

started to walk to Charlottetown. He went on the ice, trailing a hand-sled after him. Arriving in town he went to his landlord (Governor Fanning) for assistance. After he had stated his case the Governor gave him a bushel of potatoes (Governor Whites). When the poor fellow arrived home the potatoes were frozen as hard as gravel, and upon examining them the hardy settler consoled himself with the philosophic utterance, "Eat them, John, or die."

It is little this third or fourth generation knows of the hardships, struggles and privations our forefathers had to endure before they left us the beautiful, fertile fields and pleasant farms we now enjoy, as the fruit of their toil and energy. We with our good roads, steam-cars, telegraph, telephone and every convenience, cannot realize their conditions of life. Even the writer, who is not yet sixty years old, can remember when there were no lucifer matches. He has lighted a fire with flint and steel and a piece of punk.

One beautiful morning in October, 1755, in Inverness-shire, Scotland, a little boy first saw the light of day. His father was a tenant farmer of the well-known Sir Simon Fraser, (Lord Lovat). The boy's name was John Fraser. When he was twenty-two years of age he married Elsie Frame, by whom he had two sons, Andrew and Thomas. When the little boys were four and two years old respectively, their mother died. Three years after, Mr. Fraser married for his second wife Isabella McKay. When the boys grew to be young men they worked for the Laird, and they became very intimate with Sir Simon. About that time France was at war with Britain. The Laird decided to raise a company of soldiers among his tenants. So he persuaded Thomas and Andrew to enlist if their father would consent. So he sent for their father, who strongly objected. Lovat said, "If the boys consent will you be willing?" Not wishing to displease the Laird he said he