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seemed at odds with the powers that be. He felt that highways were neglected, that his mountain road could be widened and made more attractive at very little expense, and this would be a great convenience for the people who were much attracted to the largest town of Inverness County. "Perhaps you don't vote right, Sandy," I suggested • and his answer to this was prompt and a little bitter. "That is just the trouble, Fraser. We Beatons, Rankins, McDonalds and other Scottish families in these parts always supported the present government. But the government concludes that the Beatons and Rankins and McDonalds are all good, faithful friends who would scorn to 'turn their coats,' so we will seduce new converts to support us and thus swell our majority. Acting on this, they fix roads elsewhere and neglect their good friends here." Another observation of mine in the rural (areas is) that the people there seemed more intelligent than in the towns and cities. Perhaps they are not so poisoned with propaganda by the press, advertising mediums, etc. They don't believe, for instance, that every different kind of tobacco can be superior to every other, or that Soap is better than Sudso, or vice versa. If one believes all he hears or reads, it weakens the intellect. If I declare to a ruralite that forty dollars per month is not sufficient to maintain a family of four, the gentleman will always agree with me. But if I make the same statement in the city or town, I am called a "RED." Another thing I soon discovered was that the Beaton home did not lack for entertainment. The young lady of the family, Miss Mary Beaton, was a talented performer on the violin, and during the course of the evening Sandy urged her to get her fiddle and play for Fraser, whom he doubted was a true Scot. And the young lady, laying the violin across her knee, charmed us with "Lord MacDonald," "The Lament of Wullie Wallace," and many other pleasing airs that I could not identify. Then Sandy looked at me suspiciously, winked at his charming daughter and urged, "Marack, Ough-than Frishell, Ough-Frishell." Smiling with mischief, Miss Beaton let loose with another air that I did not recognize. I learned afterwards that with the first notes of "Ough-than Frishell" it was expected that I would leap to my feet and do a Highland Fling. But I disappointed my friend Sandy and was promptly aware of his disappointment. "Don't you know that tune, man? You are no Scotsman and no Fraser!" And Sandy scorned to relieve me of my ignorance. However, I learned later that Ough-than Frishell was the favorite pibroch of the Fraser clan, and that Sandy was justified in considering me something of a half-breed when I did not recognize it. After a pleasant evening spent with music and story, I was led to the guest chamber by my host who hoped I would say my prayers, rest well, and assured me that in the morning we would recover my sleigh from the top of the mountain. And of course the morning came, as mornings will, and, gazing around me from the little valley, I was astonished to observe the mountains in this particular section of Cape Breton Island. Many years before, while reading geography at school, I learned that the Cobequid Mountains on the Nova Scotia mainland were referred to as the chief heights in the province. But I do not recall any mention of the In?



verness mountains in the Cape Mabou section of the county. Since that time I have
 observed the Cobeg- When touring the Cabot Trail, "you'll enjoy your stop in
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