

Early Vancouver

Volume Four

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

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1935-1939.

Supplemental to Volumes One, Two and Three collected in 1931-1934.

About the 2011 Edition

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In the spring of 1890, a lot of clearing on the Brockton Point Athletic grounds was done; work was pretty slack just then; axemen and laborers were being paid two dollars per day, though the C.P.R. were said to be paying only \$1.50 for the camp kind of labor. Men would go to a certain employment agent; if found a job they paid a dollar and were sent to work somewhere. This agent sent them to the park; they worked a day and were fired; there was a new crew next morning; the man in charge of the work was splitting the dollar with the agent. Started quite a scandal till it got to the ears of the Park Commissioners who put a stop to it. For a couple of weeks before building the arch we were putting up some enclosures for a few small animals, then in temporary cages; except a bear chained to a stump there were two eagles enclosed in wire netting between two trees.

W.M. Horie.

CONVERSATION WITH W.M. HORIE, OF BAYNES AND HORIE, CONTRACTORS, VANCOUVER, AS HE RODE IN THE STREET CAR THIS MORNING FROM KITSILANO BEACH TO HIS OFFICE AT THE HOTEL GROSVENOR, 24 APRIL 1939.

RUSSIAN WARSHIP, 1889. DUNN-MILLER BLOCK, CORDOVA STREET.

Mr. Horie said: "I got to Vancouver on May 28th 1889, and the next day went looking for a job.

"I watched some men trying to remove the old wooden houses, so that the Dunn-Miller Block on Cordova Street near Carrall could be erected, and asked them for a job, but the boss said, 'No,' so I stood and watched, and I saw they were having trouble rigging their tackle and blocks, so I went over and watched, and then finally took a hand, and worked for a couple of hours; no one said anything to me. I was accustomed to blocks and tackles, and showed them how to do it.

"Then, as no one spoke to me, I started to go, but the boss called to me and said, 'Young fellow, I think we'll want you for a day or so,' so I went back to work. I know that was the 29th Day of May 1889, because the previous day, the 28th, I had arrived from the east.

"There was a man working on the job, and he was a Russian, and I talked to him, and he told me there was a Russian warship in the harbour, and that he hated Russians; don't know why; something. Anyway, he said he had been on board here on Burrard Inlet, and she was dirty; nothing like the clean ship-shape British navy ships."

J.S. Matthews.

See photo, P. Vu. 96, erection of Dunn-Miller Block, or next block, the Lonsdale Block.

Note: in May 1909, two Japanese warships, the *Aso* and the *Soya* visited Vancouver. One of them was the captured Russian warship, *Bayan*; I don't know what the other had been; perhaps captured, too. I noticed the guns on the former *Bayan* had marked on them "Armstrong" (British guns).

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH A.P. HORNE OF 4025 GRANVILLE STREET AND OF THE FIRM OF HORNE, TAYLOR AND COMPANY, LTD., REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS, WITH REFERENCE TO THE SEYMOUR CREEK MILK RANCH.

A.P. HORNE. PHIBBS AND THOMPSON. SEYMOUR CREEK.

"I came here in November 1889, and about the only person I knew was F.J. Thompson (whom I knew in the North West Territories), who with J.C.P. Phibbs owned and operated the Seymour Creek Milk Ranch. This property was situated at the mouth and on the east side of the creek, and contained approximately 160 acres—formerly owned by Burr, who I understand was one of the first of the Sappers and Miners who came to this province. There was a nice house, and a short distance from it on the edge of the creek was a large cow barn. The principal pasture was a short distance east of the house, on the flats—dyked. At Thompson's invitation, I spent that winter, 1889-1890, and worked on the ranch with them. They had about twenty cows."

MILK.

"The milk, which we conveyed to the opposite shore in a flat bottom boat, was sold in Vancouver. One had to know the tides and eddies and had to row a distance up or down the inlet to make the necessary landing just east of George Black's hotel at Hastings. From there we loaded it on the back end of a rig and drove into town. One of the principal hotels then to take most of it was the 'Leland,' situated on the south side of Hastings Street, near where the head office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce now is."

J.C.P. PHIBBS.

"J.C.P. Phibbs now resides at Port Kells—F.J. Thompson at Port Haney. (Thompson for some years had a boathouse business on Coal Harbour near to Stanley Park.)

