

Early Vancouver

Volume Two

By: Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1933)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1932.

Supplemental to volume one collected in 1931.

About the 2011 Edition

The 2011 edition is a transcription of the original work collected and published by Major Matthews. Handwritten marginalia and corrections Matthews made to his text over the years have been incorporated and some typographical errors have been corrected, but no other editorial work has been undertaken. The edition and its online presentation was produced by the City of Vancouver Archives to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Item # EarlyVan_v2_157

Comments by eye-witnesses

April 29th 1932.

Dear Major Matthews:

I have read over your account of the Fire, and so far as I can see it is correct. Of course, your informant saw it from a different angle from what I did as he was in town at the time, while I was across the Inlet, and naturally only knew of what happened from what I was told. Of the starting point and the suddenness of the fire as well as of the complete destruction of the town there can be no doubt. Some (at least one) of the bodies of those who perished were not found for twenty-five years. The last was that of a man whose body or skeleton was found some years ago in the bush at the south side of Prior Street, near the C.N.R. yards.

Geo. L. Schetky.

Note: Mr. Schetky was a member of the Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade, 1886. The body mentioned above was identified by the watch found beside it.

April 29th 1929

Dear Mr. Matthews:

I have read the enclosed article regarding the Vancouver Fire June 13th 1886, with very much interest. It very correctly describes the fire and I fail to find anything in the article which should not be published. I shall be glad at any time to give you what information I have regarding the early history of Vancouver.

W.E. Graveley

J.A. Mateer, Member, Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade: "It's true all right, but reads in the first person—make it clear that you are recording the words of another person."

Cecil Scott, Editor, Sunday Magazine Section, *Vancouver Daily Province*: "Dear Major: your story is graphic, colorful and picturesque."

The Great Vancouver Fire

FIRE! FIRE!! Those terrorizing shouts of men; inefaceable even after forty-six years from pioneer memories. No time to think, only to run; to grasp perhaps some frightened child, and fly, suffocating, before the raging, racing blast. Vancouver did not "burn," it was consumed by flame; the buildings melted. Pioneers measure the years by "The Fire;" all that has happened in Vancouver has occurred "before" or "since."

It was Sunday, the thirteenth. A June dawn broke calm and beautiful on what promised the silent restfulness of God's holy day, and with the rise of the sun, cool zephyrs from English Bay rustled through the forest beyond Burrard street—the West End. Midday saw the holocaust; one great flame of fire impelled by fierce wind descended from the heavens and licked all, clean to the soil, into its awful maw. Black night saw the lights of dying embers twinkling in the darkness of a blacker desolation. Another dawn; and men spoke softly as they moved around a long rude table upon which lay parcels of charred human flesh.

OLD GRANVILLE. LITTLE VANCOUVER.

The Royal Engineers, "Navy Jack," and a few of the earlier pioneers cleared the forest of old Granville, a ragged square boxed in by tall forest walls, and bounded by what is now Cambie, Hastings and Carrall streets—a fourth side was the shore. In the "hollow" nestled our baby city, just rechristened "Vancouver," nine weeks old, and growing like mad; mostly buildings of bright lumber, but including a shabbier few, a hotel, a saloon, a general store, a tiny church, and a cabin jail, about nine in all, erected in the '70's, and ranged crescent-shaped along the curve of the muddy beach; once the older "Gastown." The atmosphere of little Vancouver was one of excitement, hope, energy, eagerness; the wonderful railway was coming, over the high mountains, from Canada; there was going to be a "big town."

IN MEMORIAM

William F. Findlay, pioneer, journalist, sportsman, whose unfinished narrative of the Great Fire is here completed by a lifelong friend, Major J. S. Matthews.

Off to the west, "up on the hill" (above Victory Square) and as far as the forest's edge (Burrard street) was the new clearing, the "C. P. R. Townsite," a dark jungle three months back, but now a dishevelled litter of stumps, stones, debris and clearing fires. Closer in (Hastings street) pyramids of blown roots piled high by honest sweat—no donkey engines in those days—stood ready for burning, and some were already alight. In the distance, flanking Granville street on both sides as far as Davie street, a wild disarray of fallen trees, cut down by the "bowling-pin" method, the larger sweeping down the smaller, ten acres at a time, in one great grand crash, lay tumbled one on another in a vast impenetrable mat many feet thick, and dry as tinder after days in the hot summer sun; an ideal setting for a gigantic fire.

