

Early Vancouver

Volume Six

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1940-1945.

Supplemental to volumes one, two, three, four and five collected in 1931, 1932, 1934, 1939 and 1944.

About the 2011 Edition

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MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. DAVID BEACH, NÉE JANE DANIELS, OF 240 S.W. MARINE DRIVE, WHO VERY KINDLY CALLED AT THE CITY ARCHIVES, 27 FEBRUARY 1941, BRINGING WITH HER A NEWSPAPER OBITUARY CLIPPING OF THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, MR. DAVID BEACH.

WILLIAM DANIELS, NORTH ARM. RIVER ROAD.

Mrs. Beach said: "I am living with my two daughters, Miss Vera Beach, and Miss Evelyn Beach, at our old place on River Road, now S.W. Marine Drive; the same road I was born on, on 12th June 1877, but you must consider when I was born the River Road as we afterwards called it, it was just a trail in the trees to Westminster; what I mean is this, literally, I was actually born on the road itself, on the site of it, because, afterwards, when they made the road, it passed over the site of Father's first house. Father's first house was made of cedar shakes; I remember it very well; it was still standing when I was old enough to recall it. It was a little east of where St Luke's" (Anglican) "Church is now; not many feet at that, and St. Luke's Church is at the corner of Prince Albert Street and Marine Drive.

"The little house Father had built himself was just two rooms, cedar shake roof and sides; he split the shakes himself on the property. The floor was split cedar, too; there was no lumber in it. Mother used to say she could not sweep it, it was so rough; she used to say she swept it all right, but not properly. The fire place was an old stove and a stove pipe through the roof, and we got our water from a small hole, a shallow well, nearby; scooped it out with a bucket. We used the wash tub for our Saturday night bath, in the kitchen. There was no garden; trees right up to the door; and the two cows we had. Father had to get rid of them as there was no grass to feed them on; you see, there was only the narrow trail, and besides that everything was bush, tall trees; it had never been logged out, and while there was a muskeg, it was full of spruce and cedar, and there were two narrow trails through it to get to the water of the river. I am not speaking of something I know nothing about; I recall it myself when I was a child."

CLEARING THE FOREST. OXEN.

"I don't remember what year they began logging it, but I do recall the start. Angus Fraser, he bought the timber from my father and then Mr. Fraser logged it. Mr. Fraser brought his logging outfit by boat; everything came by boat then, and landed it from a scow or boat about half a mile above our second house.

"He had oxen, and bull punchers, and hauled it on a skid road, to the bank of the river, and rolled the logs in at the rollway, and made the booms up, and took the logs around to Burrard Inlet or up the river. I don't know what Father got for the timber, but it was very heavily timbered land; they cut one big log, and took it to New Westminster at the time Princess Louise was here. I don't remember seeing the log, but I have often seen the stump it came off, and I recall Father saying that the log had gone to New Westminster. I cannot say why I recall these things so clearly, but it seems as though it was just yesterday. Perhaps it is that we had so little to think about at that time. I was only five years old and I used to run away and ride on the last log of the 'turn' of logs; that is, the last log in the string of logs the oxen were pulling. I got on the end of the last log where no one could see me. Sometimes they used to catch me, and the hook tender, a man named Bonaparte Russell, he was French, he caught me once, and perhaps it would be just as well if I did not tell you what he said. One thing he did say, that is, 'He would break my neck if he caught me on there any more.' But I never fell off. You see, I was the eldest of the children."

DANIELS' DITCH.

"The ditch they called 'Daniels' Ditch' was farther west; the creek which emptied into it came out at Manitoba Street."

GENEALOGY.

"My father was William Daniels; he had three brothers in British Columbia. My father was the oldest, then came Dan, not Daniel, just Dan Daniels, the next Alfred Henry, and last Daniel Daniels, and he had two sisters, Blanche, who married James Rowling, and Agnes, who married Ely Gerrard, once of Lulu Island.

"Father married Sarah Porter in Rochester, New York. My mother had come from County Cavan, Ireland; she was the daughter of Joshua and Jane Porter of a little village called Virginia. Mother was Anglican and Father was Presbyterian.

