Some Lights & Shades
of
Family History

by

Angus D. MacDonald
Port Hawkesbury
September 30, 1893
LIGTHS & SHADES
by ANGUS MACDONALD
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Cover from the Second Printing.
**Introduction**

A full measure of credit is certainly due my g. grandfather, Angus D. MacDonald (1855-1907), for his excellent research into the MacDonald family history during the summer of 1893. However, it was Angus' mother, Christy Ann MacPherson MacDonald's (1830-1893) relentless dedication toward preserving those family records which enable her son to so ably perform the creation of this work – *Lights & Shades of a Family History*.

Among modern day MacDonald genealogists it had long been known that a booklet about the MacDonald family history of Scotland and Cape Breton had been published by Angus MacDonald in the late 1800's...but the quandry was whether any copy of the work still existed.

To determine if such a copy had survived until the present day, the “team of three” consisting of Grant MacDonald of San Francisco, CA, Mildred Doucette MacDonald of Judique, C.B.I. and Hugh MacDonald of Moncton, N.B. took it upon themselves to find the long sought after booklet...if one still existed.

After many months of searching, the team was notified by John James & Anna MacDonald of Dearborn Heights, MI that the missing booklet was alive and well at their home. Arrangements were quickly made to have the booklet reprinted. Promptly, copies of the work were widely distributed amongst MacDonald genealogists and community libraries throughout Nova Scotia.

We are now placing the work upon the Internet so all genealogists will have quick and free access to a primary work of MacDonald family history.

James Laurier McDonald
San Juan de Alicante, Spain, September 4, 2009
SOME

LIGHTS

--- AND ---

SHADES

OF

Family History
SOME LIGHTS & SHADES

—OF—

FAMILY HISTORY.

For the purpose of having even a measure and imperfect record to preserve the names and memory of some of my ancestors and friends, I deem it a duty to commit to paper a few facts touching the genealogy and lives of a few of my relatives. The information concerning the old people was given me by my beloved mother and some from my aged father, not long before her lamentable death on July 1st, 1893. She was in the habit of writing down such events and incidents as possessed, to her, a peculiar and endearing interest. A number of those notes she placed in my hands, and I think it but just and dutiful to a dear mother now departed, to put in some permanent form those facts and traces of family history so dear to her gentle heart. To the information she gave me I have undertaken to add a little of what I know myself regarding our family and friends in the present generation, with a brief sketch of the careers of some of them up to date. The history of such of my ancestors as came to this country is much like the history of many other hardy highlanders who...
took up their abode in various parts of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and New Brunswick some time before the dawn of this century. They were all true and devoted Roman Catholics — honest, hospitable and industrious — and generally lived to an old age.

My great-grandfather, on the mother’s side, was John Ban McDonald. He was born in Eigg, Scotland, and married there to Catherine McLellan. They, with three young children, emigrated to America about the closing years of the past century. They landed at Pictou, N. S., whence, after a brief while, they proceeded to Parsboro. There my great-grandfather took up a large and fertile farm, containing extensive meadows, — or rather the makings of extensive meadows. The family was one of the first families that settled in Parsboro, and remained there until the health of my great-grandmother began to give way. Then the family removed to Antigonish harbor. John Ban was not willing to leave Parsboro where he had succeeded so well, but, at the urgent request of his wife who did not wish to leave her children in a half-settled portion of the country where they could not easily be trained in the practice of doctrines of their religion, he at last consented to the change of location. They travelled on foot and drove yokes of oxen and other live stock, all along the then rough roads from Parsboro via Truro to
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The harbor of Antigonish. There were eight children, six sons and two daughters. The names of the sons were Andrew, Ronald, Archie, Malcolm, Allan, and Roderick. The daughters were Christina and Margery. The latter was my grandmother of my mother's mother.

The sons were very talented and well educated for the time. Archie died while yet a young man. Andrew came to Judique, C. B., where he engaged in extensive business, which he carried on successfully for many years. It was he who bought the farm at Judique on which his sons Allan and Archie now reside. The other surviving brothers went back to Parrsboro to their father's old farm which was left unsold. They remained on that farm until their sister Christina got married and moved to St. John, N. B. Then Allan left Parrsboro and went to Port Hood, where he remained in business until his death. He left no family. Roderick also came to Cape Breton and kept store in Mabou, after which he moved to New Brunswick, and thence to the United States. In New York he met Archie McPherson, his nephew (son of Margery) who was then employed as a shorthand writer in the city of New York. Both uncle and nephew left New York and travelled through a large portion of the American union. The last account of them was a letter from Ohio. Malcolm and Ronald sold out the old farm at Par-
bore and moved to New Brunswick, where they bought another farm on which they ended their days.