To the eastward a fringe of semi-clearing stretched a short distance from Gastown to Hastings Mill; all else was wilderness; Kitsilano, Fairview, Mt. Pleasant, Hastings, all lay beneath a green carpet of primeval forest.

A CITY OF FOUR BLOCKS.

Vancouver had no streets; just half a dozen planked roads and some dirt trails. Water street was largely trestle bridge over a cove of the sea; Cordova street was corduroy; the nova street, Hastings, not long since a sinuous trail impassable in parts for wagons, was now four blocks long (Main

to Cambie). The "Old Road" along the shore (Hastings road, now Alexander street) went from the maple tree to Hastings Mill, Hastings Townsite, and on to the Royal City; the "New Road," a glorified bridle track, now Kingsway, trailed off from Carrall street, crossed Columbia street diagonally, and squirmed through the stumps to a narrow wooden bridge, our only bridge, crossing False Creek (Main street).

That the Great Fire started in the C. P. R. clearing is well known; it matters little where, and then, too, opinion is so very diverse.

Listen, while those who saw, tell the story.

"Cordova street was not really stumped before the fire," relates a venerable pioneer of '84, "between Abbott and Cambie streets a few shacks and a pigsty hid in the bushes. They had been blowing stumps up on the 'C. P. R. hill.' At quitting time the powdermen of the blasting gang applied their torches to the fuses; quite a sight followed; roots skyrocketing, and noise! just like a bombardment; we used to stand on Water street and watch.

"The morning of the fire you could see nothing for smoke. The whole of the hill above Cambie street had been on fire for weeks before that; I spent the Sunday morning fighting the fire above the corner of Cambie and Cordova streets; it was gaining on us, so I went down to the saloons, and suggested that the men had better come out and help.

"The wind increased. Chunks of flaming wood as big as my leg were flying clear over us. We did our best, but at last it crossed Cordova street, where the Sterling Hotel is now; there was no time to lose. I gathered up a mother and two children from a shack in the lane behind, and started east, but all Water street was ablaze, so we scurried west, down to the old float, the Moodyville landing (below Spencer's Limited), and waded out in the water. The tide drifted a raft near me; I grabbed it. The frantic mother said something about throwing her child in the sea; that she would rather see it drown than burn; the flames were coming right over us. Then a brave little tug came right in, and towed us out; gallant men they were. The hulk 'Robert Kerr' finally sheltered us."

A NEW THEORY.

But some say that this is not the whole story; that all invisible behind its own screen of smoke, a greater fire, a mile away, was being driven under the combined forced draft of windstorm and terrific upward suction of air common to bush fires, into a fury, and was dropping flaming brands into the tindery debris "up the hill;" the fiery attack on the hapless town was coming from front and flank.

"The fire broke away down near Drake street before 10 o'clock; I was there and saw it" asserts another pioneer eye-witness. "We were building the roadbed for the railway from Carrall street to the proposed round-house site. The ground above the site was being cleared by the regular clearing gang, not in our employ. I saw the fire was getting dangerous, and immediately put some of our men—they volunteered—to help them fight the fire, cautioning our men that, if it got away from where it was semi-cleared, they were not to attempt to fight it, or they would lose their lives."

FIRE SWEEPS DOWN (now) GRANVILLE STREET.

"Shortly after noon the fire got out of control; it gained such momentum as to completely obscure the sky; the air was just one mass of fiery flame driven before a southwest gale. We never heard again of our three gallant volunteers; sterling men of splendid character; they must have perished; their bodies were never found. The remainder of our men were forced out of our camp on the shore just west of the present Cambie street bridge, and driven into False Creek, where some Indians in canoes rescued them.

"I hurried down to our little office where the North Vancouver ferry now stands, and had been there but a few

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(Continued from Page One.)
moments when a rabble of people rushed by. I walked a few yards up to 'Gassy Jack's,' but before I got there the 'Sunnyside' across the street was a mass of flame, and before I could get back to the office I had just left, that was a fire; I saved nothing.

"I waded out into the water between Carrall and Columbia streets. The heat was so intense we gasped for breath. Close to the surface of the sea was a cooler strata of air; we held our mouths close to the surface, and breathed that; it saved us."

"One huge flame, a hundred feet long, burst from the Deighton Hotel, leaped 'Maple Tree Square,' and swallowed up the buildings where now stands the Europe Hotel; the fire went down the old 'Hastings road' (Alexander street) faster than a man could run. Two iron tires and some ashes was all that was left of man, horse and cart which perished in the middle of Carrall street.