“My brothers died when they were babies, and I have four sisters; I am the eldest. This is the order.

1. Eldest, Jane, myself, born River Road, 12th June 1877, married David Beach, at New Westminster, 12th September 1892, and I have four daughters.
2. Frena Blanche, now Mrs. H.R. May, Lulu Island, and she has eight living children.
3. Sarah Ann, now Mrs. Ben Thomas, and she has one daughter.
4. Violet Blanche, she is Mrs. Fred Soames, and she has two children; they live at Grantham's Landing.
5. Youngest, Laura, now Mrs. Archibald Emery; no children; they live in Vancouver.

MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. QUINTIN JAMES TROTTER, 26 MARCH 1941.

Now of 1071 Comox Street, formerly of Kew Beach, West Vancouver, who kindly called at the City Archives, with his famous dog “Rex,” and as the City Hall regulations would not permit a dog to be taken to the ninth floor in the elevator, accompanied by Major Matthews, they all three climbed nine floors. Mr. Trotter is seventy-one.

GENEALOGY.

Mr. Trotter said: “I was born in Bobcaygeon, Ontario—that is the Indian name for ‘flat rock’—on the 30th May 1870; my father was Alexander Trotter, furniture manufacturer, born in 1834 in Antrim Co., Ireland, and came to Canada in 1852, and settled at Bobcaygeon, Ontario, where he worked in Moss and Boyd's sawmill, and then started in the cabinet work, and it developed into a furniture factory making anything in the cabinet line. He died there in 1921, after having filled public office as Councillor for a number of years; he belonged to the Presbyterian Church; aged 87 when he died.

“Mother was a Miss Margaret Moore before she married Father at Bobcaygeon, about 1862, and there were eleven children, six boys and five girls. Four of my sisters are living in Toronto, and one sister has died. Of the six sons, three are living, one in Toronto, one in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and one, that's myself, in Vancouver, since March 17th 1898. Mother died at Bobcaygeon about 1919, aged 77.

“In 8th August 1902, at my stepdaughter's, Mrs. W.M. Gow, house, on Harwood Street, and by the Rev. Mr. Wilson of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, I married Miss Leila Marie Cougherty, widow of the late A.B. Cougherty, Vancouver pioneer butcher. There was no children, but Mrs. W.M. Gow is my stepdaughter, the only stepchild. Mrs. Trotter died in 1936. I am the only one among the Trotter brothers and sisters without children.”

McKINNON BLOCK.

“When I came to Vancouver, C.P.R., in March 1898, the Klondike rush was on, and I worked for Robertson and Hackett, sawmill, cabinet making, on Seymour Street, between Pender and Dunsuir, and the first work I did was making fixtures for the McKinnon Block, now Williams Block, southwest corner of Hastings and Granville, and then I got a chance to go as steward on the *Stikine Chief*, a stern wheeler, on the Stikine River, from Wrangel to Telegraph Creek. I worked on her until she went up to St. Michael's to run on the Yukon River, but got wrecked on the way. She was owned by J.A. Mara, M.P.P., of Mara, B.C.”

S.S. PRINCESS VICTORIA. WAVERLEY HOTEL. GOLDEN GATE HOTEL.

“Well, then I came back to Vancouver again, and started to work for the old Royal City Planing Mills, Carrall Street, and stayed there a year; then went to E.H. Heaps and Co., at Cedar Cove” (Powell Street), “sash and door factory, and then I had a cigar store on Carrall Street, and then I worked on building the upper works of the *Princess Victoria*, the first ‘honeymoon ship’ on account of the staterooms—she came into the harbour looking very gaunt; just her iron showing, no upper works at all—and while I was working there I bought out the Waverley Hotel, on the southwest corner of Seymour and Georgia streets, where the Strand Theatre is now. I sold out there in March 1906 and cleared up a little profit, and then, on June 27th, bought the old Golden Gate Hotel, southeast corner of Davie and Granville streets, and closed it