John McPherson (Angus son) my great-grandfather—my mothers' grandfather on the paternal side, was also born in the Highlands of Scotland. He married Mary McIsaac, sister of Mrs. Ewen McGillivray formerly of Morristown, Antigonish. He came from Scotland when very young, and took up a tract of crown land at Lakevale, Morristown, in the county of Antigonish. He became a good farmer there and had a family of six sons and three daughters. The sons were Angus, Dougald, Archie, two Johns, and Donald, my grandfather. This John McPherson's sister married Angus Boyd, of Antigonish, which makes a relationship between myself and the Boyds, and these Boyds are relationship of Dr. Hugh Cameron of Mabou. The said John McPherson bought a farm for his son Angus at South River, Antigonish. The son Archie followed the trade of a carpenter, and while building a chapel took sick and died at Antigonish, leaving a family on the homestead. The older John and Donald were school teachers for several years. John died a young man. Donald went afterwards into business at Antigonish harbor, and a small island at the mouth of the harbor is, from this circumstance, called McPherson's Island. He married Margery, daughter of John
Ban McDonald, by whom he had two sons, Angus and Archy, and three daughters, Mary, Kate, and Christy-Ann, the last named was my mother. When Donald McPherson went out of business in Antigonish he removed to Judique, where he remained until, owing to ill-health, he went travelling through the States and died at New Orleans. His son Angus married Annie McDonald, Donald’s daughter, of Little Judique harbor. He had two daughters, who with himself, have long been gathered to their fathers. Archie (Donald’s son) was a good scholar, and engaged in the pursuit of school teaching in various parts of the country for several years, after which he left this province and went to New York. From New York he went to Ohio whence came the last tidings of him. Mary McPherson (Donald’s daughter) married Donald McLellan Esq., late of Glenville in this county. She reared a family of four sons and four daughters, and is still living and smart. The names of her sons were John, Andrew, Donald D. and Alexander. John left home for the far-west when very young and has not yet returned. Alexander, the youngest son died in the fresh bloom of manhood. He was a successful school teacher for several years, and a bright, genial, popular young man. Andrew and Donald D. are still living in prosperous circumstances at Glenville. Kate McPher-
son (Donald's daughter) remained unmarried. Christy-Ain my mother was the youngest of Donald McPherson's family.

John McDonald of the clan Ronald was my great-grandfather on the paternal side, he being my father's grandfather. He also was born in the Highlands, and was married to Effie McDonald of the McDonalds of Glencoe. When he came to America, accompanied by his two brothers Rory and Angus, the father of William McDonald at Judique, who is dead since many years. Also a brother's and sister's family—a Mrs. McDougall—came with John McDonald from their native country, Scotland. The McDonald family names were Angus, Alexander and John. The McDougall family names were also Angus and John, as near as I can learn, and those two families settled down at Cape George, N. S., where they lived and died. John McDougall's son, John, still lives at Harbor au Bouchie where he has been and is still in business. He once owned the large schooner called the Mary Ellen McDougall.

