

Early Vancouver

Volume One

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

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1932)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1931-1932.

*A Collection of Historical Data, Maps, and Plans Made with the Assistance of
Pioneers of Vancouver Between March and December 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_v1_0035

VANCOUVER CELEBRATES HER FIRST DOMINION DAY.

Published, *Vancouver Province*, 28 June 1931.

It was an historic day for Vancouver—Dominion Day, 1887—indeed for all British Columbia, and for Canada; one might almost venture to include the British Empire, for throughout history there have been few days fraught with greater symbolic drama. It passed, as famous days must even do, its significance largely imperceptible, its theme scarce recognised, save by the more thoughtful actors in the play; the remainder regaled themselves to the pleasures of the hour, all unmindful of its meaning.

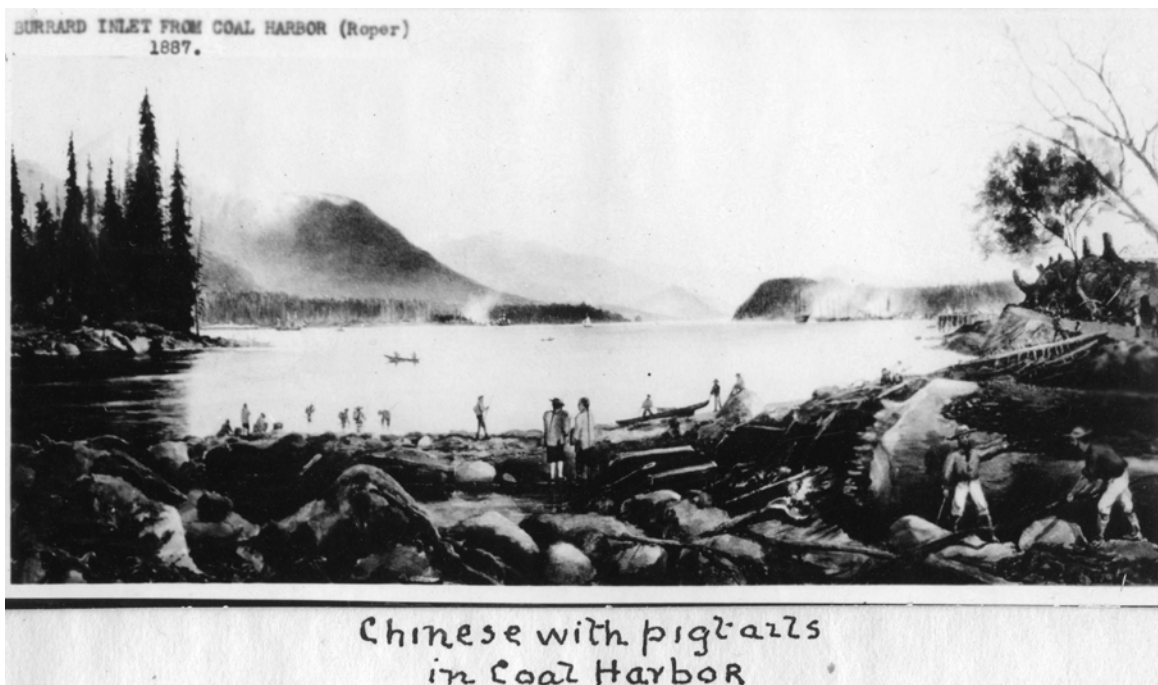
For aeons, pure land had lain in motionless repose; a silent space, sans history, sans romance; an empty thing hidden beneath an almost interminable green carpet of boundless forest spreading on and beyond, pierced at wide intervals by white streaks of snow capped ranges, like foaming crests of billows breaking in green seas. Had some astral astronomer, peering through his lens from some far distant star, studied the region, he might have pondered and theorised upon the strange phenomenon he saw; an earthly paradise isolated and unoccupied in an old and densely populated world. As the stream of empires slowly wended westward, each wave of civilisation had swept its distance; now finally the last wave had reached the "farthest west," and,

as though in haste to regain lost centuries, the “farthest west” began making history at a prodigious rate.

