

# The Victoria-Inverness Bulletin

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## CABOT TRAIL TRULY DELIGHTFUL TRIP

### FORD V-8 GIVES CREDITABLE PERFORMANCE OVER 600 MILE TRIP

The historic Cabot Trail, wonder tourist attraction of the Island of Cape Breton, famed for its panoramic views, winding rivers, deep ravines and inhabitants replete with historical information, was the route followed by a party of local people intent upon seeing Nova Scotia first, and remaining to marvel at its unspoiled beauty. Winding over virgin territory, unharmed by the onslaughts of man lies the Cabot Trail, a thing of beauty in itself. Cape Breton and the Province generally have derived a benefit difficult to estimate, in the farsightedness of those responsible for the building of this connecting link between two localities whose fame is far reaching as an attraction for beauty and pleasure seekers this continent over.

Blasted from solid rock, the connecting link of the trail from Pleasant Bay on the West coast to Cape North on the East coast was completed two years ago, opening up this scenic route for the tourist, making it possible to make a complete circuit from Baddeck to Baddeck in less than nine hours. The famous drive up the coast from the Margaree to Pleasant Bay would hardly be complete without the scenic drive over the new road to Cape North. The new constructed highway is faultless from an engineering point of view. The width of this road is sufficiently wide enough for heavy motor traffic and the surface is made up of a strong bottom although not possessing the surface qualities that make a fine highway. The protecting ledges on the ravine side of the road provide a sense of security to the driver and passengers as they went their way downward from the height.

The trip, originating at Truro, took a total of 34 hours from start to finish. In that time 598 miles were covered in a driving time of less than 18 hours. The automobile used was a 1934 Ford V-8 De Luxe Sedan, of the stock of Christie Motors Ltd., local dealers.

Highway conditions in the Island of Cape Breton are all that the motorist could ask for in clean safe roads. The trunk roads traversed on the trip were entirely satisfactory and the condition of the secondary roads was surprisingly good. With the exception of heavy dust clouds, the scenic value of the trip was unharmed by any physical or mechanical defects. So far as good roads are concerned the Cabot Trail road is far from being compared with our main trunk highways. But, taking all into consideration, road conditions on the trail are highly commendable. It is regrettable that the bridge repairs near Cheticamp have not as yet been effected, as the unsightly detour there is detrimental to the pleasures in store on the trip ahead.

As a scenic country the Island of Cape Breton is unsurpassed. From the little hamlet nestled among the hills to the towering firs and hardwoods on the slopes above, an air of contentment, second only to that of Mother Scotland, prevails. From the peaceful farmlands and intervals to the quaint little fishing villages, the inhabitants appear to go about their daily tasks, little affected by the doings of the outside world.

From a scenic standpoint, the famous Margaree Valley, the view of the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the vicinity of McKenzie Mountain and the panoramic view from Cape Smokey were the outstanding features of the trip. To the unexperienced driver the long climb to the top of McKenzie Mountain and Smokey present many difficulties in the form of sharp turns and steep grades. There seems to be an indescribable thrill to the motorist, who once he has reached the highest point in his ascent, to look downwards in the vicinity of 2200 feet and see the commencement point of his climb.

Some exceptionally interesting incidents were noted on the trip, among which was the observing of children, equipped with their books, on their way to school. This unusual occurrence took place near Cap Rouge, where, due to the unusual conditions of the winter season, it is necessary for

the children to attend school in the open months of the year. Under this arrangement the children abandon the usual trip to the seashore etc., so common to local children, in the summer months, to a pleasant three months, many days of which are spent in the house with the winter blasts howling without. Truly a decided variance from the customary vacation spent in our part of this country.

According to all information available from the inhabitants, the name Cabot Trail does not originate from the source, that of John Cabot, who is supposed to have touched Nova Scotia on his explorations but from a man of the same name Cabot, who some 100 years ago blazed a trail from Cheticamp to Pleasant Bay and from there to Cape North and Baddeck. Cabot made this trip alone and on foot, and the only known inhabitants of that district at the time were the Indians. Cabot was described as an adventurous person, not unlike the usual type of tourists who make the trip over the trail in search of adventure. On some days visitors to that trail have numbered in the vicinity of one hundred persons with an average of eight to ten cars passing daily. Gasoline, brought by boat to Pleasant Bay and transferred in 25 gallon kegs is sold there for the same price as anywhere else in the province.

The hospitality of the Cape Breton persons operating meal and sleeping accommodations is excellent. No doubt one of the finest points observed on the route was the general "make yourself at home" atmosphere that existed between the visitor and the resident.

Much credit is due to the authorities of the fine road reference service maintained. One passing through strange and unfamiliar country is blessed when able to rely accurately on road directions as to distance, etc. The wonderful system of the maintenance of road signs at regular intervals stating the designation point and the distance is invaluable to the motorist. The use of such signs as these is more noticeable and more appreciated in such a tour as the Cabot Trail than anywhere else in the province.