"The great-heartedness of the people of New Westminster is an imperishable recollection. Young men on horseback raced up and down the streets of the Royal City shouting that Vancouver had been destroyed, and its people without food and covering. Housewives hurriedly put up food; the Hyack Fire Brigade collected it. Towards sundown came a galloper through a slit in the forest, the 'New Road,'—the 'Old Road' was blocked by fire—saying that help was following. His Worship Mayor MacLean sent messengers to where the people were huddled together for the night that they were to assemble at the south end of False Creek bridge (near C. N. R. depot).

"Then followed what was probably the sorriest procession Vancouver ever saw. No tears, no whimpering, only the stern visages of hungry men, women and children who had lost all, garbed in such as they wore when they first ran, with faces black with sweat and charcoal, straggling in groups through the darkness of that rough old bush trail along the shore.

At midnight two wagon loads of eatables arrived; fried eggs between slices of bread, or hard boiled in a soda can for protection. By the feeble light of lantern or candle, the weaker were served first; the men got what was left; at dawn another wagon arrived.

"Many persons were burned; of bandages there were none. A single telephone ran from New Westminster to Onderdonk's camp at Port Moody, and by it went the news. Four sailors from some ship, with splendid acumen, immediately set out in a row boat with medical supplies, and reached the bivouac after midnight, hungry and exhausted after their long pull. All eatables had been consumed, but amongst the debris of empty boxes a missed parcel was found. Between the sandwiches was a little note in a woman's writing, saying that it was 'very little, but all I have.' The sailor man turned to the east, and with hand raised in supplication, implored the Almighty to bless the people of New Westminster, and never suffer upon them such tribulation as surrounded him; a sort of thing you don't expect from a rough sailorman, and in the middle of the night.

"A few boards made a rude table in a shed at the other end of the bridge, and into this improvised morgue, feebly lit by candle light, the all-night procession of distracted in search of their loved ones, the bearers with the dead, sorrowfully came and went. At

sunrise, twenty-one parcels of charred fragments—not bodies—each with a pinned note telling where it was picked up, lay on that rough table.

"The fire occurred at a time when families were scattered. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon; the mid-day meal was over, the children at Sunday school, youth abroad seeking pleasure, older folks, many of them new arrivals, exploring their future home. Then, with relentless swiftness, and the fury of a blast furnace, a great

tongue of flame swept down on a people directly in its path; each person flew for his own life. One building escaped, the Regina Hotel (S.W. corner Water and Cordova streets).

"How many perished will never be known. Two weeks later, building operations disclosed, beneath a part-burned mattress, the remains of one poor fellow who had sought its protection; his grave is on Hastings street, near the City Hall. Three bodies, evidently strangers, father, mother and child, were recovered, their clothing unharmed, from a shallow well of water near the present police station; they had suffocated. A skeleton found two decades later was identified, by a watch, as of the fire. It was the burning gum and pitch, with its bitter black smoke as suffocating as burning oil, which made the fire so terrible; death by suffocation was the awful fate of some.

"I was a girl then," recalls a lady, "the fire was coming at a terrific rate; I raced to my skiff, and hurried home, but had scarce got as far as Deadmans Island when all was gone. It was a grand but awful sight."

OUT OF THE ASHES.

The embers of our first city were still smouldering when the present one arose. Sunday saw ruin; Monday the yellow scantlings stood a harmonising color in a black desert; "Raised from the Ashes in Three Days" read the sign on the old C. P. R. Hotel (afterwards Northern) on Hastings street.