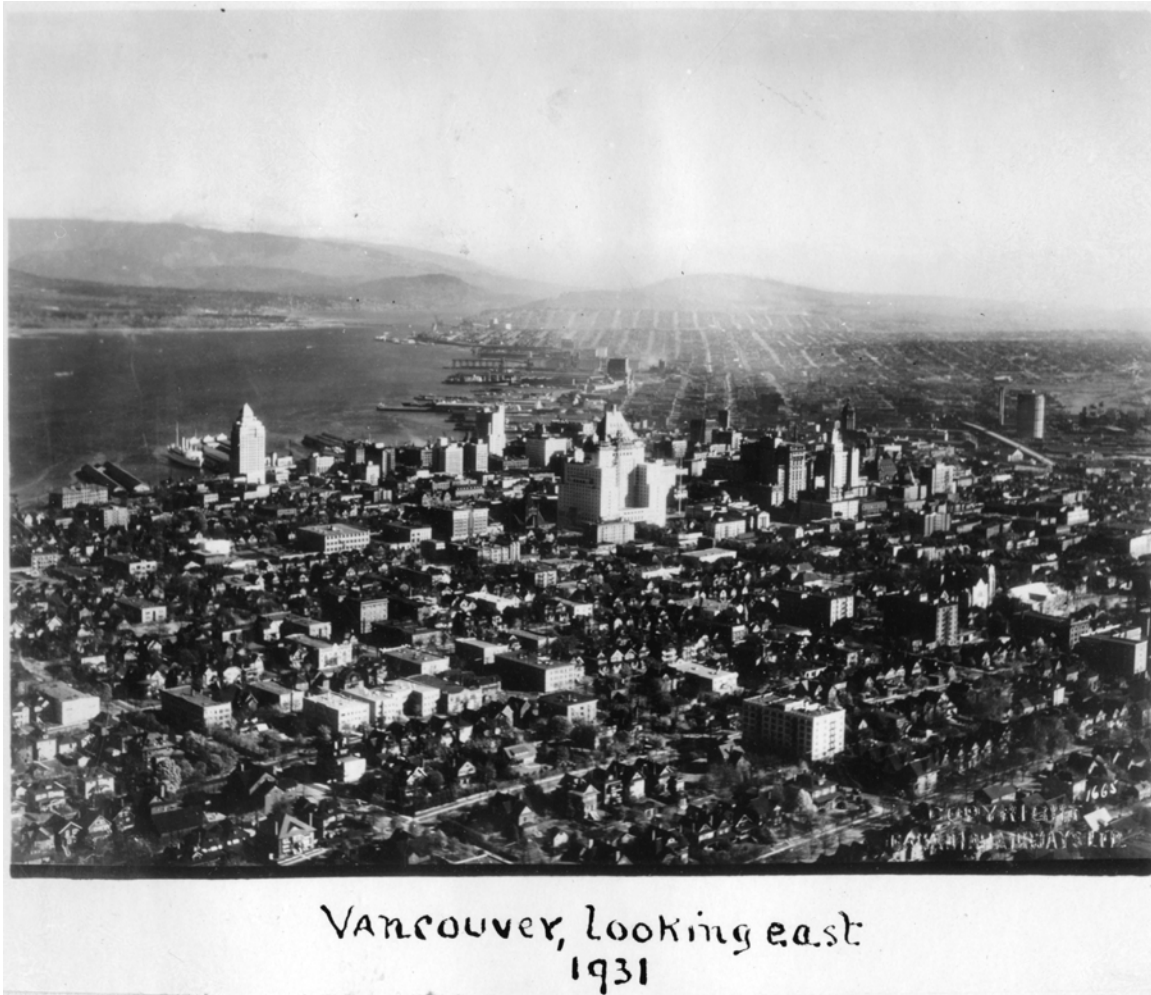
A world event had happened in Vancouver a month previously. Figuratively, the mythical “Straights of Anian” (Northwest Passage) for which navigators had searched for a century and a half, and with which certain imaginative Spanish explorers had so often—on maps—joined the Atlantic to the Pacific, had at last been traversed. On the eve of the Queen’s Birthday, 1887, the Canadian Pacific Railway had reached Vancouver, closed the last gap in the “All-Red Route” and had raised the obscure settlement on the muddy shore of Water Street, sobriquetly termed Gastown, to the status of a world port; a dockless world port to be sure, but nevertheless soon to reorient the gyrations of world trade. Now, five weeks later, came further notable events, the principal perhaps being the celebration, the first celebration, in Vancouver, of Canada’s natal day, Dominion Day.