"Many of their friends from Vancouver in the spring and summer used to row to Seymour Creek to visit them, including Walter E. Graveley, Wm. Sulley, J.T.C. Williams (of Williams Bros. and Dawson, Surveyors), Mr. and Mrs. Buntzen, Captain and Mrs. Wallace (he was captain of S.S. *Parthia*) and D.E. and Wm. Brown of the C.P.R.

"Some years after Phibbs and Thompson disposed of the ranch—portion of it (including the buildings) was washed away by freshets. This property is situated adjacent to and on the east side of the northerly end of the Second Narrows bridge. In those days there was some good duck shooting up the creek and on the flats."

CHIEF GEORGE. SEYMOUR CREEK INDIAN RESERVE. POTLATCH.

"On the westerly side of the creek (and opposite to the Milk Ranch) was the Seymour Creek Indian Reserve—of which George was chief.

"One day during the winter, Chief George came to see us (which he always did in his canoe) to say that he was going to hold a big potlatch—it being his turn—and that many Indians from the reserves up north were coming to it. For many days, canoe loads of Indians were arriving, their canoes being pulled up on the opposite shore.

"This potlatch was held in a large one-storey long-shaped frame building, roofed with cedar shakes. In it there were six big fires (three on each side, about an equal distance apart and each large enough to take a cordwood stick.) There were no chimneys, just openings in the roof, one above each fire, through which the smoke went out. Along both sides of the building there were wood benches where all the Indians sat and probably slept and the centre of the floor was of earth.

"One afternoon Chief George came over and invited us to go to the potlatch that night and told us at which end of the building we were to enter. When we went in, Chief George beckoned to us to sit behind him, which we did. He was dressed up for the occasion—from what I remember, he wore a black sweater, feathers 'round his head, and red paint on his face. At our end of the building, it was packed with blankets, clothing, etc., etc., as the giver of the potlatch had to give away everything he had."

INDIAN DANCES. INDIAN CUSTOMS.

"The building was crowded with Indians, we (four of us, Phibbs, Thompson, Roaf and myself) being the only white men there. The ceremony (which was going on when we entered the building) consisted of the Indians striking with a stick a long wooden plank which they held on their knees—boom-boom (slow), boom-boom—boom-boom (faster), and so on, like beating a tom-tom. An Indian girl would get up, shawl over her shoulders, and dance 'round and 'round, and when she seemed to have danced long enough and was tired, an Indian took out of a potato sack a handful of (what I was informed afterwards) feathers from the breast of the duck, and scattered them all over her, and so the potlatch kept on.

"After a while Chief George asked if any of us were going to Vancouver the next day and if so would we get him a bottle of gin. When we told him that we would not do so, he told us to leave the potlatch, which we did. This potlatch was kept up for about a week, every night—they must have slept in the daytime.

"Chief George on one occasion came to see us—said he was sick and could not eat, but after a while he consented to have breakfast and ate about a dozen poached eggs, and on another occasions when his wife (Millie) came to see us, she had her shawl over her head and held her right hand to it and said she

was not well, but when she removed the shawl and hand, the right side of her face was black and blue, and she told us that George had hit her there with the canoe paddle.”

See photo C.V. Out. 92, N. 92

E. & O.E.

9 July 1935.

A.P. Horne.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.P. HORNE, 4025 GRANVILLE STREET, 9 JULY 1935.

A very well-known real estate and financial broker in early years of twentieth century, now retired, member of Jericho Country Club, golfer, etc., etc., etc. Mr. Horne called to ask if I had a photo of the old Dalgliesh home at Jericho, afterwards the first home of the Jericho Country Club; he wanted it for Mr. Chaldecott (Chaldecott Park).

Query by J.S.M.: When did you come here?

Mr. Horne: “November 1889. Went over to live, first thing, with Phibbs and Thompson, Seymour Creek.”

(Note: a photo of this ranch, faintly visible in the background, is shown in the famous “Seymour Creek Boating” photo. J.S.M.)

SEYMOUR CREEK. MILK RANCHES. PHIBBS AND THOMPSON.

