

The Guardian, Charlottetown, Fri., Nov. 22, 1963

## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### Emyvale Man Recalls Unusual Ghost Story

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Provincial - Farm Editor

J. P. (Jim) McCloskey told me an unusual story when I called recently at the McCloskey home which is near the new Roman Catholic church at Lot 65.

A man named Dollar ran a mill, perhaps 100 years ago, in the hollow at Emyvale where the McCloskeys lived later until Jim retired about seven years ago. Dollar was the only Protestant in the district and his warm friend and neighbour, Pat McCardle, was urging him to become a Roman Catholic. "You are getting all of the business in this area, all of us are your friends, and you are the only Protestant," McCardle and several other neighbours used to emphasize.

Dollar finally told his friend McCardle "No, I'll not turn in my lifetime, but I'll die a Catholic".

THE TIME came finally when Dollar was obviously on his death bed and the end seemed near. A Dr. Henderson from the North River area - he used to bleed people, Jim told me - said Dollar only had a few hours to live. So the dying man agreed to keep his promise, and agreed to Pat McCardle's suggestion that he go to Kinkora, some 16 miles away, for Father Duffy - Kinkora, Kellys Cross and Emyvale were all in one parish at the time.

McCardle had one of the fastest horses in the country and he drove the animal to his limit on the trip to Kinkora. Pat was still asking everything the horse had, as he returned with the priest. But they were about one-half mile away from the Dollar home when the priest said "you may ease up, Pat, he's gone". And the man was dead they found upon arrival, so he had been unable to keep his promise of changing his faith in his last moments.

### Strange Developments Follow Death

JIM McCLOSKEY'S grandfather, also named Jim, bought the old mill along with his brother-in-law, after Dollar's death. But it was not long afterwards that a strange and eerie development disturbed the countryside.

The mill was powered by a water wheel that had to be opened or turned on to start it, and closed or turned off to stop it. But the wheel would start on its own for no apparent reason about 10:30 at night.

Finally the McCloskeys and their neighbours took their problem to Father Duffy who set a time to meet them at Emyvale and exorcise, or cast out the offending spirit. And, Jim told me, "they took Dollar and put him in a bottle" (I presume his spirit was meant) and the bottle was buried in a spot over across the stream from the McCloskey mill.

The mill was run at the time by Patrick McCloskey, Jim's father, who had come home from the United States for that purpose, and nothing was seen or heard of Dollar's ghost "after the second burial", as Jim put it for me.

THE SPOT was chosen, I was told, because neighbours used to see "a huge black dog roaming" around that spot at night. The dog was never seen again after the ceremony of the burial in the bottle, and the mill never started again in the middle of the night.

There had been other evidences of a restless spirit being on the loose. Jim's mother went to the barn loft one evening to put down hay, so the neighbours who had come to plow her husband's fields would not have to do the chore when they came from the fields.

She loosened the hay in the mow, but she couldn't get it down through the hatch. "It was as though someone or something was holding it, was pulling against me when I tugged at a forkfull", she told the men when they came home. And the wise neighbours nodded and said, "Dollar was up there, he was holding it". Dollar was blamed for many unusual occurrences, I gathered before his restless spirit was finally stilled.

There was a shingle mill and a rotary mill at the old mill site, and Jim's father had been an expert in sawing shingles. So perfectly were the shingles edged that "you only had to get the one shingle plum at one side of the roof, and you could keep putting the others alongside each other all the way across a 100-foot wide roof, and you wouldn't be out a fraction of an inch at the other side, you didn't need a chalk line," Jim explained.

The shingles were sold at the time for 65 cents a thousand, later Jim upped the price to \$1.00 per thousand.

Mr. McCloskey told me he was in Colorado when the notorious bandit, Jessie James, was buried there and it was an Island-born priest, Father John Johnston, who had buried him.

### Prowlers Worse Than Ghosts

JIM HAD gone to Denver City, Colorado in 1903 and had gone to work in a lumber mill operated by an Island man, George MacPhee, Souris and his partner. He got two dollars per day for the mill job, and left sometime later when he had been made foreman because of his knowledge from their own mill on the Island, but had not received any increase in salary.

And that recalled an effort he had made to increase his earnings when he went as night watchman once on a cemetery in the area, which was under the control of three priests. The clergymen impressed on McCloskey that there were no such things as ghosts, not even on a dark night in a cemetery. But their man wasn't afraid of ghosts so they had no worry on that score. "I had a big dog with me and one of the priests gave me a revolver" my friend told me, as he explained that he had to make a tour of the cemetery once every hour, to see that no unauthorized people had entered.

ONE EVENING a dozen people, six men and six women, came to the gate sometime before dark and asked for admittance, giving a fairly reasonable explanation for the request.

But trouble developed when they started to drink, began to get impudent and refused to get out, when Jim told them they would have to go. One of them advanced with fists at the ready and Jim hauled out the revolver. But a companion pulled another gun on the Island-born watchman, and said "you shoot him and I'll get you at the same time".

That was enough of that job for the real people had proven to be a perilous menace in the graveyard, even though no ghosts were ever seen.

The old revolver is now in the possession of Dr. Angus MacLeod, Bonshaw, my friend told me.

### This Ghost Story Is Different

HERE IS a ghost story that is different because it is told by the man who was the ghost. Yes, that's right. Here's how:

Ira Hardy, Bloomfield who was living at the time on the Mill Road, just off the main highway, came home one evening with a load of potatoes in bags on his wagon. Unhitching the team, he came in for supper and his good wife persuaded him to leave the spuds on the wagon overnight, and put them in the cellar in the morning.

The tired people retired early but they were awakened about 11 o'clock by the sound of a neighbour's young cattle milling about the house. Fearing the cattle would get into his potatoes, Mr. Hardy arose in his night attire, chased the cattle out the lane and took a fence pole to place across the gate, to discourage any further intrusion by roaming livestock.

HE WAS just about to return to his house when he heard a horse and wagon coming along the road. The owner, he recalls, was singing a merry lilt and Mr. Hardy waited to see who it was.

But the merry lilt changed suddenly to screams of horror as the driver drew opposite the gate and saw the ghostly apparition - Hardy was clothed in a long, all-white nightgown and was leaning on the pole across the gate - and the man whipped his horse and drove him at all possible speed. Ira could hear the thunder of his hooves far down the road with the man calling desperately on the horse for still more speed.

### Covehead Man Has New Product

MANY NEW industries have come to the Island in recent years, some of them are larger like the frosted food plant, and the big fisheries and boat building establishment scheduled for Georgetown. But others are small, some of them family size. One of the smaller ones is the sauerkraut plant started recently by Lorne Kelly at Covehead.

Sauerkraut, I am told is made of finely shredded cabbage which is fermented and seasoned to suit selective tastes. The quality varies but Mr. Kelly has done enough research, some of it trial and error, to make his product really good, he believes.

Tancook, just off Chester, Nova Scotia, is the best known spot for the product in the Maritimes, it is said and Mr. Kelly has taken advantage of all the information he could get there. He feels that he has a similar formula in his small plant.

He made up a batch of the stuff after considerable research but found it did not reach the standard he had set. So he went back to Nova Scotia for further research. Now, Mr. Kelly says, he has the product he really wants for the market.