Sixteen years earlier, the crown colony of British Columbia had joined the confederation of eastern provinces, but geographically she remained as remote as ever, shut off by mountains, inaccessible to the eastern domain save by passage through a foreign land, and those who went thither were said to have “gone to Canada.” To the average inhabitant of self-contained British Columbia, the new Dominion remained what it had always been, a somewhat distant thing of scant acquaintanceship, and slight mutuality in history, business or sport. Many living recalled the “old days” when their paterfamilias, the Hudson’s Bay Company, had leased all Vancouver’s Island for seven shillings a year, and took in the mainland for good measure, they had prospered then, and under the crown colony regime which followed; their literature was still almost entirely British. Nor had time completely healed memories of “Carnarvon Terms,” and the bitterness of confederation controversies.

On the other hand, the United Kingdom had mothered British Columbia. Their interests in state, family, finance and commerce was interwoven by long association. The fondness for the Motherland was deep-rooted; her very laws were our laws. No less potent, especially in the cities of Victoria and New Westminster, was the profound sentiment of attachment to the person of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria; the former city had been named in her honour; the latter name she herself had chosen, and a local colloquialism termed it the “Royal City.” Her birthday had been a day of rejoicing since grey haired men were babes, and as time passed and her long reign drew nearer and nearer to its Jubilee, a great wave of devotion to Victoria the Good swept through men’s minds.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0036



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0037

No such emotional sentiments gripped allegiance to the new dominion; and in the earlier days following confederation, the celebration of our national birthday was, in the west at least, unimpassioned. British Columbia continued to enthuse in the great birthday as its great holiday, and at that time British Columbia meant Victoria and New Westminster, for Vancouver had no existence. Tradition wields a mighty power in the British race.

The affinities of Vancouver were constricted by no such deferential sensibility to old custom. Within a few short months the embryo metropolis had passed from wilderness to village, from village to ashes, and from ashes to a florescent city, and all this was due to the new railway. The entrance of our province into the Dominion, the construction of the railway, and the great purpose of Confederation, all three were historically and in fact insolubly associated; two of these had long since been effected; now the third and last was accomplished. The dreams of great dreamers had come true; Canada at last was whole. It was but natural that the fountain of so much good fortune should be in high favour. With much enthusiasm and patriotic fervour our city worthies prepared to celebrate the anniversary of confederation with grand commemorative ceremonies; the first in Vancouver.

Fate set the stage with consummate discrimination; it was most wisely arranged and appropriately timed. The traditional festal dates of the older cities did not conflict; the inauguration of our first civic holidays would coincide; the Queen's Jubilee festivities would run concurrent; the wonderful new railway would attract the interested and curious from all directions—many had

never seen a train—just a month after completion. There would be much sightseeing, the warships, the clearing operations, the new buildings and the spectacular ceremonies. The weather, just past midsummer, would assuredly be propitious.

