

he sometimes found more than pins. One day he picked up a genuine darning needle. It was in an out of the way place in the woods, but he preserved the needle till the owner turned up in the shape of a decent neighbouring woman. Another time he picked up a three shilling piece that someone had lost. He tried in vain to find an owner. But one Sabbath there was a collection taken in the church, so he put the stray coin into that collection, and another three shilling piece of his own with it. He raised a large family, who were all of an intellectual turn. His second son still lives in Springville, and is no mean geologist. His second eldest daughter was the mother of James A. Fraser. This James Ian Ruaidgh and his next neighbour, David McLean, had each an inexhaustible lime quarry on his farm, of which they manufactured large quantities into lime. For this they found a ready sale at the Albion Mines. Selling to the company they were sure of their pay. Thus they made a good deal of money. But he was no lover of money. As long as he got what served his purpose he was contented. His eldest son, John, was quite a celebrity. He always went by the name of "Catach." On the East River he would not be known by any other name. To do anything like justice to this "son of the soil," is very difficult. He and the writer grew up in the same community, went to the same school, and went to the same church. I have known many young men on both sides of the Atlantic, but, for originality and versatility, I never met with the superior of this John Fraser. For one in his station, he was remarkably well read. The few books that he perused would be of standard excellence. It is doubtful if he ever saw an entire copy of Shakespeare but he had Shakespeare at his finger's ends. The Colonial Patriot, the Nova Scotian, the Pictou Observer and the Halifax Guardian, all of which he read, kept him well posted up in the politics of the day. What he read he remembered, and he was no niggard with the stories of knowledge thus acquired, but would retail them for the benefit of others. In those days the feud between Kirk and Antiburgher was in full blast. Dr. McCulloch was the champion controversialist with the Antiburghers, and Revs. Donald A. Fraser and John McRae did battle for the Kirk. John watched the varying fortunes of this wordy war with the keenest interest. He could relish every good hit given by the Kirk belligerents. This they were quite able to do, and vice versa when the Antiburgher combatant flogged his antagonist, he would be in ecstasies. On one occasion, the Rev. Doctor paid Rev. D. A. Fraser this compliment, "I have, in my day, met with an opponent who could shift an argument and grasp at a quibble, but you are the first I ever met with that lied as he wrote." John thought this was sublime.

His prevailing characteristics were seriousness and gravity. The monthly prayer meeting at James Grant, dyer's, he attended regularly, and took an efficient part in conducting it. For years he superintended the Sabbath School in the red schoolhouse; at church his place was seldom vacant, but at social or convivial gatherings, his drollery knew no bounds. In 1834 there was an excellent circus in New Glasgow. The veritable Jim Crowe was there and acted his part to perfection. But John Fraser was also there, and that was enough. Ever after he could act Jim Crowe as well as Jim himself, and this he sometimes did for the amusement of us youngsters.