thing would get up off that shelf and go across to that shelf-- they'd see it going across. And the clothes that were on your bed like this, used to get up and turn right around--per- fect--go on the opposite way. And it was worse in April, every 7 years, it was worse. This noise would start up, worse than ever. There was a fellow came down here--he was supposed to know everything about this. And they came out here to see if I'd go with them, and I said, "Yes, I'll take you up there." (This is the fellow that used to live in that house.) I figured he'd have the key. So we drove out, went to the woods where he was, "No," he said, "I left the key at the house."



But he told us where the ladder was. "There's a window up? stairs," he said, "that's never closed. You could close that window and go down? stairs; come up in half an hour, it was o- pen again." So this fellow (who came down) was all-- you know--what wasn't he going to do? He was going to take pictures of the kitchen and all this. We got the ladder for him and put it up, and he went in on the win? dow. It wasn't two minutes he was back out again. I don't know. He never told us what he saw. But anyway, he took pictures out? side- -toward a window. And there were two women standing in the window. (Did you see two women?) Well, there were no women there, but they were in the picture. I saw the picture. (Did you know the women?) No. (Did anybody know the women?) No. (Getting back to the mine....) I think she'll be going again around '90. (The Bay Natural Foods "For Your Health's Sake Buy Natural Foods" Great Selection of Vitamins and Minerals Beer- and Wine-Making Supplies Bulk Herbs and Spices by the Ounce or Pound C.O.D. Orders Accepted by Mail or Phone Glace Bay 35 COMMERCIAL STREET * 849-4387 Sydney ACROSS FROM K-MART, TOWARD SCHWARTZ * 539-6767 fTtorkV UJork .IAiCQfnOU/C More than Just great workwear. ACROSS FROM SHOPPERS DRUG MART SYDNEY SHOPPING CENTRE - PRINCE ST. - 539-0441