During June, large notices appeared in small newspapers which read:



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0038



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0039



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0040



about 1929

C. P. R. Pier - "B" & "C."
- foot of Burrard St.

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0041

(Royal Coat of Arms)
 "1837-1887"
 THE CITY OF VANCOUVER
 EXTENDS AN INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC
 GENERALLY TO JOIN ITS CITIZENS IN
 THE CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE YEAR
 OF THE REIGN OF
 HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA
 @ @ @ @ @
 DOMINION DAY
 @ @ @ @
 The completion of the CANADIAN
 PACIFIC RAILWAY to its western terminus,
 and the inauguration of a complete rail
 and steamship route from the Orient to
 the Occident on BRITISH TERRITORY.
 @ @ @
 ON THE FIRST OF JULY NEXT
 By order of the Committee

The announcement was headed by the Royal coat of arms, a crown colony practice which survived for many years.

But all this was not the complete programme. The eventful day would not only commemorate our national birthday, found our first festival, celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, herald the coming of the railway, but there was to be yet another incident, trivial in itself, of marked historical interest; the invasion of our city by an armed force. There would be a procession, and in that procession would march a body of armed soldiers in uniform; disciplined troops of the Dominion of Canada; the first to read within our boundaries. Of this more anon.

The morning of July 1st broke bright and clear, "Queen's weather," a happy omen, and with the rise of the sun the bustle commenced; amongst pioneers sleepy heads are few, or not at all. The old C.P.R. wharf, a mere platform on piles, was fairly crowded when the paddle steamer *Yosemite*, eight hours out from Victoria, and her huge walking beam, drew in from Victoria with three hundred passengers blackening her decks. Mayor Fell and the Corporation of Victoria, and the members of the Provincial House, were received with suitable ceremony, and conducted, no, not to the Hotel Vancouver; that edifice was rising out of a vacant confusion of stumps; the lacrosse team went to the Dougall House (southeast corner of Cordova and Abbott streets). Then came the *Amelia* from Nanaimo, and the *Pearl*—believed to be from the north arm of the Fraser River—and the *Pacific Express*, the C.P.R. train from Montreal to Port Moody at first, afterwards to Vancouver, brought more.

The more numerous Royal City contingent, which six weeks earlier would have been obliged to come by road and horse-drawn stage, or, alternatively, perhaps by the steamer service operating on the Fraser River from New Westminster to Nanaimo via way ports of Gastown and Port

Moody, came by the new train route now that the rails were laid, and as the train ran its course along the sinuous shores of Burrard Inlet from Westminster Junction, now Coquitlam, the excursionists were delighted with the beauty of forest and fjord—their first glimpse—verdant in its primeval splendour. Finally, the train crossed a trestle spanning a boulder-strewn mud flat, and then, a moment later, stopped at “VANCOUVER,” a wooden shed built over the water at the foot of a cliff beneath Granville Street, at 9:30 a.m.

On board were the Mayor and Council of New Westminster, No. 1 Battery British Columbia Garrison Artillery, the New Westminster Rifles, the Hyack Fire Company, welcomed by a delegation from the volunteer fire brigade including our venerable ex-Fire Chief J.H. Carlisle, and the Caledonian Society. The troops formed, climbed the incline leading to Cordova Street, and marched, via Water Street, to the old “rink” (Hart’s Opera House) on Carrall Street, stacked arms, fell out, and to breakfast.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0042

Vancouver was radiant in the sunshine of a brilliant summer’s day, the citizens in festive mood and gay attire, the decorations lavish. The arch, a semi-circular wooden framework, thirty feet high, erected five weeks earlier for the C.P.R.’s arrival, and left standing, spanned Cordova Street nearer Carrall than Abbott, and attracted much attention from the visitors. A bold inscription, “TO OUR VISITORS AND THE C.P.R. TO ITS PACIFIC TERMINUS” encircled it, and it was otherwise covered with evergreens interspersed with mottos, shields, and banners taken from *Engine No. 374* which had drawn the first train into Vancouver. Her Majesty’s flagship *Triumph*,

and her escort H.M.S. *Caroline* of the “Queen’s Navee,” under command of Sir Michael Culme Seymour, were both “dressed,” and added to the lively appearance of the waterfront. Blue Jackets and marines were ashore in large numbers.