“They had a milk ranch over there, sold it wholesale, had about twenty cows. You see, I had been in the northwest after I came from England, and I knew Mr. Thompson there, he was running a sawmill there, and when I came to Vancouver I knew no one else, so he said to come over and stay with them. He is still in town. J.F. Thompson has a boathouse at the foot of Georgia Street, and I think Phibbs, C.J., I think his initials were, is at Port Kells yet. We took it in turns to bring the milk over; flat bottom row boat; you had to know the tides; we often used to go about half a mile up the inlet, and then drop back in the eddies to get the boat to Hastings, to George Black’s at Hastings. There we would load it onto the back end of a rig and drive it to town, and deliver it to the Leland Hotel; swell hotel in those days, where the Canadian Bank of Commerce is now, at the corner of Hastings and Granville.”

Query: Is that the ranch house shown in the picture of a picnic party at Seymour Creek, mostly men in boats, sail boats?

Mr. Horne: “Don’t know, but there used to be lots of picnics over there. Walter Graveley, Buntzen of the Vancouver Electric; Mr. and Mrs. Buntzen were living in rooms on Cordova Street; it was not the B.C. Electric then; lot of the best fellows around town used to come over for picnics.

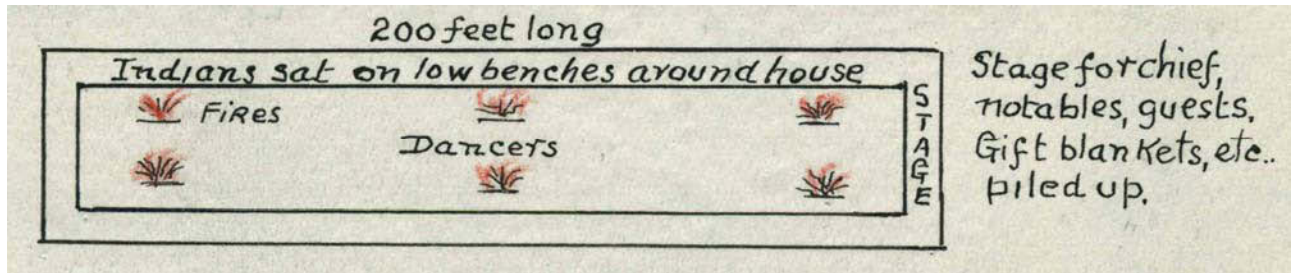
“All that part of the Phibbs and Thompson ranch has gone now; house and barn gone, freshets; washed away. The pasture was below, dyked along inlet shore.”

SEYMOUR CREEK INDIANS AND SEYMOUR CREEK INDIAN RESERVE. POTLATCHES AT SEYMOUR CREEK. CHIEF GEORGE.

“You see, here is the plan of the locality; the barn was higher up the creek than the house; both on east side, and the Indian Reserve was across the creek. Old Chief George lived over there in a great big house, a tremendous thing.”

Query: How long?

Mr. Horne: “A great big thing; perhaps 200 feet long; built of cedar shakes; no roof, at least, not what you would call a roof; I think it must have been built especially for potlatches or something; no, not a whiteman’s building, Indian. Old George came over one day to the ranch and said, ‘Hi-yu-potlatch two weeks.’ It seems it was Chief George’s turn to give a potlatch. So a little later he came over again and said, ‘Potlatch, next week, you come.’ So he said he would let us know when to come. So one afternoon we were told to come over and we went over and were shown the proper entrance to take. A great big long building like this:”



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“And a big crowd of Indians inside. There were about six big fires in the middle at distances from each other, spaced irregularly at distances from each other around the building, and all around the building walls was a sort of form or bench—wide bench” (sleeping bench) “—on which the Indians were sitting; the fires were on the earthen floor in the middle. At one end was old Chief George all decked up in ceremonious dress; a sort of leather thing with feathers around his head, and red paint all over his face; looking mighty important and pompous. At the end of the building through which we entered was the place where he sat; that end was packed with goods; blankets and things; in those days, they” (the giver of the potlatch) “had to give away everything; the ceremony was going on when we entered; all around the bench around the building was crowded with Indians, sitting watching; and every now and then someone would pick up a sort of plank, and beat on it, boom, boom” (slow), “boom, boom, boom, boom” (quicker), “sort of beating a tom-tom, and an Indian girl would get up, shawl over her shoulders, and dance around and around; then someone would approach her and take a pinch” (handful) “of feathers—I think they must have got them from the under feathers of ducks—white feathers, and sprinkle a handful of feathers over her; hold the handful over her head and drop them so that they scattered all over her; then would give her a lift up, and put her aside, and another girl would come out and dance.

