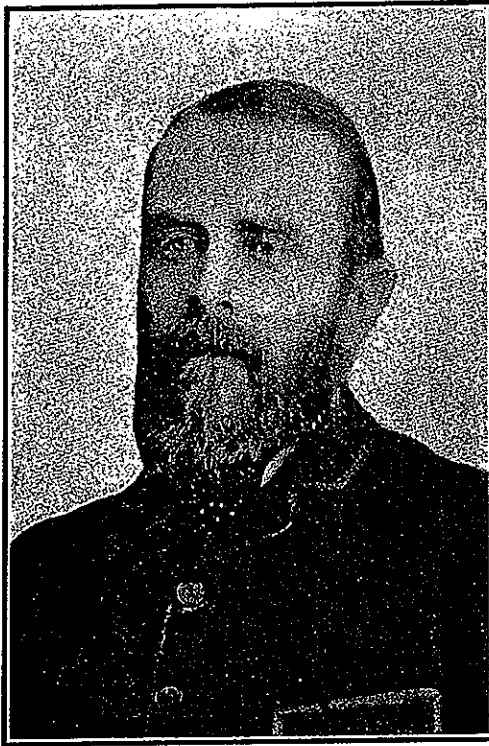


which is worthy of mention, was that of the Islands in Wellers' Bay, Prince Edward County, which he made in severely cold weather at the age of eighty years.

Mr. Carre passed to his last reward on July 11th, 1918, and leaves to mourn him, his wife and five children, Miss Daisy Carre, Harry Carre, Sapper F. J. Carre, Eric Carre and Lundy Carre.

JOHN McAREE



JOHN McAREE

John McAree was born in New York, shortly after the arrival of his parents on this continent, on November 16th, 1840. On both sides he was of North of Ireland stock, his father having been born in Armagh. The family moved shortly to Eramosa township, not far from Guelph, and bought a farm. They prospered reasonably and John, the only son among five daughters, was sent to Rockwood Academy, after the first log-house schooling. One of his contemporaries here was James J. Hill, who later was to become famous as a railroad king. In those days, as Mr. McAree used to relate, there was a common belief that the life of a surveyor, while preserving all that was desirable

in a free open-air existence, such as a farmer enjoyed, had also much of the spice of pioneering, and besides being one of the learned professions, was also highly paid. "Who wouldn't sell his farm and become a surveyor?" they used to say. So the young man, with his strong love for the out-of-doors thought of no other career than that of surveyor, and he learned his profession under Mr. Hugh Wilson, of Mount Forest, a member of the Board of Examiners, and passed his final examination on April 6th, 1867.

In Toronto he met Miss Rebecca Fleming, whom he married in 1873. There were four children, of whom two survive, namely, John Verner McAree of the "Mail and Empire" Newspaper, and Thomas Cauldwell McAree, of the Toronto Electric Light Com-

pany. The other children, a boy and a girl, died in infancy. In 1892, Mr. McAree married Miss Gabrielle Laughton Emery. Children resulting: Mrs. Warren R. Coryell and Miss E. Grace McAree, both of Toronto. Mr. McAree died at the Western Hospital, Toronto, on December 11th, 1903. He had very shortly before returned from a trip in the West, where he had become infected with typhoid germs, and his death was due to a complication of this disease with pneumonia.

Up to 1896, Mr. McAree's home was in Toronto, but in this year he moved to Rat Portage (Kenora), and for several years thereafter did much mining prospecting and assaying. He was the first, or one of the first, to report upon the nickel mineral wealth of the property that is known now as the Creighton mine, the richest nickel property in the world. In 1903, he returned to Toronto where he continued to reside until his death.

Mr. McAree subdivided the following Townships for the Provincial Government:

Sinclair.....	1876
Lyon.....	1876
Neelon.....	1883
Creighton.....	1884
Sharpe.....	1890

He also ran Township outlines in Algoma in 1892 and was in charge of exploration party No. 10 in Northern Ontario in the year 1900.

Mr. McAree received his commission as a D.T.S. on May 15th 1884, and performed the following surveys for the Dominion Government:

Subdivision South of Brandon.....	1879—1880
Subdivision North of Arcola.....	1881
Trail surveys Kildonan, Man.....	1886
Inspection and correction surveys.....	1887—1889
Subdivision North of Regina.....	1890
Subdivision North of Red Deer, Alta.....	1893
Subdivision West of Dauphin.....	1902
Subdivision North of Moose Jaw.....	1903

It must be left to his colleagues, and particularly to the young men, who, at different times served with him as chainmen and theodolite men to bear testimony to his skill in his profession. A man must be judged by his peers, but those who worked with him, would have to say that a more patient, kindly gentleman never walked this earth than John McAree. If there was a particularly rough, nasty job, he would do it. If there were hardships to be undergone, and often there were, it was he who would lead the way and set the example of cheerfulness.

He was not a big nor a burly man, but there was no six-foot half-breed who would carry a bigger pack through the bush and make less fuss about it; no Eskimo who would complain less about a hike in 40 degrees below zero; no Fletcher, who would have less complaint about his food; no Job who had less reproach for inefficient assistance. It is on the records that only once he lost his temper and indulged in rich language, and fellow surveyors will not need to be told, perhaps, that the cause was a pair of balky bronchos, that upset a waggon and spoilt half of the stores.

John McAree had a rich sense of humor that only his intimates would ever suspect, but the books that he would invariably take with him on his trips were sure to include Dickens. There would also be a volume of Browning, and one of Carlyle, and the Bible. Perhaps there was never a day that passed in forty years that he did not read the Bible, for he was a profoundly religious man with the heart of a little child, which we are told is the sure passport to the Kingdom of Heaven. Self-sacrifice was the principle of his life. For many years he kept a diary. Some of the entries are heart-breaking. For example, there is one to the effect that he has ceased to read the daily newspapers, because he had been impressing upon his sons the importance of storing their minds at the great fountains of beauty and truth and understanding. The boys, he thought, were wasting their time and probably devouring the sporting columns. So in order that they should not offend, he abstained altogether from newspaper reading. It is the simple truth to say that he had not an ill wisher in the world. There was nobody who ever came into contact with him who was not the better for it. If there can be said any finer thing of any one than this, then let it be said of John McAree, and it will be true.