John McDonald, my great-grandfather already referred to, settled on a farm at Fisher's Grant, Pictou county, and remained there, doing well, until the death of his wife, when he gave up the charge of his farm to his eldest son, Donald. He had five children, three boys and two girls: namely: John, Donald, Ronald,
Mary and Sarah. He got married a second time to Annie McKinnon of Arasaig, N. S., by whom he had two sons and one daughter. He then moved to Little Judique in the county of Inverness, where he lived long and died an old man. His son, Alexander, the father of Dr. P. A. McDonald, of Port Hawkesbury, settled at Harbor au Bouchie. Rory, well known in his day and generation as Big Rory, remained on his father's farm at Little Judique, lived to a ripe round age and had a very large family. Three of his sons settled down on the farm. John McDonald's daughter, Christie, married one Campbell of Little Mabou, where some of her descendants still are. The three sons he, John McD. had left in Pictou also moved to Cape Breton. Ronald took up some crown lands near Port Hood where many of the younger generation still live. Donald, my grandfather, selected a tract of crown lands in the then wilderness of Little Judique, where by dint of industry and thrift he, in the course of time, made for himself a comfortable home. He was accompanied and much assisted in his pioneer work by his sister Mary. John occupied a portion of his brother Donald's farm, and pursued the trade of a blacksmith at Little Judique. He (John) married a Miss McLeod of Broad Cove, by whom he had two sons, Donald and Angus, and two daughters. A number of the descend-
ants of Donald and Angus still domiciled at Little Judique. Mary, John’s daughter, already referred to, married James McNeil of Big Marsh, Bras d’Or. Her son’s names were John, Ronald, James, Roderick and Angus. Sarah married John McLean of Long Point. Donald, my grandfather, married Mary McDonald, daughter of Alister MacShamus of Judique Banks, by whom he had a family of three sons and eight daughters, viz: John, Donald, and John Jr., Effie, Maggie, Annie, Flora, Nellie, Jessie, and Mary. Susan and Flora died in youth. Effie was married to Angus McNeil of Lake Ainslie; she is now 94 years of age; Maggie to Roderick McDougall of Long Point; Annie to Angus McPherson of Big Judique; Flora to Donald Gillis of Judique; Nellie to Donald McIsaac—they subsequently moved to New Glasgow. A son, Neil, lives in Antigonish, John in Hawkesbury, Ronald at New Glasgow. Effie married to Archie McDonald of Low Point, and Mary to Donald McPherson of Harbor. John married Miss McNeil of Little Judique; John, the younger, married Annie McDonald, daughter of James McDonald of Little Judique, and Donald, my father, married in 1850 Christy Ann McPherson, whose name has already been observed herein.

Alexander McDonald was one of eleven children of James McDonald (Baillie), of the clan Ronald. He was my great
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grandfather, on the paternal side, that is to say, he was my father's grandfather—the father of my father's mother. He was born in Moidart, Scotland, and there married to Janet McDonald of the McDonalds of Kinloch, Moidart, where the gallant Prince Charlie was once encouraged to battle by those people of Kinloch. This Alexander left Moidart with his young family about the year 1784 and came to Prince Edward Island, where the then chief of the Clan McDonald of Glenaloch of the family of Clanonald resided. He and his family remained on the island for the period of twelve years. In his family there were six girls and six boys. The sons were known to be very able men. In fact they were noted in their day for their physical strength and activity. Their names were Allan, James, Donald, Alexander, John and Donald Jr. The names of the daughters were Mary, (my grandmother) Ann, Margaret, Catherine, Susan, and Ellen. From P. E. I. the family came to Knysna, Antigonish, except Allan who was left at school in P. E. I., there being no schools then generally established in Nova Scotia. After a short time the family removed to Judique Banks, C. B.

James, the second oldest, worked for some years in Miramichi, where he made himself famous by knocking out a notorious athlete—a bully—who was then a terror in that locality. After his return

but before then, said, bully licked

and, 'AliR, the True

story is that Jimmy walked up by the
to Judique he married Christina McNeil of Little Judique, and had a family of four children. He was upwards of 80 years when he died. Donald Jr. died in his 20th year. Alexander married Mary McNeil of Cape George, N. S., by whom he had nine children. He died at Judique in his 78th year. John lived at rear Creignish where he married a Miss McDonald of Low Point, by whom he had six children. He also reached the ripe round age of about 80 years. Donald (commonly known as Black Donald) took up a farm at Little Judique where he married Catherine McDonald of that place by whom he had a family of nine children. He also lived to an old age, and few men were more widely known or carried within them a more kindly heart than lithe and loyal Black Donald. His son John, familiarly known as John the Weasel, was a noted fighter. For many years he sailed from Gloucester for the fishing banks, and frequently figured in the seaport broils of that turbulent period. He now lives near his brother Alexander, on P. E. Island, a reformed and useful man. He is a brother to Mrs. Angus McIsaac of Port Hood. His father moved in his latter days to North Cape, P. E. I., where he lived for some years with his son Alexander, and died.

