

for himself or herself. The side of the mound next to him, my grandfather used to say, was well mixed with butter. Pat and Biddy had made a fine lot of maple sugar that spring. Pat wished to get a piece of the sugar, and this is the plan he took. He said to the wife: "Biddy, mavourneen, bring down the cakes of shugar till I show Bill how we carry cheese at home." He took the largest and thinnest cake, and placed it on the table, the rest on top, according to size, then getting on his knees on the floor he drew the pile carefully to the edge and balanced it on his head. Then, with a quick motion, he broke the thin cake and all the rest fell to the floor. Pat shouted, "Bill, you —— lay houl't." So my grandfather grabbed a piece and made for the door, with Biddy after him with the poker. That ended the day.

In the first or second decades of this century there were very poor roads. Most of the travelling around Vernon and Seal Rivers, Lot 50, was done with boats in summer and sleighs in winter. There was a man named Donald Campbell, who lived on the west side of Seal River on the farm now owned by William Jenkins, Esq. He wanted some wheat ground and he and a neighbor started by boat for Acorn's mill in Pownal, by way of Orwell Bay and around Gallas Point. Old Mr. Acorn had the reputation of being a very cross man, and Campbell, being a small man, slipped the tiller of the boat under his coat, to be ready for hostilities. When some of the wheat was ground, Mr. Acorn told the men to take some of the flour up to the house and his wife would bake a cake for them to eat going home. This she did, and the visitors went away with a very different opinion of Mr. Acorn's temper.

The writer places these reminiscences before the readers of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, in order to convey, if possible, some idea of the manners, customs, and amusements of the early settlers, as well as the vicissitudes—which were many—that beset them.

WM. FOSTER FRASER.