The leading feature of the day was the procession, unless perhaps it was the numbers of the fair sex, always rare morsels in a frontier town. The lack of space created great difficulty in arranging the parade; our city’s growth had been phenomenal, and pioneering and pageantry don’t synchronise. Cordova Street, our principal thoroughfare, now boasted more than half its width, a roadway of planks, eighteen months earlier it had been a trail in the old clearing of Granville Townsite. (O.G.T.) The tides of Burrard Inlet still seeped onto the low land beneath the stilted boardwalks on Water Street; a walk from Water Street to Pender Street at high tide usually meant wet feet; skunk cabbage grew in the muskeg, and the rotting debris sometimes gave off queer effluvia. At the False Creek end of Carrall Street, an indent brought those waters—and floating logs—almost to Pender Street. In the east, beyond Westminster Avenue (Main Street) lay the rim of the unfelled bush, in the west, beyond Victory Square, stumps and debris littered the landscape, and the fires of the burning operations filled the air with smoke and the sweet aroma of burning pitch.

For nearly an hour, George Black, the marshal, and his assistants, R.C. Ferguson, manager of the big sawmill on Carrall Street (Royal City Planing Mills), Jonathan Miller, the postmaster, and Thomas Dunn, the hardware magnate, juggled the column of marchers about, pawns on a chess board of planked lanes. Finally, at 11 a.m. the procession moved off.

It was a simple yet inspiring spectacle; a triumphal symbolism of accomplishment in the victorious achievement of which generations of stout Canadian hearts had given life and effort for the mastery of the obstinate wilderness. What Roman general’s triumphant entry in state ever provided so significant a scene as this unpretentious processional march; less blatantly spectacular to behold, perhaps, yet no less momentous than any pageant Rome ever saw. No sword was drawn, no horn sounded, no slaves exhibited, yet here, in epitomised portrayal, was real imperial achievement. A reflective mind, gazing on that parade, must have pondered a solemn thought on the decades of blood, sacrifice and heartaches it had cost.

Ludicrous features were not absent, and raised a hearty laugh then as now. All the dignitaries could not be crushed into the city’s only brougham; the remainder were conveyed in springless lumber wagons, camouflaged into beauty with coloured bunting, and as these bumpy bumped along, midst the plaudits of an admiring populace, the hurts suffered may have been more contributory to the gravity of the sages than any too serious appreciation of their own importance. Some rode thus who later clambered down muttering, “Thank goodness; that’s over.”

The band of H.M.S. *Triumph*, the British Columbia Garrison Artillery, and the New Westminster Rifles led the parade in the order named. The brougham containing Mayor MacLean (Vancouver), Mayor Fell (Victoria) and Major Dickenson (New Westminster) came next, followed by the councils of each city, the Caledonian Society, the Victoria band, St. George’s Society, the Freemasons, the Oddfellows, United Workmen, and Orangemen. The Vancouver City Band led the Hyack Fire Company, the Nanaimo and Vancouver Fire Brigades, and the first engine, our first, closed up the rear.

To follow the route they took, we must resort to explicatives, or we shall get lost in “Old Vancouver.”

Starting at the old City Hall on Powell Street, just below Westminster Avenue, we march towards old Granville (Gastown) to the Maple Tree and enter Water Street, thence in the direction of the C.P.R. Townsite (West End) along Water and Cordova streets, pass the old wooden building used as the C.P.R. offices, and turn up Granville Street, a new road not long since graded, to the Hastings Street corner, now Post Office, and then turn easterly through the vacant lots of Hastings Street. In front of Spencers Limited, there is a narrow two-plank sidewalk, and beneath it is a shack, on the roof of which young Mr. George Schetky landed when he fell from his old style “penny-ha’penny” bike. The procession finally reaches Westminster Avenue, turns north along the Avenue, now west again down Oppenheimer Street (now Cordova Street East) to Carrall Street.

