

## **Early Vancouver**

### **Volume Five**

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

**2011 Edition (Originally Published 1945)**

*Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1936-1945.*

*Supplemental to volumes one, two, three and four collected in 1931, 1932 and 1934.*

### **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 125<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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home of a quarter of a million people, one of the great seaports of a the world, and the second greatest in Canada, the wife of the first settler of Burrard Inlet, and of our city, and one who, even herself, saw our beautiful city as a wilderness of forest and swamp.

J.S. Matthews.

Rev. P.C. Parker, executor of John Morton, called at City Archives today, 8 February 1939, and tells me Mrs. Ruth Morton has lost her sight.

J.S. Matthews.

### **21 FEBRUARY 1938, 8 P.M. – “THE WHITE SANDS OF ENGLISH BAY.”**

The telephone rang. A soft voice said faintly, “It is Mrs. Morton. Did you see the *Province* tonight, about the White Sands?” And then she added cheerily, “You have got it right, you have got it right.”

The widow of John Morton, first settler on Burrard Inlet was speaking to me, in reference to an article, “The White Sands of English Bay,” published tonight, Monday, 21 February, on the editorial page of the *Province*. It told of John Morton’s fascination for the white sands formerly at the foot of Denman Street, English Bay.

In no other city in the world could such a conversation have taken place; a conversation with a lady whose husband was the first man to settle, who had slept beneath the branches whilst erecting a first shelter, October 1862, and now a city ten miles wide by seven deep, of towering buildings, beautiful homes, three hundred churches, one hundred parks, and seventy schools.

J.S.M.

### **MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY, WIDOW, 2423 WINDSOR STREET, AND 960 EAST EIGHTH AVENUE, AT CITY ARCHIVES, 11 JULY 1939.**

#### **GENEALOGY.**

Mrs. Murray said: “I came to Vancouver in November 1889 from Brandon, Manitoba, where I had been for six months. My home town was Owen Sound, where I was educated. Father was James Rainey, and Mother, Mary Ann Cochrane, both originally Scotch, but both Mother and Father came from Ireland as children with my grandparents. Mother was just a baby at the time, and it took six weeks to cross the Atlantic in a sailing ship.

“Both grandparents Rainey and Cochrane settled, at first, in the province of Québec, and their children, my father and mother, moved to Owen Sound, where they thought they could do better. It was all bush and woods when they went there, but, as I recall our Rainey home at Owen Sound, it was one hundred and fifty acres of nice level farm land which Father had cleared; it was quite an old farm, with an orchard bearing fruit; stocked with cattle, and mixed farming. Father had developed it out of the wild.”

#### **CHRIST CHURCH ROTHOUSE. FIRST POST OFFICE.**

“I was married to Archibald Murray, November 10<sup>th</sup> 1891, in the ‘Roothouse’” (basement without church above) “of Christ Church, Georgia Street, by the Rev. Mr. Hobson, the first rector. Mr. Murray was a merchant tailor, had a store at first on Carrall Street, then a small wooden building in front of the Rosedale Dining Rooms on the north side of Hastings between Hamilton and Homer” (Miller’s first Post Office, see photo No. P. Bu. 13.) “Mr. Miller died in Toronto, December 17<sup>th</sup> 1931.

“Our only child is James Randolph Murray, who married Florence Batterson; he operated the Collingwood Garage, Kingsway, and lives on School Street. They have one child, a son, Clifford Murray, now twenty-one.”

**FROGS. HASTINGS STREET. WOODWARD'S STORE.**

"Do you remember the frog pond where Woodward's Department store on Hastings Street is now?"

Major Matthews: Do you remember the huge yellow skunk cabbage there?

Mrs. Murray: "I have an invitation to the unveiling, 14<sup>th</sup> December 1911, of the statue to Mayor Oppenheimer in Stanley Park; here it is; I'll give it to the Archives, but you see, they have the years he was mayor incorrectly given on the stone."

**D.L. 812. RAINEY'S RANCH. BRIGHTON BEACH. ORLOMAH BEACH. LAKE BEAUTIFUL.**

Mrs. Murray continued: "I was a Miss Rainey, daughter of James and Mary Ann Rainey of Owen Sound, pioneers of Ontario, as their parents were before them. John Rainey, of North Arm, Burrard Inlet, was my uncle; he was a military man; Uncle John was captain under General Buller. My grandfather was Edward Rainey, and our great-grandfather was a colonel in the Armagh Regiment in Ireland. I have an idea that Uncle John of North Arm was educated at the Kingston Military college; he possessed two presentation swords. Uncle John was a born miner, and he was elderly.

"His marriage was unhappy; he had one son; he was on Burrard Inlet before the Great Fire in June 1886, and we came west largely because he was here.

"He established himself up the North Arm on D.L. 812; built himself a good house, planted a garden, orchard, developed a little mine there; had all his furniture sent out from Eaton's of Toronto. Then one day he was away in his mine on the back of his property, and when he came back his house was on fire, and all that he saved was his tools; he lost everything. He had a great big grey agate, and a brown agate, and a huge amethyst he got down in Ontario. The swords were not recovered. Then the Japanese were there, getting out shingle bolts, and he was living in his cabin, where he kept such supplies as he needed."

**CHINA CLAY.**

"There was a china clay deposit at Uncle's place, and samples were sent to France, and came back as beautiful white little bricks of china, like marble; they looked like ornamental glazed tile. Uncle John showed me where the deposit was; I think I must be the only child who knows the location, but there is a bank messenger, pleasant little man, Royal Bank, I think, who knows where in France the samples were sent to be burned.

"After his death, Edward Rainey, his son, told me he was going to have the shaft filled up as it was dangerous, and he did fill it up. I went there one day, and saw Uncle's old mine, Uncle's old anvil on which he sharpened his tools was still there, but the hole was gone."

(Note by J.S.M.: Major J. Eades Ward states: "There was a shaft there, with a ladder in it, but the ladder was rotten, and we were always afraid to go down; but it was deep, more than fifty feet, I should say.")

"Then one day word came that he was dead; died alone, found dead in his cabin, and Constable Leatherdale, city police, went up; it seems he had been dead eight days, and he was buried in Mountain View. Then we were going to do something about the property, but his son claimed it; it was sold to J.J. Banfield, and J.R. Seymour, and others, and they were going to make a summer resort out of it, and Father said we could do nothing, so we gave up."

**LAKE BEAUTIFUL. LAKE BUNTZEN.**

"Uncle was the discoverer of Lake Beautiful, now Lake Buntzen, but he does not get credit for it. I am trying to get a photo of Uncle John in his uniform."

Read and approved by Mrs. Murray, 25 August 1939.

J.S. Matthews.