“After a time, old Chief George came over to us and said, ‘You go down town, tomorrow, to Vancouver?’

“Answer: ‘Yes.’

“Chief George: ‘You get me bottle of gin?’

“Answer: ‘No.’

“Chief George: ‘You go.’ And we went.

“That was in the winter of 1889; the potlatch went on for a week; there were a lot of Indians there, and of course, canoes in numbers.”

(Note: a photo of Seymour Creek by Devine and numbered C.V. P. Out. 92, shows these canoes lined along the east bank—about 40 of them—but it does not show the canoes which must have been on the west bank, probably more numerous still, as it would be on the Indian Reserve.)

“Chief George lived in the big house where the potlatch was given, with his wife Millie. George came over one morning and said he was sick. Thompson said, ‘Better have some breakfast.’ The chief said, ‘No, I didn’t want anything to eat, too sick.’ But finally he consented to eat, and” (laughing) “at about a dozen poached eggs. I think both George and Millie died of drink; both their bodies were found in the creek” (see Haatsalano, Vol. 3); “all Indians have big feet it seems to me.”

EXPLORATION, CAPILANO RIVER, 1890.

CAPILANO RIVER. CAPILANO CANYON HOUSE. GEORGE GRANT MACKAY. A.P. HORNE. WATER WORKS, CAPILANO.

(Also see Phillip Oben, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

As written by A.P. Horne, Esq. (son-in-law to G.G. Mackay.)

Vancouver, B.C.
16th July, 1935.

RE CAPILANO CREEK, NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C.

In May 1890, three of us, Harry H. Mackay (son of the late George Grant Mackay) and Robert Mackay Fripp, both now deceased and myself, decided to inspect the upper reaches of the Capilano River. Arrangements having been made with Chief Capilano (of the Capilano Indian Reserve) to accompany us—as he knew the route we should take, we started about the 24th May, (the Queen's birthday). The chief brought his cousin with him.

We were taken to the head of Howe Sound in a small steamer, landing on the east side, near the present site of the Britannia [*Howe Sound Copper*] Copper Mine. That afternoon we climbed the mountain, stopping for the night on the way. Chief Capilano found next morning that he had brought us up the wrong shoulder—however we eventually found the Capilano Creek.

It being extremely hot weather for the time of year, we took our time, travelling in the early morning and evening and resting in the middle of the day. We had packs and blankets, but carried no tent.

Our way took us along the banks of the river. We reached a lake, whereupon the Indians tied two logs together with boughs and saplings, on which we sat with our packs, one Indian paddling with a stick. The scenery on the route was most impressive.

Leaving the lake behind, we came to a portion of the creek which looked like still water but actually a swift current flowed underneath—and very beautiful it was, both banks being overhung with trees and undergrowth. A swim in the clear water seemed very desirable, and we always had our swim despite the cautions of the chief about the coldness of the water and the probability of our drowning! However, we were good swimmers and where the water was fairly deep we would undress, walk some distance up, go in head first and swim down to where we left our clothes. We slept in the open, but the Indians took cover under the overhanging banks of the creek.

Included in our supplies was a tin of beef extract—which we opened one night and took a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water before going to sleep. It was much appreciated by the Indians who consumed the remainder, and complained the next morning that they did not sleep well, the beef tea having caused them to sweat all night!

We saw several black bear in the course of our wanderings. The Chief told us that we were the first white men to come through the Capilano Valley.

Finally we crossed the First Narrows with the Indians in their canoes and landed in Stanley Park, having had a successful trip.

The object of our trip was to see the Valley with a view to taking up land there. Eventually this was done—all the property, from about the old waterworks intake, for considerable distance in a northerly direction, intersected by the creek, being acquired from the Provincial Government.

The property was surveyed by Williams Brothers & Dawson and owned by a company under the name of Capilano Park Company. The Company made a trail through the property and had a cabin built. Later on the property was sold—the purchasers taking off the timber, mostly cedar, which was valuable.

MEMO OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.P. HORNE, 4025 GRANVILLE STREET.