Here, after this circuitous perambulation, we enter the principal retail street, Cordova Street, and halt to be photographed—for these are the days of still photos—after which we proceed to the junction of Water Street, turn back on that street, disband, and have for fare that delicious titbit, the long forgotten dish of salmon bellies.

The display was a grand success. The artillery, under the command of the late Captain W. Norman Bole, and the Rifles, under Captain E.S. Scoullar, a noted rifle shot, called for especial mention. As they marched down Hastings Street, their carriage, step and “touch”—at that time, soldiers marched lightly touching their comrades on either side—was perfect, the whole marching like a solid body. The Caledonian Society, with their fine old piper, attracted much attention. The Hyack, Nanaimo and Vancouver Fire Brigades, in neat uniforms, were much admired. The playing of the City Band was said to have been the “best in the province.” A regatta for decked and undecked boats, a hose reel race, a lacrosse match, which Victoria won, were other items on the day’s programme.

At night, the appearance of the town, especially from the waterfront, was like a scene from fairy-land; long lines of Chinese lanterns of varied colours added to the subdued luster, while nearly every window had its lamp. Cordova Street was, of course, illuminated, with kerosene lamps on lamp posts, one here, another there, and a few more glimmered on the crooked road to Hastings Mill. A merchant advertises “Colored candles for decorations.” Prominent among the illuminations was the fire hall, built on the site of our first “government offices,” on Water Street, around the corner from Carrall Street, which had a long string of lanterns from the flagstaff to the ground, the Dougall House with evergreen lines of lights, the Gold House and the Leland House with Chinese lanterns, while the residence of the late R.H. Alexander at Hastings Mill was fully illuminated with a device bearing the letters *V.R.*

The men of war in the harbour presented a truly magnificent appearance. Long lines of Chinese lanterns stretched from stem to stern, and a bright light burned at each masthead. At a bugle call from the flagship, blue lights burned at each yard arm. The searchlights from each vessel were flashing through the air, now thrown upon the sea of upturned faces on Water Street, now upon the rippling surface of the harbour, and again upon the green branches of the forest surroundings.

The visitors departed, gracious in their encomiums, but not without some consciousness of discomfiture, politely concealed. They had been honoured guests at the ceremonial deprivation of their own leadership; henceforth, the new City of Vancouver would march in front.

Not all of our pioneers went to bed that night; some forgot the trivial necessity for a day or so, but such as did go, went pleasantly tired.

What a privilege had been theirs! Witnesses of one of the most historic assemblages in Canadian history; in the lesser sense a mere frontier frolic; in the greater sense, a progress; the triumphal imperial progress of an empire.

We may now return to the soldiers marching in the van of the parade. Who are these petty few, these forty-seven all told; seventeen gunners and thirty riflemen?

This is the might and majesty of the “greatest empire that has been” entering, for the first time, upon a virgin city of its own creation. Here comes the sovereign authority of an empery; their mere presence silently promulgating British power and British law. This is the advance guard; all who come later must follow. Today they come for pleasure, tomorrow—and there will be a tomorrow—they will come again, with solemn visage for stern duty. Even at that moment, destiny had decreed this tiny patrol, tramping down the “dirt” road flanked by vacant lots, now known as Hastings Street, to be the precursors of a great host; the very ground they trod—that dusty path—will yet resound with the footfalls of martial thousands marching on to perhaps Paardeberg, perhaps Passchendaele, perhaps to the unstoried warfare of the unknown future. Bend in gratitude that our fair demesne was first invaded by troops who came a-merrymaking and with music; no shot was fired, no semblance of the tragic accompaniments of less fortunate colonisations.

The full story of this early cohort was almost lost; a whim of chance rescued it. The late Judge Bole, in early days a lieutenant in the historic Seymour Battery, once lamented that he possessed scarcely a relic to prove that he had ever worn a uniform; all perished in the Great Fire of 1898 at New Westminster. Fate evidently relented of her harshness, for the chance glance of a passerby, an officer, into a shop window, caught an old photograph yellowing in the sun, and, indirectly, led to this story being recorded herein.

