

**Dalvay By-The-Sea**

P. Francis MacDonald, '41

In the summer of 1895, Mr. Alexander MacDonald of Cincinnati, Ohio, millionaire vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, accompanied by his wife, his son-in-law and his two little grand-daughters came to Acadia Hotel at Tracadie Beach for a holiday and a rest from strenuous city life. So pleased was he with the climate and scenery of our Garden Province that he decided to build a summer home on the Island. After visiting different localities in quest of a site, he finally selected a beautiful property, owned by a poor fisherman, at Tracadie Beach. Here he built a palatial summer home which he named Dalvay By-The-Sea. Following the completion of the building in 1896, Mr. MacDonald and his family spent a few days there in September of that year.

Dalvay is a magnificent stone structure situated in beautiful surroundings. The front of the house faces east, and looks out upon a landscape of almost unsurpassable pastoral beauty. Some one hundred yards to the north is one of the finest bathing beaches in North America and the blue expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence stretching out as far as the eye can reach, and farther. On fine days many fishing boats, some with sails, and often a vessel on the horizon add to the beauty of the scene. In the foreground, a sparkling lake winds away to the right. Across the lake can be seen the beautiful summer cottage of Lieut.-Gov. George D. DeBlois. Some distance to the east lies Tracadie Bay, partly hidden by high sand dunes, and in the distance rise the beautiful red cliffs of Blooming Point.

Every spring the MacDonald's and their guests came by special train from Borden to Bedford. Here they were met by a number of four-horse coaches driven by liveried coachmen and attended by colored footmen. Usually they arrived at night and their stately return became the more spectacular when they neared Dalvay, as the roadside for a quarter of a mile around the lake was illuminated by great bon-fires, picturesquely mirrored in the calm waters of the shining lake.

A considerable retinue of attendants, including butlers, coachmen, groomsmen and gardeners were employed at Dalvay. For these too the summer at the beach was a real



holiday: they received good wages, had very little to do and spent much of their time playing practical jokes on one another.

Mr. MacDonald kept excellent saddle horses, and riding was a favourite pastime with many of the guests. His little grand-daughters became experts in the saddle and each had her own favourite horse. Every day the MacDonald family went for a drive in the big four-horse coach. This interesting predecessor of the luxurious limousine of to-day greatly attracted the attention and admiration of the people of the district: it is still in good repair and may be seen by the visitor to Dalvay.

After spending seven or eight most enjoyable summers at Dalvay, Mr. MacDonald died at Long Beach, Calif., where he had gone to pass the winter. Some time after his eldest grand-daughter married Prince Rosspigloisi of Italy and with her husband came to Dalvay in 1915 to spend the summer. Shortly after their arrival, however, the Prince received notice that Italy had joined the Allies. This meant that he had to return at once to Europe to fight for his country.

Dalvay was unoccupied for a number of years after 1915, and has changed ownership many times since then. The late Bishop Louis J. O'Leary of Charlottetown, who owned it for a time, accompanied by seminarians, including graduate students of our college, spent several pleasant summers there. The Bishop fitted up a chapel on the top floor where Holy Mass was celebrated daily during the holiday season. His brother, Mr. W. J. O'Leary, a civil engineer, made many improvements in the grounds including the erecting of a new road leading up to the rear of the building. A wooden bridge about three hundred feet in length which spanned a narrow part of the lake was also constructed at this time. Some years ago the bridge collapsed and a few piers are all that is left of it to-day. Bishop O'Leary changed the name to The Allamor (Great Hall), but everybody continued to call the place Dalvay. Following the passing of the beloved Bishop, it was bought by Capt. E. Dicks, who used it as a summer hotel for two seasons.

Recently Dalvay has been purchased by the Dominion Government to be included in Prince Edward Island's National Park. In the hands of the government, no doubt many improvements will be made in the building and its



surroundings so that in a few years Dalvay By-The-Sea will be more widely known as one of the beauty spots of Canada.

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### The Merchant of Cyrene

Mensario, '39

I bore the load upon my back; my shoulder has the mark.  
I trod the way, and climbed the hill, and saw the sun grow  
dark;

And fled that scene of dripping blood and sought a quiet  
inn

To rest myself, to go apart from that unholy din.

When morning dawned, a caravan had left for Caesarea.  
But more than Eastern spices made a passage to the sea.  
A galley bound for Ephesus lay tugging at her ropes,  
And as she slipped out with the tide I thought of blood-  
stained slopes.

So now when death demands its fee  
If my slate be not clean,  
Perhaps He will remember me,  
The Merchant of Cyrene.



Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for  
forgiveness, or else forgiving another—*Richter*.

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A university should be a place where knowledge is  
taught, tested, increased and applied.—*Jos. Chamberlain*.

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Architecture is frozen music—*M. de Stael*.