The long gradients and descents for which the trail is famous are trying on the driver of any car, and much courage can be invested in his ability to navigate the curves and steep ascents when operating a car in the best mechanical condition. It would be folly for an unexperienced driver to attempt the trail equipped with a car not in the best mechanical condition. Good brakes and an efficient low gear are essential to a safe passage over this route. The grades over the trails are of such height that an ordinary car has to proceed in low gear the greater part of the time. It is impossible for a car to make a complete circuit of the Cabot Trail without going at least into intermediate gear. This is not the opinion of only one person but many who all stated in much the same words that "A circuit of the Cabot Trail in high gear is impossible."

Too much cannot be said of the fine performance of the Ford V8 throughout the entire trip. The velvety action of this truly fine automobile was shown to advantage when called upon to cross the rough detour on the trip and many more equally trying conditions. Our friend Mr. Aucoin, proprietor of the general store at Cheticamp, was quite right in his statement about the trip. On leaving the above mentioned place he was enquired of as to the condition of the road ahead. He spoke in rather dubious tones, due to the fact that the weather was not at all promising in its appearance. However when he came out to bid us off he was heard to remark "You boys should not have much trouble over the trail in that car". Mr. Aucoin was quite right in the opinion of those present as, aside from a large nail picked up near Inverness, the trip was entirely free from mechanical troubles of any kind. In the 600 miles covered no oil was used by the engine; 30 gallons of gas were used from the time of leaving Truro till the return, when the tank was filled to capacity. The following mileages were computed on arrival at Truro: Average mileage for the 600 miles—20 miles per gallon; average mileage over the Trail of 180 miles—15 miles per gallon; average mileage over the trip excluding the Trail—24.4 miles per gallon. During the heavy hauls and descents over the Trail not one drop of water was added to that in the radiator. Ward Murdock, manager of Christie Motors, was heard to remark on the return to Truro, that

## History of The Highland Clans

No. XXXVIII.

By John A. Morrison, Canso.

### THE BATTLE OF PRESTON

The Highlanders immediately halted, and formed in order of battle along the brow of the hill. The courage of the royal army was greatly damped by the timid, irresolute conduct of their general, in remaining on the defensive, while his opponents manifested such eagerness for battle. General Cope's army amounted to 2100 men, and was rather inferior in numbers to that of Prince Charles. On the 21st, the Highlanders were drawn up in two lines; the MacDonalds, under the Duke of Perth, formed the right wing, in accordance with established custom for upwards of seven centuries; the Duke of Perth's regiment and the Macgregors occupied the centre; while the left wing, commanded by Lord George, was composed of the Camerons under Lochiel, and the Stewarts of Appin, led by Stewart of Ardshiel. The second line consisted of the Athole men, the Robertsons of Struan, and the MacLauchlans, under Lord Nairn. Each chief fought in the centre of his clan, and surrounded by his principal relations and officers. Their inferior and worse-armed followers closed the rear; some of them had no other weapon than the blade of a scythe fastened to a long pole. When all arrangements had been completed, Charles addressed his men in these words:—"Follow me, gentlemen, and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people."

The morn had now fully dawned, and the beams of the rising sun were beginning to illuminate the waters of the estuary on their right; but the mist was still rolling in huge masses over the morass on the left, and the cornfields in front, for a time hiding the armies from each other. When the Highlanders charged, the left wing, composed of the Camerons and Stewarts, had the start of the other divisions; and with a tremendous yell the Camerons threw themselves, with irresistible impetuosity, upon the glittering ranks of their enemies. The artillerymen of the enemy fled, the dragoons were seized with panic, rode over the artillery guard, and galloped from the field; the royal infantry, though their flanks were left uncovered, stood their ground for a brief space, prostrating a number of the best men in the insurgent ranks, but were irretrievably routed, and throwing down their arms fled from the field. The number of royalist slain was estimated at four hundred; while the loss on the side of the Highlanders was four officers and between 30 and 40 men killed, 5 officers and between 70 and 80 privates wounded. Almost all the slain on the royalist side were cut down by the broadsword and scythe. The field of battle presented an appalling spectacle of mutilated bodies. Colonel Gardiner, of the royalist forces, was cut down by a Highlander armed with a scythe, within a few yards of his own mansion. A gallant and pious veteran—a model of a Christian soldier—his death was greatly lamented. The number of prisoners taken amounted to many hundreds, including about seventy officers. The whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the royal army, together with the military chest, fell into the hands of the victors. The Camerons had entered Edinburgh only a few hours after the battle, playing their pipes and displaying in triumph the colour, they had taken from the dragoons. But the main body of the victorious army delayed their entrance into the capital until next day, when they marched in triumph through the principal streets of the city, displaying the prisoners, the spoil, and the standards they had taken, amid the joyous acclamations of the multitude, while

the pibrochs played the old Jacobite tune, "The King shall enjoy his own again." The battle of Preston, which annihilated the only regular army in the kingdom, made Charles master of the whole of Scotland, with the exception of the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and a few small Highland forts.