The scene is the planked roadway of Cordova Street, the location just west of Abbott Street, and in the background the Cosmopolitan Hotel. The band of H.M.S. *Triumph* leads, followed by No. 1 Battery, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, in busbies, seventeen of all ranks. The New Westminster Rifles, the earliest volunteer militia of the mainland crown colony of British Columbia, organised 1863 during the governorship of Sir James Douglas, in helmets, thirty of all ranks, is in the rear. All have come, with courtly goodwill, to join in our gala day rejoicings.



CORDOVA ST. 1887 First celebration
of Dominion Day in Vancouver

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0043

Both units of volunteers are from New Westminster, splendid men and young, mostly “just privates,” some destined to rise to eminence in public and private life. Their part in the Great War was the preparation for it; their medal-less breasts must not go unhonoured because time and fate chose a younger generation to apply the lessons they had taught.

The tiny brigade of sixty-five—artillery, rifles and band—was under the command of Captain W. Norman Bole (the late Judge Bole), formerly of the Seymour Battery, so named in honour of Governor Seymour, the successor of Sir James Douglas. In crown colony days, the Seymour

Battery was, although located in another hemisphere, an integral part of the volunteer forces of the United Kingdom, and administered by the British War office. After confederation, it continued as formerly until 1883, when it became No. 1 Battery, B.C.B.G.A., and the following year Captain Bole succeeded to the command. Lieutenant Chas McNaughten, also in the picture, succeeded him in 1889. The senior N.C.O. is Battery Sergeant Major William Davison, late Seymour Battery, and still a resident of New Westminster.

The uniform of the Seymour Battery was identical to that of the Royal Artillery, i.e. bearskin busby with white plume, blue tunics with red facings, but with altered shoulder straps, and minus the Royal monogram *V.R.I.*

The New Westminster Rifles, originally formed largely of Royal Sappers and Miners who had elected to remain behind when that historic corps returned to England, was commanded by Captain E.S. Scoullar, their last commander before disbandment in the early 1890s. This venerable volunteer, now past three score years and ten, and a resident of Kerrisdale, it was who once chartered a "troopship" to convey his Rifles to Victoria for the defence of Beacon Hill against three "hostile" British warships; part of the Golden Jubilee celebrations. His predecessor in command, Captain Adolphus Peele, of the vanished Peele Rifle Butts, and another grand old volunteer without whom no parade ever formed, appears as an unattached officer in the rear. Lieutenant Doane, of the Bank of British Columbia, New Westminster, is on parade, as also a third officer, Lieutenant R.J. Rickman, chief accountant, Royal City Planing Mills, New Westminster.

The senior sergeant is John Reid—twenty-eight years later to serve as Captain John Reid in the Great War—founder of the Westminster Iron Works, and long to be a prominent citizen of that city.

The black uniform of the Rifles was similar to that worn by the famous Rifle Brigade of the British army; black, with black braidings and red facings. The helmet, with Maltese cross and crown, were the gift of their devoted commander, Captain Scoullar.

The headquarters of both units was, at one time, an ancient building on Clarkson Street, New Westminster. They were armed with the short Snider-Enfield rifle, which used black powder, fired a lead bullet over half an inch thick (.557), went off with a roar and a cloud of white smoke, and kicked "like a mule." It was the first breech loading rifle issued to the British army.

Subsequent members of the artillery included Captain T.O. Townley, who, in 1893, raised the first militia unit in Vancouver and who, in 1901, while mayor of Vancouver, received Their Majesties The King and Queen, then T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Another is that splendid artilleryman Master Gunner J.C. Cornish, now of White Rock, once master gunner of the R.C.A., of C Battery, and the first sergeant major of the Vancouver militia. He was a member of Canada's first permanent forces.