Mary, my grandmother, was married to Donald McDonald in the year 1798 at Judique Banks. Ann married Alexander
McEachen of Mabou, and had five children. She died many years since. Margaret married Angus McInnis of Cape George, N. S. She had four children. Her grandson, John McInnis, now owns and sails the handsome schooner Edith McInnis of Gloucester, Mass. Catherine married Hugh O'Brien of Cape Jack, N. S., and had ten children. Susan married Edward Johnson of rear Port Hastings, and had five children. Her grandson, Edward Johnson, now lives at Port Hawkesbury. Ellen married a man by the name of Gervier of Tracadie, N. S., and had a large family. She died about 15 years ago. Allan, the son who was left at school in P. E. Island, when he became of age, enlisted with a schoolmate of his own in a Highland Regiment which was formed on the island. He served there for some time, and at Halifax he was subsequently passed into the British navy where he remained for three years. Some time afterwards he and two others made their escape from their ship which was lying off the West Indies. He then shipped in a large vessel, the captain of which he liked so well that he remained with him for a long time. All this time his parents and friends at Judique Banks knew nothing of his whereabouts, until he was met one day on the streets of Halifax by one Michael McDonald of the Retland family of Judique, who recognized him and induced him to accompany
him house. He afterwards married Flora McInnis of Creighnish, by whom he had eight children. He died at Judique Banks at an advanced age.

Alexander McDonald, first herein mentioned, had two brothers who came from Scotland after he left P. E. Island. Their names were Ronald and Donald (Ban) the grandfather of Donald J. McDonald, County Treasurer, Port Hood, and the great grandfather of Miss Annie McDonald, the clever operatrix now and for several years past in the employ of the W. C. Telegraph Co. at Port Hawkesbury. These two brothers, Ronald and Donald, also settled at the Banks of Judique where they lived respected, and died lamented.

Janet McDonald, the wife of the said Alexander McDonald, had four brothers who came out from Scotland about the same time her husband did. They left the island with Alexander and came to Knuydart and Arrossig, N. S., where they spent the remainder of their days. Their descendants are now settled in various parts of Antigonish county, some at Arrossig, some at Knuydart, some at Antigonish harbor, and some at Bailey's Brook. The names of those four brothers were, John, Donald, Roderick and Charles. Donald's son Donald remained on his father's farm, Knuydart, near by Charles' family, John, Alexander, and two sisters, Maggie and Mary.
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Ali, or nearly all, of those old people have gone to their last reward. They were good people. To say that they or any of them, were perfect, was to say what can never be true of human beings. But they lived a noble life—a life of honest toil. They lived in times and circumstances of great hardship; but they also lived in an age which (thanks to them) was singularly free from vice. Consequently they were always happy here, and it is but reasonable to hope they are now still happier in a higher life. Very fittingly can we who come and live after them repeat:

"Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But stern trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place;
A moral warfare, with the crime
And folly of an evil time.
So let it be. In God's own might,
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose name is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers;
We grasp the weapons He has given,
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven."

My father always remained on a part of the old homestead at Little Judique, and is living yet. Our family consisted of three daughters, Mary, Marcella, and Sarah, and eight sons, namely, Angus, Hugh, Archie, John, Daniel, John, Daniel and Gabriel Alexander. One of the Johns and one of the Daniel died in their infancy.
As we boys were growing we were necessarily withdrawn from school either
to work on the farm or fish, both of which
careers were then successfully followed
on the shores of Inverness. Still we
all got a useful share of schooling. The
first time I left my father's home, it was
to go fishing in the Bay for a few trips.
I had been accustomed to inshore fishing
so that the object of my first venture was
not a novelty to me. My brothers Hugh
and Archie continued the shore fishing
either at Little Judique or Port Hood
Island. In halcyon days of the Wash-
ington treaty fishing was a lucrative call-
ing. My sister Mary, the oldest of the
family got married when very young, and
was the first of us to leave home perma-
nently. We were happy together, and as
comfortable as any family could be in
similar circumstances. Nevertheless, the
glowing accounts of the Eldorados of the
West, and the reported success of many
young men who left this country, began
exciting us to try our fortunes in foreign
fields. In the Fall of 1879 my brother
Hugh and myself decided to go to the
North West. We were the first young
men in our immediate neighborhood who
undertook to go so far afield, and it was
quite an ordeal. However, we set out,
starting in a steamer from Port Hood,
after bidding a sad farewell to our young
friends, and the dear "old folks at home."
Our feelings on that morning as we steam-
ed along by the home of our youth and gazed at it with moistened eye until it faded in receding distance, can be much more easily imagined than described. We were never far away before; we were now going alone far out upon the world, without any guarantee that we should ever return to see our home and friends again. It was a trying moment, but this cruel world abounds in such experiences. In due time we arrived at Pictou, where we secured our tickets for the wild west, at a cost of about eighty dollars. There was scarcely anything left in our purses after we paid for our passes. Next morning we boarded, at Pictou, the first railway train we ever laid eyes upon, and in a few minutes we were bowling off majestically to our distant destination. After travelling through numerous towns and cities, and all varieties of country and new things, we landed on the sixth day at St. Paul, Minnesota. Here we stopped to look for employment, and the next day after our arrival we went to work at a railroad, crossing the Mississippi river from St. Paul to Minneapolis. Our means would not permit us to wait for the work that would suit us best, so we had to take hold of any kind of work that came to hand and be glad to get it. In a short time the work on this railway closed down, and a hard winter was now pressing in upon us. About twelve of us in a crowd left the city of St. Paul for the
lumber woods in Wisconsin, whether we had to travel on foot about 80 miles. We struck employment for that winter in a lumbering camp near a place called Cumberland. Afterwards we worked upon a railroad that passed by the town of Cumberland to Lake Superior, called the North Wisconsin R. R. By this time we were getting pretty well acquainted with the country, and the rough, peculiar ways of the westerners. While we followed railroading we were principally engaged on Bridge work or trussel work. For two winters we remained in Wisconsin in steady employment, and were able by that time to send home quite a sum of money. Other young men in Cape Breton, hearing how we fared abroad, went out in numbers to the West. After about two years my brother and I came back to the city of St. Paul when the election between Garfield and Hancock was exciting, we subsequently went still further West to Dakota. There we spent a summer bridge building with a crew of fifteen men, on the Northern Pacific Railway, between Red river and the Big Missouri.

