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THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.



SAND DUNES AT CAVANDISH.

WE MUST HAVE THE TUNNEL.

Prince Edward, productive fair Isle of the sea,
 Joined to the mainland by railway should be;
 Since Confederation in seventy three
 Men have hopefully looked a Tunnel to see.
 Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight to the last
 Until through Parliament this bill is passed.
 McQuarrie's a pleader as all law courts know
 Also Mr. McCready, likewise Capt. Joe,
 Father Burke's a worker, he is making clear the track,
 With valiant Farmer Daniel who is not at all slack,
 Now members of Parliament stand firm and true—
 For our Island will look for the Tunnel from you.



THE BLOCK HOUSE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

EARLY SETTLERS AT VERNON RIVER

By W.F. Fraser

ABOUT the year 1812, there lived in the state of Maine U. S. a man named James Laird, having a poor, rocky farm. Not wishing to live under the stars and stripes, being a loyal British subject, he decided to settle somewhere on British soil. Being the owner of a small schooner, or shallop, built sharp at both ends, he gathered his few effects, and with his family, on board set sail for Prince Edward Island. His family consisted of himself, and wife, two sons, and one daughter. The sons' names were Josiah and Banward, the daughter's name was Polly.

They coasted around the Island for some time, until finally they entered the mouth of the historic Vernon River. And sailed up river about a half a mile above the Vernon River Bridge, until they came to a small clearing, from which some poor unfortunate Aedrian, had been driven.

Here they went ashore and built a small house, later they had a farm surveyed, on which some of Laird's great grandchildren are now living.

His daughter Polly married a Scotchman, named Angus Ross. She had two sons—James, and Samuel, (James died some years ago, Samuel is still living), and several daughters. Mr Laird's sons, did not like farming. Josiah followed shoemaking; Banward went to sea in the schooner, and for a time did some trading, and coasting, until finally he disappeared altogether. Mr Laird, by this time was getting well up in years, and, deserted by both of his sons, he took his grandson James Ross, to live with him

This grandson married a Miss Gordon, of Ulster, by whom, he had a large family. Mr. Laird willed his farm to his great-grandson, John Ross, (son of James). A few years ago, the writer, with John Ross, examined the will, which can be seen in the Registry office at Charlottetown.

Somewhere about that time, 1812, John VanDerstine, and Jeremiah Enman, settled about two miles further up the River. They married the only two daughters of John Fraser, who were passengers in the Polly. They raised large families, and quite a number of their descendants are settled on farms along the south side of the River.

Then John master, and his brother William, took up farms near the Enmans. John married a Miss Smith who came in the Polly. They had five sons, and two daughters; Thomas lives on the home-stand, Reuben, at Vernon River, William, and John died some years ago, Frederick is in Alexandra, Lot 49. The girls are both married.

A little further up the river, lives Roderic McNeill, the undisputed chieftain of the clan McNeill, of Barra, Scotland.

A short distance south from the river, stands a modest Methodist meeting house. When the congregation was first formed they were under the leadership of the late Rev. Cephas Barker.

Further up the river we came to the Murray Harbor Road, and at the foot of what was called Hayden's Hill we find the cellar over which stood the old historic school house, in which that Prince among

men, Hon. James Hayden Fletcher, Ex-Governor of N. Dakota, studied under the late Archibald McNeill, of honored memory; and where the writer, when eight years old, attended for two summers.

Now we will turn north, and we come to that ancient landmark, Hayden's mill, when now we find an up-to-date roller process, which turns out flour unsurpassed by any produced on the Island. The mill, I am glad to hear is still run by a Mr. Hayden, who does an extensive custom trade, besides purchasing a large quantity of wheat covert into flour.

A short distance north we come to a stirring village, the center of which is that ancient hostelry once conducted by the late Matthew Redmond, now managed by a Mr. O'Neill. Sixty years ago, it was a ram den and was called the half way house, being halfway between Charlottetown and Georgetown. At that time the mail and passengers between Charlottetown and Georgetown were carried by the late Samuel Lane, of Mount Mellick, who always fed his horses at the half-way house. Mr. Lane, prevailed with the government to place numbered posts one mile apart between Charlottetown and Georgetown which afforded a great deal of satisfaction to the travelling public.