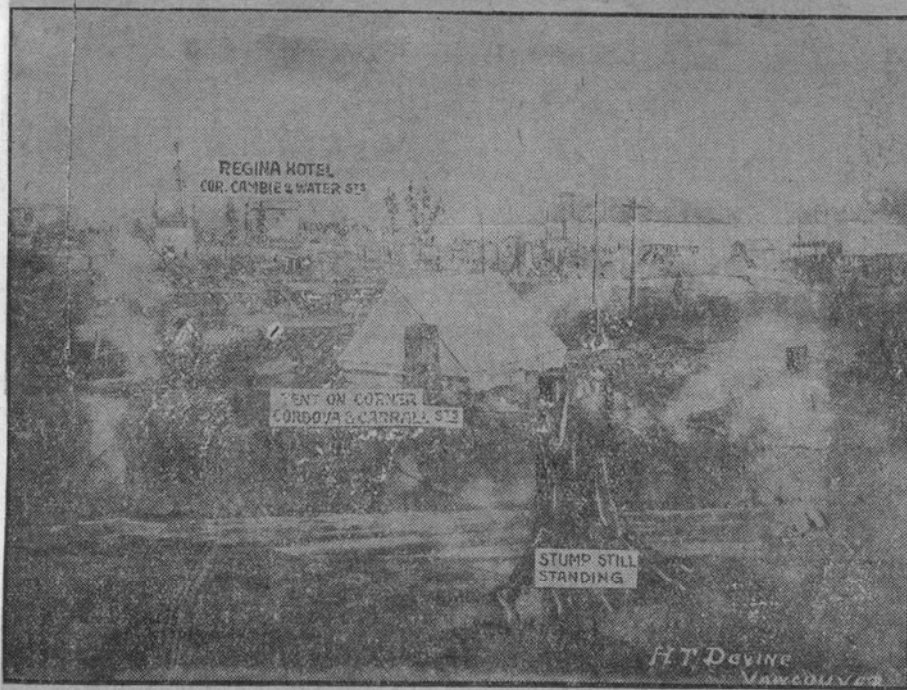
Historic Gastown vanished; nothing remained save its soul; save the spirit of resolute men and courageous women. How was it rebuilt? By faith, and the character of its people. Out of the dust of "the village at the entrance" (to Burrard Inlet)—Col. Moody so alludes to it in 1863—rose our world port; a metropolis of beauty and of culture, of gallant men and graceful women, of green lawns and monumental edifices, the beautiful well-governed home of an enlightened and humane people.

What good purpose—it must have had some great purpose—the Great Fire served, what grave

lesson it taught, perhaps steeled by ordeal to speed us on to better things, none may know save He who knoweth all; even when a sparrow fall.

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VANCOUVER, B.C., SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1932