### PRINCE CHARLES INVADES ENGLAND

After spending six weeks in Edinburgh, Charles was determined to march into England against the arguments of his officers. "I see gentlemen he said, "you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country, but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone". Carlisle surrendered at his approach, and he proceeded as far as Derby. In the meantime three English armies, each larger than his own, were preparing to meet him. Being unable to raise any recruits in England, he found it necessary to retreat into Scotland, where he hoped to meet a reinforcement under Lord John Drummond. The Highland army commenced their retrograde movement from Derby December 6th, and on their way north were pursued by the Duke of Cumberland, whom they defeated near Penrith. What could be more hazardous than to rush with such precipitation beyond the middle of England and to the very confines of the English capital? Chambers says:—"the expedition was done in the face of the two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it (the Jacobite army); and the weather was such as to add a thousand personal miseries to the general evils of the campaign. They had carried the standard of Glenfinnan's hundred and fifty miles into a country full of foes, and now they brought it back unscathed through the accumulated dangers of storm and war."

Whatever may be said of the adventure of Forty-five; of Charles's march into England against the arguments of Donald Cameron, still fondly remembered in the Highlands as "the gentle Lochiel," distinguished for his personal prowess and social virtues; against the arguments of the gallant Lord George Murray, and officers of the Highland army, who had no fallacy of vision as to the "throw of the dice," the venture ranks high among the achievements of military warfare.

### THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Finding that Edinburgh was now in possession of the royalist troops, Charles, joined by Lord John Drummond and Lord Strathallan, made his way to Stirling. That town surrendered to him, and he laid siege to the castle. He, however, left several battalions, under the Duke of Perth to push on the siege of the castle; and supposed from information he received that General Hawley would have advanced and offered him battle; but seeing no appearance of him, put his army in motion towards Falkirk, a town finely situated on rising ground, and overlooking an expansive "Carse" (a term applied to low lands and adjoining rivers), through which the river Forth flows, with its beautiful landscape and devious winding body of water. On the evening of January 16th, 1746, Charles ordered the different detachments of his army to concentrate upon Pleamoor, about seven miles from Falkirk, and two miles to the east of Banockburn, where his headquarters were. About mid-day, the following day, Charles again put his army in motion, and when the Highlanders came in sight of the water of Carron, the town of Falkirk, and the enemy's camp, also opened upon their view.

Meanwhile Lord George Murray, who commanded the right wing, proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for battle. When completed, the order of battle of the Highland army was as follows. On the extreme right of the first line, stood the MacDonalds of Keppoch, the MacDonalds of Clanranald, and in succession the regiment of Glengarry, a battalion of Farquharsons, the Mackenzies, the MacIntoshes, the Macphersons, under Cluny, the Frasers, under the master of Lovat, the Stewarts of Appin, and the Camerons, who formed the extreme left of this line. The second line, which chiefly consisted of the low country regiments, was composed of the Athole brigade,

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### THE LOST IS FOUND

Miss Ettie Eison, Sheet Harbor, Walked the Forest after Wandering Nine Days While Many Search For Her

Sheet Harbor, Aug. 5.—Walking up to where her near relatives, Charles and Neil Perry and George Richards were sitting in the woods near Lindsay lake about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, Miss Ettie Eison, 24, missing for nine days, asked in a matter of fact voice, "Am I on the right road for home?" Practically abandoned on Friday, the search was resumed on a more extensive scale August 5th, more than 100 men being in the forest searching for the lost girl, who, although she showed no signs of fatigue from her trying ordeal at first, later became quite ill.

After finding herself, the girl with a few short rests walked two and a half miles with the young men to the road, from which point she was driven to her home here.

Interviewed following her arrival at her home last evening, the girl gave a graphic description of her nine days wandering in the wilderness. She was, she said, on the point of giving up hope when she heard the sound of voices, and following it came upon the three young men, her two cousins and Richards sitting in the woods.

Miss Eison said that she wandered about aimlessly for days and spent all of one moonlight night travelling through the woods and thickets.

It was on Friday night about dusk that she came to Grand Lake where after washing her face with her handkerchiefs discarded the cloth and also her rubbers which she found to heavy for travelling in the brush and woods. She says she also threw away a pair of leggings she was wearing when she entered the woods but after wards regretted the move very much for her legs were badly scratched and torn by the brush which in many places is very thick. Her hands were also torn by brambles.

Wild berries, mostly blueberries, kept her alive during her nine days' wanderings, while she found plenty of water to assuage her thirst.

When she came upon her rescuers she did not realize the seriousness of her condition, and, following her arrival home, was taken ill but the doctor does not think that it will prove serious.

### RADIO CONNECTIONS RESTORED WITH BYRD

(Canadian Press Telegram)  
Little America, Antarctica, Aug. 4.—(Delay)—Radio communication has been restored with Admiral Richard E. Byrd at Bolling. Advance weather base, 123 miles by trail south of here for the first time since July 27, H. reported his receiver was not functioning but gave no indication that otherwise all was not well. Today another tractor expedition set forth in a second attempt to reach Admiral Byrd's advance base on the Ross ice barrier where he is keeping a lone vigil. The first was forced to turn back in a storm reporting the flag marked trail had been largely obliterated.

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he was entirely satisfied with the wonderful results achieved and attributed it to the fine workmanship and engineering which is built into the Ford V8.

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