The later history of these two units is, briefly, that the artillery prospered and became the progenitor of, first, the present Fifth British Columbia Coast Brigade, Canadian Artillery, Victoria, and, secondly, the British Columbia Regiment (Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles), Vancouver, the perpetuating unit of the famous Seventh, C.E.F. The New Westminster Rifles were disbanded.

Such is the proud chronicle of one of the most inspiring episodes in Canadian history, a story which, mellowed by time and the perspective of distance, will yet enchant the coming generations. Of the participants, those sterling men and gracious women few survive; the intervening years—forty-four—have taken their natural toll, but to such as do survive, as also to those who have passed away, posterity bows in admiring tribute. No medieval knights in coats of mail, nor ladies fair in marbled halls, were ever endowed with courage more valiant, nor grace more gentle, than those intrepid practical souls who carved out of the forest jungle our green lawns and monumental edifices. Their honourable estate needs no verbose eulogy, their tradition is in a nation's keeping, a city is their monument, and their memories are cherished in a proud and grateful land.

J.S. Matthews

GOD SAVE THE KING.

TESTING THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE.

Vancouver News, August 2nd 1886

Made on the evening of August 1st.

Fire brigade hauled it to Cambie Street wharf where there was no boardwalk. Planks were laid down. Water gotten from the Inlet—no tanks then.

3 JULY 1931 - EARLY FIRES. FIRE ENGINES AND “M.A. MACLEAN.” THE “COFFEE BRIGADE.” WATER.

“I remember the water tank at the corner of Dunsmuir and Granville, but I do not remember the one on Carrall Street,” related Mr. Geo. L. Schetky, at one time president, about 1887 or 1890 (see Vancouver directory) of the Vancouver Fire Brigade. “There was a tank at the junction of Water and Cordova, opposite Kelly, Douglas and Company’s present warehouse, and a few yards from Spencers Limited. I am glad you have found a photo of the first fire engine, the “M.A. MacLean.”

“That reminds me of a fire which occurred at the corner of Howe and Hastings streets, where Macaulay, Nicolls and Maitland are now—the real estate people. We got the water at the tank at the junction of Water and Cordova streets; we had two thousand feet of hose, and we laid it up Richards and Hastings streets.”

Query: What sort of fire was it?

“Bush fire, July 1887. It was where Father Clinton lost his hat. All the ground up there at that time was just like any other cleared ground, dried decayed wood, dried leaves, and sticks; you would put a fire out, and in ten minutes turn around and find it all aglow again; the smoke was pretty thick; you could not see. The engine was down at the tank on Cordova Street. The ground was all afire, and burning like a punk stick; you could not stand it long, so when they relieved me I took a walk back along the hose to see how it was standing it, and if there were any leaks at the joints. I went down to the engine. ‘Daddy’ Cameron was there, and I said to him, ‘How’s things?’ He replied, ‘All right, but you had better not stay here.’ I said, ‘Why?’ He replied, ‘Look at the gauge.’ I looked at the steam gauge; it was 160 pounds, and the water gauge showed 250 pounds on the hose—pumping uphill. However, she stood it, and I went back.

“Just as I reached there, out of the smoke came a man—I never found out who he was. He handed me a bill, a two dollar bill, and said, ‘Buy the boys a drink.’ Somewhere about three in the morning we had the fire out, and as we passed the Dougall House, I said, ‘Come on here, boys, let’s have a drink of beer.’

“We went in, and I laid the two dollar bill on the counter, but the barkeeper said, ‘No use here,’ and added, ‘Anytime you fellows want a drink you don’t need that,’ and he pushed it back.

“When we got back to the fire hall we found the women had all turned out, and had hot coffee and sandwiches for us. That was the start of the ‘Coffee Brigade.’ After that the women always turned out and had coffee and sandwiches for us when we got back.”

FATHER CLINTON.

“Father Clinton, who was helping us, lost his hat in the fire. He never found it. But about twenty years after, about, I think it was at the Strathcona Hotel, we presented Father Clinton with a new hat. Oh, yes, it was a volunteer fire brigade.