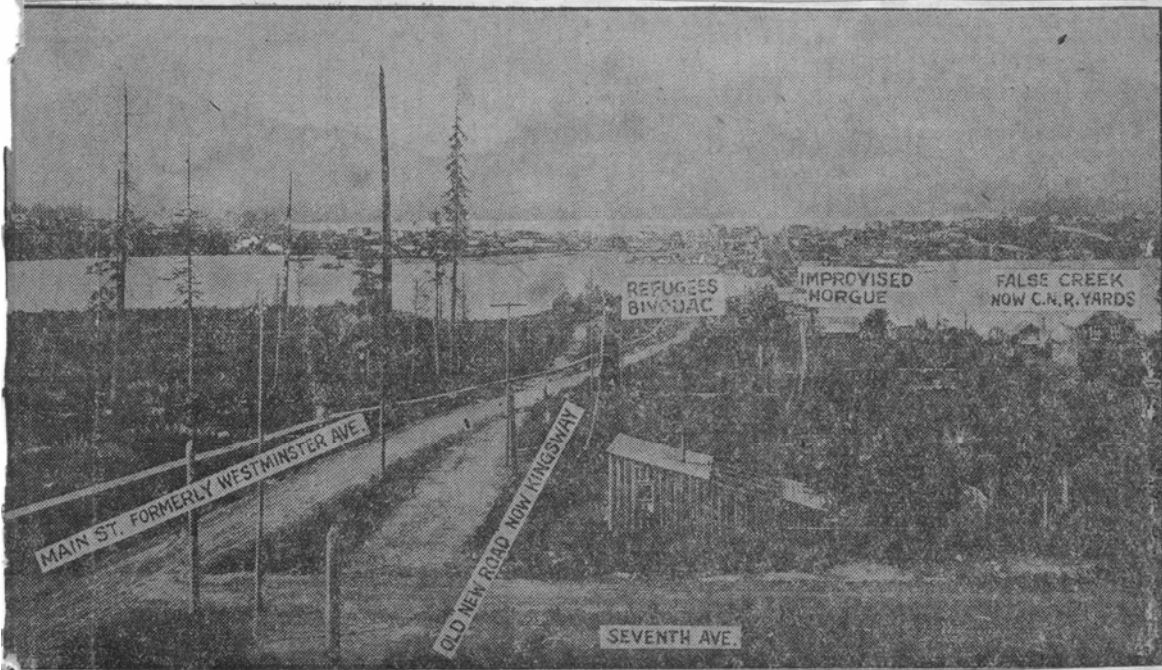
Vancouver, a New City in Ashes



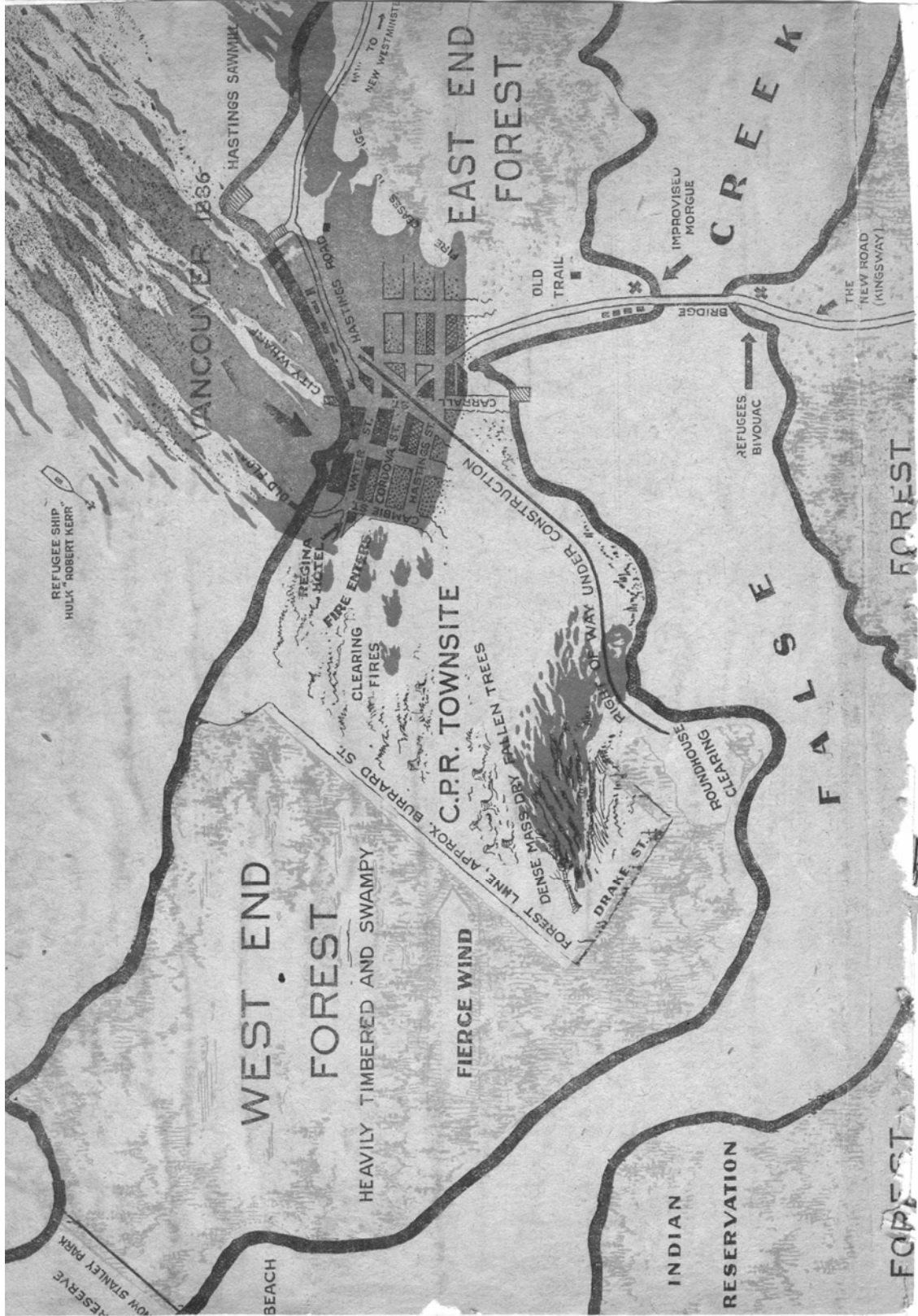
New Westminster To the Rescue

Vancouver, from Seventh avenue, Mount Pleasant, 1890, showing remains of old "New Road," now Kingsway, then a dark, winding path of holes betwixt tall timbers, and down which the great-hearted people of New Westminster rushed with aid. Also the more recent "Westminster avenue," now Main street.