A great many people made money out of railways in the United States, but many of the greedy, avaricious speculators cut down the wages to starvation rates by importing cheap labor from all the slums of the earth. In this way some railway magnates made their millions, but large sections of the States are, for this reason,
fairly overrun with the veriest scabs of the human kind, including the heathen Chinese. It was clearly this state of things which the poet had in his eye when he said:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Dakota was at that time a territory, and an exceedingly fine place in summer. Rarely could one see a finer sight than the rich, waving, endless grain fields along the Red river valley. Next winter my brother and I decided to go to the lumber woods again, and came to Duluth some 300 miles. We worked in Duluth until the hard winter set in, then went into the lumber woods about 75 miles beyond the city at the headwaters of the St. Louis river. About thirty of us camped together, and although the frost was keen and bitter, and the work very hard, we rather enjoyed the season. Some of us remained over in the spring to go on the river drive at $3 per day and found. The logs were to be taken 190 miles down the river St. Louis to Duluth. Owing, however, to the low water in the river caused by previous dry weather we were obliged to give up the drive; and after working several months in the wilderness, we came back on a small trail which led us to Duluth. Our camp-crew scattered in all directions, some spending
their money freely and foolishly, others, mindful of the friends at home, and of the difficulty with which their money was earned, resolved to take good care of it, and put it to the best use. After my brother and myself had been a few days in the city of Duluth, a sorrowful message was brought to us stating that our dear sister, Marcella who had recently returned from Boston was in a dying condition at home, and that she was in a terrible way to see us. We lost no time in making our preparations for a hasty return to our parental domicile. In order to save money, and thus add to the handsome sum we had honestly earned, and were bringing home, we shipped as deck hands in a steamboat from Duluth through Lakes Superior and Huron to Sarnia, Ontario. Then we came by express on the Trunk to Montreal, and thence homewards. We arrived at Port Hastings in the evening, continued our journey by mail through the night, and by break of day next morning we knocked at the door of our old cherished home, where we were kindly and cheerfully welcomed by our dear and loving mother, to whom God be merciful. On our way home we stepped off at Quebec to see the old forts. We had the pleasure of a look at the historic plains of Abraham, and seeing for ourselves the identical spot where the gallant Wolfe fell.