VANCOUVER OPERA HOUSE. C.P.R. OPERA HOUSE. C.P.R. LAND DEPARTMENT. J.M. BROWNING.

"I came to Vancouver in 1889, and joined the C.P.R. service in the spring of 1890, and I think they were building the Opera House at that time. Anyway, the Opera House was under the management of the C.P.R. Land Department, of which J.M. Browning was Land Agent in succession to L.A. Hamilton. J.M. Browning was a delightfully charming man, was an alderman under Mayor Oppenheimer, was very Scotch, and a pillar in St. Andrew's Church and his conscience evidently did not permit him to mingle too freely with actors and actresses. Anyway, he left the details of the opening of the Opera House to Frank Robinson and myself.

"The Opera House was years ahead of its time, but whatever the C.P.R. lost on the operation of it was made up by the passenger traffic it developed.

"The opening was by the Emma Euch" (?) (pronounced "Yew") "Opera Co. Afterwards we engaged Sarah Bernhardt, the famous European actress, for two nights and one matinée, that was in 1890, and then again we had another play, 'Willing Hands and Honest Hearts,' in which John L. Sullivan, celebrated prize fighter, was principal. It was rather funny, one morning when we presented to Mr. Browning, as he insisted we do, a statement of the expenses and receipts, he picked up the paper and remarked, 'Very satisfactory, you made quite a profit,' and I, just a young man, perhaps thoughtlessly remarked the John L. Sullivan had been quite an attraction. Mr. Browning replied, 'There was no fighting, was there?' and I answered, 'Yes, in the third set. He brought someone with him to knock out.' Mr. Browning was astounded, and said he did not know what Mr. Van Horne would think of it; that he would have to tell him; but we never heard any more of it."

THE DROP SCENE.

Query by J.S.M.: Who painted that famous drop scene, Mr. Horne?

Mr. Horne: "I don't know exactly, but I think it came from New York; I think it came across Canada on two flat cars; I think Lafayette painted it. He was an artist. It was a magnificent scene; I have heard people say—people such as theatrical critics and people who knew what they were talking about—that it was the finest drop scene they had ever seen. It was of the 'Three Sisters' up near Banff.

"The first managers of the Vancouver Opera House were the C.P.R. Land Department, of which J.M. Browning was principal, the second manager was Goldsmid, the next was Evan Thomas, an old countryman in the employ of Wulfson and Bewicke, financial brokers on Cordova Street. E.R. Ricketts came next."

THE FIRST CITY COUNCIL.

"I quite agree with you that our City Councils were a wonderful body of men; and mind you, they got no remuneration. I think that when they started to pay them that they dropped out, but the first councils were a wonderful fine type of men."

MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. A.P. HORNE, 16 JULY 1935.

WATERWORKS. CAPILANO CREEK. G.G. MACKAY.

"I came here in November 1889, and the following summer, that would be 1890, an incident happened in which I was the principal, which makes me doubtful as to whether Phillip Oben's story that he was the first man to reach the source of the Capilano River is true. You will observe he says in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, that he crossed in June 1892. The facts are these:

"My father-in-law was the late G.G. Mackay, and at his suggestion, his son Harry, together with R. McKay Friith" (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: Fripp), "the artist, Chief Capilano Joe, Joe's cousin, and myself, a party of five of us went to find out something about the Capilano Creek, and we started out on what was then known as the Queen's birthday, May 24th." (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: No. 21 May.) "We made our arrangements sometime beforehand and interviewed Capilano Joe who arranged for his cousin to come with us. The trip took four days, three of which, as we took our time were used in coming down the creek from the summit. At Joe's suggestion we were taken by steamer up Howe Sound. Phibbs and Thompson,

who had a milk ranch on Seymour Creek, and with whom I had visited, allowed us the use of a small steamer which they had on Seymour Creek; just a bit of a thing; you know what pleasures steamers were in those days before the gasoline boat came.

“This steamer landed us at a steep place, south of Squamish; there were no habitations at the beach. The first night we climbed the mountain, but when we got to the top the following morning, Joe said it was the wrong shoulder of the mountain, and we went down another side and the next day found Capilano Creek at its northern end. It was extremely hot weather at that time of the year, so we slept in the middle of the day and travelled in the early morning and late evening. We had our packs and blankets, no tents, and travelled down the bed and banks of the creek. Near the summit we crossed two lakes, and the way we crossed was that the two Indians found a couple of logs and tied them together with bows and saplings—I think we had two rafts—we put our baggage on the front end and with one Indian paddling in the stern with a stick on each raft we got across the lake.