—Courtesy H. T. Devine.
Looking from present City Hall towards present C. P. R. station. White tent, owned and erected by well-known pioneer, George R. Gordon, stood on corner of Cordova and Carrall streets, and within which seventeen men slept on the night of June 14-15, 1886. Stump in foreground still exists—on C. P. R. crossing soon to be removed—within fifty yards of present City Hall. Regina Hotel on southwest corner Water and Cambie streets in background.



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Item # EarlyVan_v2_161

The Great Vancouver Fire

By MAJOR J. S. MATTHEWS, V.D.

CAN it be true, or is it but a dream; this story of our pioneers? It is that men—and women—still walk who saw the shadeless forest where blinks the red and green of traffic signals; who knew the silent solitude where shines the blaze of neon signs?

"MEN WHO MATCHED OUR MOUNTAINS."

Who were these men; these men of simple tastes, simple clothes, who feared God, honored the King, and had empires in their brains? They came silently, sans music, sans heralds, sometimes in a row-boat; men of peace, reason, justice; no sword was drawn, no blood is on our name. With cool, quiet courage they—and their wives—hacked out a clearing for a garden on the shore. May we, and our work, we who have come after to the completion of their great dreams, have found favor in their sight.

The creation of our city, carved out of the depths of dark primeval forest, was an achievement unequalled in the annals of the human race. There is no tale in the great chronicle of human endeavor which provides a more romantic, inspiring story; its vast significance is not fully recognized; we are too close to the event.

For aeons our land had lain in motionless repose, a silent thing, an empty space, hidden beneath an interminable green forest spreading on and beyond, and through which, at wide intervals, the white tips of snowcapped ranges broke like the foaming crests of waves breaking in green seas; the shores concealed a thousand coves, a thousand fairy paradises, framed in green; the air was fragrant in its purity. Then into the "Great Silence" came "The Builders," a strange race with white faces, and soon there came the railway.

The railway made Canada whole; linked up the loose ends of an empire; changed the gyrations of world trade. The recurrence of consequences so momentous to the human race, born or unborn, is unlikely. The great epoch of colonization, commencing with Columbus and his few, has ended with the settlement of the last great wilderness;

Such is the epitome of a grand story which will yet enchant the coming generations.

PRELUDE.

Captain Vancouver's Journal—"About noon (June 13, 1792) we were met by about fifty Indians in canoes . . . presented us with fish, cooked and undressed . . . examined the color of our skins with great curiosity."

Col. Moody, Royal Engineers, Jan. 25, 1863—"Memo for Capt. Parsons, R.E.: 'I wish Corporal Turner and party to proceed to Burrard Inlet to revise posts for town near entrance . . . survey lands between such point and the village which has been laid out en bloc.'"

English Bay's Narrow Escape—Sir William Van Horne, vice-president C. P. R., March 14, 1885—"Owing to the extreme force of the tide in the First Narrows, the entrance to Burrard Inlet for large steamships will be almost impracticable, and from investigations made it seems that English Bay must be utilized as the main harbor . . . the construction of docks, etc., will involve extensive

Here Before the Fire

A carefully-prepared list of more than four hundred now living who were in Vancouver before the great fire appears on page 9 of this section.

tracts of level ground for terminal sidings and yards, and the only ground suitable is that on the naval reserve (Jericho golf course).

Our First Mayor's Prophecy—His Worship Mayor M. A. MacLean (own handwriting, 1886)—One hardly dares conjecture what marvels fifty years may work in the wilderness. Half a century is but a little while; even a quarter of a century has wrought amazing results.

Memories of "Gastown"—(Year indicates year of arrival in "Gastown"). Gather nearer; close around the circle. Harken as each pioneer fondly tells the tale of days of long ago.

Mrs. Ruth Morton, 1884, widow, John Morton, Vancouver's first resident (1862)—"Mr. Morton was anxious to show me the white sand on a beach (English Bay), but the only rowboat was leaky. While I was sitting on the beach at the foot of Carrall street, I watched a sow digging clams, and a crow hopping along near her, making a meal on the stray bits."

Joseph Morton, John Morton's only son—"Father and I were walking near where now stands the Marine Building when he said to me: 'Do you see that knoll? That's where we built our cabin.'"

Alexander McLean, 1858—"The high water flooded our Pitt River land, so we boarded the sloop again, and went in search of dry land on which to farm; we cruised all around where Vancouver now is, and up as far as Port Moody."