Once more the family group met to—
gather at the fireside, and was happy. In August following, my sister Marcella, whose sickness brought us home so hungrily, died. This was really the first affliction that touched the heart of the family. But there is balm in Gilead for ever such distressing afflictions. In this case our consolation in the deep gloom was, that our dear sister was given sufficient time and chance to prepare for her heavenly home. I have every reason to think that she made the best use of the opportunities God gave her, and that she is now happy in a better world. Next fall my brother Hugh made up his mind to return to the West. He left accompanied by my brother Archie, and a number of other young men who were to have some knowing one to guide them to the land of the setting sun. Some of those young men have not yet returned, and their whereabouts is not known. Others are known to be living in various parts of America. They left home by Hawkesbury where they took the train for Boston, thence they proceeded to Minnesota, where they found employment in the lumber woods during the ensuing winter. I remained home that winter, but having got the taste of being abroad, I honestly yearned to be with the western boys once again. The following spring as I was up to the Strait of Canso on business one day, I bought a ticket by the overland route to Duluth,
and the first account I gave of myself to those waiting for my return at home, was a postal card from Chicago, informing them that I had arrived there safely, and intended to go further west. That may be called a "pretty how do you do" for a man who went on business to the Strait. In a few days I was with the boys who had spent a happy winter in the lumber woods of Wisconsin. A person who was never away from home and has had no practical experience of how "absence makes the heart grow fonder" cannot understand the joy of the boys on meeting me so unexpectedly out there. How they did gather around me, and pump me with all manner of questions about the friends, the times, and everything in poor old Cape Breton. The time for breaking up camp having arrived, all hands left Duluth, one of the headquarters of lumbermen in the West. It seemed to me like a second home, having known it so well in previous years. Duluth was then a brisk, handsome city at the head of Lake Superior, with a population of about 16,000, which was rapidly increasing. After our arrival in Duluth the young men who left home with my brother Hugh began to part and scatter hither and thither. That never happy hand never spent a winter together since, and it is altogether unlikely that they ever will. That spring my two brothers and myself, with one or two more Cape Breton boys
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...took in the drive on Black Hoof river, and afterwards worked in Duluth all summer. Next fall we left the place and went across to Port Arthur. We were now on Canadian soil, and went to work at bridge building on the C.P.R. The pay was good along the North Shore of Lake Superior, and we worked there for nearly two years. Archie was the first of us to return home; I came next. Hugh, who was a foreman of a crew of bridge-builders, at $75.00 per month and board, remained behind for a few months, then came home with the rest of us. He was in the North West when the Riel rebellion broke out, and saw our own brave soldiers, for the first time, marching through our own land to the banks of the Saskatchewan to quell a dangerous insurrection. It is only a person who was then in the West and saw the violent character of that rising that can tell correctly how serious it was, and what credit is due our own soldiery for its quick effective suppression. Hugh was always a favorite with the boys of the West. He always had a violin, which he knew how to play well. It is natural to suppose that in a lumbering camp in the yawning forest, far, far away from civilization, young men would be very much down in the mouth, but in our camps nobody knew what it was to be, or how to be lonesome, while Hugh and the fiddle were there. It is said that "music hath charms to soothe
the savage breast," and verily, it would so seem in our case. The redskins were around us as thick as locusts in Egypt, but none of us was ever molested or even frightened by any of them. We were often inclined to ascribe this happy immunity to the old fiddle. I remember one time my brother and myself had to travel through the woods about 100 miles. As there was no stopping place on the way, we had to sleep, or rather stay, out for three nights. One morning going down the trail we sighted a huge indian, with a gun in his hand and some wild animal on his back, coming straight towards us. He was a monstrous size and looked wild. His face seemed wrapt in the wrath of a savage. We were just coming to the conclusion that he was going to drop us in our tracks, when all at once Hugh pulled out the fiddle and struck up the well-known notes of Lord McDonald, in all their Highland fury. The giant redskin smiled like a circus alligator, and went his way like a gentleman. I believe to this day that the fiddle saved us.

About the time the C. P. R. was completed my brother Hugh also came back to Cape Breton, and in 1886 both he and I came to the conclusion to try some line of business with a part of our hard earned money. I first tried my luck at Port Hood, but as business was dull and did not seem to pay, I moved to Port Haw-
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Hawkesbury in 1888 where my brother Hugh was already doing a fair business in groceries, etc. I found Hawkesbury a pretty good place to live in which explains my remaining here. On the 15th of October 1888 I joined the Benedictos, and have been living the life of man lucky in his marriage ever since. I now run the government ferry between Port Hawkesbury and Point Tupper, established in 1891. Hugh prospered reasonably well in Hawkesbury for about seven years, but he was not contented. In January, 1893, he left this country and went to Berkeley, California, where he is now in business with a man by the name of Brennan. The name of the firm is Brennan & McDonald. Since he went to California he married Janet Grant, daughter of William Grant Esq., late of Malhou, C. B. The date of his marriage was June 1, 1893.