“Some distance after leaving the lake coming down the creek going south, we came across a portion of the creek which looked like still water, but actually there was a tremendous current underneath. Everything was wonderfully pretty with the deep, clear water overhung on both sides with bushes. We were pretty good swimmers, and when we suggested going for a swim, Joe cautioned that it was dangerous, besides being too cold, and that we should drown. However, we had our swim, but what we did was the undress some distance down the creek, leave our clothes there, go up some distance, and swim down to the clothes.

“At night, the white men slept in the open under their blankets, but the Indians would sleep in a hollow under an overhanging bank. We had taken with us some beef extract, Liebegs, or something in a small tin, and one evening, rather than throw it away, we decided to eat it in its thick state, and we asked Joe if he would like a teaspoonful of it. Joe tried it, and liked it so well—it was pretty strong stuff—that he took the remainder of the tin and cleaned it all up between himself and his cousin, until it was finished. The next morning, Joe asked, ‘You sleep?’ We replied, ‘Yes, sleep well.’ Joe answered, ‘No, you not sleep,’ and kept rubbing his stomach up and down with his hands, ‘I sweat all night, no more that stuff.’ He had never tasted it before, liked it at first, and had eaten up a tin full like jam.”

CAPILANO LAND OCCUPANCY. CAPILANO PARK COMPANY LTD.

“Now, Capilano Joe told us that we were the first white men to ever come through, and that may be so. We finally crossed the First Narrows to Stanley Park by Indian canoe. The object of the trip was to inspect the topography of the valley with the view to taking it up for, well, I suppose for speculation, and for the timber, which we did. We took up the whole of the valley under the name of the Capilano Park Company Ltd., and incorporated Company, a family matter in which I was a very small shareholder. The property came down about as far as the first dam and about 1900 we sold to others, and that was what caused all the trouble between the city of Vancouver and the timber holders afterwards over the non-pollution of water. Dr. Carrall had a lot of property up there.

“It was after all the land had been taken up that the city objected to any private people taking up any more; it was blocking the stable door after the horse had escaped.” (Note: merely one of the many mistakes Vancouver made.)

TRAIL UP CAPILANO.

“We put a trail through the property along the creek, and Williams Bros. and Dawson surveyed it. We also built a log cabin. It was a pretty rough trail.”

CAPILANO SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

“It was in 1888 or 1889 that Mr. G.G. Mackay first came to Vancouver; he came from Oban in the Highlands of Scotland, and Inverness.” (So did MacLean, our first mayor.) “He had a great idea of this country; was very fond of scenery, and one day he went up the Capilano Creek with somebody, and the result was that he took up a piece of property where the suspension bridge was afterwards built.

“He had a couple of Scotchmen build him a home there, and he built it at a point just above the bridge where the creek bends around a bluff. He built the house on this headland with a verandah at both ends

so that he could sit out on them and look either up or down the creek at the beautiful river and forest scene. Then the people, Otto Semisch, who bought his place, put in the suspension bridge.”

MACKAY AVENUE. MACKAY CREEK. MAYOR OPPENHEIMER. CITY PARKS.

“There is a road from Marine Drive running north up the Capilano Valley, which is named after Mr. Mackay, and I think the creek is also named after him. He was one of the first Stanley Park Commissioners. He was a great friend of David Oppenheimer; the ideas of both men were generally about twenty years into the future. Mr. Mackay had one idea, which, had it been carried out, would have saved Vancouver from the tragic lack of parks in the centre of the city. He represented to the City Council that they should acquire four or five large squares of land between False Creek and Burrard Inlet, to be used as parks, as playgrounds for children, and places of rest for the aged. He tried to explain to them how the system of parks in the large cities of Great Britain provides for this, and pointed out that such parks would enhance the value of the property surrounding them, and urged that the acquisition of such open spaces in the West End was particularly desirable; the others did not see eye to eye with him, and a great opportunity was lost.”

WOODEN SIDEWALKS. WOODEN STREETS. GRANVILLE STREET AT HASTINGS. “BOYS WILL BE BOYS.”