H. S. Rowlings, 1868—"The trail from 'Gastown' (Carrall street) to Hastings would accommodate pedestrians only. I hauled logs with oxen down Gore avenue, also out of the Park at Brockton Point, had a logging camp at Greer's Beach, and another on Granville street at False Creek. When Hastings street was first opened up, the year of 'the fire,' it was one awful mudhole; in front of Woodward's you could hardly get teams through even in the middle of summer."

Rev. C. M. Tate, 1872—"The Indian church at the foot of Abbott street was on a lot washed by the waters of Burrard Inlet; hence it was very convenient for the Indians, and also for the preacher's boat, as the only means of getting about."

John Strang, 1873—"There were seven white families in Gastown and six in Moodyville. Jerry Rogers had three logging camps, one on Cordova street, one at Greer's Beach (Kitsilano) and headquarters at Jericho."

Hugh E. Campbell, 1886—"Navy' Jack, Bill Cordiner and the Sullivans helped to clear the forest, back of Water street, off old Granville."

Otway Wilkie, 1883—"We (party surveying line for railway from Port Moody) reached 'Gastown' on Christmas Day, 1884—in a snow-storm."

C. E. Pittendrigh, 1876—"I shot leek and grouse where the city of Vancouver now stands."

Mrs. J. Cronin, 1883—"I came by Hastings road, a mere horse trail through the woods."

Mrs. H. A. Christie—"The pioneer newspaper of Burrard Inlet was the 'Moodyville Tickler,' first issued July 20, 1878. Price 50 cents per copy."

George Cary, 1884—"Many a night, as I lay in bed in my front room in Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel on Water street, I have heard the deer's hoofs go tap, tap, tap on the board sidewalk beneath. The deer up in the C. P. R. Townsite (Granville and Hastings streets) got used to the men slashing, and became fairly tame."

D. Sutherland, 1882—"There was a mud road where Water street is; a rough trail ran to the (False) Creek about Carrall street. Cordova street and Hastings street were heavily timbered."

Capt. F. R. Glover—"A walk from Water street to Pender street at high tide usually meant wet feet; at extreme high tide the waters of the Inlet and the Creek almost flowed into one another."

W. H. Gallagher, 1886—"Carrall and Water streets had the stores; Cordova was residential."

L. A. Hamilton, 1885 (who laid out our streets)—"I can not say

that I am pleased with the original planning of Vancouver; the work was beset with many difficulties; the dense forest, the Inlet on the north, the creek on the south, a registered plan on the east, another on the west, and old Granville in the centre. Then I had to make the principal streets lead northerly and southerly to a large block of land south of False Creek. I planned all the streets leading westernly (from Burrard street) so that they would run without a jog, but one owner determined to fight in the courts to prevent any change in the registered plan, and I was able to give continuous line on alternate streets only —

"The corner post, with nail in centre of top, from which the survey of Vancouver commenced, was planted with a certain amount of ceremony at the corner of Hastings and Hamilton streets. Those whom I recall with me were the late Commodore C. Gardner Johnson, John Leask, first city auditor, Jack Stewart, now Major-General Stewart, and Louis —, chief axeman."

Richard Trodden, 1884—"I helped to lay the first plank sidewalk on Hastings street."

Edward Cook, 1886—"The force and heat of the flame was terrific; those who did not dash off in the first five minutes were burned to a crisp."

J. A. Mateer, 1885—"We had no water supply other than wells." "The famous Maple Tree was destroyed in the fire."

H. T. Devine, 1886—"For two or three days we camped in the middle of Abbott street."

A. M. Whiteside—"I saw the fire from New Westminster; in the sky."

Theo. Bryant, 1878—"A big cloud of dark smoke drifting over Sumas Mountain indicated a big fire somewhere; there were no telephones in those days."

A. K. Stuart, 1885—"Mayor McLean told me later that my story to the London Morning Post

brought him \$500 for relief purposes from that paper."

Dr. H. E. Langis, 1884—"My poor skeleton," mourned Dr. Langis, whose anatomical specimen was found beneath the ruins of his office, "do you know what they said when they picked it up. Well, they said, 'This poor fellow must have been sick before he died; look, his bones are all wired together.'"

George R. Gordon, 1886—"What rebuilt it? (Vancouver). Why, faith; we'd nothing else; all we had left was our debts."

Peter Gonzales, 1877—"I still bear the scars of that disastrous fire."