My sister Mary, already referred to, was married to Malcolm McDonald, of Judique Intervale. She died in February 1892 leaving a weak, helpless, young family. My brother Archy also got married after he first returned from the West, and after his marriage, went back with his wife to West Superior, Wisconsin, where he and his family now reside. John and Daniel left home in 1889 and went to Stillwater, Minnesota. They are now at West Superior, Wisconsin, with my brother Archy, but may pro-
sibly return some day to their native
heath, as they are both single. The
dear old home at Little Judique is badly
torn up. Of all the large family there is
now none left there but my father in his
old age of 76 years, one daughter, Sarah
Ann, and one son, Gabriel. The life and
joy and cheer which once were there, are
there no more. The few who are left
there are cheerless now and sad. It
seems to be the fate of men to wander.
It is hard to think that a comparatively
young family once happy and united
should be thus seperated beyond reason-
able hope of reunion. But the living,
central light of the household went out
on the 1st of July last, when my dear
mother, who we all adored, paid the
penalty of nature and passed away to the
"great beyond."

"A precious one from us is gone,
A voice we loved is still'd,
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

God, in this wisdom, has recalled
The boon His love has given,
And though the body moulders here,
The soul is safe in Heaven."

In closing this disconnected sketch, I
may be permitted to offer a few remarks
to my young friends wherever they may
be. I am a plain, common man, but I
saw a great deal of life. I am compara-
tively young in years, but quite old in ex-
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Therefore I trust I may not be considered too bold if I venture to suggest a few rules which, in my opinion will greatly help young men through the world.

First of all, a man should start out with some good, well-fixed principle. The man who holds this fixed principle, whether it be that he will not smoke, drink, or indulge in anything which in his heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and adheres to that principle under all or any circumstances, holds in his hands one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day. There is a great deal of common sense abroad in this world of ours, and a young man with a good principle is always safe to depend on it. We may offend some of our so-called friends by always sticking to principle. No matter. The men and women in this world whose friendship is worth having are the men and women who hold principles themselves, and respect them in others. Then I say: stick by a good principle. It will win you no enemies, but rather bring you the friendship of upright men and good women. It will ensure you the highest commercial esteem, and the brightest social positions. And as it moulds your character in youth, so will it develop you into a successful man and a good citizen.

The following tidbits of advice and suggestions I have clipped from papers pass-
Some Lights & Shades

...ing through my hands. They deserve to be carefully noted:

A man of honor respects his word as his bond.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Keep good company or none.
Never be idle.
Live up to your engagements.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above all material things.
Your character cannot be injured except by your own acts.
If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.
Never play at any game of chance.
The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.
Dishonesty never made a man great, and never will.

The honest man, the sorer he poor
is king of men for a that.

Have but few confidents—the fewer the better.

In conclusion, I have only to say that we must always try to make the best of our circumstances. Whatever may be our present circumstances it is wise policy to endeavor to be of good cheer. It does not pay to be discontented or despondent. On this point the words of Ella Wheeler are so strikingly appro...
OF FAMILY HISTORY. 27

priest, that I have thought it well to append them hereto, as the closing words of my rambling paper.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Shriek, and it's lost on the air;
There's echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrinks from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe;
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world passes by,
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die;

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one, we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

ANGUS D. M'CAY.

Port Hawkesbury, 1
Sept. 30, 1893. 1
I, Angus T. McDonald of Port Hawkesbury in the County of Inverness and Province of Nova Scotia, ferrymen do solemnly declare that as appears from the family record kept by my parents of the birth of their children which I have carefully examined I was born on the 18th day of August A.D. 1857 and I hereby declare
that I was born on that day and that I was forty-two years old on the 18th day of August A.D. 1897, and make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the
Crown and Evidence Act, 1893.

Declared before

G. Donald Forsyth
Notary Public

Port Hawkesbury in the County of Inverness
22nd day of January 1897

G. Donald Forsyth
Notary Public
Nova Scotia
ISABELLA "BELLE" GILLIS
DOB: 1871
POB: GILLISVILLE,
CAPE BRETON ISLAND,
NOVA SCOTIA
DOD: 17 OCT 1938
POD: PORT HAWKESBURY,
C.B., CANADA