At the Ten Mile House there was a large post placed called the floger post having four arms, pointing to Charlottetown, Georgetown, Cherry Valley, and Pownal Bay. It was the writer's

father who prepared the posts, and divided the distances.

At that time there was seven taverns between Vernon River and Charlottetown, Redmond's, Crosgrove's, Gay's, Sullivan's, Ten Mile House, Damarell's, Murphy's not one descendant of the former owners now occupies these places.

Now we will turn eastwards, we come to St. Joachim's Roman Catholic Church, and Parochial House, both built of brick that was made close by.

The church stands on a commanding eminence. It can be seen for miles in different directions. It is handsome in design and beautifully finished. The parish is extensive, and the congregation, of more than average intelligence, is consequently large. The spiritual needs, of the parish, are ably presided over, by the Rev. Dr. Doyle. In the Silent City, close by, lie the remains of some very dear friends of the writer.

A short distance further, and we come to French Mill Creek, where, one hundred years ago, stood a sawmill, built by the French Aedrians. When the writer was a boy he had often seen the remains, of the old mill. Next we come to a modest Methodist meeting house. On the next farm to the meeting house, was Gay's tavern. Not a stick of it is now standing, and not an heir, living on it. A short distance, further on, we come to the farm of the late Thomas Richards, who was at that time an extensive ship builder.

Next to Mr. Richards came Lauchlin McKinnon; then the McDonald (North Pole) estate. The elder Mr. McDonald was also a ship builder, who bought a hundred acres of land in one block, and settled his four sons thereon—Donald, Alexander, John and James. They were honest God-fearing men, and were highly respected by their neighbors. A little more than fifty years ago, a terrible calamity happened to them. The four brothers were removing an old pump out of a well, to be replaced by a new one, when the lashing of the sheave-rope and two of the brothers were struck by the heavy poles. John, the youngest brother was instantly killed; Alexander, the eldest, recovered, but never was as well again. Many years ago the McDonald Bros. built a schooner in the

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, A PERFECT SUMMER RESORT.

ALBEGWERT is the Miqmao name by which the Island was first known. It was afterward changed to "The Island of St. John." It was again changed and in honor of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of our late beloved Queen Victoria, was called, "Prince Edward Island."

It now has the proud distinction of being the only spot in the British Empire having the name of its King.

Prince Edward Island has no equal as a watering place.

Being surrounded by the sea it has a

winter, at their barns, and one beautiful day in March they hauled her down to the river with about 40 horses and placed her on the ice.

Vernon River Bridge at one time was a busy ship yard—when the late Captain Wm. Welch, and Robt. Barker, built some large ships, brigs, and brigantines on the site where now stands the extensive business block of the Hon. George Forbes. There is a very large amount of business done at the Bridge in shipping produce. Mr. Forbes, besides doing a large mercantile business, imports lumber, coal and limestone. The cheese factory is quite near and Port Vernon Hotel, an up-to-date boarding house, run by John Findlay. There are also a beautiful public hall, several very fine private dwelling houses and a graded school, held in the lower flat of the public hall.

On the south side of the Bridge are several beautiful dwelling houses and here John McKenzie, and Daniel McDonald do a safe and prosperous business in general merchandise. Mr. McDonald also keeps the post office, if I mistake not.

ways an abundance of pure air. The visitor arrives in Charlottetown by steamer just as the sun goes down. Next morning he may go either by rail or by carriage to the sea-side where he will have his choice of several splendidly equipped hotels.

The first pleasure he indulges in is a plunge in the water. The beach is clean and smooth. Surf bathing is always fine, and here you get it in the name of perfection.

A half an hour's rollicking in the water, then for half an hour a sun bath on the white sand hills. A chase for game with the gun or a fishing trip with fly, a stroll in the green meadows, or a ramble in the shady groves brings health and freshness to the once tired and depressed and makes every part of you tingle with new vigor.

You return to your hotel where the table groans under its burden of choicest viands, the productions of the farm or in connection therewith. You enjoy you think as you never did before this midday meal.

In the afternoon you repeat the delights of the morning, only in varied form and you are ready for a good tea. In the evening you go out and the picture that meets the eye is of rare beauty as from the bluff by the beach you watch the sun descending in gorgeous robes of glory behind the distant west.

The tree tops catch the yellow light and gleam like golden spires; and the sun has gone to rest.

You then retire for the night to enjoy the sweet sleep that comes to those who avail themselves of the health giving properties afforded by the balmy breezes and pure air of Prince Edward Island.