George L. Schetky, 1886—(Member Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade). "That reminds me of the bush fire at the corner of Howe and Pender streets, where Father Clinton lost his hat. We got back about three in the morning, and found the women had turned out with hot coffee and sandwiches; that was the start of

the 'Coffee Brigade;' the women always turned out after that."

Mrs. McGovern—"Grown men, the silly things, would race across the street to see the train come in; they had never seen one. Father used to assure them it was quite safe to go on board."

Dr. "Bob" Mathison, Kelowna, 1886—"I was printer on Vancouver's first newspaper, the 'Herald.'"

Mrs. S. W. Handy, 1884—"My step-father, James Southam, then late British navy, put his land script on 150 acres of what is now Stanley Park."

James McWhinnie, 1878—"Jericho! Oh, that was a little cove, first known as 'Jerry's Cove'; Jerry Rogers had a logging camp there."

John McDougall, 1878—"I built the wagon road (now Kingsway) in 1884; later I cleared the forest off 440 acres west of Burrard street."

Mrs. J. Z. Hall (daughter of Sam Greer, of Greer's Beach, and site of the present Kitsilano bathhouse)—"A two-plank sidewalk led from our front door to the sandy beach; beyond the picket gate was a log we used to tie our boats to. Along the beach were a few bushes; above Cornwall street the enormous trees were very dense. Our cows pastured in the swamp behind. It was a fairy dell on a silent shore."

Mrs. Percy Nye—The Simpsons built the first bathing pavilion at English Bay—a bit of a shack. I built the second out of bits of boards and driftwood; I was just a girl. I charged 5 cents for individuals and 10 cents for families; saved the nickels and bought a watch.

Many pioneers of 1886—Good old black Joe Portes, bartender, shoeshine and man of jobs at the Sunnyside; one of the only two men to whom Vancouver has erected a monument.

William Walton, 1885 — After the fire I built a shack on the Inlet in Coal Harbor. One day I came home and found someone had buried a Chinaman near, and about a month later they planted another dead man near my house. I said to my partner, "I'm going to get out of this; this is a regular dead man's island." "Good name for it," he replied. When the Chinese riots took place they wanted me for a witness, but I had gone to my island to look at some traps I had set for coon. They asked my partner where I was. He said "Deadman's Island." They said, "Where's that?" He told them and the name stuck.

George L. Allen, 1885—Cambie street was undoubtedly our first playground, and before Stanley Park, too. Al Larwell was honorary caretaker, the city's first. A fine man, strict, but the boys loved him just the same.

George H. Keefer, 1885—When it became known that we were surveying for water to be brought across the Inlet we were thought to be just a little queer. How water could be brought across the foaming tides of the First Narrows was a bit of a puzzler for some who drew their water from wells.

Philip Oben, 1887—Chief Joe Capilano, who was my guide, told

me I was the first white man to penetrate to the headwaters of the Capilano River. I was sent to find out where the river came from. Joe and I came out on Howe Sound.

James A. Smith, 1888—I was lost in the forest. I slid down a steep cliff; it must have been Strathcona, above the Quilichena golf course.

H. P. McCraney, 1885—John Clough, the official street lamp-lighter, had been appointed, at \$30 per month, to light the coal-oil lamps on the street lamp posts, but people were tired of coal-oil and candles, so we started the electric light plant; the street lights were thirty-two candlepower; little "glowworms." The first street car track I laid on Granville street, just above Pacific street on the level, so that the horses would have an easy start when they commenced to pull.

Captain Percy Nye, 1890—I was walking up the board sidewalk on Granville street when I saw a woman in white coming through the bushes Howe street way. She called, "Is my boy under there?" Granville street was road on one side only; the other was a hollow and the board walk elevated about six feet on stilts. I jumped down and peeped under the sidewalk into a boy's play shack made out of boards and lined with newspapers. I often wonder what distinguished citizen of today had his "pirate's den" under the board walk opposite the Hudson's Bay store.

Mrs. H. E. Campbell, 1890—Some one cried, "Oh, look, come look!" We all rushed to the window. It was a woman crossing the field where now is the airport; women were rare morsels in those days.

A. C. Muir, Comox, 1884—Vancouver newspapers continually report me as one of the "pioneer dead." Now just who may they be?

W. E. Graveley, 1885—Yes Mayor MacLean was a man of broad vision, generous to a fault and a man of whom Vancouver might well be proud to have had for its first mayor. He served without salary. Many of our first aldermen, too, were distinguished men of great heart and understanding.