“Talking about wooden streets and sidewalks. At the corner of Hastings and Granville streets, where the Canadian Bank of Commerce is now, there was a muddy place between the sidewalk and the planked roadway, in the middle of the street, and the city put down some planks at the crossing, but did not keep them in repair, and when it was very wet, the constant treading wore a hole in the earth and that filled with water. Boys, the little devils, used to wait until you got on one end of the plank, then put their foot on the other end, and the plank would spring up and the dirty muddy water would squirt up in a spray over you. Great fun for them!”

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE. FIRST HOSPITAL.

“Dr. A.M. Robertson—he has an office on” (525) “Seymour Street—he was the first doctor at the General Hospital, had an office upstairs—under the tower—on the southeast corner of Granville and Hastings streets; there was a grocery store under it on the corner—Berteau ran it.”

CUSTOMS HOUSE.

(Note by J.S.M.: The first Customs House on Burrard Inlet was probably Hocking’s home at Hastings; he was appointed 1866; the first in Granville is shown on Trutch’s map of Granville, 1870; just where Geo. Brew officiated is doubtful, but he lived at Brew’s or Brockton Point with his Indian wife and Indian-White children. Archibald Johns lived about 1886 and 1887 in a cottage on what is now Water Street—see photo No. C.V. P. Str. 8, No. Str. 29, or map of Granville, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) “Tompkins Brew is supposed to have lived in the ‘Customs House,’ but he also had a habitation at Brew’s Point.

“However, the first Customs House of pretensions was at the corner of Granville and Hastings, southeast corner; was actually a few yards up Granville Street, in a well-known building with a blunt tower. Dr. A.M. Robertson, first city health officer, occupied the upper rooms; a grocery store was on the corner, and the Customs House was in a small office on the ground floor.” (See Bailey Bros. photo No. 433, C.V. P. Str. 127, N. Str. 87 and words “Customs House” on unpretentious door facing on Granville Street. Col. Worsnop was installed there.)

MEMO OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH A.P. HORNE, 30 APRIL 1936.

NAME PLATE. HUDSON’S BAY BEAVER.

Mr. Horne said: “Beneath the pilot house of the old *Beaver* was her name plate with her name painted on a big board; it is now in the Hudson’s Bay Historical Exhibit in their store on Granville Street. A. McCreery and I were walking around Stanley Park one day, and went down to the old *Beaver*; she was falling to pieces; it seemed a shame to leave her name plate to be destroyed, so we took it off; no one seemed to want it, and I took it home and kept it in my woodshed for some years, afterwards gave it to Sir Charles Piers, curator, Hudson’s Bay.”

SHIP'S BELL. HUDSON'S BAY BEAVER.

Note: the bell of the *Beaver* was taken from her by one of the Nickson boys, given to his mother Mrs. T.R. Nickson, whose husband was an official of the Capilano Water Works. She kept it many years, and then presented it to the Vancouver Merchants Exchange where it now is. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, Nickson narrative, and also negative.)

Note: this bell was not her ship's bell, but the dining saloon bell. (See conversation, Mrs. Walter Winsby, 1 April 1937.)

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH A.P. HORNE, PIONEER OF VANCOUVER, 8 MAY 1936.

GRANVILLE ISLAND, FALSE CREEK. A.P. HORNE. G.G. MACKAY.

Mr. Horne said: "You know that photo" (Bailey photo No. P. Van. Sc. 40a) "called 'West End, 1890,' probably 1889, taken from Fairview" (from site of house now number 1304 West Seventh Avenue, shown in foreground of photo) "showing the two bridges, Granville Street and C.P.R. trestle, and the forest on the West End about Nicola Street. Well, it also shows a circle of piles driven east and west of the bridge around what is now Granville Island; the old sand bar.

"Well, J.M. Chaldecott tells me Paul Marmette" (see *Early Vancouver*) "is confused somewhere when he says Vashon tried to preempt that old sand bar. Chaldecott says that the best of his knowledge is that the circle of piles was driven to the order of G.G. Mackay and his associates, their intention being to make application to the Dominion government for the sand bar for reclamation purposes. Vashon may have had something to do with it, but I doubt it.