Thus from the sweet sunlight, crisp

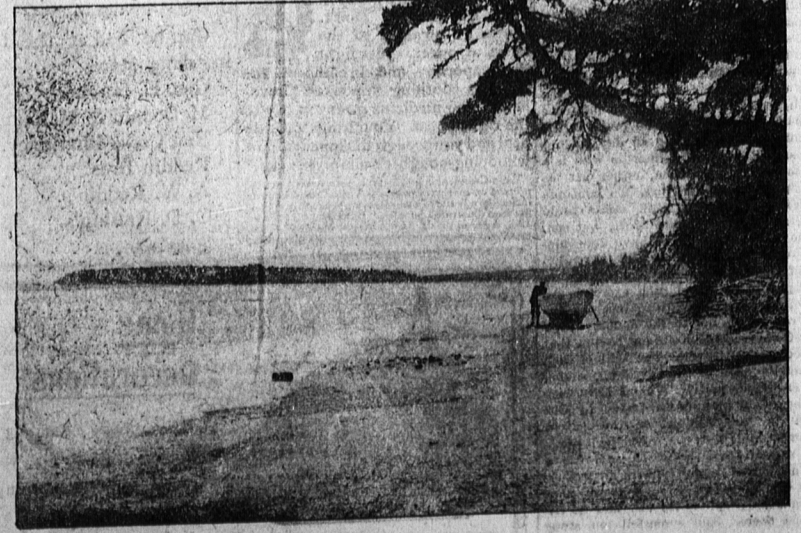
fresh air, and still beauty of the morning, the pleasures of the day, the calm beauty of the evening and sweet rest at night, the holiday season passes all too quickly away and the visitor leaves our shores with most pleasant memories of our Island home; only to return in the spring bringing others with him to the fair shores of Prince Edward Island.

"WHEELER."

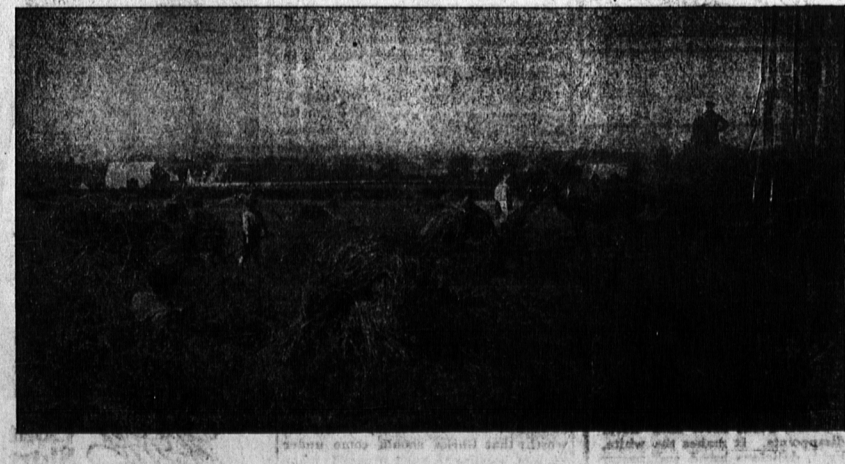
A SPORTSMAN from the South Side writes, saying that he is glad to see the Magazine Guardian of a recent date devote space to the subject of fish and game protection. He is also pleased to know what the president of the F. & G. P. A. looks like by means of the portrait published, and wishes that half-a-dozen men, as capable as secretary Carbonell, could be put in the field to travel round as he is doing. This, the correspondent says, would soon put a stop to the work of the "game hogs" who net trout and take game by unsportsmanlike methods, and who are described thus in Forest and Stream:—

Though of aspect dull and drowsy, though of locks unkempt and frowzy, Through of soiled and freckled cuticle, and costume rude and strange; In their frowziness and freckles, they're as keen in quest of sheldals, As the diamond-decked deceiver that vociferate "on change."

Do you ask me how they get them? Why they snare them and they net them, With the aid of vile "contraptions," which the game laws quite condemn; What they're after is your money, that's their manna, milk and honey, And the "modus operandi" matters not jot to them.



FORTUNE BAY, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



FARM SCENE, NORTH RIVER, P. E. I.

This Issue is in Two Sections---Be Sure You Get The Whole Paper