"G.G. Mackay was a far-sighted, shrewd, reliable man."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Supreme Court Proceedings, 5, 7 and 11 March 1889 to compel Hugh Keefer, C. Vachon, G.G. Mackay to remove piles (see Granville Island file).

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH A.P. HORNE, 9 MAY 1936.

FAIRVIEW. EARLY STREET CARS. C.P.R. LAND SALE.

"I joined the C.P.R. Land Department under Mr. Browning about April 1890; our office was in the New York Block, Granville Street.

"One of the first things I did was help with the auction of the lots in Fairview; A.M. Beattie was the auctioneer. The C.P.R. sold about four or five lots in each block, just to get things started, and they gave the, what is now B.C. Electric Railway, a number of lots on Ninth Avenue, now Broadway, to induce them to run the street car tracks on Ninth Avenue."

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH R.V. WINCH (OF WINCH AND BOWER).

Early Cordova Street wholesale and retail fruit merchants, whose place of business in 1887 was 125 feet west of the southwest corner of Carrall and Cordova Street, then the principal business street, and the busiest part, of the City of Vancouver. This small wooden building was pulled down when the Dunn-Miller block was erected. Mr. Winch erected, 1909, the Winch Building, now the Customs House, at the northeast corner of Howe and Hastings. Two or more of his sons served with distinction in the Great War.

WINCH AND BOWER. DR. W.J. MCGUIGAN.

Mr. Winch said: "Our fruit and vegetable business on Cordova Street was, in 1887, where the entrance to Thos. Dunn Hardware Co.'s store was afterwards; the little shed of a building was pulled down to permit the erection of the Dunn-Miller block. We supplied the Canadian Pacific Railway steamships and railway from Hong Kong to Banff with fresh provisions from that little store.

“Dr. W.J. McGuigan’s office was over Jack Levy’s tobacco store, diagonally across Cordova Street on the opposite” (north) “side, and a little to the west.” (See photo No. P. Str. 41.) “Afterwards we moved to a situation a little further to the west in the same block, same” (south) “side of street.”

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

“James A. Tift was general manger of the wooden Cosmopolitan Hotel when it was first built at the northwest corner of Abbott and Cordova Street. The first day it opened they took in sixty-five cents, and no more; it was *too far uptown*.”

Note: this famous hostelry is shown in the well-known photo of the first Dominion Day Parade in Vancouver, 1 July 1887.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH A.P. HORNE, 4025 GRANVILLE STREET, 4 MAY 1939.

BOWEN ISLAND. SNUG COVE. DEEP COVE. JOSEPH MANNION.

Mr. Horne said: “You remember Gordon Legg, manager of the Union Steamship Company. Well, he said to me one day, ‘Let’s go and find Bowen Island.’ So Legg and myself, and two others, the four of us, got into two skiffs, sailed out of the Narrows, tacked over to Jericho, then over to Point Atkinson, and finally reached Bowen Island, and went up to see Joseph Mannion at his place. He asked us where we had come from, and his wife prepared a nice meal for us. So then he asked us where we were going to sleep, and we said we had a tent, and were going to sleep on the beach. But he said that would not do; we were to take the barn, and sleep in that. So we slept in the barn, and about daylight a horse poked his nose in the door, gave a mighty snort, which woke up all, and we turned over and went to sleep again, and presently, Joe appeared in the door and said we were to come in for breakfast. We said, ‘Oh, no,’ but he insisted, and we went in and had a good breakfast.

“He said he was so glad to see ‘a face’ that he could talk to; it was rather lonely, and he was glad to have a visitor.

“Fine, old, kindly gentleman, Joseph Mannion.”

JOHN HOSIE, PROVINCIAL ARCHIVIST.

OBITUARY, AUGUST 1934.

A great friend to Vancouver. When most were indifferent, many found difficulty, and some jeered, he urged, “Keep on; keep on.”

What those stout words, uttered when all was dark, has meant to those of Vancouver, none may learn, yet millions know. His encouragement sustained a faltering step; his aid supported a genesis as it staggered to stand.

Matthews.

See his printed report on City Archives to City Council, February 1934.

[LETTER FROM T. FRED CLULOW.]

Shushartie,
March 31/36, V.I.

PLAN OF FIRST HOSPITAL
(attached)

J.S. Matthews Esq.
Vancouver.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 23rd to hand, am much obliged for your kindness enclosing poem.